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CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

CHAMBERS'S

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AUTHORS
WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

SEVENTH PERIOD.

1780–1830: REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND GEORGE IV.

THIS period presents several illustrious names, and accelerated progress in every department of literature. In poetry, the period was pre-eminently distinguished, and is the only one which challenges comparison, in any degree, with the brilliant Elizabethan age. In fiction, or imaginative invention, the name of Scott is inferior only to that of Shakspeare; in criticism, a new era may be dated from the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review;* and in historical composition, if we have no Hume or Gibbon, we have the results of valuable and diligent research. Truth and nature have been more truly and devoutly worshipped, and real excellence more highly prized. It has been feared by some that the principle of utility, which is recognised as one of the features of the present age, and the progress of mechanical knowledge, would be fatal to the higher efforts of imagination, and diminish the territories of the poet. This seems a groundless fear. It did not damp the ardour of Scott or Byron, or the fancy of Moore, and it has not prevented the poetry of Wordsworth from gradually working its way into public favour. If we have not the chivalry and romance of the Elizabethan age, we have the ever-living passions of human nature and the wide theatre of the world, now accurately known and discriminated, as a field for the exercise of genius. We have the benefit of all past knowledge and literature to exalt our standard of imitation and taste, and a more sure reward in the encouragement and applause of a populous and enlightened nation. 'The literature of England,' says Shelley, 'has arisen, as it were, from a new birth. In spite of the low-thoughted envy which would undervalue contemporary merit, our own will be a memorable age in intellectual achievements, and we live among such philosophers and poets as surpass beyond comparison any who have appeared since the last national struggle for civil and religious liberty. The most unfailing herald, companion, and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution, is poetry. At such periods there is an accumulation of the power of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature. The persons in whom this power resides may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, have little apparent correspondence with that spirit of good of which they are the ministers. But even whilst they deny and abjure, they are yet compelled to serve the power which is seated on the throne of their own soul. It is impossible to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day, without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words. They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit, and they are themselves perhaps the most sincerely astonished at its manifestations, for it is less their spirit than the spirit of the age. Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.'

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

'It is not Sir William Jones's poetry,' says Southey, 'that can perpetuate his name.' This is true: it was as an oriental scholar and judge, an enlightened lawyer and patriot, that he earned his laurels. His varied learning and philological

researches—he was master of twenty-eight languages—were the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. Sir William was born in London in 1746. His father was an eminent mathematician, but died when his son was only three years of age. The care of educating young Jones devolved upon his mother, who was well qualified for the duty by her virtues and extensive learning. When in his fifth year, the imagination of the young scholar was caught by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression was never effaced. In 1753 he was placed at Harrow School, where he continued nearly ten years, and became an accomplished and critical classical scholar. He did not confine himself merely to the ancient authors usually studied, but added a knowledge of the Arabic characters, and acquired sufficient Hebrew to read the Psalms. In 1764 he was entered of University College, Oxford. Here his taste for oriental literature continued, and he engaged a native of Aleppo, whom he had discovered in London, to act as his preceptor. He also assiduously perused the Greek poets and historians. In his nineteenth year, Jones accepted an offer to be private tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer. A fellowship at Oxford was also conferred upon him, and thus the scholar was relieved from the fear of want, and enabled to pursue his favourite and unremitting studies. An opportunity of displaying one branch of his acquirements was afforded in 1768. The king of Denmark in that year visited England, and brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he wished translated into French. Jones executed this arduous task, being, as Lord Teignmouth, his biographer, remarks, the only oriental scholar in England adequate to the performance. He still continued in the noble family of Spencer, and in 1769 accompanied his pupil to the continent. Next year, feeling anxious to attain an independent station in life, he entered himself a student of the Temple, and, applying himself with his characteristic ardour to his new profession, he contemplated with pleasure the 'stately edifice of the laws of England,' and mastered their most important principles and details. In 1774, he published *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*, but finding that jurisprudence was a jealous mistress, and would not admit the eastern muses to participate in his attentions, he devoted himself for some years exclusively to his legal studies. A patriotic feeling was mingled with this resolution. 'Had I lived at Rome or Athens,' he said, 'I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens—connected as they were with banishment and even death—to the groves of the poets or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens.' Jones now practised at the bar, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. In 1778, he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, to which he added notes and a commentary. The stirring events of the time in which he lived were not beheld without strong interest by this accomplished scholar. He was decidedly opposed to the American war and to the slave-trade, then so prevalent, and in 1781 he produced his noble Alcaic Ode, animated by the purest spirit of patriotism, and a high strain of poetical enthusiasm. He was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Fort William, in Bengal, and the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. He married the daughter of Dr Shipley, bishop of St Asaph; and in April 1783, in his thirty-seventh year, he embarked for India, never to return. Sir William Jones entered upon his judicial functions with all the advantages of a high reputation, unsullied integrity, disinterested benevolence, and unwearied perseverance. In the intervals of leisure from his duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects, and established a society in Calcutta to promote inquiries by the ingenious, and to concentrate the knowledge to be collected in Asia. In 1784, his health being affected by the climate and the closeness of his application, he made a tour through various parts of India, in the course of which he wrote *The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindu Wife*, a poetical tale, and a *Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*. He also studied the Sanscrit language, being unwilling to continue at the mercy of the Pundits, who dealt out Hindu law as they pleased. Some translations from oriental authors, and original poems and essays, he contributed to a periodical established at Calcutta, entitled *The Asiatic Miscellany*. He meditated an epic poem on the discovery of England by Brutus, and had matured his design so far as to write the arguments of the intended books of his epic, but the poem itself he did not live to attempt. In 1789, Sir William translated an ancient Indian drama, *Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring*, which exhibits a picture of Hindu manners in the century preceding the Christian era. He engaged to compile a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws; and in 1794 he translated the *Ordinances of Menu*, or the Hindu system of duties, religious and civil. His motive to this task, like his inducement to the digest, was to aid the benevolent intentions of our legislature in securing to the natives, in a qualified degree, the administration of justice by their own laws. Sir William died April 27, 1794. Every honour was paid to his remains, and the East India Company erected a monument to his memory in St Paul's Cathedral. The attainments of Sir William Jones were so profound and various, that it is difficult to conceive how he had comprised them in his short life of forty-eight years. With respect to the division of his time, he had written in India, on a small piece of paper, the following lines:

Sir Edward Coke:

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

Rather:

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.*

An Ode, in Imitation of Alcæus.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

* As respects sleep, the example of Sir Walter Scott may be added to that of Sir William Jones, for the great novelist has stated that he required seven hours of total unconsciousness to fit him for the duties of the day.

Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
'Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

A Persian Song of Hafiz.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's haunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot shew
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage—
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

The Concluding Sentence of Berkeley's Siris imitated.

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray:
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow.*

Tetrastic—From the Persian.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

NATHANIEL COTTON (1721–1788) wrote *Visions in Verse*, for children, and a volume of poetical *Miscellanies*. He followed the medical profession in St Albans, and was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of cases of insanity. Cowper, his patient, bears evidence to his 'well-known humanity and sweetness of temper.'

The Fireside.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we 'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

* The following is the last sentence of the *Siris*: 'He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first-fruits, at the altar of Truth.'

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We 'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They 'll grow in virtue every day;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we 'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we 'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800), 'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' as Southey has designated him, belonged emphatically to the aristocracy of England. His father, the Rev. Dr Cowper, chaplain to George II., was the son of Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas, and a younger brother of the first Earl Cowper, lord chancellor. His mother was allied to some of the noblest families in England, descended by four different lines from King Henry III. This lofty lineage cannot add to the lustre of the poet's fame, but it sheds additional grace on his piety and humility. Dr Cowper, besides his royal chaplaincy, held the rectory of Great Berkhamstead, in the county of Hertford, and there the poet was born, November 15, 1731. In his sixth year he lost his mother—whom he tenderly and affectionately remembered through all his life—and was placed at a boarding-school, where he continued two years. The tyranny of one of his school-fellows, who held in complete subjection and abject fear the timid and home-sick boy, led to his removal from this seminary, and undoubtedly prejudiced him against the whole system of public education. He was next placed at Westminster School, where he had Churchill and Warren Hastings as schoolfellows, and where, as he says, he served a seven years' apprenticeship to the classics. At the age of eighteen he was removed, in order to be articled to an attorney. Having passed through this training—with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow for his fellow-clerk—Cowper, in 1754, was called to the bar. He never made the law a study: in the solicitor's office he and Thurlow were 'constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle,' and in his chambers in the Temple he wrote gay verses, and associated with Bonnel Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and other wits. He contributed a few papers to the *Connoisseur* and to the *St James's Chronicle*, both conducted by his friends. Darker days were at hand. Cowper's father was now dead, his patrimony was small, and he was in his thirty-second year, almost 'unprovided with an aim,' for the law was with him a mere nominal profession. In this crisis of his fortunes his kinsman, Major Cowper, presented him to the office of clerk of the journals to the House of Lords—a desirable and lucrative appointment. Cowper accepted it; but the labour of studying the forms of procedure, and the dread of qualifying himself by appearing at the bar of the House of Lords, plunged him in the deepest misery and distress. The seeds of insanity were then in his frame; and after brooding over his fancied ills till reason had fled, he attempted to commit suicide. Happily this desperate effort failed; the appointment was given up, and Cowper was removed to a private madhouse at St Albans, kept by Dr Cotton. The cloud of horror gradually passed away, and on his recovery, he resolved to withdraw entirely from the society and business of the world. He had still a small portion of his funds left, and his friends subscribed a further sum, to enable him to live frugally in retirement. The bright hopes of Cowper's youth seemed thus to have all vanished: his prospects of advancement in the world were gone; and in the new-born zeal of his religious fervour, his friends might well doubt whether his reason had been completely restored. He retired to the town of Huntingdon, near Cambridge, where his brother resided, and there formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin, a clergyman resident in the place. He was adopted as one of the family; and when Mr Unwin him-

self was suddenly removed, the same conection was continued with his widow. Death only could sever a tie so strongly knit—cemented by mutual faith and friendship, and by sorrows of which the world knew nothing. To the latest generation the name of Mary Unwin will be united with that of Cowper, partaker of his fame as of his sad decline:

By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light.

After the death of Mr Unwin in 1767, the family were advised by the Rev. John Newton—a remarkable man in many respects—to fix their abode at Olney, in the northern division of Buckinghamshire, where Mr Newton himself officiated as curate. This was accordingly done, and Cowper removed with them to a spot which he has consecrated by his genius. He had still the river Ouse with him, as at Huntingdon, but the scenery is more varied and attractive, and abounds in fine retired walks. His life was that of a religious recluse; he ceased corresponding with his friends, and associated only with Mrs Unwin and Newton. The latter engaged his assistance in writing a volume of hymns, but his morbid melancholy gained ground, and in 1773 it became a case of decided insanity. About two years were passed in this unhappy state. The poet, as appears from a diary kept by Newton, would have been married to Mrs Unwin but for this calamity. On his recovery, Cowper took to gardening, rearing hares, drawing landscapes, and composing poetry. The latter was fortunately the most permanent enjoyment; and its fruits appeared in a volume of poems published in 1782. The sale of the work was slow; but his friends were eager in its praise, and it received the approbation of Johnson and Franklin. His correspondence was resumed, and cheerfulness again became an inmate of his retreat at Olney. This happy change was augmented by the presence of a third party, Lady Austen, a widow, who came to reside in the immediate neighbourhood of Olney, and whose conversation for a time charmed away the melancholy spirit of Cowper. She told him the story of John Gilpin, and 'the famous horseman and his feats were an inexhaustible source of merriment.' Lady Austen also prevailed upon the poet to try his powers in blank verse, and from her suggestion sprung the noble poem of *The Task*. This memorable friendship was at length dissolved. The lady exacted too much of the time and attention of the poet—perhaps a shade of jealousy on the part of Mrs Unwin, with respect to the superior charms and attractions of her rival, intervened to increase the alienation—and before *The Task* was finished, its fair inspirer had left Olney without any intention of returning to it. In 1785 the new volume was published. Its success was instant and decided. The public were glad to hear the true voice of poetry and of nature, and in the rural descriptions and fireside scenes of *The Task*, they saw the features of English scenery and domestic life faithfully delineated. '*The Task*,' says Southey, 'was at once descriptive, moral, and satirical. The descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting. The best didactic poems, when compared with *The Task*, are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery.' As soon as he had completed his labours for the publication of his second volume, Cowper entered upon an undertaking of a still more arduous nature—a translation of Homer. He had gone through the great Grecian at Westminster School, and afterwards read him critically in the Temple, and he was impressed with but a poor opinion of the translation of Pope. Setting himself to a daily task of forty lines, he at length accomplished the forty thousand verses. He published by subscription, in which his friends were generously active. The work appeared in 1791, in two volumes quarto. In the interval the poet and Mrs Unwin had removed to Weston, a beautiful village about a mile from Olney. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, a woman of refined and fascinating manners, had visited him; he had also formed a friendly intimacy with the family of the Throckmortons, to whom Weston belonged, and his circumstances were comparatively easy. His malady, however, returned upon him with full force, and Mrs Unwin being rendered helpless by palsy, the task of nursing her fell upon the sensitive and dejected poet. A careful revision of his Homer, and an engagement to edit a new edition of Milton, were the last literary undertakings of Cowper. The former he completed, but without improving the first edition: his second task was never finished. A deepening gloom settled on his mind, with occasionally bright intervals. A visit to his friend Hayley, at Eartham, produced a short cessation of his mental suffering, and in 1794 a pension of £300 was granted to him from the crown. He was induced, in 1795, to remove with Mrs Unwin to Norfolk, on a visit to some relations, and there Mrs Unwin died on the 17th of December 1796. The unhappy poet would not believe that his long-tried friend was actually dead; he went to see the body, and on witnessing the unaltered placidity of death, flung himself to the other side of the room with a passionate expression of feeling, and from that time he never mentioned her name or spoke of her again. He lingered on for more than three years, still under the same dark shadow of religious despondency and terror, but occasionally writing, and listening attentively to works read to him by his friends. His last poem was the *Castaway*, a strain of touching and beautiful verse, which shewed no decay of his poetical powers: at length death came to his release on the 25th of April 1800. So sad and strange a destiny has never before or since been that of a man of genius. With wit and humour at will, he was nearly all his life plunged in the darkest melancholy. Innocent, pious, and confiding, he lived in perpetual dread of everlasting punishment: he could only see between him and heaven a high wall which he despaired of ever being able to scale; yet his intellectual vigour was not subdued by affliction. What he wrote for amusement or relief in the midst of 'supreme distress,' surpasses the elaborate efforts of others made under the most favourable circumstances; and in the very winter of his days, his fancy was as fresh and blooming as in the spring and morning of existence. That he was constitutionally prone to melancholy and insanity, seems undoubted; but the predisposing causes were as surely aggravated by his strict and secluded mode of life. Lady Hesketh was a better guide and

companion than John Newton; and no one can read his letters without observing that cheerfulness was inspired by the one, and terror by the other. The iron frame of Newton could stand unmoved amidst shocks that destroyed the shrinking and apprehensive mind of Cowper. All, however, have now gone to their account—the stern yet kind minister, the faithful Mary Unwin, the gentle high-born relations who forsook ease, and luxury, and society to soothe the misery of one wretched being, and that immortal being himself has passed away, scarcely conscious that he had bequeathed an imperishable treasure to mankind. We have greater and loftier poets than Cowper, but none so entirely incorporated, as it were, with our daily existence—none so completely a friend—our companion in woodland wanderings, and in moments of serious thought—ever gentle and affectionate, even in his transient fits of ascetic gloom—a pure mirror of affections, regrets, feelings, and desires which we have all felt or would wish to cherish. Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton are spirits of ethereal kind: Cowper is a steady and valuable friend, whose society we may sometimes neglect for that of more splendid and attractive associates, but whose unwavering principle and purity of character, joined to rich intellectual powers, overflow upon us in secret, and bind us to him for ever.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Cowper's first volume was coldly received. The subjects of his poems (*Table Talk, the Progress of Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity*, &c.) did not promise much, and his manner of handling them was not calculated to conciliate a fastidious public. He was both too harsh and too spiritual for general readers. Johnson had written moral poems in the same form of verse, but they possessed a rich declamatory grandeur and brilliancy of illustration which Cowper did not attempt, and probably would, from principle, have rejected. There are passages, however, in these evangelical works of Cowper of masterly excution and lively fancy. His character of Chatham has rarely been surpassed even by Pope or Dryden:

A. Patriots, alas! the few that have been found,
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied;
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.
B. Not so; the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And every venal stickler for the yoke,
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Neither has the fine simile with which the following retrospect closes:

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth asked ages more.
Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a dayspring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose.
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then shew far off their shining plumes again.

The poem of *Conversation* in this volume is rich in Addisonian humour and satire, and formed no unworthy prelude to *The Task*. In *Hope* and *Retirement*, we see traces of the descriptive powers and natural pleasantry afterwards so finely developed. The highest flight in the whole, and the one most characteristic of Cowper, is his sketch of

The Greenland Missionaries.

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And stills it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the furthest north;
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,*
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.
O blest within the inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilising streams your fields divide,
That shew reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make your lands a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

In this mixture of argument and piety, poetry and plain sense, we have the distinctive traits of Cowper's genius. The freedom acquired by composition, and especially the presence of Lady Austen, led to more valuable results; and when he entered upon *The Task*, he was far more disposed to look at the sunny side of things, and to launch into general description. His versification underwent a similar improvement. His former poems were often rugged in style and expression, and were made so on purpose to avoid the polished uniformity of Pope and his imitators. He was now sensible that he had erred on the opposite side, and accordingly *The Task* was made to unite strength and freedom with elegance and harmony. No poet has introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse; but the

higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject, with inimitable grace and melody. In this respect, Cowper, as already mentioned, has greatly the advantage of Thomson, whose stately march is never relaxed, however trivial be the theme. The variety of *The Task* in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock-heroic opening is a fine specimen of his humour, and from this he slides into rural description and moral reflection so naturally and easily, that the reader is carried along apparently without an effort. The scenery of the Ouse—its level plains and spacious meads—is described with the vividness of painting, and the poet then elevates the character of his picture by a rapid sketch of still nobler features :

Rural Sounds.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night ; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

The freedom of this versification, and the admirable variety of pause and cadence, must strike the most uncritical reader. With the same playful strength and equal power of landscape-painting, he describes

The Diversified Character of Creation.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug inclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us, happy to renounce a while,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man ; his hoary head
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shews,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly goss, that, shapeless and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

From the begining to the end of *The Task* we never lose sight of the author. His love of country rambles, when a boy,

O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink ;

his walks with Mrs Unwin, when he had exchanged the Thames for the Ouse, and had 'grown sober in the vale of years ;' his playful satire and tender admonition, his denunciation of slavery, his noble patriotism, his devotional earnestness and sublimity, his warm sympathy with his fellow-men, and his exquisite paintings of domestic peace and happiness, are all so much self-portraiture, drawn with the ripe skill and taste of the master, yet with a modesty that shrinks from the least obtrusiveness and display. The very rapidity of his transitions, where things light and sportive are drawn up with the most solemn truths, and satire, pathos, and reproof alternately mingle or repel each other, are characteristic of his mind and temperament in ordinary life. His inimitable ease and colloquial freedom, which lends such a charm to his letters, is never long absent from his poetry ; and his peculiar tastes, as seen in that somewhat grandiloquent line,

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too,

are all pictured in the pure and lucid pages of *The Task*. It cannot be said that Cowper ever abandoned his sectarian religious tenets, yet they are little seen in his great work. His piety is that which all should feel and venerate ; and if his sad experience of the world had tinged the prospect of life, 'its fluctuations and its vast concerns,' with a deeper shade than seems consonant with the general welfare and happiness, it also imparted a higher authority and more impressive wisdom to his earnest and solemn appeals. He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd,' conscious of the follies and wants of those he left behind, and inspired with power to minister to the delight and instruction of the whole human race.

From 'Conversation.'

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge—
An extract of his diary—no more—
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again ;
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk ;
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he :

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop, significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said,
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home:
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity of love;
But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp night-cap, and relapse;
They thought they must have died, they were so bad;
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:'
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key—
That 's worse—the drone-pipe of a humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that 's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that 's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little, and his own still less;
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip;
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say:
'Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it—here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes:
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile—
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast—
The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed—

Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;'*
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Voltaire and the Lace-worker.—From 'Truth.'

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such—
Toilsome and indigent—she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

To Mary (Mrs Unwin).

Autumn, 1793.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I shew,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

Winter Evening in the Country.—From 'The Task.'

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?

*Garth. (See Vol. I. of this work, page 507.)

Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening who, with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft
Meanders, lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto,* with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all. . . .
Oh Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know. . . .
Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

* A noted conjuror of the day.

Love of Nature.—From the same.

'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound, man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds that have been formed
And tutored, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city-life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade or valerian, grace the wall
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green

Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling?* Are they not all proofs
That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct; overhead
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.

English Liberty.—From the same.

We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you;
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes;
We, for the sake of liberty, a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake:
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought. . . .
'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or, flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Designed by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part?—he be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved?

*From 'Yardley Oak.'**

Relic of ages!—could a mind, imbued
With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel and worship thee. . . .
Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
The yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thy embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains,
Beneath thy parent tree, mellowed the soil
Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through. . . .
Who lived when thou wast such? Oh, couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.
By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recovering, and misstated setting right—
Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again! . . .
What exhibitions various hath the world

* Mignonette.

* A tree in Yardley Chace, near Olney, said to have been planted by Judith, daughter of William the Conqueror, and wife of Earl Waltheof.

Witnessed of mutability in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain, now the heat
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine passing thought, even in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates, not unimpaired;
But worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.
Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempest could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck
Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest waged
For senatorial honours. Thus to time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labour, which had, far and wide,
By man performed, made all the forest ring.
Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought but the scooped rind—that seems
An huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root—
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbiddest
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which crooked into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverised of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

The Diverting History of John Gilpin:

Shewing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied: 'I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs Gilpin: 'That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs:
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he—'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs Gilpin—careful soul!—
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out: 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired!'
Said Gilpin: 'So am I!'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

'What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,*
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John: 'It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

* We may add to the poet's text an explanation of the old phrase 'a merry pin,' as given in Fuller's *Church History:* 'At a grand synod of the clergy and laity, 3 Henry I. (1102 A.D.), priests were prohibited from drinking at pins. This was a Dutch trick, but used in England, of artificial drunkenness, out of a cup marked with certain pins, and he accounted the best man who could nick the pin, drinking even unto it, whereas to go above or beneath it was a forfeiture. Hence probably the proverb, he is in a merry pin.'

So turning to his horse, he said:
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mrs Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell:
'This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

'Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

WILLIAM HAYLEY (1745–1820), the biographer of Cowper, wrote various poetical works which enjoyed great popularity in their day. His principal work is *The Triumphs of Temper*, a poem in six cantos (1781). He wrote also an *Essay on History*, addressed to Gibbon (1780), an *Essay on Epic Poetry* (1782), an *Essay on Old Maids* (1785), *Essays on Sculpture*, addressed to Flaxman (1800), *The Triumph of Music* (1804), &c. He wrote also various dramatic pieces and a *Life of Milton* (1796). A gentleman by education and fortune, and fond of literary communication, Hayley enjoyed the acquaintance of most of the eminent men of his times. His over-strained sensibility and romantic tastes exposed him to ridicule, yet he was an amiable and accomplished man. It was through his personal application to Pitt that Cowper received his pension. He had—what appears to have been to him a sort of melancholy pride and satisfaction—the task of writing epitaphs for most of his friends, including Mrs Unwin and Cowper. His life of Cowper appeared in 1803, and three years afterwards it was enlarged by a supplement. Hayley prepared memoirs of his own life, which he disposed of to a publisher on condition of his receiving an annuity for the remainder of his life. This annuity he enjoyed for twelve years. The memoirs appeared in two fine quarto volumes, but they failed to attract attention. Hayley had outlived his popularity, and his smooth but often unmeaning lines had vanished like chaff before the vigorous and natural outpourings of the modern muse. As a specimen of this once much-praised poet, we subjoin from his *Essay on Epic Poetry* some lines on the death of his mother, which had the merit of delighting Gibbon, and with which Southey has remarked Cowper would sympathise deeply:

Tribute to a Mother, on her Death.

For me who feel, whene'er I touch the lyre,
My talents sink below my proud desire;
Who often doubt, and sometimes credit give,
When friends assure me that my verse will live;
Whom health, too tender for the bustling throng,
Led into pensive shade and soothing song;
Whatever fortune my unpolished rhymes
May meet in present or in future times,
Let the blest art my grateful thoughts employ,
Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy;
Whence lonely peace and social pleasure springs,
And friendship dearer than the smile of kings.
While keener poets, querulously proud,
Lament the ill of poesy aloud,
And magnify with irritation's zeal,
Those common evils we too strongly feel,
The envious comment and the subtle style
Of specious slander, stabbing with a smile;
Frankly I wish to make her blessings known,
And think those blessings for her ills atone;
Nor would my honest pride that praise forego,
Which makes Malignity yet more my foe.
If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse impressed
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled,
And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme;
While thy kind cautions warned him to beware
Of Penury, the bard's perpetual snare;
Marking the early temper of his soul,
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control!
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before;
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,

And turned each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew;
Though medicinal art, with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer:
Nor prayed in vain; thy child from powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
O might he thence receive the happy skill,
And force proportioned to his ardent will,
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!
Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal,
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul;
Nor will the public with harsh rigour blame
This my just homage to thy honoured name;
To please that public, if to please be mine,
Thy virtues trained me—let the praise be thine.

Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise:
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

On the Tomb of Mrs Unwin.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend!
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

DR ERASMUS DARWIN.

DR ERASMUS DARWIN (1731–1802), an ingenious philosophical, though fanciful poet, was born at Elston, near Newark. Having passed with credit through a course of education at St John's College, Cambridge, he applied himself to the study of physic, and took his degree of bachelor in medicine at Edinburgh in 1755. He then commenced practice in Nottingham, but meeting with little encouragement, he removed to Lichfield, where he long continued a successful and distinguished physician. In 1757 Dr Darwin married an accomplished lady of Lichfield, Miss Mary Howard, by whom he had five children, two of whom died in infancy. The lady herself died in 1770; and after her decease, Darwin seems to have commenced his botanical and literary pursuits. He was at first afraid that the reputation of a poet would injure him in his profession, but being firmly established in the latter capacity, he at length ventured on publication. At this time he lived in a picturesque villa in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, furnished with a grotto and fountain, and here he began the formation of a botanic garden. The spot he has described as 'adapted to love-scenes, and as being thence a proper residence for the modern goddess of botany.' In 1781 appeared the first part of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, a poem in glittering and polished heroic verse, designed to describe, adorn, and allegorise the Linnæan system of botany. The Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders, was adopted by the poet, as 'affording a proper machinery for a botanic poem, as it is probable they were originally the names of hieroglyphic figures representing the elements.' The novelty and ingenuity of Darwin's attempt attracted much attention, and rendered him highly popular. In the same year the poet was called to attend an aged gentleman, Colonel Sachevell Pole of Radbourne Hall, near Derby. An intimacy was thus formed with Mrs Pole; and the colonel dying, the poetical physician in a few months afterwards, in 1781, married the fair widow, who possessed a jointure of £600 per annum. Darwin was now released from all prudential fears and restraints as to the cultivation of his poetical talents, and he went on adding to his floral gallery. In 1789 appeared the second part of his poem, containing the *Loves of the Plants*. Ovid having, he said, transmuted men, women, and even gods and goddesses, into trees and flowers, he had undertaken, by similar art, to restore some of them to their original animality, after having remained prisoners so long in their respective vegetable mansions:

Extract from 'Loves of the Plants.'

From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves.*
How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells, blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honeyed lips enamoured woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Blow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

* Linnæus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, has demonstrated that all flowers contain families of males or females, or both; and on their marriage has constructed his invaluable system of botany. —DARWIN.

This is certainly melodious verse, and ingenious subtle fancy. A few passages have moral sentiment and human interest united to the same powers of vivid painting and expression:

Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!

In another part of the poem, after describing the cassia plant, 'cinctured with gold,' and borne on by the current to the coasts of Norway, with all its 'infant loves,' or seeds, the poet, in his usual strain of forced similitude, digresses in the following happy and vigorous lines, to *Moses concealed on the Nile*, and the slavery of the Africans:

So the sad mother at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
Wrapped her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
And clasped the treasure to her throbbing breast;
With soothing whispers hushed its feeble cry,
Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore,
Hears unappalled the glimmering torrents roar;
With paper-flags a floating cradle weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips;
Waits on the reed-crowned brink with pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Ambassador of heaven, the prophet trod;
Wrenched the red scourge from proud oppression's hands,
And broke, cursed slavery! thy iron bands.
Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves and rent the sky?
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;
E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!
Ye bands of senators! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
Who right the injured and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms;
But wrapped in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye senates! hear this truth sublime,
'He who allows oppression, shares the crime!'

The material images of Darwin are often less happy than the above, being both extravagant and gross, and grouped together without any visible connection or dependence one on the other. He has such a throng of startling metaphors and descriptions, the latter drawn out to an excessive length and tiresome minuteness, that nothing is left to the reader's imagination, and the whole passes like a glittering pageant before the eye, exciting wonder, but without touching the heart or feelings. As the poet was then past fifty, the exuberance of his fancy, and his peculiar choice of subjects, are the more remarkable. A third part of the *Botanic Garden* was added in 1792; (he received £900 for the copyright of the whole). Darwin next published his *Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life*, part of which he had written many years previously. This is a curious and original physiological treatise, evincing an inquiring and attentive study of natural phenomena. Dr Thomas Brown, Professor Dugald Stewart, Paley, and others, have, however, successfully combated the positions of Darwin, particularly his theory which refers instinct to sensation. In 1801 our author came forward with another philosophical disquisition, entitled *Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening*. He also wrote a short treatise on *Female Education*, intended for the instruction and assistance of part of his own family. This was Darwin's last publication. He had always been a remarkably temperate man. Indeed, he totally abstained from all fermented and spirituous liquors, and in his *Botanic Garden* he compares their effects to that of the Promethean fire. He was, however, subject to inflammation as well as gout, and a sudden attack carried him off in his seventy-first year, on the 18th of April 1802. Shortly after his death, was published a poem, the *Temple of Nature*, which he had ready for the press, the preface to the work being dated only three months before his death. The *Temple of Nature* aimed, like the *Botanic Garden*, to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of nature. It is more metaphysical than its predecessor, and more inverted in style and diction.

The poetical reputation of Darwin was as bright and transient as the plants and flowers which formed the subject of his verse. Cowper praised his *song* for its rich embellishments, and said it was as 'strong' as it was 'learned and sweet.' 'There is a fashion in poetry,' observes Sir Walter Scott, 'which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it, does wonders in facilitating its currency while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away.' This has been the fate of Darwin. Besides his coterie at Lichfield, the poet of Flora had considerable influence on the poetical taste of his own day. He may be traced in the *Pleasures of Hope* of Campbell, and in other young poets of that time. The attempt to unite science with the inspirations of the Muse, was in itself an attractive novelty, and he supported it with various and high powers. His command of fancy, of poetical language, dazzling metaphors, and sonorous versification, was well seconded by his curious and multifarious knowledge. The effect of the whole, however, was artificial, and destitute of any strong or continuous interest. The Rosicrucian machinery of Pope was united to the delineation of human passions and pursuits, and became the auxiliary of wit and satire; but who can sympathise with the loves and metamorphoses of the plants? Darwin had no sentiment or pathos except in very brief episodical

passages, and even his eloquent and splendid versification, for want of variety of cadence, becomes monotonous and fatiguing. There is no repose, no cessation from the glare of his bold images, his compound epithets, and high-toned melody. He had attained to rare perfection in the mechanism of poetry, but wanted those impulses of soul and sense, and that guiding taste which were required to give it vitality, and direct it to its true objects.

Invocation to the Goddess of Botany.

From the *Botanic Garden.*

'Stay your rude steps! whose throbbing breasts infold
The legion-fiends of glory and of gold!
Stay, whose false lips seductive simpers part,
While cunning nestles in the harlot heart!
For you no dryads dress the roseate bower,
For you no nymphs their sparkling vases pour;
Unmarked by you, light graces swim the green,
And hovering Cupids aim their shafts unseen.
'But thou whose mind the well-attempered ray
Of taste and virtue lights with purer day;
Whose finer sense with soft vibration owns
With sweet responsive sympathy of tones;
So the fair flower expands its lucid form
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm;
For thee my borders nurse the fragrant wreath,
My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe;
Slow slides the painted snail, the gilded fly
Smooths his fine down, to charm thy curious eye;
On twinkling fins my pearly pinions play,
Or win with sinuous train their trackless way;
My plumy pairs in gay embroidery dressed,
Form with ingenious bill the pensile nest,
To love's sweet notes attune the listening dell,
And Echo sounds her soft symphonious shell.
'And if with thee some hapless maid should stray,
Disastrous love companion of her way,
Oh, lead her timid steps to yonder glade,
Whose arching cliffs depending alders shade;
Where, as meek evening wakes her temperate breeze,
And moonbeams glitter through the trembling trees,
The rills that gurgle round shall soothe her ear,
The weeping rocks shall number tear for tear;
There, as sad Philomel, alike forlorn,
Sings to the night from her accustomed thorn;
While at sweet intervals each falling note
Sighs in the gale and whispers round the grot,
The sister woe shall calm her aching breast,
And softer slumbers steal her cares to rest.
'Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales
Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve!
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve!
Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botanic goddess, bend thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold.'
Thus spoke the genius as he stept along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong;
Down the steep slopes he led with modest skill
The willing pathway and the truant rill,
Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground;
Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.
She comes! the goddess! through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansied grounds.
Fair Spring advancing calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.

Destruction of Sennacherib's Army by a Pestilential Wind.

From the *Economy of Vegetation.*

From Ashur's vales when proud Sennacherib trod,
Poured his swoln heart, defied the living God,
Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
And Judah shook through all her massy towers;
Round her sad altars press the prostrate crowd,
Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bowed;
Loud shrieks of matrons thrilled the troubled air,
And trembling virgins rent their scattered hair;
High in the midst the kneeling king adored,
Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,
Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,
And fixed on heaven his dim imploring eyes.
'O mighty God, amidst thy seraph throng
Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong;
Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone,
That twinkling journey round thy golden throne;
Thine is the crystal source of life and light,
And thine the realms of death's eternal night.
O bend thine ear, thy gracious eye incline,
Lo! Ashur's king blasphemes thy holy shrine,
Insults our offerings, and derides our vows.
O strike the diadem from his impious brows,
Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod,
And teach the trembling nations "Thou art God!"'
Sylphs! in what dread array with pennons broad,
Onward ye floated o'er the ethereal road;
Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,
Contagious vapours and volcanic gales;
Gave the soft south with poisonous breath to blow,
And rolled the dreadful whirlwind on the foe!
Hark! o'er the camp the venomed tempest sings,
Man falls on man, on buckler, buckler rings;
Groan answers groan, to anguish, anguish yields,
And death's loud accents shake the tented fields!
High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide
Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,
Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,
And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

Death of Eliza at the Battle of Minden.

From the *Loves of the Plants.*

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, 'They run! they run!'
'Great God!' she cried, 'he 's safe! the battle 's won!'

A ball now hisses through the airy tides—
Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!—
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
'Ah me!' she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
'O cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, O wait my love's return!'
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!
'O spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me,' she cried, 'exhaust your rage!'
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
'Eliza' echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand,
'Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand;'
Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
'Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake.'
'She 'll wake no more!' the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
'O heavens!' he cried, 'my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!'
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.*

Song to May.—From the 'Loves of the Plants.'

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the spring!

Song to Echo.—From the same.

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,
Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;
While Tweed, with sun-reflecting streams,
Checkers thy rocks with dancing beams?

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,
No brawling hound or clarion rude;
Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,
And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl.

Be thine to pour these vales along
Some artless shepherd's evening song;
While night's sweet bird from yon high spray
Responsive listens to his lay.

And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
Should sing her sorrows to thy shade,
Oh! soothe her breast, ye rocks around,
With softest sympathy of sound.

* Those who have the opportunity may compare this death-scene (much to the advantage of the living author) with that of Gertrude of Wyoming, which may have been suggested, very remotely and quite unconsciously, by Darwin's Eliza. Sir Walter Scott excels in painting battle-pieces, as overseen by some interested spectator. Eliza at Minden is circumstanced so nearly like Clara at Flodden, that the mighty Minstrel of the North may possibly have caught the idea of the latter from the Lichfield botanist; but oh, how has he triumphed!—*Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry*, 1833.

MISS SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD (1747–1809) was the daughter of the Rev. Mr Seward, canon-residentiary of Lichfield, himself a poet, and one of the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher. This lady was early trained to a taste for poetry, and, before she was nine years of age, she could repeat the first three books of *Paradise Lost*. Even at this time she says, she was charmed with the numbers of Milton. Miss Seward wrote several elegiac poems—an *Elegy to the Memory of Captain Cook*, a *Monody on the Death of Major André*, &c.—which, from the popular nature of the subjects, and the animated though inflated style of the composition, enjoyed great celebrity. Darwin complimented her as 'the inventress of epic elegy;' and she was known by the name of the Swan of Lichfield. A poetical novel, entitled *Louisa*, was published by Miss Seward in 1782, and passed through several editions. After bandying compliments with the poets of one generation, Miss Seward engaged Sir Walter Scott in a literary correspondence, and bequeathed to him for publication three volumes of her poetry, which he pronounced execrable. At the same time she left her correspondence to Constable, and that publisher gave to the world six volumes of her letters. Both collections were unsuccessful. The applauses of Miss Seward's early admirers were only calculated to excite ridicule, and the vanity and affectation which were her besetting sins, destroyed equally her poetry and prose. Some of her letters, however, are written with spirit and discrimination.

THE ROLLIAD.

A series of political satires, commencing about 1784, and written by a few men of wit and fashion, attracted much attention, and became extensively popular. They appeared first in a London newspaper, the earliest—from which the name of the collection was derived—being a satire on Colonel, afterwards Lord Rolle. The *Rolliad*—consisting of pretended criticism on an imaginary epic poem—was followed by *Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*, and *Political Eclogues*. The design of the *Probationary Odes* was probably suggested by Pope's ridicule of Cibber; and the death of Whitehead, the poet-laureate, in 1785, was seized

upon by the Whig wits as affording an opportunity for satirising some of the political and literary characters of the day, conspicuous as members or supporters of the government. Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool), Lord Thurlow, Kenyon, Sir Cecil Wray, Dr Prettyman (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), and others, were the objects of these humorous sallies and personal invectives; while among literary men, Thomas Warton, Sir John Hawkins, and Macpherson (the translator of *Ossian*), were selected for attack. The contributors to this gallery of burlesque portraits and clever caricatures were: 1. DR LAURENCE (called 'French Laurence') the friend of Burke, who was the chief editor or director of the satires: he died in 1809. 2. GENERAL RICHARD FITZPATRICK (1747–1813), a brother of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, who was long in parliament, and held successively the offices of Secretary-at-war and Irish Secretary. Fitzpatrick was the intimate friend of Charles James Fox—a fact recorded on his tomb—and his quatrain on that eminent statesman may be quoted as remarkable for condensed and happy expression:

A patriot's even course he steered,
'Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved;
By all who marked his mind revered,
By all who knew his heart beloved.

3. RICHARD TICKELL, the grandson of Addison's friend, and the brother-in-law of Sheridan, besides his contributions to the *Rolliad*, was author of *The Wreath of Fashion* and other poetical pieces, and of a lively political pamphlet entitled *Anticipation*, 1778. Tickell was a commissioner of stamps; he was a great favourite in society; yet in a moment of despondency he threw himself from a window in Hampton Court Palace, November 4, 1793, and was killed on the spot. 4. JOSEPH RICHARDSON (1758–1803) was author of a comedy, called *The Fugitive*, and was partner with Sheridan in Drury Lane Theatre. Among the other contributors to the *Rolliad* were LORD JOHN TOWNSEND (1757–1833); Mr GEORGE ELLIS, the poetical antiquary and friend of Scott; SIR R. ADAIR; and GENERAL BURGOYNE, author of some dramatic pieces. All these were gay, fashionable, and somewhat hard-living men, whose political satire and malice, as Moore has remarked, 'from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fireworks, explodes in sparkles.' Some of their sallies, however, are coarsely personal, and often irreverent in style and allusion. The topics of their satire are now in a great measure forgotten—superseded by other party-men and party-measures; and the very qualities which gave it immediate and splendid success, have sunk it sooner in oblivion.

Character of Mr Pitt.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young, with more art than Shelburne gleaned from age,
Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
In solemn dignity and sullen state,
This new Octavius rises to debate!
Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
Of country gentlemen with rapture glow;
He sees, convulsed with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice peers and deputy nabobs.
Nor rum-contractors think his speech too long,
While words, like treacle, trickle from his tongue.
O soul congenial to the souls of Rolles!—
Whether you tax the luxury of coals,
Or vote some necessary millions more
To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store.
Fain would I praise—if I like thee could praise—
Thy matchless virtue in congenial lays.

Crit. on the Rolliad, No. 2.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, a poet, translator, and critic, afforded a remarkable example of successful application to science and literature under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire, in April 1756. His father had been a painter and glazier, but both the parents of the poet died when he was young; and after some little education, he was, at the age of thirteen, placed on board a coasting-vessel by his godfather, a man who was supposed to have benefited himself at the expense of Gifford's parents. 'It will be easily conceived,' he says, 'that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only "a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading: as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the *Coasting Pilot*.' Whilst thus pursuing his life of a cabin-boy, Gifford was often seen by the fish-women of his native town running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating his change of condition. This tale, often repeated, awakened at length the pity of the auditors, and as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced him to such a state of wretchedness. His godfather was on this account induced to recall him from the sea, and put him again to school. He made rapid progress, and even hoped to succeed his old and infirm schoolmaster. In his fifteenth year, however, his godfather, conceiving that he had got learning enough, and that his own duty towards him was fairly discharged, put him apprentice to a shoemaker. Gifford hated his new profession with a perfect hatred. At this time he possessed but one book in the world, and that was a treatise on algebra, of which he had no knowledge; but meeting with Fenning's *Introduction*, he mastered both works. 'This was not done,' he states, 'without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore—in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford—were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.' He next tried poetry, and some of his 'lamentable doggerel' falling into the hands of Mr Cookesley, a benevolent surgeon of Ashburton, that gentleman set about a subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of his

apprenticeship, and enabling him to procure a better education. The scheme was successful; and in little more than two years, Gifford had made such extraordinary application, that he was pronounced fit for the university. The place of Biblical Lecturer was procured for him at Exeter College, and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable him to live, at least till he had taken a degree. An accidental circumstance led to Gifford's advancement. He had been accustomed to correspond on literary subjects with a person in London, his letters being inclosed in covers, and sent, to save postage, to Lord Grosvenor. One day he inadvertently omitted the direction, and his lordship, necessarily supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. He was struck with the contents; and after seeing the writer, and hearing him relate the circumstances of his life, undertook the charge of his present support and future establishment; and, till this last could be effected to his wish, invited him to come and reside with him. 'These,' says the grateful scholar, 'were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him, and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, and a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years.' Part of this time, it may be remarked, was spent in attending the earl's eldest son, Lord Belgrave, on a tour of Europe, which must have tended greatly to inform and expand the mind of the scholar. Gifford appeared as an author in 1794. His first production was a satirical poem entitled *The Baviad*, which was directed against a class of sentimental poetasters of that day, usually passing under the collective appellation of the Della Cruscan School —Mrs Piozzi, Mrs Robinson, Mr Greathead, Mr Merry, Weston, Parsons, &c.—conspicuous for their affectation and bad taste, and their high-flown compliments on one another. 'There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics,' he remarks, 'which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove; with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns."' Gifford's vigorous exposure completely demolished this set of rhymesters, who were probably the spawn of Darwin and Lichfield. Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, Edwin, Orlando, &c. sunk into instant and irretrievable contempt; and the worst of the number—a man Williams, who assumed the name of Pasquin for his 'ribald strains'—was nonsuited in an action against Gifford's publisher. The satire was universally read and admired. In the present day, it seems unnecessarily merciless and severe, yet lines like the following still possess interest. The allusion to Pope is peculiarly appropriate and beautiful:

Degeneracy of Modern Literature.

Oh for the good old times! when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
Less to display our subject than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not this sad?

F.—'Tis pitiful, Heaven knows;
'Tis wondrous pitiful. E'en take the prose:
But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.
You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
We want their strength; agreed; but we atone,
For that, and more, by sweetness all our own.
For instance—'Hasten to the lawny vale,
Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale,
And bathes the landscape'——

P.—Pshaw; I have it here.
'A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
Wondering I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
A godlike form advances.'

F.—You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of those?
'The mighty mother'——

P.—Now, 'tis plain you sneer,
For Weston's self could find no semblance here:
Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,
And, envying the fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accursed!—O 'memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,'
O injured bard! accept the grateful strain,
Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay!
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage.

The contributions of Mrs Piozzi to this fantastic garland of exotic verse are characterised in one felicitous couplet:

See Thrale's gay widow with a satchel roam,
And bring, in pomp, her laboured nothings home!

The tasteless bibliomaniac is also finely sketched:

Others like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;
Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has blessed them with *The Boke of Gode Advice*,
For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek,
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.

The *Baviad* was a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius. In the year following, encouraged by its success, Gifford produced the *Mæviad*, an imitation of Horace, levelled at the corrupters of dramatic poetry. Here also the Della Cruscan authors—who attempted dramas as well as odes and elegies—are gibbeted in satiric verse; but Gifford was more critical than just in including O'Keefe, the amusing farce-writer, among the objects of his condemnation. The plays of Kotzebue and Schiller, then first translated and much in vogue, he also characterises as 'heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity,' a sentence too unqualified and severe.

Gifford tried a third satire, an *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (Dr Wolcot), which, being founded on

personal animosity, is more remarkable for its passionate vehemence and abuse than for its felicity or correctness. Wolcot replied with *A Cut at a Cobbler*, equally unworthy of his fame. These satirical labours of our author pointed him out as a fit person to edit the *Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly paper set up by Canning and others for the purpose of ridiculing and exposing the political agitators of the times. It was established in November 1797, and continued only till the July following. The conection thus formed with politicians and men of rank was afterwards serviceable to Gifford. He obtained the situation of paymaster of the gentlemen-pensioners, and was made a commissioner of the lottery, the emoluments of the two offices being about £900 per annum. In 1802, he published a translation of Juvenal, to which was prefixed his sketch of his own life, one of the most interesting and unaffected of autobiographies. This translation of Juvenal was attacked in the *Critical Review*, and Gifford replied in a pamphlet, *An Examination of the Strictures*, &c. which contains one remarkable passage :

A Reviewer compared to a Toad.

During my apprenticeship, I enjoyed perhaps as many places as Scrub ;* though I suspect they were not altogether so dignified : the chief of them was that of a planter of cabbages in a bit of ground which my master held near the town. It was the decided opinion of Panurge that the life of a cabbage-planter was the safest and pleasantest in the world. I found it safe enough, I confess, but not altogether pleasant ; and therefore took every opportunity of attending to what I liked better, which happened to be, watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, of a huge toad. I never loved toads, but I never molested them ; for my mother had early bid me remember that every living thing had the same Maker as myself; and the words always rang in my ears. The toad, then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together. It was a lazy, lumpish animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely like a Critical Reviewer. In this posture, perfectly satisfied with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glare of its eyes then brightened into a vivid lustre, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or honey-bee. Since I have marked the manners of the Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me.

Never was a toad more picturesquely treated ! Besides his version of Juvenal, Gifford translated Persius, and edited the plays of Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, and the works of Ben Jonson. In 1808, when Sir Walter Scott and others resolved on starting a Review, in opposition to the celebrated one established in Edinburgh, Mr Gifford was selected as editor. In his hands, the *Quarterly Review* became a powerful political and literary journal, to which leading statesmen and authors equally contributed. He continued to discharge his duties as editor until within two years of his death, which took place on the 31st of December 1826. Gifford claimed for himself

> A soul
> That spurned the crowd's malign control—
> A fixed contempt of wrong.

He was high-spirited, courageous, and sincere. In most of his writings, however, there was a strong tinge of personal acerbity, and even virulence. He was a good hater, and as he was opposed to all political visionaries and reformers, he had seldom time to cool. His literary criticism, also, where no such prejudices could interfere, was frequently disfigured by the same severity of style or temper; and whoever, dead or living, had ventured to say aught against Ben Jonson, or write what he deemed wrong comments on his favourite dramatists, were assailed with a vehemence that was ludicrously disproportioned to the offence. His attacks on Hazlitt, Lamb, Hunt, and others, in the *Quarterly Review*, have no pretensions to fair or candid criticism. His object was to crush such authors as were opposed to the government of the day, or who departed from his canons of literary propriety and good taste. Even the best of his criticisms, though acute and spirited, want candour and comprehensiveness of design. As a politician, he looked with distrust and suspicion on the growing importance of America, and kept alive among the English aristocracy a feeling of dislike or hostility towards that country, which was as unwise as it was ungenerous. His best service to literature was his edition of Ben Jonson, in which he successfully vindicated that great English classic from the unjust aspersions of his countrymen. His satirical poetry is pungent, and often happy in expression, but without rising into moral grandeur or pathos. His small but sinewy intellect, as some one has said, was well employed in bruising the butterflies of the Della Cruscan Muse. Some of his short copies of verses possess a quiet, plaintive melancholy and tenderness ; but his fame must rest on his influence and talents as a critic and annotator, or more properly, on the story of his life and early struggles —honourable to himself, and ultimately to his country—which will be read and remembered when his other writings are forgotten.

The Grave of Anna.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here ;
And every hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could ! For when she died,
I lost my all ; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void ;
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have 'no business there?'

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

* Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*, Act III. :
Scrub. What d' ye think is my place in this family?
Archer. Butler, I suppose.
Scrub. Ah, Lord help you ! I 'll tell you. Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, on Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and on Sunday I draw beer.

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour, can they fade?

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

The above affecting elegiac stanzas were written by Gifford on a faithful attendant who died in his service. He erected a tombstone to her memory in the burying-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, with the following inscription and epitaph:

Here lies the body of Ann Davies, (for more than twenty years) servant to William Gifford. She died February 6th, 1815, in the forty-third year of her age, of a tedious and painful malady, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Her deeply afflicted master erected this stone to her memory, as a painful testimony of her uncommon worth and of his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection for her long and meritorious services.

Though here unknown, dear Ann, thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
Oh! when this frame, which yet, while life remained,
Thy duteous love, with trembling hand sustained,
Dissolves—as soon it must—may that blest Power
Who beamed on thine, illume my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,
And what was sown in grief is reaped in joy:
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid whom earth could never pay.

Greenwich Hill.

FIRST OF MAY.

Though clouds obscured the morning hour,
And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
As, doubtful, to the skiff we passed:

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
Gave promise of a brighter day;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
The blasts in zephyrs died away.

So have we, love, a day enjoyed,
On which we both—and yet, who knows!—
May dwell with pleasure unalloyed,
And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

How pleasant, from that dome-crowned hill,
To view the varied scene below,
Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
The circling Thames' majestic flow!

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the checkered light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail!

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaimed the noontide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, 'nothing loath,'
We to our simple meal retired;

The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
The careless mind's spontaneous flow,
Gave to that simple meal a zest
Which richer tables may not know.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toyed and wantoned for a while,
And sinking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile;

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part—
As close to mine thy cheek was laid—
Thine eyes had opened all thy heart.

Then, then I marked the chastened joy
That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid—my sweet employ—
From truth, from innocence of soul:

While every word dropt on my ear
So soft—and yet it seemed to thrill—
So sweet that 'twas a heaven to hear,
And e'en thy pause had music still.

And oh! how like a fairy dream
To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
Slept on the glassy surface wide!

And many a thought of fancy bred,
Wild, soothing, tender, undefined,
Played lightly round the heart, and shed
Delicious languor o'er the mind.

So hours like moments winged their flight,
Till now the boatmen on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
Recalled us by the dashing oar.

Well, Anna, many days like this
I cannot, must not hope to share;
For I have found an hour of bliss
Still followed by an age of care.

Yet oft when memory intervenes—
But you, dear maid, be happy still,
Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
The day we passed on Greenwich Hill.

THE ANTI-JACOBIN POETRY.

We have alluded to the *Anti-Jacobin* weekly paper, of which Mr Gifford was editor. In this publication, various copies of verses were inserted, chiefly of a satirical nature. The poetry, like the prose, of the *Anti-Jacobin* was designed to ridicule and discountenance the doctrines of the French Revolution; and as party-spirit ran high, those effusions were marked occasionally by fierce personality and declamatory violence. Others, however, written in travesty, or contempt of the bad taste and affectation of some of the works of the day, contained well-directed and witty satire, aimed by no common hand, and pointed with

irresistible keenness. Among those who mixed in this loyal warfare was Mr J. H. FRERE (noticed in a subsequent section), and GEORGE CANNING (1770–1827), whose fame as an orator and statesman fills so large a space in the modern history of Britain. Canning was then young and ardent, full of hope and ambition. Without family distinction or influence, he relied on his talents for future advancement; and from interest, no less than feeling and principle, he exerted them in support of the existing administration. Previous to this, he had distinguished himself at Eton School for his classical acquirements and literary talents. To a periodical work, the *Microcosm*, he contributed several clever essays. Entering parliament in 1793, he was, in 1796, appointed under-secretary of state, and it was at the close of the following year that the *Anti-Jacobin* was commenced, Gifford being editor. The contributions of Mr Canning consist of parodies on Southey and Darwin, the greater part of *The Rovers*—a burlesque on the sentimental German drama—and *New Morality*, a spirited and caustic satire, directed against French principles, and their supporters in England. In this poem of *New Morality* occur four lines often quoted:

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!

As party effusions, these pieces were highly popular and effective; and that they are still read with pleasure on account of their wit and humour, and also perhaps on account of their slashing and ferocious style, is instanced by the fact, that the *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, collected and published in a separate form, has attained to a sixth edition. The genius of Canning found afterwards a more appropriate field in parliament. As a statesman, 'just alike to freedom and the throne,' though somewhat prone to intrigue, and as an orator, eloquent, witty, and of consummate taste, his reputation is established. He had, however, a strong bias in favour of elegant literature, and would have become no mean poet and author, had he not embarked so early on public life, and been so incessantly occupied with its cares and duties. From a speech delivered at Plymouth in 1823, we extract a short passage containing a fine simile:

Ships of the Line in Port.

The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself: while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged at times against her or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

In this piece, Canning ridicules the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which, he says, it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich. The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludicrous parody, and Canning quotes the following stanza, lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life:

'Cold was the night-wind: drifting fast the snows fell;
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way-sore.'

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in 't,
So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d first—
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

Song by Rogero in 'The Rovers.'

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.*]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—
Alas, Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.*

[*During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison; and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*]

The following epitaph on his son who died in 1820, shews that Canning could write in a tender and elegiac as well as satirical strain.

Mr Canning's Epitaph on his Son.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on Heaven thine unreverted eye!
Oh! marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain—save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away!—
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

A satirical poem, which attracted much attention in literary circles at the time of its publication, was the *Pursuits of Literature*, in four parts, the first of which appeared in 1794. Though published anonymously, this work was written by Mr THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS, a distinguished scholar, who died at Naples in 1835. Mr Mathias was sometime treasurer of the household to her majesty Queen Charlotte. He took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1774. Besides the *Pursuits of Literature*, Mr Mathias was author of some *Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue; The Imperial Epistle from Kien Long to George III.* (1794), *The Shade of Alexander Pope*, a satirical poem (1798); and various other light evanescent pieces on the topics of the day. Mr Mathias also wrote some Latin odes, and translated into Italian several English poems. He wrote Italian with elegance and purity, and it has been said that no Englishman, since the days of Milton, has cultivated that language with so much success. The *Pursuits of Literature* contains some pointed satire on the author's poetical contemporaries, and is enriched with a vast variety of notes, in which there is a great display of learning. George Steevens said the poem was merely 'a peg to hang the notes on.' The want of true poetical genius to vivify this mass of erudition has been fatal to Mr Mathias. His works appear to be utterly forgotten.

DR JOHN WOLCOT.

DR JOHN WOLCOT (1738–1819) was a coarse but lively satirist, who, under the name of 'Peter Pindar,' published a variety of effusions on the topics and public men of his times, which were eagerly read and widely circulated. Many of them were in ridicule of the reigning sovereign, George III., who was a good subject for the poet; though the latter, as he himself acknowledged, was a bad subject to the king. Wolcot was born at Dodbrooke, a village in Devonshire, in the year 1738. His uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary at Fowey, took the charge of his education, intending that he should become his own assistant and successor in business. Wolcot was instructed in medicine, and 'walked the hospitals' in London, after which he proceeded to Jamaica with Sir William Trelawney, governor of that island, who had engaged him as his medical attendant. The social habits of the doctor rendered him a favourite in Jamaica; but his time being only partly employed by his professional avocations, he solicited and obtained from his patron the gift of a living in the church, which happened to be then vacant. The bishop of London ordained the graceless neophyte, and Wolcot entered upon his sacred duties. His congregation consisted mostly of negroes, and Sunday being their principal holiday and market, the attendance at the church was very limited. Sometimes not a single person came, and Wolcot and his clerk—the latter being an excellent shot—used at such times, after waiting for ten minutes, to proceed to the sea-side, to enjoy the sport of shooting ring-tailed pigeons! The death of Sir William Trelawney cut off all further hopes of preferment, and every inducement to a longer residence in the island. Bidding adieu to Jamaica and the church, Wolcot accompanied Lady Trelawney to England, and established himself as a physician at Truro, in Cornwall. He inherited about £2000 by the death

* It is stated by Mr C. Edmonds, editor of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* (1854), that the above song 'having been accidentally seen, previous to its publication, by Mr Pitt, he was so amused with it that he took a pen, and composed the last stanza on the spot.

of his uncle. While resident at Truro, Wolcot discovered the talents of Opie—

The Cornish boy in tin-mines bred—

whose genius as an artist afterwards became so distinguished. He also materially assisted to form his taste and procure him patronage; and when Opie's name was well established, the poet and his protégé, forsaking the country, repaired to London, as affording a wider field for the exertions of both. Wolcot had already acquired some distinction by his satirical efforts; and he now poured forth a series of odes and epistles, commencing with the Royal Academicians, whom he ridiculed with great success and some justice. In 1785 he produced no less than twenty-three odes. In 1786 he published *The Lousiad*, a *Heroi-comic Poem*, in five cantos, which had its foundation in the fact, that an obnoxious insect—either of the garden or the body—had been discovered on the king's plate among some green peas, which produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the royal kitchen were to have their heads shaved. In the hands of an unscrupulous satirist like Wolcot, this ridiculous incident was an admirable theme. The publication of Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* afforded another tempting opportunity, and he indited a humorous poetical epistle to the biographer, commencing:

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackal, leading lion Johnson forth
To eat Macpherson 'midst his native north;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore,
All hail! . . . .
Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king;
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power;
Stuck like a bat to some old ivied tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thine eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies:
Yes, his broad wing had raised thee—no bad hack—
A tomtit twittering on an eagle's back.

In addition to this effusion, Wolcot levelled another attack on Boswell, entitled *Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers*. The personal habits of the king were ridiculed in *Peeps at St James's, Royal Visits, Lyric Odes*, &c. Sir Joseph Banks was another subject of his satire:

A president, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to hunt this game renowned,
On violets, dunghills, nettle-tops, and daisies, &c.

He had also *Instructions to a Celebrated Laureat; Peter's Pension; Peter's Prophecy; Epistle to a Fallen Minister; Epistle to James Bruce, Esq., the Abyssinian Traveller; Odes to Mr Paine; Odes to Kien Long, Emperor of China; Ode to the Livery of London*, and *brochures* of a kindred description on most of the celebrated events of the day. From 1778 to 1808, above sixty of these poetical pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he considered, that the ministry, as he alleged, endeavoured to bribe him to silence. He also boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages. In 1795, he obtained from his booksellers an annuity of £250, payable half-yearly, for the copyright of his works. This handsome allowance he enjoyed, to the heavy loss of the other parties, for upwards of twenty years. Neither old age nor blindness could repress his witty vituperative attacks. He had recourse to an amanuensis, in whose absence, however, he continued to write himself, till within a short period of his death. 'His method was to tear a sheet of paper into quarters, on each of which he wrote a stanza of four or six lines, according to the nature of the poem: the paper he placed on a book held in the left hand, and in this manner not only wrote legibly, but with great ease and celerity.' In 1796, his poetical effusions were collected and published in four volumes 8vo, and subsequent editions have been issued; but most of the poems have sunk into oblivion. Few satirists can reckon on permanent popularity, and the poems of Wolcot were in their nature of an ephemeral description; while the recklessness of his censure and ridicule, and the want of decency, of principle, and moral feeling, that characterises nearly the whole, precipitated their downfall. He died at his house in Somers' Town on the 14th January 1819, and was buried in a vault in the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, close to the grave of Butler. Wolcot was equal to Churchill as a satirist, as ready and versatile in his powers, and possessed of a quick sense of the ludicrous, as well as a rich vein of fancy and humour. Some of his songs and serious effusions are tender and pleasing; but he could not write long without sliding into the ludicrous and burlesque. His critical acuteness is evinced in his *Odes to the Royal Academicians*, and in various passages scattered throughout his works; while his ease and felicity, both of expression and illustration, are remarkable. In the following terse and lively lines, we have a good caricature sketch of Dr Johnson's style:

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat?
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;
But very different was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun ;
The other limped as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin, soon *peccavi* cried ;
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever,
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretched hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas ;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

'How now!' the light-toed whitewashed pilgrim broke,
'You lazy lubber!'
'Confound it!' cried the t' other, 'tis no joke ;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear :
As for Loretto, I shall not get there ;
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe!

'But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

'How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happened, burn ye?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas.'

The Apple Dumplings and a King.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck—
The horse and rider wet as muck—
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot :
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke : 'What's this? what's this? what, what?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand ;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple : he cried :
''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
Low curtsying : 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'—
Turning the dumpling round—rejoined the king.
''Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces :
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where 's the seam?'
'Sir, there 's no seam,' quoth she ; 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew* ;'
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin ;
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start ;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labour one whole week to shew
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker ;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

Whitbread's Brewery visited by their Majesties.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame ;
Quoth he unto the queen : 'My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame we have not yet his brew-house seen!'
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen. . . . .

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made :
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine,
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks ;
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make the apprentices and draymen fine :
Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land ;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street ;
But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the raree show
And fixed all Smithfield's wond'ring eyes :
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs. . . .

Thus was the brew-house filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devoured the questions that the king did ask ;
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen!
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves—a pretty luncheon—
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon :
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
To view and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep :
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,

A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop;
And lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
'What 's this? hae hae? What 's that? What' s this?
What 's that?'
So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sov'reign peeps into the world of *small:*
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew;
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried:
'What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend:
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed;
The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And after talking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the man of Cask
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of ass's-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.
A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chestnuts or potates.
Mem.
'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.
Quære.
Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?
Mem.
To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us several pounds a year.
Mem.
To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.
Mem.
Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me, away.

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his ass's-skin.

To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say:
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes
The brewer answered—'Also, sire, of oats;
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an 't please your majesty, are grains.'

'Grains, grains,' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops,
hops, hops?'
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
'Sire,' cried the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.'

'True,' said the cautious monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.'
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I 'm sure.'
'Yes,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.' . . .

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out—how very proper!—
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sovereign's curious eye—
Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty—
Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs;
On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own;
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed: 'O heavens! and can *my* swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?'
To which the king assented with a nod;
On which the brewer bowed, and said: 'Good God!'
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mister Whitbread in his flying way:
'Whitbread, d' ye nick the excisemen now and then?
Hae, Whitbread, when d' ye think to leave off trade?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread 's still a maid, a maid?
What, what 's the matter with the men?

'D' ye hunt?—hae, hunt? No no, you are too old;
You 'll be lord-mayor—lord-mayor one day;
Yes, yes, I 've heard so; yes, yes, so I 'm told;
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I 'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

'Whitbread, d' ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that 's cheapest; yes, that 's best, that 's best.
You put your liveries on the draymen—hae?
Hae, Whitbread? You have feathered well your nest.
What, what 's the price now, hae, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what 's o'clock, pray, what 's o'clock?'

Now Whitbread inward said: 'May I be cursed
If I know what to answer first.'
Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
But ere the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply.

Lord Gregory.

Burns admired this ballad of Wolcot's, and wrote another on the same subject.

'Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.'

'Who comes with woe at this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.'

'Alas! thou heardst a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

'But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I 'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.'

Epigram on Sleep.

Thomas Warton wrote the following Latin epigram to be placed under the statue of Somnus, in the garden of Harris, the philologist, and Wolcot translated it with a beauty and felicity worthy of the original.

Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere quam suave est; sic sine morte mori.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

THE REV. WILLIAM CROWE.

WILLIAM CROWE (*circa* 1746–1829) was the son of a carpenter at Winchester, and was admitted upon the foundation as a poor scholar. He was transferred to New College, Oxford, and was elected Fellow in 1773. He rose to be Professor of Poetry and Public Orator, holding at the same time the valuable rectory of Alton Barnes. Crowe was author of *Lewesdon Hill* (1786), a descriptive poem in blank verse, and of various other pieces. Several editions of his *Poems* have been published, the latest in 1827. There is poetry of a very high order in the works of Crowe, though it has never been popular.

Wreck of the 'Halsewell,' East Indiaman.

See how the sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely flattering, was yon surface calm,
When forth for India sailed, in evil time,
That vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Filled every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss.
Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
Shattered and driven along past yonder isle,
She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art,
To gain the port within it, or at worst,
To shun that harbourless and hollow coast
From Portland eastward to the promontory
Where still St Alban's high-built chapel stands.
But art nor strength avail her—on she drives,
In storm and darkness to the fatal coast;
And there 'mong rocks and high o'erhanging cliffs
Dashed piteously, with all her precious freight,
Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
Swallowed up quick! The richest-laden ship
Of spicy Ternate, or that annual sent
To the Philippines o'er the southern main
From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
Were poor to this; freighted with hopeful youth,
And beauty and high courage undismayed
By mortal terrors, and paternal love,
Strong and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perished all, all in one hour!*

The Miseries of War.

From 'Verses intended to have been spoken in the Theatre of Oxford, on the Installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.'

If the stroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else;
If they that make the cause might taste th' effect,
And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix;
Then might the bard, though child of peace, delight
To twine fresh wreaths around the conqueror's brow;
Or haply strike his high-toned harp, to swell
The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on
Whom justice arms for vengeance. But alas!
That undistinguishing and deathful storm
Beats heavier on th' exposéd innocent;
And they that stir its fury, while it raves
Stand at safe distance, send their mandate forth
Unto the mortal ministers that wait
To do their bidding.—Oh, who then regards
The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,
And famine, and the ghastly train of woes
That follow at the dogged heels of war?
They, in the pomp and pride of victory
Rejoicing o'er the desolated earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad hymns of triumph—hymns to God,
O'er the destruction of his gracious works!
Hymns to the Father o'er his slaughtered sons!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Several ladies cultivated poetry with success at this time. Among these was MRS CHARLOTTE SMITH (whose admirable prose fictions will afterwards be noticed). She was the daughter of Mr Turner of Stoke House, in Surrey, and born on the 4th of May 1749. She was remarkable for precocity of talents, and for a lively playful humour that shewed itself in conversation, and in compositions both in prose and verse. Being early deprived of her mother, she was carelessly though expensively educated, and introduced into society at a very early age. Her father having decided on a second marriage, the friends of the young and admired poetess endeavoured to establish her in life, and she was induced to accept the hand of Mr Smith, the son and partner of a rich West India merchant. The husband was twenty-one years of age, and his wife fifteen! This rash union was productive of mutual discontent and misery. Mr Smith was careless and extravagant,

* The *Halsewell*, Captain Pierce, was wrecked in January 1786, having struck on the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck, between Peverel Point and St Alban's Head. All the passengers perished; but out of 240 souls on board, 74 were saved. Seven interesting and accomplished young ladies (two of them daughters of the captain) were among the drowned.

business was neglected, and his father dying, left a will so complicated and voluminous that no two lawyers understood it in the same sense. Law-suits and embarrassments were therefore the portion of this ill-starred pair for all their after-lives. Mr Smith was ultimately forced to sell the greater part of his property, after he had been thrown into prison, and his faithful wife had shared with him the misery and discomfort of his confinement. After an unhappy union of twenty-three years, Mrs Smith separated from her husband, and, taking a cottage near Chichester, applied herself to her literary occupations with cheerful assiduity, supplying to her children the duties of both parents. In eight months she completed her novel of *Emmeline*, published in 1788. In the following year appeared another novel from her pen, entitled *Ethelinde;* and in 1791, a third under the name of *Celestina*. She imbibed the opinions of the French Revolution, and embodied them in a romance entitled *Desmond*. This work arrayed against her many of her friends and readers, but she regained the public favour by her tale, the *Old Manor-house*, which is the best of her novels. Part of this work was written at Eartham, the residence of Hayley, during the period of Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat. 'It was delightful,' says Hayley, 'to hear her read what she had just written, for she read, as she wrote, with simplicity and grace.' Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition. Mrs Smith continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress. She wrote a valuable little compendium for children, under the title of *Conversations; A History of British Birds;* a descriptive poem on *Beachy Head*, &c. She died at Tilford, near Farnham, on the 28th of October 1806. The poetry of Mrs Smith is elegant and sentimental, and generally of a pathetic cast.

Sonnets.

On the Departure of the Nightingale.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Written at the Close of Spring.

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove;
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?
Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And, though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers;
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he a while may lose;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy!
So charmed my way with friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come;
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more!

Recollections of English Scenery.—From 'Beachy Head.'

Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes,
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
There seeking shelter from the noonday sun:
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
The grating wheel.
Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring;
When on each bough the rosy tinctured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
Console them, for the vineyards of the south
Surpass not these.
Where woods of ash and beech,
And partial copses fringe the green hill-foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now, and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden; most for use designed,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks,
Grow among balm and rosemary and rue;
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
Almost uncultured; some with dark-green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In spring and summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased.
An early worshipper at nature's shrine,
I loved her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes,
Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

MISS BLAMIRE.

MISS SUSANNA BLAMIRE (1747–1794), a Cumberland lady, was distinguished for the excellence of her Scottish poetry, which has all the idiomatic ease and grace of a native minstrel. Miss Blamire was born of a respectable family in Cumberland, at Cardew Hall, near Carlisle, where she resided till her twentieth year, beloved by a circle of friends and acquaintance, with whom she associated in what were called *merry neets*, or merry evening-parties, in her native district. Her sister becoming the wife of Colonel Graham of Duchray, Perthshire, Susanna accompanied the pair to Scotland, where she remained some years, and imbibed that taste for Scottish melody and music which prompted her beautiful lyrics, *The Nabob*, *The Siller Croun*, &c. She also wrote some pieces in the Cumbrian dialect, and a descriptive poem of some length, entitled *Stocklewath, or the Cumbrian Village*. Miss Blamire died unmarried at Carlisle, in her forty-seventh year, and her name had almost faded from remembrance, when, in 1842, her poetical works were collected and published in one volume, with a preface, memoir, and notes by Patrick Maxwell.

The Nabob.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne.

Some pensy chiels, a new-sprung race
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged elms;
Lay low yon mournfu' pine.'
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The song had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

What Ails this Heart o' Mine?

'This song seems to have been a favourite with the authoress, for I have met with it in various forms among her papers; and the labour bestowed upon it has been well repaid by the popularity it has all along enjoyed.'—*Maxwell's Memoir of Miss Blamire.*

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou 'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there.
Then I 'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I 'll ca 't a word frae thee.

I 'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove myself to hide.
I 'll doat on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

As an example of the Cumberland dialect:

Auld Robin Forbes.

And auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think thout is meast queer,
It brings that that 's bypast and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me;
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,
And slily telt Willy that cudn't be it.

But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?
It 's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deyken, the time to beguile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;
And he spak what he thout, for I 'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him heame,
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there 's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death can divide thee and me!
For that spot on earth that 's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has covered my Willie frae me.

MRS BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, the daughter of Dr John Aikin, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, in 1743. Her father at this time kept a seminary for the education of boys, and Anna received the same instruction, being early initiated into a knowledge of classical literature. In 1758, Dr Aikin undertaking the office of classical tutor in a dissenting academy at Warrington, his daughter accompanied him, and resided there fifteen years. In 1773, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, of which four editions were called for in one year. In May 1774, she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a French Protestant, who was minister of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, and who had just opened a boarding-school at the neighbouring village of Palgrave, in Suffolk. The poetess participated with her husband in the task of instruction. In 1775, she came forward with a volume of devotional pieces compiled from the Psalms, and another volume of *Hymns in Prose* for children. In 1786, Mr and Mrs Barbauld established themselves at Hampstead, and there several tracts proceeded from the pen of our authoress on the topics of the day, in all which she espoused the principles of the Whigs. She also assisted her father in preparing a series of tales for children, entitled *Evenings at Home*, and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins, prefixed to editions of their works. In 1803, Mrs Barbauld compiled a selection of essays from the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, to which she prefixed a preliminary essay; and in the following year she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote a life of the novelist. She afterwards edited a collection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay, and biographical and critical notices. Mrs Barbauld died on the 9th of March 1825. Some of her lyrical pieces are flowing and harmonious, and her *Ode to Spring* is a happy imitation of Collins. Charles James Fox is said to have been a great admirer of Mrs Barbauld's songs, but they are by no means the best of her compositions, being generally artificial, and unimpassioned in their character.

A *Memoir of Mrs Barbauld, including Notices of her Family and Friends*, was published in 1874 by her grand-niece, Anna le Breton.

The following stanza in a poem entitled *Life*, was much admired by Wordsworth and Rogers:

Life! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'

Ode to Spring.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth—
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade—
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds, which through the whispering boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate Sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers.

Flowers to the fair: to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows:
But this soft family to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

Hymn to Content.

Natura beatos
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.—CLAUDIAN.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even-tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to wait:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?

The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

MRS OPIE—MRS HUNTER—MRS GRANT—MRS TIGHE.

MRS AMELIA OPIE (1769–1853) was the daughter of a popular physician, Dr Alderson, of Norwich, and widow of John Opie, the celebrated artist. In 1802 she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, characterised by a simple and placid tenderness. She is more celebrated for her novels—to be afterwards noticed—and for her general literary merits and association with all the eminent persons of her day.—MRS ANNE HUNTER (1742–1821) was a retired but highly accomplished lady, sister of Sir Everard Home, and wife of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon. Having written several copies of verses, which were extensively circulated, and some songs that even Haydn had married to immortal music, Mrs Hunter was induced, in 1806, to collect her pieces and commit them to the press.—MRS ANNE GRANT (1755–1838) in 1803 published a volume of miscellaneous poems, chiefly in illustration of the people and manners of the Scottish Highlands. She was widow of the minister of Laggan in Inverness-shire. Mrs Grant was author of several interesting prose works. She wrote *Letters from the Mountains*, giving a description of Highland scenery and manners, with which she was conversant from her residence in the country; also *Memoirs of an American Lady* (1810); and *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*, which appeared in 1811. The writings of this lady display a lively and observant fancy, and considerable powers of landscape-painting. They first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish Highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the genius of Scott.

An Irish poetess, MRS MARY TIGHE (1773–1810), evinced a more passionate and refined imagination than any of her tuneful sisterhood. Her poem of *Psyche*, founded on the classic fable related by Apuleius, of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, or the allegory of Love and the Soul, is characterised by a graceful voluptuousness and brilliancy of colouring rarely excelled. It is in six cantos, and wants only a little more concentration of style and description to be one of the best poems of the period. It was privately printed in 1805, and after the death of the authoress, reprinted, with the addition of other poems, in 1811. Mrs Tighe was daughter of the Rev. W. Blackford, county of Wicklow, and was married to Henry Tighe, M.P., county of Wicklow. Her history seems to be little known, unless to private friends; but her early death, after six years of protracted suffering, has been commemorated by Moore, in his beautiful lyric—

I saw thy form in youthful prime.

We subjoin some selections from the works of each of the above ladies:

The Orphan Boy's Tale.—From Mrs Opie's Poems.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home, my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
'Rejoice! rejoice!' still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.
'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
'While others laugh and shout with joy?'
She kissed me—and, with such a sigh!
She called me her poor orphan boy.

'What is an orphan boy?' I cried,
As in her face I looked, and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied:
'You 'll know too soon, ill-fated child!'
And now they 've tolled my mother's knell,
And I 'm no more a parent's joy;
O lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep!—ha!—this to me?
You 'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look, and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

Song.—From the same.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me:
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Song.—From Mrs Hunter's Poems.

The season comes when first we met,
But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?
The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace:
But, ah! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close!

Song.—From the same.

O tuneful voice! I still deplore
Those accents which, though heard no more,
Still vibrate on my heart;
In echo's cave I long to dwell,
And still would hear the sad farewell,
When we were doomed to part.

Bright eyes, O that the task were mine
To guard the liquid fires that shine,
And round your orbits play;
To watch them with a vestal's care,
And feed with smiles a light so fair,
That it may ne'er decay!

The Death-song, written for, and adapted to, an Original Indian Air.—From the same.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No; the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast; you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son;
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

The Lot of Thousands.—From the same.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home.

On a Sprig of Heath.—From Mrs Grant's Poems.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas, when distant, far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

The Highland Poor.

From Mrs Grant's Poem of *The Highlander.*

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter, in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest—where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day:
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honour's charms,
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes—fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace—it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confessed,
Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small casement broke the intrusive day,
And chased the pleasing images away!
No time can e'er her banished joys restore,
For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.
The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
The 'still small voice' of sacred sympathy,
In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
Or steal from weary woe one languid smile;
Yet what they can they do—the scanty store,
So often opened for the wandering poor,
To her each cottager complacent deals,
While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
And still, when evening streaks the west with gold,
The milky tribute from the lowing fold
With cheerful haste officious children bring,
And every smiling flower that decks the spring:
Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain:
Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
And of their little all a part bestow.

Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve:
Far different these; while from a bounteous heart
With the poor sufferer they divide a part,
Humbly they own that all they have is given
A boon precarious from indulgent Heaven;
And the next blighted crop or frosty spring,
Themselves to equal indigence may bring.

From Mrs Tighe's 'Psyche.'

The marriage of Cupid and Psyche in the Palace of Love. Psyche afterwards gazes on Love while asleep, and is banished from the Island of Pleasure.

She rose, and all enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene:
Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blazed
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;
A fairer edifice was never seen;
The high-ranged columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for beauty's queen;
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand,
In grace-attempered majesty, sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill;
Here ever-blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious, 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise;
'Sure some divinity must here reside,'
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmèd eyes.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;
'Psyche, approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band.

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high domed, enriched with sculptured pride,
While gay saloons appeared on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play;
The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death, by Phœbus mourned, insured him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can shew,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charmed mariner's half-dazzled sight:
The coral-pavèd baths with diamonds blaze;
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands;
Self-poured, the nectar sparkles in the bowl;
The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
To soothe the spirits in serene repose:
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain;
Far other voices now attune the lay:
The swelling sounds approach, a while remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolved away:
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie:
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy,
But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt,
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of love:
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals.

'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,'
The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstacy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall;
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids spread.

The Lily.—By Mrs Tighe.

How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth:

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view:
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1766–1823), author of the *Farmer's Boy*, and other poems illustrative of English rural life and customs, was born at Honington, near Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. His father, a tailor, died whilst the poet was a child, and he was placed under his uncle, a farmer. Here he remained only two years, being too weak and diminutive for field-labour, and he was taken to London by an elder brother, and brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. His two years of country service, and occasional visits to his friends in Suffolk, were of inestimable importance to him as a poet, for they afforded materials for his *Farmer's Boy*, and gave a freshness and reality to his descriptions. It was in the shoemaker's garret, however, that his poetry was chiefly composed; and the merit of introducing it to the world belongs to Mr Capel Lofft, a literary gentleman residing at Troston, near Bury, to whom the manuscript was shewn, after being rejected by several London booksellers. Mr Lofft warmly befriended the poet, and had the satisfaction of seeing his prognostications of success fully verified. At this time Bloomfield was thirty-two years of age, was married, and had three children. The *Farmer's Boy* immediately became popular; the Duke of Grafton patronised the poet, settling on him a small annuity, and through the influence of this nobleman, he was appointed to a situation in the Seal-office. In 1810, Bloomfield published a collection of *Rural Tales*, which fully supported his reputation; and

to these were afterwards added *Wild Flowers*, *Hazlewood Hall*, a village drama, and *Mayday with the Muses*. The last was published in the year of his death, and opens with a fine burst of poetical, though melancholy feeling.

O for the strength to paint my joy once more!
That joy I feel when winter's reign is o'er;
When the dark despot lifts his hoary brow,
And seeks his polar realm's eternal snow:
Though bleak November's fogs oppress my brain,
Shake every nerve, and struggling fancy chain;
Though time creeps o'er me with his palsied hand,
And frost-like bids the stream of passion stand.

The worldly circumstances of the author seem to have been such as to confirm the common idea as to the infelicity of poets. His situation in the Seal-office was irksome and laborious, and he was forced to resign it from ill-health. He engaged in the bookselling business, but was unsuccessful. In his latter years he resorted to making Æolian harps, which he sold among his friends. We have been informed by the poet's son—a modest and intelligent man, a printer—that Mr Rogers exerted himself to procure a pension for Bloomfield, and Mr Southey also took much interest in his welfare; but his last days were embittered by ill-health and poverty. So severe were the sufferings of Bloomfield from continual headache and nervous irritability, that fears were entertained for his reason, when, happily, death stepped in, and released him from 'the world's poor strife.' He died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, on the 19th of August 1823. The first remarkable feature in the poetry of this humble bard is the easy smoothness and correctness of his versification. His ear was attuned to harmony, and his taste to the beauties of expression, before he had learned anything of criticism, or had enjoyed opportunities for study. This may be seen from the opening of his principal poem:

Humble Pleasures.

O come, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'st round my heart;
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself can not destroy,
Be thou my Muse, and faithful still to me,
Retrace the steps of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still:
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow,
And lead my soul to ecstacies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells;
But mould to Truth's fair form what memory tells.

Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckoned, as his cares or woes:
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own
Quick-springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.
'Twas thus with Giles, meek, fatherless, and poor,
Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursued,
His life was constant, cheerful servitude;
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book;
And as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Through every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

It is interesting to contrast the cheerful tone of Bloomfield's descriptions of rural life in its hardest and least inviting forms, with those of Crabbe, also a native of Suffolk. Both are true, but coloured with the respective peculiarities, in their style of observation and feeling, of the two poets. Bloomfield describes the various occupations of a farm-boy in seed-time, at harvest, tending cattle and sheep, and other occupations. In his tales, he embodies more moral feeling and painting, and his incidents are pleasing and well arranged. His want of vigour and passion, joined to the humility of his themes, is perhaps the cause of his being now little read; but he is one of the most characteristic and faithful of our national poets.

Harvest.

A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where heaven's munificence makes all things shew,
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday-morning's round;
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide;
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns may astonish more,
Where the charmed gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the architect the praise;
Whilst here the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration joined.
Here midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.
Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come Health! come Jollity! light-footed come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each moistened brow that scorns to wear a frown:
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed:
E'en the domestic laughing dairymaid
Hies to the field the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word
To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down:

Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
While unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

Rosy Hannah.

A spring, o'erhung with many a flower,
The gray sand dancing in its bed,
Embanked beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head.
A rosy lass approached my view;
I caught her blue eyes' modest beam;
The stranger nodded 'How-d'ye-do?'
And leaped across the infant stream.

The water heedless passed away;
With me her glowing image stayed;
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew;
Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,
Matched Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her rising train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

Lines addressed to my Children.

Occasioned by a visit to Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire, in August 1800.

Genius of the forest shades!
Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
Amidst thy dark and bounding deer;
Inquiring childhood claims the verse,
O let them not inquire in vain;
Be with me while I thus rehearse
The glories of thy silvan reign.

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how dear to me!
From all but nature's converse born,
No ear to hear, no eye to see.
Their honoured leaves the green oaks reared,
And crowned the upland's graceful swell;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that, stretching far,
Defy e'en summer's noontide power,
When August in his burning car
Withholds the clouds, withholds the shower.
The deep-toned low from either hill,
Down hazel aisles and arches green—
The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill—
Roared echoing through the solemn scene.

From my charmed heart the numbers sprung,
Though birds had ceased the choral lay;
I poured wild raptures from my tongue,
And gave delicious tears their way.
Then, darker shadows seeking still,
Where human foot had seldom strayed,
I read aloud to every hill
Sweet Emma's love, 'the Nut-brown Maid.'
Shaking his matted mane on high,
The grazing colt would raise his head,
Or timorous doe would rushing fly,
And leave to me her grassy bed;
Where, as the azure sky appeared
Through bowers of ever-varying form,
'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard
The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous bough
Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strengthening eddies through
A roaring wilderness of leaves?
How would the prone descending shower
From the green canopy rebound?
How would the lowland torrents pour?
How deep the pealing thunder sound?

But peace was there: no lightnings blazed;
No clouds obscured the face of heaven;
Down each green opening while I gazed,
My thoughts to home and you were given.
Oh, tender minds! in life's gay morn,
Some clouds must dim your coming day;
Yet bootless pride and falsehood scorn,
And peace like this shall cheer your way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
Well pleased I met the sun again;
Here fleeting fancy travelled wide;
My seat was destined to the main.
For many an oak lay stretched at length,
Whose trunks—with bark no longer sheathed—
Had reached their full meridian strength
Before your father's father breathed!

Perhaps they 'll many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful storm defy;
Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud oaks; we meet no more!
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

Description of a Blind Youth.

For from his cradle he had never seen
Soul-cheering sunbeams, or wild nature's green.
But all life's blessings centre not in sight;
For Providence, that dealt him one long night,
Had given, in pity, to the blooming boy
Feelings more exquisitely tuned to joy.
Fond to excess was he of all that grew;
The morning blossom sprinkled o'er with dew,
Across his path, as if in playful freak,
Would dash his brow and weep upon his cheek;
Each varying leaf that brushed where'er he came,
Pressed to his rosy lip he called by name;
He grasped the saplings, measured every bough,
Inhaled the fragrance that the spring's months throw
Profusely round, till his young heart confessed
That all was beauty, and himself was blessed.
Yet when he traced the wide extended plain,
Or clear brook side, he felt a transient pain;
The keen regret of goodness, void of pride,
To think he could not roam without a guide.

May-day with the Muses.

Banquet of an English Squire.

Then came the jovial day, no streaks of red
O'er the broad portal of the morn were spread,
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doomed instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
To reign a while, and be exhaled at ten.

O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,
Forth came the conquering sun, and looked abroad;
Millions of dew-drops fell, yet millions hung,
Like words of transport trembling on the tongue,
Too strong for utterance. Thus the infant boy,
With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,
Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain;
But change the scene, and make him laugh again,
His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
A thousand times more lovely through his tears.
From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene
Was that high-swelling lawn, that destined green,
Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride;
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five;
There his whole household laboured in his view—
But light is labour where the task is new.
Some wheeled the turf to build a grassy throne
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
Rough-ringed and bold, as master of the place;
Five generations of the Higham race
Had plucked his flowers, and still he held his sway,
Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May.
Some from the green-house ranged exotics round,
To bask in open day on English ground:
And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew
Long wreaths and garlands gathered in the dew.
Some spread the snowy canvas, propped on high,
O'er-sheltering tables with their whole supply;
Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
And cropped the daisies for a dancing space;
Some rolled the mouldy barrel in his might,
From prison darkness into cheerful light,
And fenced him round with cans; and others bore
The creaking hamper with its costly store,
Well corked, well flavoured, and well taxed, that came
From Lusitanian mountains dear to fame,
Whence Gama steered, and led the conquering way
To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.
A thousand minor tasks filled every hour,
Till the sun gained the zenith of his power,
When every path was thronged with old and young,
And many a skylark in his strength upsprung
To bid them welcome. Not a face was there
But, for May-day at least, had banished care;
No cringeing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
No timid glance—they knew their host too well—
Freedom was there, and joy in every eye:
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.
Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
His guests an ample crescent formed around;
Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
Where blithe domestics plied in gold and green.
The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
And silence followed as he stretched his hand:
The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
The animation of a scene like this.
At length the damasked cloths were whisked away
Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day;
The heyday of enjoyment found repose;
The worthy baronet majestic rose.
They viewed him, while his ale was filling round,
The monarch of his own paternal ground.
His cup was full, and where the blossoms bowed
Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
Nor stopped a dainty form or phrase to cull.
His heart elated, like his cup was full:
'Full be your hopes, and rich the crops that fall?
Health to my neighbours, happiness to all.'
Dull must that clown be, dull as winter's sleet,
Who would not instantly be on his feet:
An echoing health to mingling shouts give place,
'Sir Ambrose Higham and his noble race!'

May-day with the Muses.

The Soldier's Home.

'The topic is trite, but in Mr Bloomfield's hands it almost assumes a character of novelty. Burns's *Soldier's Return* is not, to our taste, one whit superior.'—PROFESSOR WILSON.

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms—farewell my cap and plume!
Brief be my verse, a task within my power;
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reached this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest filled my eager sight,
Half shocked, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun looked down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appeared;
I listened on the threshold, nothing heard;
I called my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide;
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say—past friendship to renew—
'Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble bee,
And bombed, and bounced, and struggled to be free;
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,
O'er undulating waves the broom had made;
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;
My heart felt everything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
In stepped my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasped me to his heart.

Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
And stooping to the child, the old man said:
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again.
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
The child approached, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

JOHN LEYDEN.

JOHN LEYDEN (1775–1811), a distinguished oriental scholar as well as poet, was a native of Denholm, Roxburghshire. He was the son of humble parents, but the ardent Borderer fought his way to learning and celebrity. His parents, seeing his desire for instruction, determined to educate him for the church, and he was entered of Edinburgh College in the fifteenth year of his age. He made rapid progress; was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and acquired also the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He became no mean proficient in mathematics and various branches of science. Indeed, every difficulty seemed to vanish before his commanding talents, his retentive memory, and robust application. His college vacations were spent at home; and as his father's cottage afforded him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he looked out for accommodations abroad. 'In a wild recess,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk—excepting during divine service—is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft of which it was the supposed scene, and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-phials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish.' From this singular and romantic study, Leyden sallied forth, with his curious and various stores, to astonish his college associates. He already numbered among his friends the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Edinburgh. On the expiration of his college studies, Leyden accepted the situation of tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, whom he accompanied to the university of St Andrews. There he pursued his own researches connected with oriental learning, and in 1799, published a sketch of the *Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa*. He wrote also various copies of verses and translations from the northern and oriental languages, which he published in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. In 1800, Leyden was ordained for the church. He continued, however, to study and compose, and contributed to Lewis's *Tales of Wonder* and Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. So ardent was he in assisting the editor of the *Minstrelsy*, that he on one occasion walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed an ancient historical ballad. His strong desire to visit foreign countries induced his friends to apply to government for some appointment for him connected with the learning and languages of the east. The only situation which they could procure was that of surgeon's assistant; and in five or six months, by incredible labour, Leyden qualified himself, and obtained his diploma. 'The sudden change of his profession,' says Scott, 'gave great amusement to some of his friends.' In December 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. He finished his poem, the *Scenes of Infancy*, descriptive of his native vale, and left Scotland for ever. After his arrival at Madras, the health of Leyden gave way, and he was obliged to remove to Prince of Wales Island. He resided there for some time, visiting Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula, and amassing the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay a most valuable dissertation before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. Leyden quitted Prince of Wales Island, and was appointed a professor in the Bengal College. This was soon exchanged for a more lucrative appointment, namely, that of a judge in Calcutta. His spare time was, as usual, devoted to oriental manuscripts and antiquities. 'I may die in the attempt,' he wrote to a friend, 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer.' The possibility of an early death in a distant land often crossed the mind of the ambitious student. In his *Scenes of Infancy*, he expresses his anticipation of such an event:

The silver moon at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Reared on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
'Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by?
And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave.'

In 1811, Leyden accompanied the governor-general to Java. 'His spirit of romantic adventure,' says Scott, 'led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who

attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books. The apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.' The *Poetical Remains of Leyden* were published in 1819, with a Memoir of his Life, by the Rev. James Morton. Sir John Malcolm and Sir Walter Scott both honoured his memory with notices of his life and genius. The Great Minstrel has also alluded to his untimely death in his *Lord of the Isles:*

> Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore
> Still rings to Corrievreckan's roar,
> And lonely Colonsay;
> Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
> His bright and brief career is o'er,
> And mute his tuneful strains;
> Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
> That loved the light of song to pour:
> A distant and a deadly shore
> Has Leyden's cold remains.

The allusion here is to a ballad by Leyden, entitled *The Mermaid*, the scene of which is laid at Corrievreckan, and which was published with another, *The Cout of Keeldar*, in the *Border Minstrelsy*. His longest poem is his *Scenes of Infancy*, descriptive of his native vale of Teviot. His versification is soft and musical; he is an elegant rather than a forcible poet. His ballad strains are greatly superior to his *Scenes of Infancy* (1803). Sir Walter Scott has praised the opening of *The Mermaid*, as exhibiting a power of numbers which, for mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry.

Sonnet on the Sabbath Morning.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill;
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So smiled the day when the first morn arose! *

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to cheer.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death was borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey;
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

From the 'Mermaid.'

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhèd shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay:
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

'And raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

* Jeffrey considered (*Edinburgh Review*, 1805) that Grahame borrowed the opening description in his *Sabbath* from the above sonnet by Leyden. The images are common to poetry, besides being congenial to Scottish habits and feelings.

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."'

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay:

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

'Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

'As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar!

'If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathèd train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

'Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feignèd bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall say;
And long for thee, the fruitless tear,
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave. . . .

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?

'Fair is the crystal hall for me
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

'How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

'And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.' . . .

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhèd shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, a young poet, who has accomplished more by the example of his life than by his writings, was a native of Nottingham, where he was born on the 21st of August 1785. His father was a butcher—an 'ungentle craft,' which, however, has had the honour of giving to England one of its most distinguished churchmen, Cardinal Wolsey, and the two poets, Akenside and White. Henry was a rhymer and a student from his earliest years. He assisted at his father's business for some time, but in his fourteenth year was put apprentice to a stocking-weaver. Disliking, as he said, 'the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings, he wanted something to occupy his brain, and he felt that he should be wretched if he continued longer at this trade, or indeed in anything except one of the learned professions.' He was at length placed in an attorney's office, and applying

his leisure hours to the study of languages, he was able, in the course of ten months, to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek. At the same time he acquired a knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and even applied himself to the acquisition of some of the sciences. His habits of study and application were unremitting. A London magazine, called the *Monthly Preceptor*, having proposed prize-themes for the youth of both sexes, Henry became a candidate, and while only in his fifteenth year, obtained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve-inch globes for an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. He next became a correspondent in the *Monthly Mirror*, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mr Capel Lofft and of Mr Hill, the proprietor of the above periodical. Their encouragement induced him to prepare a volume of poems for the press, which appeared in 1803. The longest piece in the collection is a descriptive poem in the style of Goldsmith, entitled *Clifton Grove*, which shews a remarkable proficiency in smooth and elegant versification and language. In his preface to the volume, Henry had stated that the poems were the production of a youth of seventeen, published for the purpose of facilitating his future studies, and enabling him 'to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.' Such a declaration should have disarmed the severity of criticism; but the volume was contemptuously noticed in the *Monthly Review*, and Henry felt the most exquisite pain from the unjust and ungenerous critique. Fortunately, the volume fell into the hands of Southey, who wrote to the young poet to encourage him, and other friends sprung up to succour his genius, and procure for him what was the darling object of his ambition, admission to the university of Cambridge. His opinions for some time inclined to deism, without any taint of immorality; but a fellow-student put into his hands Scott's *Force of Truth*, and he soon became a decided convert to the spirit and doctrines of Christianity. He resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them, and the Rev. Mr Simeon, Cambridge, procured for him a sizarship at St John's College. This benevolent clergyman further promised, with the aid of a friend, to supply him with £30 annually, and his own family were to furnish the remainder necessary for him to go through college. Poetry was now abandoned for severer studies. He competed for one of the university scholarships, and at the end of the term was pronounced the first man of his year. Mr Catton—his tutor—by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of £66 per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr Simeon and other friends. This distinction was purchased at the sacrifice of health and life. 'Were I,' he said, 'to paint Fame crowning an undergraduate after the senate-house examination, I would represent him as concealing a death's head under the mask of beauty.' He died on the 19th of October 1806. Southey wrote a sketch of his life, and edited his *Remains*, which proved to be highly popular. A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, by a young American gentleman, Mr Francis Boot of Boston, and bearing the following inscription—so expressive of the tenderness and regret universally felt towards the poet—by Professor Smyth:

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and shewed what White had been;
Nor told in vain. Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave:
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

Byron has also consecrated some beautiful lines to the memory of White. The poetry of Henry was all written before his twentieth year, and hence should not be severely judged. If compared, however, with the strains of Cowley or Chatterton at an earlier age, it will be seen to be inferior in this, that no indications are given of great future genius. Whether force and originality would have come with manhood and learning, is a point which, notwithstanding the example of Byron—a very different mind—may fairly be doubted. It is enough, however, for Henry Kirke White to have afforded one of the finest examples on record of youthful talent and perseverance devoted to the purest and noblest objects.

To an Early Primrose.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's way,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

Sonnet.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude

Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

The Star of Bethlehem.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Britain a Thousand Years Hence.

Where now is Britain?—Where her laurelled names,
Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.——Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then perchance
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever ploughed before—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world: and sagely sighs
And moralises on the state of man.

The Christiad.

Concluding stanzas, written shortly before his death.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

JAMES GRAHAME.

The REV. JAMES GRAHAME was born in Glasgow in the year 1765. He studied the law, and practised at the Scottish bar for several years, but afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Shipton, in Gloucestershire, and of Sedgefield, in the county of Durham. Ill-health compelled him to abandon his curacy when his virtues and talents had attracted notice and rendered him a popular and useful preacher; and on revisiting Scotland, he died on the 14th of September 1811. The works of Grahame consist of *Mary, Queen of Scotland*, a dramatic poem published in 1801; *The Sabbath* (1804), *Sabbath Walks* (1805), *Biblical Pictures*, *The Birds of Scotland* (1806), and *British Georgics* (1809), all in blank verse. *The Sabbath* is the best of his productions, and the *Georgics* the least interesting; for though the latter contains some fine descriptions, the poet is too minute and too practical in his rural lessons. The amiable personal feelings of the author constantly appear. He thus warmly and tenderly apostrophises his native country:

Apostrophe to Scotland.

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed,
Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
In southern plains, I 've reached thy lovely bank!
How bright, renowned Sark, thy little stream,
Like ray of columned light chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path; how sweet the sound,
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name!
And must I leave,
Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
With all the varied charms of bush and tree?
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues!
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land:
But to my parchèd mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft-pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland, thee and thine I e'er forget.

An anecdote is related of the modest poet connected with the publication of *The Sabbath*, which

affords an interesting illustration of his character. He had not prefixed his name to the work, nor acquainted his family with the secret of its composition, and taking a copy of the volume home with him one day, he left it on the table. His wife began reading it, while the sensitive author walked up and down the room; and at length she broke out into praise of the poem, adding: 'Ah, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!' The joyful acknowledgment of his being the author was then made, no doubt with the most exquisite pleasure on both sides. Grahame in some respects resembles Cowper. He has no humour or satire, it is true, and he has many prosaic lines, but the same powers of close and happy observation which the poet of Olney applied to English scenery, were directed by Grahame to that of Scotland, and both were strictly devout and *national* poets. There is no author, excepting Burns or Scott, whom an intelligent Scotsman, resident abroad, would read with more delight than Grahame. The ordinary features of the Scottish landscape he portrays truly and distinctly, without exaggeration, and often imparting to his descriptions a feeling of tenderness or solemnity. He was content with humble things; but he paints the charms of a retired cottage-life, the sacred calm of a Sabbath morning, a walk in the fields, or even a bird's nest, with such unfeigned delight and accurate observation, that the reader is constrained to see and feel with his author, to rejoice in the elements of poetry and meditation that are scattered around him, existing in the humblest objects, and in those humane and pious sentiments which impart to external nature a moral interest and beauty. The religion of Grahame was not sectarian; he was equally impressed with the lofty ritual of the English church, and the simple hill-worship of the Covenanters. He is sometimes gloomy in his seriousness, from intense religious anxiety or sympathy with his fellow-men suffering under oppression or misfortune, but he has less of this harsh fruit,

Picked from the thorns and briers of reproof,

than his brother-poet Cowper. His prevailing tone is that of implicit trust in the goodness of God, and enjoyment in his creation.

From 'The Sabbath.'

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising sing, 'with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;' harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong. . . .
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath service of the shepherd-boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.

A Summer Sabbath Walk.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ringdove's plaint,

Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate. . . .
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark a plaintive sound floating along!
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shieling; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age, of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker-door. Behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
While heedless at a side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

An Autumn Sabbath Walk.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass:
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep: the lightning's flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range—
It was not wide—no dog would bay at him:
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way!
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the bluebells linger on the sod
That copse the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears,
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow. The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leafed thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A Winter Sabbath Walk.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day—
Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.
The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And shew the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire.
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
The mantled echoes no response return.
But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell.
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way! Oh, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away:
So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

To My Son.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground;

Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
Oh! nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refined!
Oh! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than beauty's magic smile;
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And, if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give!
For, oh! it would a joy in death impart
To think I still survived within his heart;
To think he 'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look bedimmed with tears,
And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke;
What walks I loved, where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand;
How gently use the accent of command;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn,
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
But far and further still my view I bend,
And now I see a child thy steps attend;
To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing, thou tell'st him, 'There thy grandsire lies.'

The Thanksgiving off Cape Trafalgar.

Upon the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,
Soft sighs the gale that late tremendous roared,
Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
And now the cannon's peaceful thunder calls
The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell:
Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped:
The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends;
Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends;
Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
Heaven fills each heart; yet home will oft intrude,
And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On hallelujahs wing their heavenward way.

GEORGE CRABBE.

The REV. GEORGE CRABBE, whom Byron has characterised as 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was of humble origin, and born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas-eve of 1754. His father was collector of the salt-duties, or salt-master, as he was termed, and though of poor circumstances and violent temper, he exerted himself to give George a superior education. It is pleasing to know that the old man lived to reap his reward, in witnessing the celebrity of his son, and to transcribe, with parental fondness, in his own handwriting, the poem of *The Library*. Crabbe has described the unpromising scene of his nativity with his usual force and correctness:

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

The poet was put apprentice in his fourteenth year to a surgeon, and afterwards practised in Aldborough; but his prospects were so gloomy, that he abandoned his profession, and proceeded to London as a literary adventurer. His whole stock of money amounted to only three pounds. Having completed some poetical pieces, he offered them for publication, but they were rejected. In the course of the year, however, he issued a poetical epistle, *The Candidate*, addressed to the authors of the *Monthly Review*. It was coldly received, and his publisher failing at the same time, the young poet was plunged into great perplexity and want. He wrote to the premier, Lord North, to Lord-chancellor Thurlow, and to other noblemen, requesting assistance; but in no case was an answer returned. At length, when his affairs were desperate, he applied to Edmund Burke, and in a modest yet manly statement disclosed to him the situation in which he stood. Burke received him into his own house, and exercised towards him the most generous hospitality. While under his happy roof, the poet met Mr Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of the statesman's distinguished friends. In the same year (1781) he published his poem *The Library*, which was favourably noticed by the critics. Lord Thurlow—who now, as in the case of Cowper, came with tardy notice and ungraceful generosity—invited him to breakfast, and at parting presented him with a bank-note for a hundred pounds. Crabbe entered into sacred orders, and was licensed as curate to the rector of his native parish of Aldborough. In a short time, Burke procured for him the situation of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. This was a great advancement for the poor poet, and he never afterwards was in fear of want. He seems, however, to have felt all the ills of dependence on the great, and in his poem of The Patron, and other parts of his writings, has strongly depicted the evils of such a situation. In 1783 appeared *The Village*, which had been seen and corrected by Johnson and Burke. Its success was instant and complete. Some of the descriptions in the poem—as that of the parish workhouse—were copied into all the periodicals, and took that place in our national literature which they still retain. Thurlow presented him with two small livings then in his gift, telling him at the

same time, with an oath, that he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen. The poet now married a young lady of Suffolk, the object of an early attachment, and taking the curacy of Stathern, adjoining Belvoir Castle, he bade adieu to the ducal mansion, and transferred himself to the humble parsonage in the village. Four happy years were spent in this retirement, when the poet obtained the exchange of his two small livings in Dorsetshire for two of superior value in the vale of Belvoir. Crabbe remained silent as a poet for many years. 'Out of doors,' says his son, 'he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his note-book in his hand; and in the house, if he was not writing, he was reading. He read aloud very often, even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife in the huge old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot, in which they usually were conveyed in their little excursions, and the conduct of which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions.' In 1807 he published his *Parish Register*, which had been previously submitted to Mr Fox, and parts of this poem—especially the story of Phœbe Dawson—were the last compositions of their kind that 'engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man.' The success of this work was not only decided, but nearly unprecedented. In 1810 he came forward with *The Borough*, a poem of the same class, and more connected and complete; and two years afterwards he produced his *Tales in Verse*, containing perhaps the finest of all his humble but happy delineations of life and character. 'The public voice,' says his biographer, 'was again highly favourable, and some of these relations were spoken of with the utmost warmth of commendation, as, The Parting Hour, The Patron, Edward Shore, and The Confidant.' In 1814, the Duke of Rutland appointed him to the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, and he went thither to reside. His income amounted to about £800 per annum, a large portion of which he spent in charity. He still continued his attachment to literature, and in 1817 and 1818 was engaged on his last great work, *The Tales of the Hall*. 'He fancied that autumn was, on the whole, the most favourable season for him in the composition of poetry; but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner.' In 1819, the *Tales* were published by Mr Murray, who, for them and the remaining copyright of all Crabbe's previous poems, gave the munificent sum of £3000. In an account of the negotiation for the sale of these copyrights, written by Moore for the life of his brother-poet, we have the following amusing illustration of Crabbe's simplicity of manner: 'When he received the bills for £3000, we—Moore and Rogers—earnestly advised that he should, without delay, deposit them in some safe hands; but no—he must "take them with him to Trowbridge, and shew them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good-luck at home if they did not see the bills." On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested—Mr Everett, the banker—seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested to be allowed to take charge of them for him; but with equal ill success. "There was no fear," he said, "of his losing them, and he must shew them to his son John."' Another poetical friend, Thomas Campbell, who met him at this time in London, remarks of him: 'His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a poet of nature, and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not perhaps seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation, I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you, by keeping its watch so quietly.' This fine remark is characteristic of Crabbe's genius, as well as of his manners. It gathered its materials slowly and silently with intent but unobtrusive observation. The *Tales of the Hall* were received with that pleasure and approbation due to an old and established favourite, but with less enthusiasm than some of his previous works. In 1822, the now venerable poet paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh; and it is worthy of remark, that, as to the city itself, he soon got wearied of the New Town, but could amuse himself for ever in the Old. His latter years were spent in the discharge of his clerical duties, and in the enjoyment of social intercourse. His attachment to botany and geology seemed to increase with age; and at three-score and ten, he was busy, cheerful, and affectionate. His death took place at Trowbridge on the 3d of February 1832, and his parishioners erected a monument to his memory in the church of that place, where he had officiated for nineteen years. A complete collection of his works, with some new pieces and an admirable memoir, was published in 1834 by his son, the Rev. G. Crabbe.

The Village, *Parish Register*, and shorter tales of Crabbe, are his most popular productions. The *Tales of the Hall* are less interesting. They relate principally to the higher classes of society, and the poet was not so happy in describing their peculiarities as when supporting his character of the poet of the poor. Some of the episodes, however, are in his best style—Sir Owen Dale, Ruth, Ellen, and other stories, are all marked with the peculiar genius of Crabbe. The redeeming and distinguishing feature of that genius was its fidelity to nature, even when it was dull and unprepossessing. His power of observation and description might be limited, but his pictures have all the force of dramatic representation, and may be compared to those actual and existing models which the sculptor or painter works from, instead of vague and general conceptions. They are often *too true*, and human nature being exhibited in its naked reality, with all its defects, and not through the bright and alluring medium of romance or imagination, our vanity is shocked and our pride mortified. The personal circumstances and experience of the poet affected the bent of his genius. He knew how untrue and absurd were the pictures of rural life which figured in poetry. His own youth was dark and painful—spent in low society, amidst want and misery, irascible gloom and passion. Latterly, he had more of the comforts and elegancies of social life at his command than Cowper, his rival as a domestic painter. He not only could have 'wheeled his sofa round,' 'let fall the curtains, and, with the bubbling and loud hissing urn' on

the table, 'welcome peaceful evening in,' but the amenities of refined and intellectual society were constantly present with him, or at his call. Yet he did not, like Cowper, attempt to describe them, or to paint their manifold charms. When he took up his pen, his mind turned to Aldborough and its wild amphibious race—to the parish workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers or justices—or to the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, gipsies and gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms.

He stirred up the dregs of human society, and exhibited their blackness and deformity, yet worked them into poetry. Like his own Sir Richard Monday, he never forgot *the parish*. It is true that village-life in England in its worst form, with the old poor and game laws and non-resident clergy, was composed of various materials, some bright and some gloomy, and Crabbe drew them all. His Isaac Ashford is as honourable to the lowly English poor as the Jeanie Deans or Dandie Dinmont of Scott are to the Scottish character. His story of the real mourner, the faithful maid who watched over her dying sailor, is a beautiful tribute to the force and purity of humble affection. In The Parting Hour and The Patron are also passages equally honourable to the poor and middle classes, and full of pathetic and graceful composition. It must be confessed, however, that Crabbe was in general a gloomy painter of life—that he was fond of depicting the unlovely and unamiable—and that, either for poetic effect or from painful experience, he makes the bad of life predominate over the good. His pathos and tenderness are generally linked to something coarse, startling, or humiliating to disappointed hopes or unavailing sorrow—

> Still we tread the same coarse way,
> The present 's still a cloudy day.

The minuteness with which he dwells on such subjects sometimes makes his descriptions tedious, and apparently unfeeling. He drags forward every defect, every vice and failing, not for the purpose of educing something good out of the evil, but, as it would seem, merely for the purpose of completing the picture. In his higher flights, where scenes of strong passion, vice, or remorse are depicted, Crabbe is a moral poet, purifying the heart, as the object of tragedy has been defined, by terror and pity, and by fearful delineations of the misery and desolation caused by unbridled passion. His story of Sir Eustace Grey is a domestic tragedy of this kind, related with almost terrific power, and with lyrical energy of versification. His general style of versification is the couplet of Pope—he has been wittily called 'Pope in worsted stockings'—but less flowing and melodious, and often ending in points and quibbles. Thus, in describing his cottage furniture, he says—

> No wheels are here for either wool or flax,
> But packs of cards made up of sundry packs.

His thrifty housewife, Widow Goe, falls down in sickness—

> Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys.

This jingling style heightens the effect of his humorous and homely descriptions; but it is too much of a manner, and mars the finer passages. Crabbe has high merit as a painter of English scenery. He is here as original and forcible as in delineating character. His marine landscapes are peculiarly fresh and striking; and he invests even the sterile fens and barren sands with interest. His objects are seldom picturesque; but he noted every weed and plant—the purple bloom of the heath, the dwarfish flowers among the wild gorse, the slender grass of the sheep-walk, and even the pebbles, sea-weed, and shells amid

> The glittering waters on the shingles rolled.

He was a great lover of the sea, and once, as his son relates, after being some time absent from it, mounted his horse and rode alone sixty miles from his house, that he might inhale its freshness and gaze upon its waters.

The Parish Workhouse and Apothecary.

From *The Village.*

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that 's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.
But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,

With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

Isaac Ashford, a Noble Peasant.

From the *Parish Register.*

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed—
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbours find—
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.
He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him;
True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
'On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.'
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.
At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed and his labour done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more;
But lost his wife and saw his children poor;
'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:
'Kind are your laws—'tis not to be denied—
That in yon house for ruined age provide,
And they are just; when young, we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call.
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor and eat the parish bread?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need:
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend;
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die:
Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain.'
Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew;
Daily he placed the workhouse in his view!
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith—to give it force—are there. . . .
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise good man contented to be poor.

Phœbe Dawson.—From the 'Parish Register.'

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;
When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
In haste to see, and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained,
Her beauty won them and her worth retained;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wished her well, whom yet they wished away.
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners, most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he 'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth: she sighed and looked consent.
Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green—
Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—

Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid—
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears:
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away!
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before:
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!
Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again. . . .
But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
'And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love:'
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing till he saw her pained;
If absent, spending what their labours gained;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth; resist! refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

Dream of the Condemned Felon.—From 'The Borough.'

Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, 'Not guilty,' and awakes:
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.
Now comes the dream again: it shews each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be;
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.
At this his terrors take a sudden flight;
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
His youthful person, where he knelt and prayed;
Then, too, the comforts he enjoyed at home,
The days of joy, the joys themselves, are come;
The hours of innocence, the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.
Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile;
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield: no, never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind:
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue;
Nay, there 's a charm beyond what nature shews,
The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows;
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild-bees hum;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled:
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by;
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire.
Tokens of bliss! 'Oh, horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises—save me, Edward, save!'
She cries. Alas! the watchman on his way
Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day!

Story of a Betrothed Pair in Humble Life.

From *The Borough.*

Yes, there are real mourners; I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention through the day her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed;
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sank to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they 'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say
Each time he sailed: 'This once, and then the day;'
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.
Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;

White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger, dangers he 'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.
He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message: 'Thomas, I must die;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone;
Oh, give me that! and let me not despair—
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.'
He had his wish, and more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and half succeeding, said:
'Yes, I must die'—and hope for ever fled.
Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—'Perhaps he will not sink.'
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered: 'Thou must go to rest.'
'I go,' he said, but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.
She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved, an offering of her love:
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.
She would have grieved had they presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

An English Fen—Gipsies.

From *Tales*—Lover's Journey.

On either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied:
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between:
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straitened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side;
The rushes sharp that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow:
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound;
Nor hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun;
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.
Again, the country was inclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
Where, lo! a hollow on the left appeared,
And there a gipsy tribe their tent had reared;
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early traveller with their prayers to greet.
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepared the force of early powers to try;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feigned apprehension in her eyes;
Trained, but yet savage, in her speaking face
He marked the features of her vagrant race,
When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
The vice implanted in her youthful breast.
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the traveller's face.
Within, the father, who from fences nigh,
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by;
On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remained,
Of vigour palsied, and of beauty stained;
Her bloodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid. Her mother there
With gipsy state engrossed the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood.
Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits;
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half supports him, he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance,
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years;
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain,
Ere they like him approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

Gradual Approaches of Age.—From 'Tales of the Hall.'

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I shewed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said: 'The view is poor; we need not climb.'
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlour and the gay glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose:
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

Song of the Crazed Maiden.—From the same.

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath!
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below;
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shewn;
The soil a pure and silver sand;
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my changèd clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play:
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey.

I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care—
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But oh! they vex and tease me now!
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh! take me from a world I hate,
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,
For only generous souls designed,
And not a man to meet us there.

Sketches of Autumn.—From the same.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty when the bloom is lost,
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud: 'Yes; doubtless we must die.'
'We must,' said Richard; 'and we would not live
To feel what dotage and decay will give;
But we yet taste whatever we behold;
The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
There is delicious quiet in this scene,
At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
Sounds, too, delight us—each discordant tone
Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone;
This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak—
See, the axe falls!—now listen to the stroke:
That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease.'

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf:
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods:
All green was vanished save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

There is a poetry of taste as well as of the passions, which can only be relished by the intellectual classes, but is capable of imparting exquisite pleasure to those who have the key to its hidden mysteries. It is somewhat akin to that delicate appreciation of the fine arts, or of music, which in some men amounts to almost a new sense. SAMUEL

ROGERS, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, was a votary of this school of refinement. We have everywhere in his works a classic and graceful beauty; no slovenly or obscure lines; fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre; and occasionally trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender and heroic feelings. His diction is clear and polished—finished with great care and scrupulous nicety. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he has no forcible or original invention, no deep pathos that thrills the soul, and no kindling energy that fires the imagination. In his shadowy poem of *Columbus*, he seems often to verge on the sublime, but does not attain it. His late works are his best. Parts of *Human Life* possess deeper feeling than are to be found in the *Pleasures of Memory;* and in the easy half-conversational sketches of his *Italy*, there are delightful glimpses of Italian life, and scenery, and old traditions. The poet was an accomplished traveller, a lover of the fair and good, and a worshipper of the classic glories of the past. Samuel Rogers was born at Stoke Newington, one of the suburbs of London, on the 30th July 1763. His father was a banker in the City, and the poet, after a careful private education, was introduced into the banking establishment, of which he continued a partner up to the time of his death. He appeared as an author in 1786, the same year that witnessed the advent of Burns. The production of Rogers was a thin quarto of a few pages, an *Ode to Superstition, with some other Poems.* In 1792, he produced the *Pleasures of Memory;* in 1798, his *Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems;* in 1812, *Columbus;* and in 1814, *Jacqueline*, a tale, published in conjunction with Byron's *Lara*—

> Like morning brought by night.

In 1819, appeared *Human Life*, and in 1822, the first part of *Italy*, a descriptive poem in blank verse. Rogers was a careful and fastidious writer. In his *Table Talk*, published by Mr Dyce, the poet is represented as saying: 'I was engaged on the *Pleasures of Memory* for nine years; on *Human Life* for nearly the same space of time; and *Italy* was not completed in less than sixteen years.' The collected works of Mr Rogers have been published in various forms—one of them containing vignette engravings from designs by Stothard and Turner, and forming no inconsiderable trophy of British art. The poet was enabled to cultivate his favourite tastes, to enrich his house in St James's Place with some of the finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, gems, and other articles of virtu, and to entertain his friends with a generous and unostentatious hospitality. His conversation was rich and various, abounding in critical remarks, shrewd observation, and personal anecdote. It is gratifying to add that his bounty soothed and relieved the death-bed of Sheridan, and was exerted to a large extent annually in behalf of suffering or unfriended talent. 'Genius languishing for want of patronage,' says Mr Dyce, 'was sure to find in Mr Rogers a generous patron. His purse was ever open to the distressed: of the prompt assistance which he rendered in the hour of need to various well-known individuals, there is ample record; but of his many acts of kindness and charity to the wholly obscure, there is no memorial—at least on earth. The taste of Mr Rogers had been cultivated to the utmost refinement; and, till the failure of his mental powers, a short time previous to his death, he retained that love of the beautiful which was in him a passion: when more than ninety, and a close prisoner to his chair, he still delighted to watch the changing colours of the evening sky—to repeat passages of his favourite poets, or to dwell on the merits of the great painters whose works adorned his walls. By slow decay, and without any suffering, he died in St James's Place, 18th December 1855.' The poet bequeathed three of his pictures—a Titian, a Guido, and a Giorgione—to the National Gallery. The Titian he considered the most valuable in his possession. It had been in the Orleans Gallery, and when that princely collection was broken up, it was sold for four hundred guineas. Mr Rogers, however, gave more than double that sum for it in 1828.

It was as a man of taste and letters, as a patron of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that has graced our annals for the last half-century and more, that Mr Rogers chiefly engaged the public attention. At his celebrated breakfast-parties, persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying-point; and during the London season there was scarcely a day in which from four to six persons were not assembled at the hospitable board in St James's Place. There, discussion as to books or pictures, anecdotes of the great of old, some racy saying of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke, some social trait of Fox, some apt quotation or fine passage read aloud, some incident of foreign travel recounted—all flowed on without restraint, and charmed the hours till mid-day. A certain quaint shrewdness and sarcasm, though rarely taking an offensive form, also characterised Rogers's conversation. Many of his sayings circulated in society and got into print. Some one said that Gally Knight was getting deaf: 'It is from want of practice,' remarked Rogers, Mr Knight being a great speaker and bad listener. The late Lord Dudley (Ward) had been free in his criticisms on the poet, who retaliated with that epigrammatic couplet, which has never been surpassed—

> Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
> He *has* a heart—he gets his speeches by it.

The poet, it is said, on one occasion tried to extort a confession from his neighbour, Sir Philip Francis, that he was the author of Junius, but Francis gave a surly rebuff, and Rogers remarked that if he was not *Junius*, he was at least *Brutus*. We may remark that the poet's recipe for long life was, 'temperance, the bath and flesh brush, and don't fret.' The felicity of his own lot he has thus gracefully alluded to:

> Nature denied him much,
> But gave him at his birth what most he values:
> A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
> For poetry, the language of the gods,
> For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
> A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
> The light of an ingenuous countenance,
> And, what transcends them all, a noble action.
>
> *Italy.*

From the 'Pleasures of Memory.'

> Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
> With magic tints to harmonise the scene.

Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew. . . .
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed:
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way—
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray—
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt:
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, 'Long may such goodness live!'
'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give. . . .
The adventurous boy that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;

And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.
So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.
So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipped the feathery surge with light:
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!
Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.
And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.
'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought
Where Ilium stood, and where Pelides fought,
Sat at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steered through the waves, and when he struck the land,
Such in his soul the adour to explore,
Pelides-like, he leaped the first ashore.
'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet in honoured dust disclosed,
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great Forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul? . . . .
Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?

These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

From 'Human Life.'

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
'"'Twas on her knees he sat so oft and smiled.'
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene,
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping heard where only joy has been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour! . . .
The day arrives, the moment wished and feared;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
O grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows!
How soon by his the glad discovery shews!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

Ginevra.—From 'Italy.'

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket—in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine—
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song;
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun,
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!' Her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!'
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,

Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
'Ginevra.' There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

An Italian Song.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Written in the Highlands of Scotland—1812.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read.
The fairy isles fled far away;
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That, too, the deer's wild covert fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee,
His cattle ford and mountain hold.

Tarbet,[1] thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region past,
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood;[2]
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis he who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.
Night fell, and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew,
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And now the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour, and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light;
Glad sign and sure, for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to friendship and to thee!
O blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desart air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and water-fall,
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
And her—the lady of the Glen!

Pæstum.[1]—*From 'Italy.'*

They stand between the mountains and the sea;
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.
The seaman passing, gazes from the deck,
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods, and on their ample steps
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice;
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused,
And here the judges sat, and heard, and judged.
All silent now, as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust.
How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While, by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that nature had resumed her right,
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure!
From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground; and am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,

[1] Signifying, in the Gaelic language, an isthmus.
[2] Loch Long.

[1] The temples of Pæstum are three in number, and have survived, nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them, but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.
The air is sweet with violets, running wild
Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost—
Turning to thee, divine philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul—
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.
On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of glory! Now, coiled up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young; and as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.
In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries—
Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Athwart the innumerable columns flung—
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty genius of the place.[1]
Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;
And what within them? What but in the midst
These three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

On a Tear.

O that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age:
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

The very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

[1] They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

An artist-poet of rare but wild and wayward genius—touched with a 'fine poetic madness'—appeared in WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827), whose life has been written with admirable taste and feeling by Allan Cunningham (*Lives of British Painters*, 1830), and in a more copious form by Alexander Gilchrist (1863). Blake was a native of London, son of a hosier. He was apprenticed to an engraver, but devoted all his leisure to drawing (in which he had occasional instruction from Flaxman and Fuseli), and in composing verses. Between his twelfth and twentieth years he produced a variety of songs, ballads, and a dramatic poem. A collection of these was printed at the cost of Flaxman and a gentleman named Matthews, who presented the sheets to their author to dispose of for his own advantage. In 1789 Blake himself published a series of *Songs of Innocence*, with a great number of illustrations etched on copper by the poet and his wife—the affectionate, 'dark-eyed Kate.' His wife, we are told, worked off the plates in the press, and Blake tinted the impressions, designs, and letter-press with a variety of pleasing colours. His next work was a series of sixteen small designs, entitled *The Gates of Paradise* (1793); these were followed by *Urizen*, or twenty-seven designs representing hell and its mysteries; and shortly afterwards by a series of illustrations of Young's *Night Thoughts*—a congenial theme. Flaxman introduced Blake to Hayley the poet, and Hayley persuaded the artist to remove to Felpham in Sussex, to make engravings for the *Life of Cowper*. At Felpham Blake resided three years (1800–3), and in the comparative solitude of the country, in lonely musings by the seashore, indulged in those hallucinations which indicated a state of diseased imagination or chronic insanity. 'He conceived that he had lived in other days, and had formed friendships with Homer and Moses, with Pindar and Virgil, with Dante and Milton. These great men, he asserted, appeared to him in visions, and even entered into conversation. When asked about the looks of those visions, he answered: 'They are all majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men' (Cunningham). Blake laboured indefatigably, but with little worldly gain, at his strange fanciful illustrations. A work entitled *Jerusalem* comprised a hundred designs; he executed twelve designs for Blair's *Grave*, and a water-colour painting of the Canterbury Pilgrims, which was exhibited with other productions of the artist. These were explained in a *Descriptive Catalogue* as eccentric as the designs, but which had a criticism on Chaucer admired by Charles Lamb as displaying 'wonderful power and spirit.' Lamb also considered Blake's little poem on the tiger as 'glorious.' The remaining works of the artist were *Twenty-one Illustrations to the Book of Job*, and two works of *Prophecies* (1793–4), one on America in eighteen plates, and the other on Europe in seventeen; he also illustrated Dante, but only seven of his illustrations were engraved. Three days before his death he was working on one of his prophetic works, the 'Ancient of Days.' 'He sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours, and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw

it from him, exclaiming: "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—"Stay, Kate!" cried Blake; "keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made it a fine likeness.' The poems of Blake have been frequently printed—at least in part—and his designs are now eagerly sought after.

To the Muses.—From 'Poetical Sketches.'

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Song.—From the same.

I love the jocund dance,
The softly breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall,
But thou art all to me.

Introduction to 'Songs of Innocence' (1789).

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a lamb:'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again:'
So I piped; he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read'—
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The Lamb.—From the same.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek, and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee.

The Tiger.—From 'Songs of Experience' (1794).

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formèd thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the most original of modern poets, was a native of Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April 1770. His father was law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale but died when the poet was in his seventh year William and his brother—Dr Christopher Wordsworth, long master of Trinity College—after being some years at Hawkshead School, in Lancashire were sent by their uncles to the university o

Cambridge. William was entered of St John's in 1787. Having finished his academical course, and taken his degree, he travelled for a short time. In the autumn of 1790, he accomplished a tour on the continent in company with a fellow-student, Mr Robert Jones. 'We went staff in hand,' he said, 'without knapsacks, and carrying each his needments tied up in a pocket handkerchief, with about £20 a piece in our pockets.' With this friend, Wordsworth made a tour in North Wales the following year, after taking his degree in college. He was again in France towards the close of the year 1791, and remained in that country about a twelvemonth. He had hailed the French Revolution with feelings of enthusiastic admiration.

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be *alive*,
> But to be *young* was very heaven.

Few poets escaped the contagion. Burns, Coleridge, Southey, and Campbell all felt the flame, and looked for a new era of liberty and happiness. It was long ere Wordsworth abandoned his political theory. His friends were desirous he should enter the church, but his republican sentiments and the unsettled state of his mind rendered him averse to such a step. To the profession of the law he was equally opposed. Poetry was to be the sole business of his life. A young friend, Raisley Calvert, dying in 1795, left him a sum of £900. 'Upon the interest of the £900,' he says, '£400 being laid out in annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and £100, a legacy to my sister, and £100 more which the *Lyrical Ballads* brought me, my sister and I contrived to live seven years, nearly eight.' A further sum of about £1000 came to him as part of the estate of his father, who had died intestate; and with this small competence, Wordsworth devoted himself to study and seclusion. He first appeared as a poet in his twenty-third year, 1793. The title of his work was *Descriptive Sketches*, which was followed the same year by the *Evening Walk*. The walk is among the mountains of Westmoreland; the sketches refer to a tour made in Switzerland by the poet and his friend Jones. The poetry is of the style of Goldsmith; but description predominates over reflection. The enthusiastic dreams of liberty which then buoyed up the young poet, appear in such lines as the following:

> O give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
> Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
> To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
> And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers;
> Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs,
> To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
> And grant that every sceptred child of clay
> Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tide shall stay,'
> Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
> With all his creatures, sink to rise no more!

In the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne in Somersetshire, where they were visited in the summer of 1797 by Coleridge. The poets were charmed with each other's society, and became friends for life. Wordsworth and his sister next moved to a residence near Coleridge's, at Alfoxden, near Nether Stowey. At this place many of his smaller poems were written, and also a tragedy, the *Borderers*, which he attempted to get acted at Covent Garden Theatre, but it was rejected. In 1798, appeared the *Lyrical Ballads*, to which Coleridge contributed his *Ancient Mariner*. A generous provincial bookseller, Joseph Cottle of Bristol, gave thirty guineas for the copyright of this volume; he ventured on an impression of five hundred copies, but was soon glad to dispose of the largest proportion of the five hundred at a loss, to a London bookseller. The ballads were designed by their author as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers. The humblest subjects, he contended, were fit for poetry, and the language should be that 'really used by men.' The fine fabric of poetic diction which generations of the tuneful tribe had been laboriously rearing, he proposed to destroy altogether. The language of humble and rustic life, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, he considered to be a more permanent and far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets. The attempt of Wordsworth was either totally neglected or assailed with ridicule. The transition from the refined and sentimental school of verse, with select and polished diction, to such themes as *The Idiot Boy*, and a style of composition disfigured by colloquial plainness, and by the mixture of ludicrous images and associations with passages of tenderness and pathos, was too violent to escape ridicule or insure general success. It was often impossible to tell whether the poet meant to be comic or tender, serious or ludicrous; while the choice of his subjects and illustrations, instead of being regarded as genuine simplicity, had an appearance of silliness or affectation. The faults of his worst ballads were so glaring, that they overpowered, at least for a time, the simple natural beauties, the spirit of gentleness and humanity, with which they were accompanied. It was a first experiment, and it was made without any regard for existing prejudices or feelings, or any wish to conciliate.

In 1798, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge went to Germany, the latter parting from them at Hamburg, and going to Ratzeburg, where he resided four months; while the Wordsworths proceeded to Goslar, and remained there about half a year. On their return to England, they settled at Grasmere, in Westmoreland, where they lived for eight years. In 1800 he reprinted his *Lyrical Ballads*, with the addition of many new pieces, the work now forming two volumes. In October 1802, the poet was married to Mary Hutchinson, a lady with whom he had been early intimate, and on whom he wrote, in the third year of his married life, the exquisite lines, 'She was a Phantom of Delight.'

> *She came*, no more a Phantom to adorn
> A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
> And yet a spirit there for me enshrined
> To penetrate the lofty and the low:
> Even as one essence of pervading light
> Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars,
> And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
> Couched in the dewy grass.*
>
> *The Prelude.*

In 1803, accompanied by Coleridge and his sister,

* This respected lady died at Rydal Mount, January 17. 1859. For some years her powers of sight had entirely failed her, but she continued cheerful and 'bright,' and full of conversational power as in former days.

Wordsworth made a tour in Scotland, which forms an epoch in his literary history, as it led to the production of some of his most popular minor poems. He had been for some years engaged on a poem in blank verse, *The Prelude, or Growth of my own Mind*, which he brought to a close in 1805, but it was not published till after his death. In 1805, also, he wrote his *Waggoner*, not published till 1819. Since Pope, no poet has been more careful of his fame than Wordsworth, and he was enabled to practise this abstinence in publication, because, like Pope, he was content with moderate means and limited desires. His circumstances, however, were at this time so favourable, that he purchased, for £1000, a small cottage and estate at the head of Ulleswater. Lord Lonsdale generously offered £800 to complete this purchase, but the poet accepted only of a fourth of the sum. In 1807 appeared two volumes of *Poems* from his pen. They were assailed with all the severity of criticism, but it was seen that, whatever might be the theory of the poet, he possessed a vein of pure and exalted description and meditation which it was impossible not to feel and admire. The influence of nature upon man was his favourite theme; and though sometimes unintelligible from his idealism, he was also, on other occasions, just and profound. His worship of nature was ennobling and impressive. In 1809 the poet struck out into a new path. He came forward as a political writer, with an Essay on the Convention of Cintra, an event to which he was strongly opposed. His prose was as unsuccessful as his poetry, so far as sale was concerned; but there are fine vigorous passages in this pamphlet, and Canning is said to have pronounced it the most eloquent production since the days of Burke. Wordsworth had now abandoned his republican dreams, and was henceforward conservative of all time-honoured institutions in church and state. His views were never servile—they were those of a recluse politician, honest but impracticable. In the spring of 1813 occurred Wordsworth's removal from Grasmere to Rydal Mount, one of the grand events of his life; and there he resided for the long period of thirty-seven years—a period of cheerful and dignified poetical retirement—

> Long have I loved what I behold,
> The night that calms, the day that cheers;
> The common growth of mother-earth
> Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
> Her humblest mirth and tears.
>
> The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
> I shall not covet for my dower,
> If I along that lowly way
> With sympathetic heart may stray,
> And with a soul of power.
>
> *Prologue to 'Peter Bell.'*

The circle of his admirers was gradually extending, and he continued to supply it with fresh materials of a higher order. In 1814 appeared *The Excursion*, a philosophical poem in blank verse, by far the noblest production of the author, and containing passages of sentiment, description, and pure eloquence, not excelled by any living poet, while its spirit of enlightened humanity and Christian benevolence—extending over all ranks of sentient and animated being—imparts to the poem a peculiarly sacred and elevated character. The influence of Wordsworth on the poetry of his age has thus been as beneficial as extensive. He turned the public taste from pompous inanity to the study of man and nature; he banished the false and exaggerated style of character and emotion which even the genius of Byron stooped to imitate; and he enlisted the sensibilities and sympathies of his intellectual brethren in favour of the most expansive and kindly philanthropy. The pleasures and graces of his muse are all simple, pure, and lasting. In working out the plan of his *Excursion*, the poet has not, however, escaped from the errors of his early poems. The incongruity or want of keeping in most of Wordsworth's productions is observable in this work. The principal character is a poor Scotch pedlar, who traverses the mountains in company with the poet, and is made to discourse, with clerk-like fluency,

> Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope.

It is thus that the poet violates the conventional rules of poetry and the realities of life; for surely it is inconsistent with truth and probability that a profound moralist and dialectician should be found in such a situation. In his travels with the 'Wanderer,' the poet is introduced to a 'Solitary,' who lives secluded from the world, after a life of busy adventures and high hope, ending in disappointment and disgust. They all proceed to the house of the pastor, who—in the style of Crabbe's *Parish Register*—recounts some of the deaths and mutations that had taken place in his sequestered valley; and with a description of a visit made by the three to a neighbouring lake, the poem concludes. *The Excursion* is an unfinished work, part of a larger poem, *The Recluse*, 'having for its principal object the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.' The narrative part of *The Excursion* is a mere framework, rude and unskilful, for a series of pictures of mountain scenery and philosophical dissertations, tending to shew how the external world is adapted to the mind of man, and good educed out of evil and suffering.

> Within the soul a faculty abides,
> That with interpositions, which would hide
> And darken, so can deal, that they become
> Contingencies of pomp, and serve to exalt
> Her native brightness. As the ample moon
> In the deep stillness of a summer even
> Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
> Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
> In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides,
> Their leafy umbrage turns the dusky veil
> Into a substance glorious as her own,
> Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
> Capacious and serene; like power abides
> In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
> Sets forth and magnifies herself—thus feeds
> A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
> From the encumbrances of mortal life;
> From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
> And sometimes—so relenting justice wills—
> From palpable oppressions of despair.
>
> *Book IV.*

In a still loftier style of moral observation on the changes of life, the 'gray-haired wanderer' exclaims:

> So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
> All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
> The stars of human glory are cast down;

Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man himself
Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
Fraternities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of desolation aimed; to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory.

Book VII.

The picturesque parts of *The Excursion* are full of a quiet and tender beauty characteristic of the author. We subjoin two passages, the first descriptive of a peasant youth, the hero of his native vale:

A Noble Peasant.

The mountain ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked
By a brook side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn. The pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale,
Such and so glorious did this youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals—if such fables without blame
May find chance mention on this sacred ground—
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley. How the quoit
Whizzed from the stripling's arm! If touched by him,
The inglorious football mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight, or shaped a rainbow curve
Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loath to assault the majesty he loved,
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glede,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
The sporting sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious waterfowl from distant climes,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the mere,
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

Book VII.

The peasant youth, with others in the vale, roused by the cry to arms, studies the rudiments of war, but dies suddenly:

To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid
A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—
A golden lustre slept upon the hills;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,
From some commanding eminence had looked
Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
A glittering spectacle; but every face
Was pallid—seldom hath that eye been moist
With tears that wept not then; nor were the few
Who from their dwellings came not forth to join
In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder which announced
Through the still air the closing of the grave;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation never heard before.

A description of deafness in a peasant would seem to be a subject hardly susceptible of poetical ornament; yet, by contrasting it with the surrounding objects—the pleasant sounds and stir of nature—and by his vein of pensive and graceful reflection, Wordsworth has made this one of his finest pictures:

The Deaf Dalesman.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
From whom in early childhood was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers.

Book VII.

By viewing man in connection with external nature, the poet blends his metaphysics with pictures of life and scenery. To build up and strengthen the powers of the mind, in contrast to the operations of sense, was ever his object. Like Bacon, Wordsworth would rather have believed all the fables in the Talmud and Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind—or that that mind does not, by its external symbols, speak to the human heart. He lived under the habitual 'sway' of nature:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The removal of the poet to Rydal was marked by an incident of considerable importance in his personal history. Through the influence of the Earl of Lonsdale, he was appointed distributor of stamps in the county of Westmoreland, which added greatly to his income, without engrossing all his time. He was now placed beyond the frowns of Fortune—if Fortune can ever be said to have frowned on one so independent of her smiles. The subsequent works of the poet were numerous —*The White Doe of Rylstone*, a romantic narrative poem, yet coloured with his peculiar genius; *Sonnets on the River Duddon; The Waggoner; Peter Bell; Ecclesiastical Sketches; Yarrow Revisited;* &c. Having made repeated tours in Scotland and on the continent, the poet diversified his subjects with descriptions of particular scenes, local manners, legends, and associations. The whole of his works were arranged by their author according to their respective subjects; as Poems referring to the Period of Childhood; Poems founded on the Affections; Poems of the Fancy; Poems of the Imagination, &c. This classification is often arbitrary and capricious; but it was one of the conceits of Wordsworth, that his poems should be read in a certain continuous order, to give full effect to his system. Thus classified and published, the poet's works formed six volumes. A seventh, consisting of poems written very early and very late in life—as is stated—and the tragedy which had long lain past the author, were added in 1842. The tragedy is not happy, for Wordsworth had less dramatic power than any other contemporary poet. In the drama, however, both Scott and Byron failed; and Coleridge, with his fine imagination and pictorial expression, was only a shade more successful.

The latter years of Wordsworth's life were gladdened by his increasing fame, by academic honours conferred upon him by the universities of Durham and Oxford, by his appointment to the office of poet-laureate on the death of his friend Southey in 1843, and by a pension from the crown of £300 per annum. In 1847, he was shaken by a severe domestic calamity, the death of his only daughter, Dora, Mrs Quillinan. This lady was worthy of her sire. Shortly before her death she published anonymously a *Journal of a Residence in Portugal*, whither she had gone in pursuit of health.* Having attained to the great age of eighty, in the enjoyment of generally robust health (most of his poems were composed in the open air), Wordsworth died on the 23d of April 1850—the anniversary of St George, the patron saint of England—and was interred by the side of his daughter in the beautiful churchyard of Grasmere.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of Wordsworth was Coleridge, so long his friend and associate, and who looked up to him with a sort of filial veneration and respect. He has drawn his poetical character at length in the *Biographia Literaria*, and if we consider it as applying to the higher characteristics of Wordsworth, without reference to the absurdity or puerility of some of his early fables, incidents, and language, it will be found equally just and felicitous. *First*, 'An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. *Secondly*, A correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditations. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. Even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. *Thirdly*, The sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs, the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. *Fourthly*, The perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. *Fifthly*, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility: a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate (*spectator, haud particeps*), but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. *Last*, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research, rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed, and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects—

> Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.'

The fame of Wordsworth was daily extending, as we have said, before his death. The few ridiculous or puerile passages which excited so much sarcasm, parody, and derision, had been partly removed by himself, or were by his admirers either quietly overlooked, or considered as mere idiosyncrasies of the poet that provoked a smile, while his higher attributes commanded admiration, and he had secured a new generation of readers. A tribe of worshippers, in the young poets of the day, had arisen to do him homage, and in some instances they carried the feeling to a wild but pardonable excess. Many of his former depreciators also joined the ranks of his admirers—partly because in his late works the poet did himself more justice both in his style and subjects. He is too intellectual, and too little *sensuous*, to use the phrase of Milton, ever to become generally

* Mr Edward Quillinan, son-in-law of Wordsworth, was a native of Oporto, but was educated in England. He was one of Wordsworth's most constant admirers, and was himself a poet of considerable talent, and an accomplished scholar. He was first married to a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and having quitted the army, he settled in the Lake country. There Mrs Quillinan died by an unfortunate accident—her dress having caught fire—and left two daughters, in whom the Wordsworth family took great interest. In 1841, the intimacy between Dora Wordsworth and Mr Quillinan, which 'first sprang out of the root of grief,' was crowned by their marriage. She lived only about six years afterwards, and Mr Quillinan himself died suddenly in 1851. A volume of his *Poems* was published in 1853, and part of a translation of the *Lusiad*, which no man in England could have done so well. He was also engaged on a translation of the *History of Portugal* by Senor Herculano.

popular, unless in some of his smaller pieces. His peculiar sensibilities cannot be relished by all. His poetry, however, is of various kinds. Forgetting his own theory as to the proper subjects of poetry, he ventured on the loftiest themes, and in calm sustained elevation of thought, appropriate imagery, and intense feeling, he often reminds the reader of the sublime strains of Milton. His *Laodamia*, the *Vernal Ode*, the *Ode to Lycoris and Dion*, are pure and richly classic poems in conception and diction. Many of his sonnets have also a chaste and noble simplicity. In these short compositions, his elevation and power as a poet are perhaps more remarkably displayed than in any of his other productions. They possess a winning sweetness or simple grandeur, without the most distant approach to antithesis or straining for effect; while that tendency to prolixity and diffuseness which characterises his longer poems, is repressed by the necessity for brief and rapid thought and concise expression, imposed by the nature of the sonnet. It is no exaggeration to say that Milton alone has surpassed—if even *he* has surpassed—some of the noble sonnets of Wordsworth dedicated to liberty and inspired by patriotism.

Sonnets.

London, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

The World is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I 'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803.

Earth has not anything to shew more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

On King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only, this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on, as loath to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

His *Intimations of Immortality*, and *Lines on Tintern Abbey*, are the finest examples of his rapt imaginative style, blending metaphysical truth with diffuse gorgeous description and metaphor. His simpler effusions are pathetic and tender. He has little strong passion; but in one piece, *Vaudracour and Julia*, he has painted the passion of love with more warmth than might be anticipated from his abstract idealism:

His present mind
Was under fascination; he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged within him—overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!

The lovers parted under circumstances of danger, but had a stolen interview at night:

Through all her courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
Aloft—momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
On that brief meeting's slender filament!

This is of the style of Ford or Massinger. Living mostly apart from the world, and nursing with solitary complacency his poetical system, and all that could bear upon his works and pursuits as a poet, Wordsworth fell into those errors of taste, and that want of discrimination, to which we have already alluded. His most puerile ballads and attempts at humour were apparently as much prized by him, and classed with the same nicety and care, as the most majestic of his conceptions, or the most natural and beautiful of his descriptions. The art of condensation was also rarely practised by him. But if the poet's retirement or peculiar disposition was a cause of his weakness, it was also one of the sources of his strength.

It left him untouched by the artificial or mechanical tastes of his age; it gave an originality to his conceptions and to the whole colour of his thoughts; and it completely imbued him with that purer antique life and knowledge of the phenomena of nature—the sky, lakes, and mountains of his native district, in all their tints and forms—which he has depicted with such power and enthusiasm. A less complacent poet would have been chilled by the long neglect and ridicule he experienced. His spirit was self-supported, and his genius, at once observant and meditative, was left to shape out its own creations, and extend its sympathies to that world which lay beyond his happy mountain solitude.

Lines.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Lucy.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

We are Seven.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

'Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?'
'How many? Seven in all,' she said,
And wondering looked at me.

'And where are they? I pray you tell.'
She answered, 'Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

'Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard-cottage I
Dwell near them, with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?'

Then did the little maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.'

'You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

'And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

'So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played—
My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go—
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
The little maiden did reply,
'O master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still,
The little maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'

A Portrait.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Lines composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye, during a Tour, July 13, 1798.

Five years have passed ; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ; and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration : feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened ; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet oh ! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye !—thou wanderer through the woods—
How often has my spirit turned to thee !
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then—
The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by—
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister ! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;

And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!*

Picture of Christmas-Eve.

Addressed to the Rev. Dr Wordsworth, with Sonnets to the River Duddon, &c.

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves:
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And 'merry Christmas' wished to all?

O brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills—
Heaven only witness of the toil—
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which nature, and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when at midnight sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love, whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, brother, quench the thought
That slights this passion or condemns;
If thee fond fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find
Short leisure even in busiest days,
Moments—to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy.

To a Highland Girl.

At Inversneyd, upon Loch Lomond.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:

* In our admiration of the external forms of nature, the mind is redeemed from a sense of the transitory, which so often mixes perturbation with pleasure; and there is perhaps no feeling of the human heart which, being so intense, is at the same time so composed. It is for this reason, amongst others, that it is peculiarly favourable to the contemplations of a poetical philosopher, and eminently so to one like Mr Wordsworth, in whose scheme of thought there is no feature more prominent than the doctrine that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which bestows a gift of genuine insight is one of profound emotion as well as profound composure; or, as Coleridge has somewhere expressed himself—

Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

The power which lies in the beauty of nature to induce this union of the tranquil and the vivid is described, and to every disciple of Wordsworth, has been, as much as is possible, imparted by the celebrated *Lines written in 1798, a few Miles above Tintern Abbey*, in which the poet, having attributed to his intermediate recollections of the landscape then revisited a benign influence over many acts of daily life, describes the particulars in which he is indebted to them. . . . The impassioned love of nature is interfused through the whole of Mr Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of natural phenomena.—*Quarterly Review* for 1834.

In illustration of this remark, every episode in the *Excursion* might also be cited (particularly the affecting and beautiful tale of Margaret in the first book); and the poems of the *Cumberland Beggar, Michael*, and the *Fountain*—the last unquestionably one of the finest of the ballads—are also striking instances.

And these gray rocks; this household lawn;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth, together do ye seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet, dream or vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.
What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be—
Thy father—anything to thee!
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence,
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

Laodamia.

'With sacrifice before the rising morn,
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him, winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear: 'Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift; behold him face to face!'

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp,
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight.

'Protesiláus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice.
This is our palace—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.'

'Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave
His gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

'Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die: but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of heroes; bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were depressed
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

'But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave.
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

'No spectre greets me—no vain shadow this;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!'
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

'This visage tells thee that my doom is past;
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys

Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains ;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

'Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion ; for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn.'

'Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

'The gods to us are merciful ; and they
Yet further may relent ; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

'But if thou goest, I follow.' 'Peace!' he said ;
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered ;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled.
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued.

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. 'Ill,' said he,
'The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night :

'And while my youthful peers before my eyes—
Each hero following his peculiar bent—
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports ; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained—
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

'The wished-for wind was given : I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea ;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

'Yet bitter, ofttimes bitter was the pang,
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life ;
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers ;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

'But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
"Behold they tremble! haughty their array ;
Yet of their number no one dares to die!"
In soul I swept the indignity away :
Old frailties then recurred ; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

'And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow ;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised ;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled : her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.'

Aloud she shrieked ; for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung ; 'tis vain ;
The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;
And him no mortal effort can detain :
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved ;
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;
And ever, when such stature they had gained,
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight—
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

Memoirs of Wordsworth were published in 1851, two volumes, by the poet's nephew, CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D. This is rather a meagre, unsatisfactory work, but no better has since appeared. Many interesting anecdotes, reports of conversation, letters, &c. will be found in the *Diary* of Henry Crabb Robinson, 1869. In 1874 was published *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D.* 1803, by DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, sister of the poet, to whose talents and observation, no less than to her devoted affection, her brother was largely indebted.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, a profound thinker and rich imaginative poet, enjoyed a high reputation during the latter years of his life for his colloquial eloquence and metaphysical and critical powers, of which only a few fragmentary specimens remain. His poetry also indicated more than was achieved. Visions of grace, tenderness, and majesty seem ever to have haunted him. Some of these he embodied in exquisite verse ; but he wanted concentration and steadiness of purpose to avail himself sufficiently of his intellectual riches. A happier destiny was also perhaps wanting ; for much of Coleridge's life was spent in poverty and dependence, amidst disappointment and ill-health, and in the irregularity caused by an unfortunate and excessive use of opium,

which tyrannised over him for many years with unrelenting severity. Amidst daily drudgery for the periodical press, and in nightly dreams distempered and feverish, he wasted, to use his own expression, 'the prime and manhood of his intellect.' The poet was a native of Devonshire, born on the 20th of October 1772 at Ottery St Mary, of which parish his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, where he had Charles Lamb for a schoolfellow. He describes himself as being, from eight to fourteen, 'a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*;' and in this instance, 'the child was father of the man,' for such was Coleridge to the end of his life. A stranger whom he had accidentally met one day on the streets of London, and who was struck with his conversation, made him free of a circulating library, and he read through the catalogue, folios and all. At fourteen, he had, like Gibbon, a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed. He had no ambition; his father was dead, and he actually thought of apprenticing himself to a shoemaker who lived near the school. The head-master, Bowyer interfered, and prevented this additional honour to the craft of St Crispin, made illustrious by Gifford and Bloomfield. Coleridge became deputy-Grecian, or head-scholar, and obtained an exhibition or presentation from Christ's Hospital to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained from 1791 to 1793. In his first year at college he gained the Brown gold medal for the Greek ode; next year he stood for the Craven scholarship, but lost it; and in 1793 he was again unsuccessful in a competition for the Greek ode on astronomy. By this time he had incurred some debts, not amounting to £100; but this so weighed on his mind and spirits, that he suddenly left college, and went to London. He had also become obnoxious to his superiors from his attachment to the principles of the French Revolution.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swollen the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves,
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed, and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light, or damped thy holy flame;
But blest the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name.

France, an Ode.

In London, Coleridge soon felt himself forlorn and destitute, and he enlisted as a soldier in the 15th, Elliot's Light Dragoons. 'On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment,' says his friend and biographer, Mr Gillman, 'the general of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge, with a military air, inquired: "What's your name, sir?" "Comberbach." (The name he had assumed.) "What do you come here for, sir?" as if doubting whether he had any business there. "Sir," said Coleridge, "for what most other persons come—to be made a soldier." "Do you think," said the general, "you can run a Frenchman through the body?" "I do not know," replied Coleridge, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I 'll run away." "That will do," said the general, and Coleridge was turned into the ranks.' The poet made a poor dragoon, and never advanced beyond the awkward squad. He wrote letters, however, for all his comrades, and they attended to his horse and accoutrements. After four months' service—December 1793 to April 1794—the history and circumstances of Coleridge became known. According to one account, he had written under his saddle on the stable-wall, *Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem*, which led to inquiry on the part of the captain of his troop, who had more regard for the classics than Ensign Northerton in *Tom Jones*. Another account attributes the termination of his military career to a chance recognition on the street. His family being apprised of his situation, his discharge was obtained on the 10th of April 1794.* He seems then to have set about publishing his *Juvenile Poems* by subscription, and while at Oxford in June of the same year, he met with Southey, and an intimacy immediately sprung up between them. Coleridge was then an ardent republican and a Socinian—full of high hopes and anticipations, 'the golden exhalations of the dawn.' In conjunction with his new friend Southey; with Robert Lovell, the son of a wealthy Quaker; George Burnett, a fellow-collegian from Somersetshire; Robert Allen, then at Corpus Christi College; and Edmund Seaward, of a Herefordshire family, also a fellow-collegian, Coleridge planned and proposed to carry out a scheme of emigration to America. They were to found in the New World a *Pantisocracy*, or state of society in which each was to have his portion of work, and their wives—all were to be married—were to cook and perform domestic offices, the poets cultivating literature in their hours of leisure, with neither king nor priest to mar their felicity. 'From building castles in the air,' as Southey has said, 'to framing commonwealths was an easy transition.' For some months this delusion lasted; but funds were wanting, and could not be readily raised. Southey and Coleridge gave a course of public lectures, and wrote a tragedy on the *Fall of Robespierre*, and the former soon afterwards proceeding with his uncle to Spain and Portugal, the Pantisocratic scheme was abandoned. Coleridge and Southey married two sisters—Lovell, who died in the following year, had previously been married to a third sister—ladies of the name of Fricker, amiable, but wholly without fortune.

Coleridge, still ardent, wrote two political pamphlets, concluding 'that truth should be

* Miss Mitford states that the arrangement for Coleridge's discharge was made at her father's house at Reading. Captain Ogle—in whose troop the poet served—related at table one day the story of the learned recruit, when it was resolved to make exertions for his discharge. There would have been some difficulty in the case, had not one of the servants waiting at table been induced to enlist in his place. The poet, Miss Mitford says, never forgot her father's zeal in the cause.

spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak truth is dangerous.' He established also a periodical in prose and verse, entitled *The Watchman*, with the motto, 'That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.' He watched in vain. Coleridge's incurable want of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out and disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the ninth number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he relates an amusing illustration. Happening one day to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant-girl putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate, in order to light the fire, and he mildly checked her for her wastefulness. 'La, sir,' replied Nanny, 'why, it is only *Watchmen*.' He went to reside in a cottage at Nether Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills—a rural retreat which he has commemorated in his poetry :

> And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
> Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
> Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friends;
> And close behind them, hidden from my view,
> Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
> And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
> And quickened footsteps thitherward I tread.

At Stowey, Coleridge wrote some of his most beautiful poetry—his *Ode on the Departing Year; Fears in Solitude; France, an Ode; Frost at Midnight;* the first part of *Christabel;* the *Ancient Mariner;* and his tragedy of *Remorse*. The luxuriant fulness and individuality of his poetry shews that he was then happy, no less than eager, in his studies. Wordsworth thus described his appearance :

> A noticeable man with large grey eyes,
> And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
> As if a blooming face it ought to be ;
> Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
> Depressed by weight of musing Phantasy ;
> Profound his forehead was, but not severe.

The two or three years spent at Stowey seem to have been at once the most felicitous and the most illustrious of Coleridge's literary life. He had established his name for ever, though it was long in struggling to distinction. During his residence at Stowey, the poet officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Shrewsbury.* In 1798, the 'generous and munificent patronage' of Messrs Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, Staffordshire, enabled the poet to proceed to Germany to complete his education, and he resided there fourteen months. At Ratzeburg and Göttingen he acquired a well-grounded knowledge of the German language and literature, and was confirmed in his bias towards philosophical and metaphysical studies. On his return in 1800, he found Southey established at Keswick, and Wordsworth at Grasmere. He went to live with the former, and there his opinions underwent a total change. The Jacobin became a royalist, and the Unitarian a warm and devoted believer in the Trinity. In the same year he published his translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, into which he had thrown some of the finest graces of his own fancy. The following passage may be considered a revelation of Coleridge's poetical faith and belief, conveyed in language picturesque and musical :

> Oh ! never rudely will I blame his faith
> In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
> The human being's pride that peoples space
> With life and mystical predominance ;
> Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
> This visible nature, and this common world,
> Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
> Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
> Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
> For fable is Love's world, his house, his birthplace ;
> Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
> And spirits ; and delightedly believes
> Divinities, being himself divine.
> *The intelligible forms of ancient poets,*
> *The fair humanities of old religion,*
> *The power, the beauty, and the majesty,*
> *That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,*
> *Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,*
> *Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanished.*
> *They live no longer in the faith of reason !*
> But still the heart doth need a language ; still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names ;
> And to yon starry world they now are gone,
> Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
> With man as with their friend ; and to the lover,
> Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
> Shoot influence down ; and even at this day
> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
> And Venus who brings everything that 's fair.

The lines which we have printed in Italics are an expansion of two of Schiller's, which Mr Hayward —another German poetical translator—thus literally renders :

> The old fable-existences are no more ;
> The fascinating race has emigrated (wandered out or away).

As a means of subsistence, Coleridge reluctantly consented to undertake the literary and political department of the *Morning Post*, in which he supported the measures of government. In 1804, we find him in Malta, secretary to the governor, Sir Alexander Ball. He held this office only nine months, and, after a tour in Italy, returned to England to resume his precarious labours as an author and lecturer. The desultory, irregular habits of the poet, caused partly by his addiction to opium, and the dreamy indolence and procrastination which marked him throughout life, seem to have frustrated every chance and opportunity of self-advancement. Living again at Grasmere, he issued a second periodical, *The*

* Hazlitt walked ten miles in a winter day to hear Coleridge preach. 'When I got there,' he says, 'the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr Coleridge rose and gave out his text: "He departed again into a mountain himself alone." As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild-honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore! He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to shew the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood :

"Such were the notes our once loved poet sung :"

and, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.'

Friend, which extended to twenty-seven numbers. The essays were sometimes acute and eloquent, but as often rhapsodical, imperfect, and full of German mysticism. In 1816, chiefly at the recommendation of Lord Byron, the 'wild and wondrous tale' of *Christabel* was published. The first part, as we have mentioned, was written at Stowey as far back as 1797, and a second had been added on his return from Germany in 1800. The poem was still unfinished; but it would have been almost as difficult to complete the *Faëry Queen*, as to continue in the same spirit that witching strain of supernatural fancy and melodious verse. Another drama, *Zapoyla*—founded on the *Winter's Tale*—was published by Coleridge in 1818, and, with the exception of some minor poems, completes his poetical works. He wrote several characteristic prose disquisitions—*The Statesman's Manual, or the Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight; A Lay Sermon* (1816); *A Second Lay Sermon, addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes, on the existing Distresses and Discontents* (1817); *Biographia Literaria*, two volumes (1817); *Aids to Reflection* (1825); *On the Constitution of the Church and State* (1830); &c. He meditated a great theological and philosophical work, his *magnum opus*, on 'Christianity as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity,' which was to 'reduce all knowledge into harmony'—to 'unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror.' He planned also an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem, which he considered the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. 'Here,' said he, 'there would be the completion of the prophecies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew; and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five, but, alas! *venturum expectat.*' This ambition to execute some great work, and his constitutional infirmity of purpose, which made him defer or recoil from such an effort, he has portrayed with great beauty and pathos in an address to Wordsworth, composed after the latter had recited to him a poem 'on the growth of an individual mind:'

> Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
> The pulses of my being beat anew:
> And even as life returns upon the drowned,
> Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
> Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe
> Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
> And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
> And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain;
> And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
> And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
> And all which patient toil had reared, and all
> Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
> Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

These were prophetic breathings, and should be a warning to young and ardent genius. In such magnificent alternations of hope and despair, and in discoursing on poetry and philosophy—sometimes committing a golden thought to the blank leaf of a book or to a private letter, but generally content with oral communication—the poet's time glided past. He had found an asylum in the house of a private friend, Mr James Gillman, surgeon, Highgate, where he resided for the last nineteen years of his life. Here he was visited by numerous friends and admirers, who were happy to listen to his inspired monologues, which he poured forth with exhaustless fecundity. 'We believe,' says one of these rapt and enthusiastic listeners, 'it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines, has never yet been published in print, and, if disclosed, it has been from time to time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr Coleridge said that, with pen in hand, he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rhythmical and clear when chanted to their own music.'* Mr Coleridge died at Highgate on the 25th of July 1834. In the preceding winter he had written the following epitaph, striking from its simplicity and humility, for himself:

> Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
> And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
> A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
> Oh! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
> That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
> Found death in life, may here find life in death!
> Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
> He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

It is characteristic of this remarkable man that on the last evening of his life (as related by his daughter) 'he repeated a certain part of his religious philosophy, which he was specially anxious to have accurately recorded.' Immediately on the death of Coleridge, several compilations were made of his table-talk, correspondence, and literary remains. His fame had been gradually extending, and public curiosity was excited with respect to the genius and opinions of a man who combined such various and dissimilar powers, and who was supposed capable of any task, however gigantic. Some of these Titanic fragments are valuable—particularly his Shakspearean criticism. They attest his profound thought and curious

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lii. p. 5. With one so impulsive as Coleridge, and liable to fits of depression and to ill-health, these appearances must have been very unequal. Carlyle, in his *Life of Sterling*, ridicules Coleridge's monologues as generally tedious, hazy, and unintelligible. We have known three men of genius, all poets, who frequently listened to him, and yet described him as generally obscure, pedantic, and tedious. In his happiest moods he must, however, have been great. His voice and countenance were harmonious and beautiful.

erudition, and display his fine critical taste and discernment. In penetrating into and embracing the whole meaning of a favourite author—unfolding the nice shades and distinctions of thought, character, feeling, or melody—darting on it the light of his own creative mind and suggestive fancy—and perhaps linking the whole to some glorious original conception or image, Coleridge stands unrivalled. He does not appear as a critic, but as an eloquent and gifted expounder of kindred excellence and genius. He seems like one who has the key to every hidden chamber of profound and subtle thought and every ethereal conception. We cannot think, however, that he could ever have built up a regular system of ethics or criticism. He wanted the art to combine and arrange his materials. He was too languid and irresolute. He had never attained the art of writing with clearness and precision; for he is often unintelligible, turgid, and verbose, as if he struggled in vain after perspicacity and method. His intellect could not subordinate the 'shaping spirit' of his imagination.

The poetical works of Coleridge have been collected and published in three volumes. They are various in style and manner, embracing ode, tragedy, and epigram, love-poems, and strains of patriotism and superstition—a wild witchery of imagination and, at other times, severe and stately thought and intellectual retrospection. His language is often rich and musical, highly figurative and ornate. Many of his minor poems are characterised by tenderness and beauty, but others are disfigured by passages of turgid sentimentalism and puerile affectation. The most original and striking of his productions is his well-known tale of *The Ancient Mariner*. According to De Quincey, the germ of this story is contained in a passage of Shelvocke, one of the classical circumnavigators of the earth, who states that his second captain, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather was owing to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship, upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition. Coleridge makes the ancient mariner relate the circumstances attending his act of inhumanity to one of three wedding-guests whom he meets and detains on his way to the marriage-feast. 'He holds him with his glittering eye,' and invests his narration with a deep preternatural character and interest, and with touches of exquisite tenderness and energetic description. The versification is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural; yet the poem is full of vivid and original imagination. 'There is nothing else like it,' says one of his critics; 'it is a poem by itself; between it and other compositions, in *parimateria*, there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself.' Coleridge further illustrates his theory of the connection between the material and the spiritual world in his unfinished poem of *Christabel*, a romantic supernatural tale, filled with wild imagery and the most remarkable modulation of verse. The versification is founded on what the poet calls a new principle—though it was evidently practised by Chaucer and Shakspeare—namely, that of counting in each line the number of accentuated words, not the number of syllables. 'Though the latter,' he says, 'may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four.' This irregular harmony delighted both Scott and Byron, by whom it was imitated. We add a brief specimen:

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu Maria shield her well!
She foldeth her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

A finer passage is that describing broken friendships:

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

This metrical harmony of Coleridge exercises a sort of fascination even when it is found united to incoherent images and absurd conceptions. Thus in *Khubla Khan*, a fragment written from recollections of a dream, we have the following melodious rhapsody:

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,

Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise.

The odes of Coleridge are highly passionate and elevated in conception. That on France was considered by Shelley to be the finest English ode of modern times. The hymn on Chamouni is equally lofty and brilliant. His *Genevieve* is a pure and exquisite love-poem, without that gorgeous diffuseness which characterises the odes, yet more chastely and carefully finished, and abounding in the delicate and subtle traits of his imagination. Coleridge was deficient in the rapid energy and strong passion necessary for the drama. The poetical beauty of certain passages would not, on the stage, atone for the paucity of action and want of interest in his two plays, though, as works of genius, they vastly excel those of a more recent date which prove highly successful in representation.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand;
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off; unhand me, gray-beard loon;'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child;
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

'The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

'Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon'——
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

'And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

'With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

'And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by
As green as emerald.

'And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

'At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

'It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

'And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.'

'God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?' 'With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

'The sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he;
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

'And the good south-wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow;
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
"Ah, wretch," said they, "the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!"

'Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
"'Twas right," said they, "such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist."

'The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

'All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

'Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

'The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

'About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

'And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

'And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

'Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

'There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

'At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

'A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried: "A sail! a sail!"

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

'"See! see!" I cried, "she tacks no more,
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel."

'The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

'And straight the sun was flecked with bars—
Heaven's mother send us grace!—
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

'Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears;
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres?

'Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate;
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death, and are there two?
Is death that woman's mate?

'Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

'The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

'We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

'One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

'Four times fifty living men—
And I heard nor sigh nor groan—
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

'The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow.'

PART IV.

'I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.'
'Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not down.

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

'The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

'I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

'I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

'The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

'An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

'The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

'Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

'Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

'Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

'The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

'Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

'The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke it rained.

'My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

'I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

'And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

'The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

'And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

'The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

'The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

'They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

'The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

'The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.'

'I fear thee, ancient mariner!'
'Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

'For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

'Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

'Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

'And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

'It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.'

[The ship is driven onward, but at length the curse is finally expiated. A wind springs up:

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears.
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

The mariner sees his native country. The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, and appear in their own forms of light, each waving his hand to the shore. A boat with a pilot and hermit on board approaches the ship, which suddenly sinks. The mariner is rescued; he entreats the hermit to shrive him, and the penance of life falls on him.]

'Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

'Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

'I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

'What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

'O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

'O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

'To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

'Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

From the 'Ode to the Departing Year' (1795).

Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!

From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard thy spell;
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

I marked Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailèd monarch's troublous cry—
'Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay!
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?'
Fly, mailèd monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled—
Foul her life, and dark her doom—
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choirèd gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks);
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child!
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
'God!' let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, 'God!'
'God!' sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, 'God!'

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth 'God,' and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise;
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Love.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

From 'Frost at Midnight.'

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and, by giving, make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eavedrops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Love, Hope, and Patience in Education.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother-dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies;
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work of both.

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make-believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave;
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

Among the day-dreams of Coleridge, as we have already mentioned, was the hope of producing a great philosophical work, which he conceived would ultimately effect a revolution in what has been called philosophy or metaphysics in England and France. The only completed philosophical attempt of the poet was a slight introduction to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, a preliminary treatise on *Method*, from which we subjoin an extract.

Importance of Method.

The habit of method should always be present and effective; but in order to render it so, a certain training or education of the mind is indispensably necessary. Events and images, the lively and spirit-stirring machinery of the external world, are like light, and air, and moisture to the seed of the mind, which would else rot and perish. In all processes of mental evolution the objects of the senses must stimulate the mind; and the mind must in turn assimilate and digest the food which it thus receives from without. Method, therefore, must result from the due mean or balance between our passive impressions and the mind's reaction on them. So in the healthful state of the human body, waking and sleeping, rest and labour, reciprocally succeed each other, and mutually contribute to liveliness, and activity, and strength. There are certain stores proper, and, as it were, indigenous to the mind—such as the ideas of number and figure, and the logical forms and combinations of conception or thought. The mind that is rich and exuberant in this intellectual wealth is apt, like a miser, to dwell upon the vain contemplation of its riches, is disposed to generalise and methodise to excess, ever philosophising, and never descending to action; spreading its wings high in the air above some beloved spot, but never flying far and wide over earth and sea, to seek food, or to enjoy the endless beauties of nature; the fresh morning, and the warm noon, and the dewy eve. On the other hand, still less is to be expected, towards the methodising of science, from the man who flutters about in blindness like the bat; or is carried hither and thither, like the turtle sleeping on the wave, and fancying, because he moves, that he is in progress. . . .

It is not solely in the formation of the human understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature, that the employment of method is indispensably necessary; but its importance is equally felt, and equally acknowledged, in the whole business and economy of active and domestic life. From the cottager's hearth or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit—that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent—is, that *everything is in its place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed we say, proverbially, that he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls far short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time; but the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more; he realises its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organises the hours, and gives them a soul; and to that, the very essence of which is to fleet and to *have been*, he communicates an imperishable and a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodised, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time, than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The Rev. William Lisle Bowles (1762–1850) enjoys the distinction of having 'delighted and inspired' the genius of Coleridge. His first publication was a small volume of sonnets published in 1789, to which additions were made from time to time, and in 1805 the collection had reached a ninth edition. Various other poetical works proceeded from the pen of Mr Bowles: *Coombe Ellen and St Michael's Mount*, 1798; *Battle of the Nile*, 1799; *Sorrows of Switzerland*, 1801; *Spirit of Discovery*, 1805; *The Missionary of the Andes*, 1815; *Days Departed*, 1828; *St John in Patmos*, 1833; &c. None of these works can be said to have been popular, though all of them contain

passages of fine descriptive and meditative verse. Mr Bowles had the true poetical feeling and imagination, refined by classical taste and acquirements. Coleridge was one of his earliest and most devoted admirers. A volume of Mr Bowles's sonnets falling into the hands of the enthusiastic young poet, converted him from some 'perilous errors' to the love of a style of poetry at once tender and manly. The pupil outstripped his master in richness and luxuriance, though not in elegance or correctness. Mr Bowles, in 1806, edited an edition of Pope's works, which, being attacked by Campbell in his Specimens of the Poets, led to a literary controversy, in which Lord Byron and others took a part. Bowles insisted strongly on descriptive poetry forming an indispensable part of the poetical character; 'every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety.' Campbell, on the other hand, objected to this Dutch minuteness and perspicacity of colouring, and claimed for the poet (what Bowles never could have denied) nature, moral as well as external, the poetry of the passions, and the lights and shades of human manners. In reality, Pope occupied a middle position, inclining to the artificial side of life. Mr Bowles was born at King's-Sutton, Northamptonshire, and was educated first at Winchester School, under Joseph Warton, and subsequently at Trinity College, Oxford. He long held the rectory of Bremhill, in Wiltshire (of which George Herbert and Norris of Bemerton had also been incumbents), and from 1828 till his death he was a canon residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral. He is described by his neighbour, Moore the poet, as a simple, amiable, absent-minded scholar, poet, and musician.

Sonnets.

To Time.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
  Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence—
  Lulling to sad repose the weary sense—
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
  And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
  That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
  As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
  Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

Winter Evening at Home.

Fair Moon! that at the chilly day's decline
  Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
  Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes serene and still as thine,
  Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
  Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
  Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
  Sombrous and strange upon the darkening wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without; and whilst I gaze,
I think around me in this twilight gloom,
I but remark mortality's sad doom;
Whilst hope and joy, cloudless and soft, appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere.

Hope.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
  Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard,
  Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
  He the green slope and level meadow views,
  Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms, fantastic wander white;
  Or turns his ear to every random song
  Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal.

Bamborough Castle.

Ye holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
  Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
  Though hurrying silent by, relentless time
Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind sweep.
For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded halls,
  Here Charity has fixed her chosen seat;
  Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
  Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
  And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the grave.

South American Scenery.

Beneath aërial cliffs and glittering snows,
The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes; high overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.
  A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.
  Summer was in its prime; the parrot flocks
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers;
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.
  Checkering, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay network and fantastic twine
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,
And 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumes,
With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.

Sun-dial in a Churchyard.

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade,
  Brief Time! and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
  And like a summer vapour steal away.

And have not they, who here forgotten lie—
Say, hoary chronicler of ages past—
Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,
Nor thought it fled—how certain and how fast?

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And 'dust to dust' proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
Careless alike; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope, and youth, and life were in our power;
So smiling, and so perishing the while.

I heard the village-bells, with gladsome sound—
When to these scenes a stranger I drew near—
Proclaim the tidings of the village round,
While memory wept upon the good man's bier.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
Ring merrily when my brief days are gone;
While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
And strangers gaze upon my humble stone!

Enough, if we may wait in calm content
The hour that bears us to the silent sod;
Blameless improve the time that Heaven has lent,
And leave the issue to thy will, O God.

BLANCO WHITE.

It is a singular circumstance in literary history, that what many consider the finest sonnet in the English language should be one written by a Spaniard. The REV. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE (1775–1841) was a native of Seville, son of an Irish Roman Catholic merchant settled in Spain. He was author of *Letters from Spain by Don Leucadoin Doblado* (1822), *Internal Evidence against Catholicism* (1825), and other works both in English and Spanish. A very interesting memoir of this remarkable man, with portions of his correspondence, &c. was published by J. H. Thom (London, 3 vols. 1845):

Sonnet on Night.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came:
And lo! Creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

One of the most voluminous and learned authors of this period was ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D., the poet-laureate. A poet, scholar, antiquary, critic, and historian, Southey wrote more than even Scott, and he is said to have burned more verses between his twentieth and thirtieth year than he published during his whole life. His time was entirely devoted to literature. Every day and hour had its appropriate and select task; his library was his world within which he was content to range, and his books were his most cherished and constant companions. In one of his poems, he says:

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.

It is melancholy to reflect, that for nearly three years preceding his death, Mr Southey sat among his books in hopeless vacuity of mind, the victim of disease. This distinguished author was a native of Bristol, the son of a respectable linen-draper of the same name, and was born on the 12th of August 1774. He was indebted to a maternal uncle for most of his education. In his fourteenth year he was placed at Westminster School, where he remained between three and four years, but having in conjunction with several of his school associates set on foot a periodical entitled *The Flagellant*, in which a sarcastic article on corporal punishment appeared, the head-master, Dr Vincent, commenced a prosecution against the publisher, and Southey was compelled to leave the school. This harsh exercise of authority probably had considerable effect in disgusting the young enthusiast with the institutions of his country. In November 1792 he was entered of Balliol College, Oxford. He had then distinguished himself by poetical productions, and had formed literary plans enough for many years or many lives. In political opinions he was a democrat; in religion, a Unitarian; consequently he could not take orders in the church, or look for any official appointment. He fell in with Coleridge, as already related, and joined in the plan of emigration. His academic career was abruptly closed in 1794. The same year, he published a volume of poems in conjunction with Mr Robert Lovell, under the names of Moschus and Bion. About the same time he composed his drama of *Wat Tyler*, a revolutionary brochure, which was long afterwards published surreptitiously by a knavish bookseller to annoy its author. 'In my youth,' he says, 'when my stock of knowledge consisted of such an acquaintance with Greek and Roman history as is acquired in the course of a scholastic education—when my heart was full of poetry and romance, and Lucan and Akenside were at my tongue's end—I fell into the political opinions which the French revolution was then scattering throughout Europe; and following those opinions with ardour wherever they led, I soon perceived that inequalities of rank were a light evil compared to the inequalities of property, and those more fearful distinctions which the want of moral and intellectual culture occasions between man and man. At that time, and with those opinions, or rather feelings (for their root was in the heart, and not in the understanding), I wrote *Wat Tyler*, as one who was impatient of all the oppressions that are done under the sun. The subject was injudiciously chosen, and it was treated as might be expected by a youth of twenty in such times, who regarded only one side of the question.' The poem, indeed, is a miserable production, and was harmless from its very inanity. Full of the same political sentiments and ardour, Southey, in 1793, had composed his *Joan of Arc*, an epic poem, displaying fertility of language and

boldness of imagination, but at the same time diffuse in style, and in many parts wild and incoherent. In imitation of Dante, the young poet conducted his heroine in a dream to the abodes of departed spirits, and dealt very freely with the 'murderers of mankind,' from Nimrod the mighty hunter, down to the hero conqueror of Agincourt:

A huge and massy pile—
Massy it seemed, and yet with every blast
As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groaned, or, starting, wildly shrieked,
Aye as the fabric, tottering from its base,
Threatened its fall—and so, expectant still,
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.
They entered there a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the Murderers of Mankind—
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the august!
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire—
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter; and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crowned—accursed liberticide;
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain
Octavius—though the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sung to him,
And when death levelled to original clay
The royal carcass, Flattery, fawning low,
Fell at his feet, and worshipped the new god.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,
He, the delight of humankind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings,
Here were they all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the Court of Glory, reaping now
The meed they merited.
As gazing round,
The Virgin marked the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth:
'Thou who art come to view our punishment,
Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eyes;
For I am he whose bloody victories
Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo! I am here,
The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
Henry of England!'

In the second edition of the poem, published in 1798, the vision of the Maid of Orleans, and everything miraculous, was omitted. When the poem first appeared, its author was on his way to Lisbon, in company with his uncle, Dr Herbert, chaplain to the factory at Lisbon. Previous to his departure in November 1795, Southey had married Miss Edith Fricker of Bristol, sister of the lady with whom Coleridge united himself; and immediately after the ceremony they parted. 'My mother,' says the poet's son and biographer, 'wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.' Cottle, the generous Bristol bookseller, had given Southey money to purchase the ring. The poet was six months with his uncle in Lisbon, during which time he had applied himself to the study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, in which he afterwards became a proficient. The death of his brother-in-law and brother-poet, Lovell, occurred during his absence abroad, and Southey on his return set about raising something for his young friend's widow. She afterwards found a home with Southey—one of the many generous and affectionate acts of his busy life. In 1797 he published his *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, and took up his residence in London, in order to commence the study of the law. A college-friend, Mr C. W. W. Wynn, gave him an annuity of £160, which he continued to receive until 1807, when he relinquished it on obtaining a pension from the crown of £200. The study of the law was never a congenial pursuit with Southey; he kept his terms at Gray's Inn, but his health failed, and in the spring of 1800 he again visited Portugal. After a twelvemonth's residence in that fine climate, he returned to England, lived in Bristol a short time, and then made a journey into Cumberland, for the double purpose of seeing the lakes and visiting Coleridge, who was at that time residing at Greta Hall, Keswick—the house in which Southey himself was henceforth to spend the greater portion of his life. A short trial of official life also awaited him. He was offered and accepted the appointment of private secretary to Mr Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland; the terms, prudently limited to one year, being a salary of about £350, English currency. His official duties were more nominal than real, but Southey soon got tired of the light bondage, and before half of the stipulated period of twelve months was over, he had got, as he said, *unsecretaryfied*, and entered on that course of professional authorship which was at once his business and delight. In the autumn of 1803, he was again at Greta Hall, Keswick. While in Portugal, Southey had finished a second epic poem, *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, an Arabian fiction of great beauty and magnificence. For the copyright of this work he received a hundred guineas, and it was published in 1801. The sale was not rapid, but three hundred copies being sold by the end of the year, its reception, considering the peculiar style of the poem, was not discouraging. The form of verse adopted by the poet in this work is irregular, without rhyme; and it possesses a peculiar charm and rhythmical harmony, though, like the redundant descriptions in the work, it becomes wearisome in so long a poem. The opening stanzas convey an exquisite picture of a widowed mother wandering over the sands of the East during the silence of night:

Night in the Desert.

I.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

II.

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

III.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers:
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race;
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

IV.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes
To heaven, exclaiming: 'Praised be the Lord!
He gave, he takes away!
The Lord our God is good!'

The metre of *Thalaba*, as may be seen from this specimen, has great power, as well as harmony, in skilful hands. It is in accordance with the subject of the poem, and is, as the author himself remarks, 'the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.' Southey had now cast off his revolutionary opinions, and his future writings were all marked by a somewhat intolerant attachment to church and state. He established himself on the banks of the river Greta, near Keswick, subsisting by his pen and a pension which he had received from government. In 1804, he published a volume of *Metrical Tales*, and in 1805, *Madoc*, an epic poem, founded on a Welsh story, but inferior to its predecessors. In 1810, appeared his greatest poetical work, *The Curse of Kehama*, a poem of the same class and structure as *Thalaba*, but in rhyme. With characteristic egotism, Southey prefixed to *The Curse of Kehama* a declaration that he would not change a syllable or measure for anyone:

Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins.

Kehama is a Hindu rajah, who, like Dr Faustus, obtains and sports with supernatural power. His adventures are sufficiently startling, and afford room for the author's striking amplitude of description. 'The story is founded,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'upon the Hindu mythology, the most gigantic, cumbrous, and extravagant system of idolatry to which temples were ever erected. The scene is alternately laid in the terrestrial paradise —under the sea—in the heaven of heavens—and in hell itself. The principal actors are, a man who approaches almost to omnipotence; another labouring under a strange and fearful malediction, which exempts him from the ordinary laws of nature; a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost, with several Hindustan deities of different ranks. The only being that retains the usual attributes of humanity is a female, who is gifted with immortality at the close of the piece.' Some of the scenes in this strangely magnificent theatre of horrors are described with the power of Milton; and Scott has said that the following account of the approach of the mortals to Padalon, or the Indian Hades, is equal in grandeur to any passage which he ever perused:

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,
But far before the car
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the world of woe: on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread—
And, lo! the regions dread—
The world of woe before them opening wide,
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame, it seemed to be
Sea without bound;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.

When the curse is removed from the sufferer, Ladurlad, and he is transported to his family in the Bower of Bliss, the poet breaks out into that apostrophe to Love which is so often quoted, but never can be read without emotion:

Love.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

Besides its wonderful display of imagination and invention, and its vivid scene-painting, *The Curse of Kehama* possesses the recommendation of being, in manners, sentiments, scenery, and costume, distinctively and exclusively Hindu. Its author was too diligent a student to omit whatever was characteristic in the landscape or the people. Passing over his prose works, we next find Southey appear in a native poetical dress, in blank verse. In 1814 he published *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, a noble and pathetic poem, though liable also to the charge of redundant description. The style of the versification may be seen from the following account of the grief and confusion of the aged monarch,

when he finds his throne occupied by the Moors after his long absence :

The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth ;
The unaccustomed face of humankind
Confused him now—and through the streets he went
With haggard mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,
And wondered as he passed. One stopped him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy,
Roderick received the alms ; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen king,
Seeing his royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groan suppressed : the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hastened on.
A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
Beheld him—and with sudden pity touched,
She laid her spindle by, and running in,
Took bread, and following after, called him back—
And, placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, 'Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
Have mercy on thee!' With a look that seemed
Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,
Staring a while ; then bursting into tears,
Wept like a child.

Or the following description :

A Moonlight Scene in Spain.

How calmly, gliding through the dark-blue sky,
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope ;
Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
And massy, motionless they spread ; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms ; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills ; and oh! how awfully,
Into that deep and tranquil firmament,
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour ; he feels
The silence of the earth ; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him ; and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Towards eternity the attempered mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

Southey having in 1813, accepted the office of poet-laureate, composed some courtly strains that tended little to advance his reputation. His *Carmen Triumphale* (1814) and *The Vision of Judgment* (1821) provoked much ridicule at the time, and would have passed into utter oblivion, if Lord Byron had not published another *Vision of Judgment*—one of the most powerful, though wild and profane, of his productions, in which the laureate received a merciless and witty castigation, that even his admirers admitted to be not unmerited. The latest of our author's poetical works was a volume of narrative verse, *All for Love*, and *The Pilgrim of Compostella* (1829). He continued his ceaseless round of study and composition, writing on all subjects, and filling ream after ream of paper with his lucubrations on morals, philosophy, poetry, and politics. He was offered a baronetcy and a seat in parliament, both of which he prudently declined. His fame and his fortune, he knew, could only be preserved by adhering to his solitary studies ; but these were too constant and uninterrupted. The poet forgot one of his own maxims, that 'frequent change of air is of all things that which most conduces to joyous health and long life.' From the year 1833 to 1837 he was chiefly engaged in editing the works of Cowper, published in fifteen volumes. About the year 1834, his wife, the early partner of his affections, sank into a state of mental imbecility, 'a pitiable state of existence,' in which she continued for about three years, and though he bore up wonderfully during this period of affliction, his health was irretrievably shattered. In about a year and a half afterwards, however, he married a second time, the object of his choice being Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess. 'My spirits,' he says, 'would hardly recover their habitual and healthful cheerfulness, if I had not prevailed upon Miss Bowles to share my lot for the remainder of our lives. There is just such a disparity of age as is fitting ; we have been well acquainted with each other more than twenty years, and a more perfect conformity of disposition could not exist.' Some members of the poet's grown-up family seem to have been averse to this union, but the devoted attentions of the lady, and her exemplary domestic virtues, soothed the few remaining years of the poet's existence. Those attentions were soon painfully requisite. Southey's intellect became clouded, his accustomed labours were suspended, and though he continued his habit of reading, the power of comprehension was gone. 'His dearly prized books,' says his son, 'were a pleasure to him almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically.' Wordsworth, writing to Lady Frederick Bentinck in July 1840, says, that on visiting his early friend, he did not recognise him till he was told. 'Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately like a child.' Three years were passed in this deplorable condition, and it was a matter of satisfaction rather than regret that death at length stepped in to shroud this painful spectacle from the eyes of affection as well as from the gaze of vulgar curiosity. He died in his house at Greta on the 21st of March 1843. He left at his death a sum of about £12,000, to be divided among his children, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom. The life and correspondence of Southey have been published by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, in six volumes. His son-in-law, the Rev. J. Wood Warter, published his *Commonplace Book*, 4 vols., and *Selections from his Letters*, 4 vols. In these works the amiable private life of Southey—his indefatigable application, his habitual cheerfulness and lively fancy, and his steady friendships and true generosity, are strikingly displayed. The only drawback is the poet's egotism, which was inordinate, and the hasty uncharitable judgments

sometimes passed on his contemporaries, the result partly of temperament and partly of his seclusion from general society. Southey was interred in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, and in the church is a marble monument to his memory, a full-length recumbent figure, with the following inscription by Wordsworth on the base of the monument:

Wordsworth's Epitaph on Southey.

Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed; and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance, or the church's weal;
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

Few authors have written so much and so well, with so little real popularity, as Southey. Of all his prose works, admirable as they are in purity of style, the *Life of Nelson* alone is a general favourite. The magnificent creations of his poetry—piled up like clouds at sunset, in the calm serenity of his capacious intellect—have always been duly appreciated by poetical students and critical readers; but by the public at large they are neglected. An attempt to revive them, by the publication of the whole poetical works in ten uniform and cheap volumes, has only shewn that they are unsuited to the taste of the present generation. The reason of this may be found both in the subjects of Southey's poetry, and in his manner of treating them. His fictions are wild and supernatural, and have no hold on human affections. Gorgeous and sublime as some of his images and descriptions are, they 'come like shadows, so depart.' They are too remote, too fanciful, and often too learned. The Grecian mythology is graceful and familiar; but Southey's Hindu superstitions are extravagant and strange. To relish them requires considerable previous reading and research, and this is a task which few will undertake. The dramatic art or power of vivid delineation is also comparatively unknown to Southey, and hence the dialogues in *Madoc* and *Roderick* are generally flat and uninteresting. His observation was of books, not nature. Some affectations of style and expression also marred the effect of his conceptions, and the copious flow of his versification, unrelieved by bursts of passion or eloquent sentiment, sometimes becomes heavy and monotonous in its uniform smoothness and dignity.

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun:
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries:
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince, Eugene.'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay—nay—my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win.'
'And what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

The Holly Tree.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it, well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralise:
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness shew,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

Some of the youthful ballads of Southey were extremely popular. His *Lord William*, *Mary the Maid of the Inn*, *The Well of St Keyne*, and *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, were the delight of most young readers seventy years since. He loved to sport with subjects of diablerie; and one satirical piece of this kind, *The Devil's Thoughts*, the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, had the honour of being ascribed to various persons. The conception of the piece was Southey's, who led off with the following opening stanzas:

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

But the best and most piquant verses are by Coleridge: one of these has passed into a proverb:

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

This gentleman, the representative of an ancient family, was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, on the 30th of January 1775. He was educated at Rugby School, whence he was transferred to Trinity College, Oxford. His first publication was a small volume of poems, dated as far back as 1795. The poet was intended for the army, but, like Southey, he imbibed republican sentiments, and for that cause declined engaging in the profession of arms. His father then offered him an allowance of £400 per annum, on condition that he should study the law, with this alternative, if he refused, that his income should be restricted to one-third of the sum. The independent poet preferred the smaller income with literature as his companion. He must soon, however, have succeeded to the family estates, for in 1806, exasperated by the bad conduct of some of his tenants, he is said to have sold possessions in Warwickshire and Staffordshire, and pulled down a handsome house he had built. This rash impulsiveness will be found pervading his literature as well as his life. In 1808, Mr Landor joined the Spaniards in their first insurrectionary movement, raising a troop at his own expense, and contributing 20,000 reals to aid in the struggle. In 1815, he took up his residence in Italy, having purchased a villa near Florence. There he lived for many years, cultivating art and literature, but he again returned to England and settled in Bath. The early poetical works of Landor were collected and republished in 1831. They consist of *Gebir*, a sort of epic poem, originally written in Latin (*Gebirus*, 1802), which De Quincey said had for some time 'the sublime distinction of having enjoyed only two readers—Southey and himself;' *Count Julian*, a tragedy, highly praised by Southey; and various miscellaneous poems, to which he continued almost every year to make additions. He also 'cultivated private renown,' as Byron said, in the shape of Latin verses and essays, for which the noble poet styled him the 'deep-mouthed Bœotian, Savage Landor.' This satire, however, was pointless; for as a ripe scholar, imbued with the spirit of antiquity, Mr Landor transcended most of his contemporaries. His acquirements and genius were afterwards fully displayed in his *Imaginary Conversations*, a series of dialogues published at intervals between 1824 and 1846, by which time they had amounted to one hundred and twenty-five in number, ranging over all history, all times, and almost all subjects. Mr Landor's poetry is inferior to his prose. In *Gebir* there is a fine passage, amplified by Wordsworth in his *Excursion*, which describes the sound which sea-shells seem to make when placed close to the ear:

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

In *Count Julian*, Mr Landor adduces the following beautiful illustration of grief:

Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable,
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light.

His smaller poems are mostly of the same meditative and intellectual character. An English scene is thus described:

> Clifton, in vain thy varied scenes invite—
> The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
> The sheep that starting from the tufted thyme,
> Untune the distant churches' mellow chime;
> As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
> And shake above our heads the craggy steeps,
> Pleasant I 've thought it to pursue the rower,
> While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
> The frolic Naiads drawing from below
> A net of silver round the black canoe.
> Now the last lonely solace must it be
> To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
> Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
> My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

The Maid's Lament is a short lyrical flow of picturesque expression and pathos, resembling the effusions of Barry Cornwall:

> I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
> I feel I am alone.
> I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
> Alas! I would not check.
> For reasons not to love him once I sought,
> And wearied all my thought
> To vex myself and him: I now would give
> My love could he but live
> Who lately lived for me, and when he found
> 'Twas vain, in holy ground
> He hid his face amid the shades of death!
> I waste for him my breath,
> Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
> And this lone bosom burns
> With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
> And waking me to weep
> Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
> Wept he as bitter tears!
> 'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,
> 'These may she never share!'
> Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
> Than daisies in the mould,
> Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
> His name and life's brief date.
> Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
> And oh! pray, too, for me!

We quote one more chaste and graceful fancy:

Sixteen.

> In Clementina's artless mien
> Lucilla asks me what I see,
> And are the roses of sixteen
> Enough for me?
>
> Lucilla asks if that be all,
> Have I not culled as sweet before?
> Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
> I still deplore.
>
> I now behold another scene,
> Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
> More pure, more constant, more serene,
> And not less bright.
>
> Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
> Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
> And Modesty, who, when she goes,
> Is gone for ever.

Mr Landor continued to write far beyond his eightieth year. In 1851, he published a pamphlet entitled *Popery, British and Foreign*, and about this time he contributed largely to the columns of the *Examiner* weekly journal. Though living the life of a recluse, he was an acute observer of public events, and an eager though inconsistent and impracticable politician. In 1853, he issued a volume of essays and poetical pieces, entitled *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree;* and in 1858, another volume of the same kind, called *Dry Sticks fagoted by Walter Savage Landor.* For certain grossly indecent verses and slanders in this work, directed against a lady in Bath, the author underwent the indignity of a trial for defamation, was convicted, and amerced in damages to the amount of £1000. Shortly before this, Mr Landor had published a declaration that of his fortune he had but a small sum left, with which he proposed to endow the widow of any person who should assassinate the Emperor of the French! Thus poor, old, and dishonoured, Mr Landor again left England—a spectacle more pitiable, considering his high intellectual endowments, his early friendships, and his once noble aspirations, than any other calamity recorded in our literary annals. 'After some months of wretchedness at Fiesole,' says a memoir of Landor in the *English Cyclopædia*, 'his friends came to his rescue. A plain but comfortable lodging was found for him at Florence, his surviving brothers undertook to supply an annuity of £200, which Robert Browning generously saw duly employed as long as he remained in Florence. And thus one more gleam of sunshine seemed to settle on the "old man eloquent." Though deaf and ailing, he continued to find solace in his pen. He wrote and published occasional verses, and two or three more *Imaginary Conversations*, in which the old fire burned not dimly; collected some earlier scraps, which appeared as *Heroic Idylls*, and was still working in his 90th year at new Conversations, when, on the 17th of September 1864, death ended his labours and sorrows.' A biography of Landor by John Forster, was published in 1869.

The writings of Walter Savage Landor have been said to 'bear the stamp of the old mocking paganism.' A moody egotistic nature, ill at ease with the common things of life, had flourished up in his case into a most portentous crop of crotchets and prejudices, which, regardless of the reprobation of his fellow-men, he issued forth in prodigious confusion, often in language offensive in the last degree to good taste. Eager to contradict whatever is generally received, he never stops to consider how far his own professed opinions may be consistent with each other: hence he contradicts himself almost as often as he does others. Jeffrey, in one of his most brilliant papers, has characterised in happy terms the class of minds to which Mr Landor belongs. 'The work before us,' says he, 'is an edifying example of the spirit of literary Jacobinism—flying at all game, running a-muck at all opinions, and at continual cross-purposes with its own. This spirit admits neither of equal nor superior, follower nor precursor: "it travels in a road so narrow, where but one goes abreast." It claims a monopoly of sense, wit, and wisdom. All their ambition, all their endeavour is, to seem wiser than the whole world besides. They hate whatever falls short of, whatever goes beyond, their favourite theories. In the one case, they hurry on before to get the start of you; in the other, they suddenly turn back to hinder you, and

defeat themselves. An inordinate, restless, incorrigible self-love is the key to all their actions and opinions, extravagances and meannesses, servility and arrogance. Whatever soothes and pampers this, they applaud; whatever wounds or interferes with it, they utterly and vindictively abhor. A general is with them a hero, if he is unsuccessful or a traitor; if he is a conqueror in the cause of liberty, or a martyr to it, he is a poltroon. Whatever is doubtful, remote, visionary in philosophy, or wild and dangerous in politics, they fasten upon eagerly, "recommending and insisting on nothing less;" reduce the one to demonstration, the other to practice, and they turn their backs upon their own most darling schemes, and leave them in the lurch immediately.' When the reader learns that Mr Landor justifies Tiberius and Nero, speaks of Pitt as a poor creature, and Fox as a charlatan, declares Alfieri to have been the greatest man in Europe, and recommends the Greeks, in their struggles with the Turks, to discard firearms, and return to the use of the bow, he will not deem this general description far from inapplicable in the case of Landor. And yet his *Imaginary Conversations* and other writings are amongst the most remarkable prose productions of our age, written in pure nervous English, and full of thoughts which fasten themselves on the mind and are 'a joy for ever.' It would require many specimens from these works to make good what is here said for and against their author; we subjoin a few passages affording both an example of his love of paradox, and of the extraordinary beauties of thought and expression by which he leads us captive.

Conversation between Lords Chatham and Chesterfield.

Chesterfield. It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative; they are mentioned as being truly excellent; I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

Chatham. My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals; for your lordship and I set out diversely from the very threshold. Let us, then, rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us, however, hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

Chesterfield. Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

Chatham. Willingly, my lord; but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

Chesterfield. I do not admire Mr Locke.

Chatham. Nor I—he is too simply grand for admiration—I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

Chesterfield. If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship, I hope, will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him in style the most elegant of our prose authors.

Chatham. Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point certainly no less correct than mine.

Chesterfield. Pray assist me.

Chatham. Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn; yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears then to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

Chesterfield. I see not that you are.

Chatham. My ear is well satisfied with Locke: I find nothing idle or redundant in him.

Chesterfield. But in the opinion of you graver men would not some of his principles lead too far?

Chatham. The danger is, that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground, and complain of their guide.

Chesterfield. What, then, can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

Chatham. The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around; but those who stand at the bottom, and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago, I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present; I had read all the titles to his dialogues, and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

Chesterfield. A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

Chatham. Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances, and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure; in short, less of everything but of sleep.

Chesterfield. Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

Chatham. And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes, the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakspeare?

Chesterfield. I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle: Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

Chatham. His words are these: 'I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'

Chesterfield. Surely nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed upon her.

Conversation between William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

Peterborough. The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cæsar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer: but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two; the real and the ideal: nor is it anything short of a misfortune, I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage: it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who read negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it; for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You Friends are no less adverse to representation by painting than by acting.

Penn. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

Peterborough. Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family picture by Vandyke; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him, I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them, that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfulest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time, leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

Grandiloquent Writing.

Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it. The voice ought not to be perpetually, nor much, elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing; nor is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander; nor are the rampires always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet to the infant of Andromache, and Achilles to the embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose-writer who opens his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry; neither, on the contrary, can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a corn-field.

Milton.

As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the north, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the pole-star of immutable truth. . . . I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near, and indeed in the very presence of Milton: what do they see? dark clothes, gray hair, and sightless eyes! Other men have better things: other men, therefore, are nobler! The stars themselves are only bright by distance; go close, and all is earthy. But vapours illuminate these; from the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they; worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakspeare and Milton.*

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE (1788–1872) was author of *The Last Days of Herculaneum* (1821), and *The Fall of Nineveh* (1828), both poems in blank verse, and remarkable for splendour of diction and copiousness of description. The first is founded on the well-known destruction of the city of Herculaneum by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the first year of the emperor Titus, or the 79th of the Christian era. Mr Atherstone has followed the account of this awful occurrence given by the younger Pliny in his letters to Tacitus, and has drawn some powerful pictures of the desolating fire and its attendant circumstances. There is perhaps too much of terrible and gloomy painting, yet it enchains the attention of the reader, and impresses the imagination with something like dramatic force. Mr Atherstone's second subject is of the same elevated cast: the downfall of an Asiatic empire afforded ample room for his love of strong and magnificent description, and he has availed himself of this license so fully, as to border in many passages on extravagance and bombast.

The following passage, descriptive of the

* A very few of Mr Landor's aphorisms and remarks may be added: He says of fame: 'Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any; without fame there is none for the best.' 'The happy man,' he says, 'is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it.' Of light wit or sarcasm, he observes: 'Quickness is amongst the least of the mind's properties. I would persuade you that banter, pun, and quibble are the properties of light men and shallow capacities; that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one.'

splendour of Sardanapalus's state, may be cited as a happy specimen of Mr Atherstone's style:

Banquet in Sardanapalus's Palace.

The moon is clear—the stars are coming forth—
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that high on jasper-steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. . . .
Like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.
Sylph-like girls, and blooming boys,
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes,
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice.
Through all the city sounds the voice of joy
And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro:
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze,
Crimson, and azure, purple, green, and gold;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen,
And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crowned.
So is that city steeped in revelry. . . .
Then went the king,
Flushed with the wine, and in his pride of power
Glorying; and with his own strong arm upraised
From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
Purple and edged with gold; and, standing then
Upon the utmost summit of the mount—
Round, and yet round—for two strong men a task
Sufficient deemed—he waved the splendid flag,
Bright as a meteor streaming.
At that sight
The plain was in a stir: the helms of brass
Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
Upturned; and myriads of bright-harnessed steeds
Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads;
And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
And clashed together. In a moment more
Up came the monstrous universal shout,
Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
Rocking the clouds: from all the swarming plain
And from the city rose the mingled cry,
'Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!' Thrice the flag
The monarch waved; and thrice the shouts arose
Enormous, that the solid walls were shook,
And the firm ground made tremble.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB, a poet and a delightful essayist, of quaint peculiar humour and fancy, was born in London on the 10th February 1775. His father was in humble circumstances, servant and friend to one of the benchers of the Inner Temple; but Charles was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, and from his seventh to his fifteenth year he was an inmate of that ancient and munificent asylum. Lamb was a nervous, timid, and thoughtful boy: 'while others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a monk.' He would have obtained an exhibition at school, admitting him to college, but these exhibitions were given under the implied if not expressed condition of entering into holy orders, and Lamb had an impediment in his speech, which proved an insuperable obstacle. In 1792 he obtained an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company, residing with his parents; and 'on their death,' says Serjeant Talfourd, 'he felt himself called upon by duty to repay to his sister the solicitude with which she had watched over his infancy, and well, indeed, he performed it. To her, from the age of twenty-one, he devoted his existence, seeking thenceforth no connection which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and to comfort her.' A sad tragedy was connected with the early history of this devoted pair. There was a taint of hereditary madness in the family; Charles had himself, at the close of the year 1795, been six weeks confined in an asylum at Hoxton, and in September of the following year, Mary Lamb, in a paroxysm of insanity, stabbed her mother to death with a knife snatched from the dinner-table. A verdict of lunacy was returned by the jury who sat on the coroner's inquest, and the unhappy young lady was placed in a private asylum at Islington. Reason was speedily restored. 'My poor dear, dearest sister,' writes Charles Lamb to his bosom-friend Coleridge, 'the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has passed, awful to her mind and impressive, as it must be, to the end of life, but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder.' In confinement, however, Mary Lamb continued until the death of her father, an imbecile old man; and then Charles came to her deliverance. He satisfied all parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life, and he kept his word. 'For her sake he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than £100 a year, derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully, with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of the recurrence of the malady which caused it.* The malady did again recur at intervals, rendering restraint necessary, but Charles, though at times wayward and prone to habits of excess—or rather to over-sociality with a few tried friends—seems never again to have relapsed into aberration of mind. He bore his trials meekly, manfully, and with prudence as well as fortitude. The first compositions of Lamb were in verse,

* *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, by T. N. Talfourd.

prompted, probably, by the poetry of his friend Coleridge. A warm admiration of the Elizabethan dramatists led him to imitate their style and manner in a tragedy named *John Woodvil*, which was published in 1801, and mercilessly ridiculed in the *Edinburgh Review* as a specimen of the rudest state of the drama. There is much that is exquisite both in sentiment and expression in Lamb's play, but the plot is certainly meagre, and the style had then an appearance of affectation. The following description of the sports in the forest has a truly antique air, like a passage in Heywood or Shirley:

Forest Scenes.

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while these lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide,
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful younkers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

In 1802 Lamb paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and clambered up to the top of Skiddaw. Notwithstanding his partiality for a London life, he was deeply struck with the solitary grandeur and beauty of the lakes. 'Fleet Street and the Strand,' he says, 'are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about participating in their greatness. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away.' A second dramatic attempt was made by Lamb in 1804. This was a farce entitled *Mr H.*, which was accepted by the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, and acted for one night; but so indifferently received, that it was never brought forward afterwards. 'Lamb saw that the case was hopeless, and consoled his friends with a century of puns for the wreck of his dramatic hopes.' In 1807 he published a series of tales founded on the plays of Shakspeare, which he had written in conjunction with his sister, and in the following year appeared his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare*, a work evincing a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the old dramatists, and a fine critical taste in analysing their genius. Some of his poetical pieces were also composed about this time; but in these efforts Lamb barely indicated his powers, which were not fully displayed till the publication of his essays signed *Elia*, originally printed in the *London Magazine*. In these his curious reading, nice observation, and poetical conceptions found a genial and befitting field. 'They are all,' says his biographer, Serjeant Talfourd, 'carefully elaborated; yet never were works written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies the place of ponderous sentences. Seeking his materials for the most part in the common paths of life—often in the humblest—he gives an importance to everything, and sheds a grace over all.' In 1825 Lamb was emancipated from the drudgery of his situation as clerk in the India House, retiring with a handsome pension, which enabled him to enjoy the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. In a letter to Wordsworth, he thus describes his sensations after his release: 'I came home for EVER on Tuesday week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; that is, to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, with their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walking. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master.' He removed to a cottage near Islington, and in the following summer, went with his faithful sister and companion on a long visit to Enfield, which ultimately led to his giving up his cottage, and becoming a constant resident at that place. There he lived for about five years, delighting his friends with his correspondence and occasional visits to London, displaying his social racy humour and active benevolence. In 1830 he committed to the press a small volume of poems, entitled *Album Verses*, the gleanings of several years, and he occasionally sent a contribution to some literary periodical. In December 1834, whilst taking his daily walk on the London road, he stumbled against a stone, fell, and slightly injured his face. The accident appeared trifling, but erysipelas in the face came on, and proved fatal on the 27th December 1834. He was buried in the churchyard at Edmonton, amidst the tears and regrets of a circle of warmly attached friends, and his memory was consecrated by a tribute from the muse of Wordsworth. His sister survived till May 20, 1847. A complete edition of Lamb's works was published by his friend Mr Moxon, and his reputation is still on the increase. For this he is mainly indebted to his essays. We cannot class him among the favoured sons of Apollo, though in heart and feeling he might sit with the proudest. The peculiarities of his style were doubtless grafted upon him by his constant study and lifelong admiration of the old English writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jeremy Taylor, Browne, Fuller, and others of the elder worthies (down to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle), were his chosen companions. He knew all their fine sayings and noble thoughts; and, consulting his own heart after his hard day's plodding at the India House, at his quiet fireside

(ere his reputation was established, and he came to be 'over-companied' by social visitors), he invested his original thoughts and fancies, and drew up his curious analogies and speculations in a garb similar to that which his favourites wore. Then Lamb was essentially a *town-man*—a true Londoner—fond as Johnson of Fleet Street and the Strand—a frequenter of the theatre, and attached to social habits, courtesies, and observances. His acute powers of observation were constantly called into play, and his warm sympathies excited by the shifting scenes around him. His kindliness of nature, his whims, puns, and prejudices, give a strong individuality to his writings; while in playful humour, critical taste, and choice expression, Charles Lamb may be considered among English essayists a genuine and original master. Mr Proctor (Barry Cornwall), who wrote a slight *Memoir* of his friend in 1866, said he saw the essence of Lamb's genius in the facts that he wrote from his feelings, and that he loved old books and old times.'

To Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom-cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

A Farewell to Tobacco.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind—
Still the phrase is wide or scant—
To take leave of thee, Great Plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimèd lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill-fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express—
Fancy and wit in richest dress—
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowèd features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.
Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst shew
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart,
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn

Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant; only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformèd god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume;
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain:
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison;
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that 's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
With what 's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow 's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.
For I must—nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must—leave thee;
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

The following are selections from Lamb's *Essays*, some of which, amidst their quaint fancies, contain more of the exquisite materials of poetry than his short occasional verses.

Dream-children—A Reverie.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk—a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived—which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it—and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too—committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to shew their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer. Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told

how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept; but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm;' and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at; or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries; and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how, in after-life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always, I fear, make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him—for we quarrelled sometimes—rather than not have him again; and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John; and they looked up and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens; when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee; nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name;' and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Poor Relations.

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your scutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's-head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, 'That is Mr ——.' A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency: 'My dear, perhaps Mr —— will drop in to-day.' He remembereth birthdays, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small, yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port, yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think 'they have seen him before.' Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken

for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent; yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach, and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as 'he is blest in seeing it now.' He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insult you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately that such and such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable, his compliments perverse, his talk a trouble, his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. 'He is an old humorist,' you may say, 'and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.' But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. 'She is plainly related to the L——s, or what does she at their house?' She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped after the gentlemen. Mr —— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between port and Madeira, and chooses the former because he does. She calls the servant *sir;* and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

The Origin of Roast Pig.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?'

'O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.'

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!'—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape,

for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, an accomplished scholar and translator, was born in London on the 9th of November 1757. He was of good family, and educated at Harrow School. At the age of seventeen he entered the army as an officer in the 10th Dragoons. He quitted the army in the year 1780, and purchased Bevis Mount, near Southampton, where he continued to reside for the next ten years. Here Mr Sotheby cultivated his taste for literature, and translated some of the minor Greek and Latin poets. In 1788, he made a pedestrian tour through Wales, of which he wrote a poetical description, published, together with some odes and sonnets, in 1789. In 1798, he published a translation from the *Oberon* of Wieland, which greatly extended his reputation, and procured him the thanks and friendship of the German poet. He now became a frequent competitor for poetical fame. In 1799, he wrote a poem commemorative of the battle of the Nile; in 1800, appeared his translation of the *Georgics* of Virgil; in 1801, he produced a *Poetical Epistle on the Encouragement of the British School of Painting;* and in 1802, a tragedy on the model of the ancient Greek drama, entitled *Orestes*. He next devoted himself to the composition of an original sacred poem, in blank verse, under the title of *Saul*, which appeared in 1807. The fame of Scott induced him to attempt the romantic metrical style of narrative and description; and in 1810, he published *Constance de Castille*, a poem in ten cantos. In 1814, he republished his *Orestes*, together with four other tragedies; and in 1815, a second corrected edition of the *Georgics*. This translation is one of the best of a classic poet in our language. A tour on the continent gave occasion to another poetical work, *Italy*. He next began a labour which he had long contemplated, the translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, though he was upwards of seventy years of age before he entered upon the Herculean task. The summer and autumn of 1829 were spent in a tour to Scotland; and the following verses, written in a steam-boat during an excursion to Staffa and Iona, shew the undiminished powers of the veteran poet:

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
The surge forgot its motion,
And every pillar in thy cave
Slept in its shadow on the wave,
Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
When 'mid the lightning's sweep,
Thy isle with its basaltic frame,
And every column wreathed with flame,
Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
I hailed the eternal God:
Yet, Staffa, more I felt His presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

Mr Sotheby's translation of the *Iliad* was published in 1831, and was generally esteemed spirited and faithful. The *Odyssey* he completed in the following year. He died on the 30th of December 1833. The original poetical productions of Mr Sotheby have not been reprinted; his translations are the chief source of his reputation. Wieland, it is said, was charmed with the genius of his translator; and the rich beauty of diction in the *Oberon*, and its facility of versification, notwithstanding the restraints imposed by a difficult measure, were eulogised by the critics. In his tragedies, Mr Sotheby displays considerable warmth of passion and figurative language, but his plots are ill constructed. Byron said of Mr Sotheby, that he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models.

Approach of Saul and his Guards against the Philistines.

Hark! hark! the clash and clang
Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
Of martial movement regular; the swell
Sonorous of the brazen trump of war;
Shrill twang of harps, soothed by melodious chime
Of beat on silver bars; and sweet, in pause
Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,
Choirs, whose matched voices filled the air afar
With jubilee and chant of triumph hymn;
And ever and anon irregular burst
Of loudest acclamation to each host
Saul's stately advance proclaimed. Before him, youths
In robes succinct for swiftness; oft they struck
Their staves against the ground, and warned the throng
Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
Of chariots rolled with each an armed band;
Earth groaned afar beneath their iron wheels:
Part armed with scythe for battle, part adorned
For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
Warriors, his watch and ward, from every tribe
Drawn out. Of these a thousand each selects,
Of size and comeliness above their peers,
Pride of their race. Radiant their armour: some
In silver cased, scale over scale, that played
All pliant to the litheness of the limb;
Some mailed in twisted gold, link within link
Flexibly ringed and fitted, that the eye
Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
When act of war the strength of man provoked,
The motion of the muscles, as they worked
In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
Swung in the 'broidered baldric; each right hand
Grasped a long-shadowing spear. Like them, their chiefs
Arrayed; save on their shields of solid ore,
And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
Its subtlety in rich device of war;
And o'er their mail, a robe, Punican dye,
Gracefully played; where the winged shuttle, shot
By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove
Broidure of many-coloured figures rare.
Bright glowed the sun, and bright the burnished mail
Of thousands, ranged, whose pace to song kept time;
And bright the glare of spears, and gleam of crests,
And flaunt of banners flashing to and fro
The noonday beam. Beneath their coming, earth
Wide glittered. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
Gorgeously mailed, but more by pride of port
Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
Of war and regal ornament, the king,
Throned in triumphal car, with trophies graced,
Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
Shone like a sunbeam. O'er his armour flowed
A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starred
With blaze of orient gems; the clasp that bound
Its gathered folds his ample chest athwart,
Sapphire; and o'er his casque where rubies burned,
A cherub flamed and waved his wings in gold.

EDWARD, LORD THURLOW.

EDWARD HOVELL THURLOW, Lord Thurlow (1781–1829), published several small volumes of poetry: *Select Poems* (1821); *Poems on Several Occasions; Angelica, or the Fate of Proteus; Arcita and Palamon, after Chaucer;* &c. Amidst much affectation and bad taste, there is real poetry in the works of this nobleman. He was a source of ridicule and sarcasm to wits and reviewers—including Moore and Byron—and not undeservedly; yet in pieces like the following, there is a freshness of fancy and feeling, and a richness of expression, that resembles Herrick or Moore:

Song to May.

May! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters, that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed;
And for the mournful bird
Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
May, be thou blest!

Sonnets.

The Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
The skies are bright with azure and with gold;
The mavis, and the nightingale, by turns,
Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold:
The flowering woods, with glory and delight,
Their tender leaves unto the air have spread;
The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,
Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed:
The nymphs within the silver fountains play,
The angels on the golden banks recline,
Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine:
Or, else, I gaze upon that beauteous face,
O Amoret! and think these sweets have place.

O Moon, that shinest on this heathy wild,
And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
How hold with fond imagination play!
By thy broad taper I call up the time
When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
Though great in glory, overstained with crime,
And fallen by his fate from kingly sway!
On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
Torn banners and the dying steeds you shone,
When this fair England, and her peerless charms,
And all, but honour, to the foe were gone!
Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,
But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes!

Charles Lamb, in a communication to the *London Magazine*, says of Lord Thurlow: 'A profusion of verbal dainties, with a disproportionate

lack of matter and circumstance, is, I think, one reason of the coldness with which the public has received the poetry of a nobleman now living; which, upon the score of exquisite diction alone, is entitled to something better than neglect. I will venture to copy one of his sonnets in this place, which for quiet sweetness, and unaffected morality, has scarcely its parallel in our language.'

To a Bird that haunted the Waters of Lacken in the Winter.

O melancholy bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay.
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart.
He who has not enough, for these, to spare
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part.

THOMAS MOORE.

A rare union of wit and sensibility, of brilliant fancy and of varied and diligent study, is exemplified in the poetical works of THOMAS MOORE. Mr Moore was a native of Dublin, born on the 28th of May 1779. He early began to rhyme, and a sonnet to his schoolmaster, Mr Samuel Whyte, written in his fourteenth year, was published in a Dublin magazine,* to which he contributed other pieces. The parents of our poet were Roman Catholics, a body then proscribed and depressed by penal enactments, and they seem to have been of the number who, to use his own words, 'hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand.' The poet states that in 1792 he was taken by his father to one of the dinners given in honour of that great event, and sat upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round: 'May the breezes from France fan our Irish Oak into verdure.' Parliament having, in 1793, opened the university to Catholics, young Moore was sent to college, and distinguished himself by his classical acquirements. In 1799, he proceeded to London to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subscription a translation of Anacreon. The latter appeared in the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period, Mr Moore was among the keenest satirists of this prince, for which he has been accused of ingratitude; but he states himself that the whole amount of his obligations to his royal highness was the honour of dining twice at Carlton House, and being admitted to a great fête given by the prince in 1811 on his being made regent. In 1801, Moore ventured on a volume of original verse, put forth under the assumed name of *Thomas Little*—an allusion to his diminutive stature. In these pieces the warmth of the young poet's feelings and imagination led him to trespass on delicacy and decorum. He had the good sense to be ashamed of these amatory *juvenilia*, and genius enough to redeem the fault. His offence did not stand in the way of his preferment. In 1803 Mr Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy; and this subordinate proving unfaithful, the poet suffered pecuniary losses and great embarrassment. Its first effect however, was two volumes of poetry, a series of *Odes and Epistles*, published in 1806, and written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe, while the author visited Bermuda. The descriptive sketches in this work are remarkable for their fidelity, no less than their poetical beauty. The style of Moore was now formed, and in all his writings there is nothing finer than the opening epistle to Lord Strangford, written on board ship by moonlight:

A Moonlight Scene at Sea.

Sweet moon! if, like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend. . . .
Even now, delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this
I often think, if friends were near,
How should we feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,
And, scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

The following was also produced during the voyage:

Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St Anne's our parting hymn,
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

* Mr Whyte was also the teacher of Sheridan, and it is curious to learn that, after about a year's trial, *Sherry* was pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be an incorrigible dunce! 'At the time,' says Mr Moore, 'when I first began to attend his school, Mr Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite *show*-scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatre in Dublin; where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, *A Squeeze to St Paul's*, Master Moore."'

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon:
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs!
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past.

Mr Moore now became a satirist, attempting first the grave serious style, in which he failed, but succeeding beyond almost any other poet in light satire, verses on the topics of the day, lively and pungent, with abundance of humorous and witty illustration. The man of the world, the scholar, and the poetical artist are happily blended in his satirical productions, with a rich and playful fancy. His *Twopenny Post-bag*, *The Fudge Family in Paris*, *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, and numerous small pieces written for the newspapers, to serve the cause of the Whig or Liberal party, are not excelled in their own peculiar walk by any satirical compositions in the language. It is difficult to select a specimen of these; but the following contains a proportion of the wit and poignancy distributed over all. It appeared at a time when an abundance of mawkish reminiscences and memoirs had been showered from the press.

Literary Advertisement.

Wanted—Authors of all work to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like . . . [Southey], to do without either.

If in jail, all the better for out-of-door topics;
Your jail is for travellers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—
He can study high-life in the King's Bench community;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman come to an age
To have good 'Reminiscences' (threescore or higher),
Will meet with encouragement—so much *per* page,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remembrance is stocked,
So they 'll only remember the *quantum* desired;
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that 's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu d'esprits*,
Like Dibdin, may tell of each fanciful frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madam Genlis,
That ginger-beer cakes always give them the colic. . . .

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;
To write upon all, is an author's sole chance
For attaining at last the least knowledge of any.

Nine times out of ten, if his title is good,
The material within of small consequence is;
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why—that 's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to shew
That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the Fundholders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—'Quodcunque *in Fund is*, assess it.'*

As early as 1806, Mr Moore entered upon his noble poetical and patriotic task—writing lyrics for the ancient music of his native country. His *Irish Songs* displayed a fervour and pathos not found in his earlier works, with the most exquisite melody and purity of diction. An accomplished musician himself, it was the effort, he relates, to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to him to express, that first led to his writing any poetry worthy of the name. 'Dryden,' he adds, 'has happily described music as being "inarticulate poetry:" and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.' Part of the inspiration must also be attributed to national feelings. The old airs were consecrated to recollections of the ancient glories, the valour, beauty, or sufferings of Ireland, and became inseparably connected with such associations. Of the *Irish Melodies*, in connection with Mr Moore's songs, ten parts were published. Without detracting from the merits of the rest, it appears to us very forcibly, that the particular ditties in which he hints at the woes of his native country, and transmutes into verse the breathings of its unfortunate patriots, are the most real in feeling, and therefore the best. This particularly applies to *When he who adores thee; Oh, blame not the bard;* and *Oh, breathe not his name;* the first of which, referring evidently to the fate of Mr Emmet, is as follows:

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep! and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

Next to the patriotic songs stand those in which a moral reflection is conveyed in that metaphorical form which only Moore has been able to realise in lyrics for music—as in the following example:

* According to the common reading, 'Quodcunque infundis, acescit.' [A punning travesty of a maxim, Ep. ii., b. i., which Francis renders—'For tainted vessels sour what they contain.']

Irish Melody—'I saw from the Beach.'

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on:
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

In 1817 Mr Moore produced his most elaborate poem, *Lalla Rookh*, an oriental romance, the accuracy of which, as regards topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, has been vouched by numerous competent authorities. The poetry is brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess with imagery and ornament—and oppressive from its very sweetness and splendour. Of the four tales which, connected by a slight narrative, like the ballad stories in Hogg's *Queen's Wake*, constitute the entire poem, the most simple is *Paradise and the Peri*, and it is the one most frequently read and remembered. Still, the first —*The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*—though improbable and extravagant as a fiction, is a poem of great energy and power. The genius of the poet moves with grace and freedom under his load of Eastern magnificence, and the reader is fascinated by his prolific fancy, and the scenes of loveliness and splendour which are depicted with such vividness and truth. Hazlitt says that Moore should not have written *Lalla Rookh*, even for three thousand guineas—the price understood to be paid by the booksellers for the copyright. But if not a great poem, it is a marvellous work of art, and contains paintings of local scenery and manners, unsurpassed for fidelity and picturesque effect. The patient research and extensive reading required to gather the materials, would have damped the spirit and extinguished the fancy of almost any other poet. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, he says, while living in a lone cottage among the fields, that he was enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime. The poet was a diligent student, and his oriental reading was 'as good as riding on the back of a camel.' The romance of *Vathek* alone equals *Lalla Rookh*, among English fictions, in local fidelity and completeness as an Eastern tale. Some touches of sentiment and description have the grace and polish of ancient cameos. Thus, of retired beauty:

Beauty.

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity. . . .
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Or this picture of nature after a summer storm, closing with a rich voluptuous simile:

Nature after a Storm.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

As true and picturesque, and more profound in feeling, is the poet's allusion to the fickleness of love:

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken—
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;

And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone.

After the publication of his work, the poet set off with Rogers on a visit to Paris. The 'groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout France,' supplied the materials for his satire, entitled *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818), which in popularity, and the run of successive editions, kept pace with *Lalla Rookh*. In 1819 Mr Moore made another journey to the continent in company with Lord John Russell, and this furnished his *Rhymes on the Road*, a series of trifles often graceful and pleasing, but so conversational and unstudied, as to be little better—to use his own words—than 'prose fringed with rhyme.' From Paris the poet and his companion proceeded by the Simplon to Italy. Lord John took the route to Genoa, and Mr Moore went on a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. On his return from this memorable tour, the poet took up his abode in Paris, where he resided till about the close of the year 1822. He had become involved in pecuniary difficulties by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. His friends pressed forward with eager kindness to help to release him—one offering to place £500 at his disposal; but he came to the resolution of 'gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out his deliverance by his own efforts.' In September 1822 he was informed that an arrangement had been made, and that he might with safety return to England. The amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and towards the payment of this the uncle of his deputy—a rich London merchant—had been brought to contribute £300. The Marquis of Lansdowne immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (£750), which was soon repaid by the grateful bard, who, in the June following, on receiving his publisher's account, found £1000 placed to his credit from the sale of the *Loves of the Angels*, and £500 from the *Fables of the Holy Alliance*. The latter were partly written while Mr Moore was at Venice with Lord Byron, and were published under the *nom de guerre* of Thomas Brown. The *Loves of the Angels* (1823) was written in Paris. The poem is founded on 'the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai,' with which Mr Moore shadowed out 'the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited.' The stories of the three angels are related with graceful tenderness and passion, but with too little of 'the angelic air' about them. He afterwards contributed a great number of political squibs to the *Times* newspaper—witty sarcastic effusions, for which he was paid at the rate of about £400 per annum! His latest imaginative work was *The Epicurean*, an Eastern tale, in prose, but full of the spirit and materials of poetry; and forming, perhaps, his highest and best sustained flight in the regions of pure romance. Thus, remarkable for industry, genius, and acquirements, Mr Moore's career was one of high honour and success. No poet was more universally read, or more courted in society by individuals distinguished for rank, literature, or public service. His political friends, when in office, rewarded him with a pension of £300 per annum, and as his writings were profitable as well as popular, his latter days might have been spent in comfort, without the anxieties of protracted authorship. He resided in a cottage in Wiltshire, but was too often in London, in those gay and brilliant circles which he enriched with his wit and genius. In 1841-42 he gave to the world a complete collection of his poetical works in ten volumes, to which are prefixed some interesting literary and personal details. Latterly, the poet's mind gave way, and he sank into a state of imbecility, from which he was released by death, February 26, 1852.

Moore left behind him copious memoirs, journal, and correspondence, which, by the poet's request, were after his death placed for publication in the hands of his illustrious friend, Lord John Russell. By this posthumous work (which extended to eight vols. 1852-6) a sum of £3000 was realised for Moore's widow. The journal disappointed the public. Slight personal details, brief anecdotes and witticisms, with records of dinner-parties, visits, and fashionable routs, fill the bulk of eight printed volumes. His friends were affectionate and faithful, always ready to help him in his difficulties, and his publishers appear to have treated him with great liberality. He was constantly drawing upon them to meet emergencies, and his drafts were always honoured. Money was offered to him on all hands, but his independent spirit and joyous temperament, combined with fits of close application, and the brilliant success of all his works, poetical and prosaic, enabled him to work his way out of every difficulty. Goldsmith was not more potent in raising money, and melting the hearts of booksellers. Lord John Russell admits that the defect of Moore's journal is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion, or notices the instructive portions of the conversations in which he bore a part. To do this would have required great time and constant attention. Instead of an admired and applauded talker, the poet must have become a silent and patient listener, and have possessed Boswell's servility of spirit and complete devotion to his hero and subject. Moore said that it was in high-life one met the best society. His friend Rogers disputed the position: and we suspect it will be found that, however agreeable such company may be occasionally, literary men only find real society among their equals. Moore loved high-life, sought after it, and from his genius, fame, and musical talents, was courted by the titled and the great. Too much of his time was frittered away in fashionable parties. Such a glittering career is dangerous. The noble and masculine mind of Burns was injured by similar patronage; and in recent times a man of great powers, Theodore Hook, was ruined by it. Another feature in Moore's journal is his undisguised vanity, which overflows on all occasions. He is never tired of recording the compliments paid to

his talents. But Lord John Russell has justly characterised this weakness in Moore as being wholly free from envy. It never took the shape of depreciating others that his own superiority might become conspicuous. 'His love of praise was joined with the most generous and liberal dispensation of praise to others—he relished the works of Byron and Scott as if he had been himself no competitor for fame with them.' Ill success might have tinctured the poet's egotism with bitterness, but this he never knew; and such a feeling could not have remained long with a man so constitutionally genial and light-hearted.

When time shall have destroyed the remembrance of Moore's personal qualities, and removed his works to a distance, to be judged of by their fruit alone, the want most deeply felt will be that of simplicity and genuine passion. He has worked little in the durable and permanent materials of poetry, but has spent his prime in enriching the stately structure with exquisite ornaments, foliage, flowers, and gems. Yet he often throws into his gay and festive verses, and his fanciful descriptions, touches of pensive and mournful reflection, which strike by their truth and beauty, and by the force of contrast. Indeed, one effect of the genius of Moore has been, to elevate the feelings and occurrences of ordinary life into poetry, rather than dealing with the lofty abstract elements of the art. The combinations of his wit are wonderful. Quick, subtle, and varied, ever suggesting new thoughts or images, or unexpected turns of expression—now drawing resources from classical literature or the ancient fathers—now diving into the human heart, and now skimming the fields of fancy—the wit or imagination of Moore (for they are compounded together) is a true Ariel, 'a creature of the elements,' that is ever buoyant and full of life and spirit. His very satires 'give delight and hurt not.' They are never coarse, and always witty. When stung by an act of oppression or intolerance, he could be bitter or sarcastic enough; but some lively thought or sportive image soon crossed his path, and he instantly followed it into the open and genial region where he loved most to indulge. He never dipped his pen in malignity. For an author who has written so much as Moore on the subject of love and the gay delights of good-fellowship, it was scarcely possible to be always natural and original. Some of his lyrics and occasional poems, accordingly, present far-fetched metaphors and conceits, with which they often conclude, like the final flourish or pirouette of a stage-dancer. He exhausted the vocabulary of rosy lips and sparkling eyes, forgetting that true passion is ever direct and simple—ever concentrated and intense, whether bright or melancholy. This defect, however, pervades only part of his songs, and those mostly written in his youth. The *Irish Melodies* are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular and the most likely to be immortal of all Moore's works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words—graceful in thought and sentiment—often tender, pathetic, and heroic—and they blend poetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared. The songs are read and remembered by all. They are equally the delight of the cottage and the saloon, and, in the poet's own country, are sung with an enthusiasm that will long be felt in the hour of festivity, as well as in periods of suffering and solemnity, by that imaginative and warm-hearted people.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity!

There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

In 1817, Mr Murray published a small poetical volume under the eccentric title of *Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by*

William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. Intended to comprise the most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table. The world was surprised to find, under this odd disguise, a happy imitation of the Pulci and Casti school of the Italian poets. The brothers Whistlecraft formed, it was quickly seen, but the mask of some elegant and scholarly wit belonging to the higher circles of society, who had chosen to amuse himself in comic verse, without incurring the responsibilities of declared authorship. To two cantos published in the above year, a third and fourth were soon after added. The poem opens with a feast held by King Arthur at Carlisle amidst his knights, who are thus introduced:

They looked a manly generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Shewed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

In a valley near Carlisle lived a race of giants; and this place is finely described:

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompassed all the level valley round
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
An insurmountable and enormous mound.
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels under ground;
That vale was so sequestered and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.
A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primeval school
Had reared by help of giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduced by rule:
Irregular, like nature more than art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.
A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whistling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environed them with phantoms of affright;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The giants having attacked and carried off some ladies on their journey to court, the knights deem it their duty to set out in pursuit; and in due time they overcome those grim personages, and relieve the captives from the castle in which they had been immured:

The ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected:
Many details I must forbear to tell;
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good-luck it so befell,
That when the castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

This closes the second canto. The third opens in the following playful strain:

I've a proposal here from Mr Murray.
He offers handsomely—the money down;
My dear, you might recover from your flurry,
In a nice airy lodging out of town,
At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey;
If every stanza brings us in a crown,
I think that I might venture to bespeak
A bedroom and front-parlour for next week.

Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think;
Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock;
Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink;
On Banstead Downs you 'd muster a new stock,
And I 'd be sure to keep away from drink,
And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
We 'll travel down there in the morning stages;
Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

And here in town we 'll breakfast on hot rolls,
And you shall have a better shawl to wear;
These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes;
By Monday next I 'll compass a new pair:
Come now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
And take away the things you hung to air;
Set out the tea-things, and bid Phœbe bring
The kettle up. *Arms and the Monks I sing.*

Near the valley of the giants was an abbey, containing fifty friars, 'fat and good,' who keep for a long time on good terms with their neighbours. Being fond of music, the giants would sometimes approach the sacred pile, attracted by the sweet sounds that issued from it; and here occurs a beautiful piece of description:

Oft that wild untutored race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light,
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environed them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus for each would venture: 'Listen, brothers,
It seems as if one heard Heaven's thunders melt
In music!'

Unfortunately, this happy state of things is broken up by the introduction of a ring of bells into the abbey, a kind of music to which the giants had an insurmountable aversion:

The solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say;
And—though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

Yet—Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, 'ding-dong.'

These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place;
Not so the mountain giants (as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race);
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place,
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

This is evidently meant as a good-humoured satire against violent personifications in poetry. Meanwhile a monk, Brother John by name, who had opposed the introduction of the bells, has gone, in a fit of disgust with his brethren, to amuse himself with the rod at a neighbouring stream. Here occurs another beautiful descriptive passage:

A mighty current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee,
All tranquil and transparent, close embayed;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven;

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the steadfast mirror fixed and true;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Freshening the surface with a rougher hue;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning to retire anew:
So rest and motion in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

Brother John, placed here by mere chance, is apprised of the approach of the giants in time to run home and give the alarm. Amidst the preparations for defence, to which he exhorts his brethren, the abbot dies, and John is elected to succeed him. A stout resistance is made by the monks, whom their new superior takes care to feed well by way of keeping them in heart, and the giants at length withdraw from the scene of action. It finally appears that the pagans have retired in order to make the attack upon the ladies, which had formerly been described—no bad burlesque of the endless episodes of the Italian romantic poets.

It was soon discovered that the author of this clever *jeu d'esprit* was the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, a person of high political consequence, who had been employed a few years before by the British government to take charge of diplomatic transactions in Spain in connection with the army under General Sir John Moore. The Whistlecraft poetry was carried no further; but the peculiar stanza (the *ottava rima* of Italy), and the sarcastic pleasantry, formed the immediate exemplar which guided Byron when he wrote his *Beppo* and *Don Juan;* and one couplet—

Adown thy slope, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides—

became at a subsequent period the basis of an allusion almost historical in importance, with reference to a small party in the House of Commons. Thus the national poem attained a place of some consequence in our modern literature. It is only to be regretted that the poet, captivated by indolence or the elegances of a luxurious taste, gave no further specimen of his talents to the world.

For many years Mr Frere resided in Malta, in the enjoyment of a handsome pension, conferred for diplomatic services, of £1516 per annum, and at Malta he died on the 7th January 1846, aged seventy-seven. In the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, there are some particulars respecting the meeting of the declining novelist with his friend, the author of Whistlecraft. We there learn from Scott, that the remarkable war-song upon the victory at Brunnenburg, which appears in Mr Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*, and might pass in a court of critics as a genuine composition of the fourteenth century, was written by Mr Frere while an Eton school-boy, as an illustration on one side of the celebrated Rowley controversy. We are also informed by Mrs John Davy, in her diary, quoted by Mr Lockhart, that Sir Walter on this occasion 'repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the romances of the Cid—published in the appendix to Southey's quarto—and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, "to suit the action to the word."' We may here redeem from comparative obscurity a piece of poetry so much admired by Scott:

The gates were then thrown open,
and forth at once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts
back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult,
and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums,
as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors
arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles
how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt,
a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward,
the battle soon must join,
'My men, stand here in order,
ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank
before I give the sign.'
Pero Bermuez heard the word,
but he could not refrain,
He held the banner in his hand,
he gave his horse the rein;
'You see yon foremost squadron there,
the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid,
for there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honours it,
shew the duty that he owes.'
Earnestly the Cid called out,
'For Heaven's sake be still!'
Bermuez cried, 'I cannot hold,'
so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on
amid the Moorish rout:
They strove to win the banner,
and compassed him about.
Had not his armour been so true,
he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again,
'For Heaven's sake succour him!'
Their shields before their breasts,
forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest
levelled fair and low;
Their banners and their crests
waving in a row,

Their heads all stooping down
towards the saddle-bow.
The Cid was in the midst,
his shout was heard afar:
'I am Rui Diaz,
the champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen,
for sweet mercies' sake!'
There where Bermuez fought
amidst the foe they brake;
Three hundred bannered knights,
it was a gallant show;
Three hundred Moors they killed,
a man at every blow:
When they wheeled and turned,
as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances,
and level them again.
There you might see the breast-plates,
how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield
lie scattered on the plain.
The pennons that were white
marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild
whose riders had been slain.

In 1871, the *Works of Frere, in Verse and Prose, and a Memoir* by his nephews, were published in 2 vols.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in the city of Glasgow, July 27, 1777. He was of a good Highland family, the Campbells of Kirnan, in Argyllshire, who traced their origin from the first Norman lord of Lochawe. The property, however, had passed from the ancient race, and the poet's father carried on business in Glasgow as a merchant or trader with Virginia. He was unsuccessful, and in his latter days subsisted on some small income derived from a merchants' society and provident institution, aided by his industrious wife, who received into their house as boarders young men attending college. Thomas received a good education, and was distinguished at the university, particularly for his translations from the Greek. The Greek professor, John Young, pronounced his translation of part of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes the best version that had ever been given in by any student. He had previously received a prize for an English poem, an *Essay on the Origin of Evil*, modelled on the style of Pope. Other poetical pieces, written between his fourteenth and sixteenth year, evince Campbell's peculiar delicacy of taste and select poetical diction. He became tutor in a family resident in the island of Mull, and about this time met with his 'Caroline of the West,' the daughter of a minister of Inveraray. The winter of 1795 saw him again in Glasgow, attending college, and supporting himself by private tuition. Next year he was some time tutor in the family of Mr Downie of Appin, also in the Highlands; and this engagement completed, he repaired to Edinburgh, hesitated between the church and the law as a profession, but soon abandoning all hopes of either, he employed himself in private teaching and in literary work for the booksellers. Poetry was not neglected, and in April 1799 appeared his *Pleasures of Hope*. The copyright was sold for £60; but for some years the publishers gave the poet £50 on every new edition of two thousand copies, and allowed him, in 1803, to publish a quarto subscription-copy, by which he realised about £1000. It was in a 'dusky lodging' in Alison Square, Edinburgh, that the *Pleasures of Hope* was composed; and the fine opening simile was suggested by the scenery of the Firth of Forth as seen from the Calton Hill. The poem was instantly successful. The volume went through four editions in a twelvemonth. After the publication of the first edition, 154 lines were added to the poem. It captivated all readers by its varying and exquisite melody, its polished diction, and the vein of generous and lofty sentiment which seemed to embalm and sanctify the entire poem. The touching and beautiful episodes with which it abounds constituted also a source of deep interest; and in picturing the horrors of war, and the infamous partition of Poland, the poet kindled up into a strain of noble indignant zeal and prophet-like inspiration.

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Traces of juvenility may be found in the *Pleasures of Hope*—a want of connection between the different parts of the poem, some florid lines and imperfect metaphors; but such a series of beautiful and dazzling pictures, so pure and elevated a tone of moral feeling, and such terse, vigorous, and polished versification, were never perhaps before found united in a poem written at the age of twenty-one. Shortly after its publication, Campbell visited the continent. He sailed from Leith for Hamburg on the 1st of June 1800; and proceeding from thence to Ratisbon, witnessed the decisive action which gave Ratisbon to the French. The poet stood with the monks of the Scottish college of St James, on the ramparts near the monastery, while a charge of Klenau's cavalry was made upon the French. He saw no other scenes of actual warfare, but made various excursions into the interior, and was well received by General Moreau and the other French officers. It has been generally supposed that Campbell was present at the battle of Hohenlinden, but it was not fought until some weeks after he had left Bavaria. During his residence on the Danube and the Elbe, the poet wrote some of his exquisite minor poems, which were published in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper. The first of these was the *Exile of Erin*, which was suggested by an incident like that which befell Smollett at Boulogne—namely, meeting with a party of political exiles who retained a strong love of their native country.

Campbell's 'Exile' was a person named Anthony M'Cann, who, with Hamilton Rowan and others, had been concerned in the Irish rebellion. So jealous was the British government of that day, that the poet was suspected of being a spy, and on his arrival in Edinburgh, was subjected to an examination by the sheriff, but which ended in a scene of mirth and conviviality. Shortly afterwards, Campbell was received by Lord Minto as a sort of secretary and literary companion—a situation which his temper and somewhat democratic independence of spirit rendered uncongenial, and which did not last long. In this year (1802) he composed *Lochiel's Warning* and *Hohenlinden*—the latter one of the grandest battle-pieces in miniature that ever was drawn. In a few verses, flowing like a choral melody, the poet brings before us the silent midnight scene of engagement wrapt in the snows of winter, the sudden arming for the battle, the press and shout of charging squadrons, the flashing of artillery, and the final scene of death. *Lochiel's Warning* being read in manuscript to Sir Walter (then Mr) Scott, he requested a perusal of it himself, and then repeated the whole from memory—a striking instance of the great minstrel's powers of recollection, which was related to us by Mr Campbell himself. In 1803 the poet repaired to London, and devoted himself to literature as a profession. He resided for some time with his friend, Mr Telford, the celebrated engineer. Telford continued his regard for the poet throughout a long life, and remembered him in his will by a legacy of £500.* Mr Campbell wrote several papers for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*—of which Telford had some share—including poetical biographies, an account of the drama, &c. He also compiled *Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens*, in three volumes. Such compilations can only be considered in the light of mental drudgery; but Campbell, like Goldsmith, could sometimes impart grace and interest to task-work. In 1806, through the influence of Mr Fox, the government granted a pension to the poet—a well-merited tribute to the author of those national strains, *Ye Mariners of England*, and the *Battle of the Baltic*. In 1809 was published his second great poem, *Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvanian Tale*. The subsequent literary labours of Mr Campbell were only, as regards his poetical fame, subordinate efforts. The best of them were contributed to the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he edited for ten years (from 1820 to 1830); and one of these minor poems, the *Last Man*, may be ranked among his greatest conceptions: it is like a sketch by Michael Angelo or Rembrandt. Previous to this time the poet had visited Paris in company with Mrs Siddons and John Kemble, and enjoyed the sculpture and other works of art in the Louvre with such intensity, that they seemed to give his mind a new sense of the harmony of art—a new visual power of enjoying beauty. 'Every step of approach,' he says, 'to the presence of the Apollo Belvidere, added to my sensations, and all recollections of his name in classic poetry swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music.' In 1818 he again visited Germany, and on his return the following year, he published his *Specimens of the British Poets*, with biographical and critical notices, in seven volumes. The justness and beauty of his critical dissertations have been universally admitted; some of them are perfect models of chaste yet animated criticism. In 1820 Mr Campbell delivered a course of lectures on poetry at the Surrey Institution; in 1824 he published *Theodric and other Poems;* and, though busy in establishing the London University, he was, in 1827, honoured with the graceful compliment of being elected lord rector of the university of his native city. This distinction was continued and heightened by his re-election the following two years. He afterwards made a voyage to Algiers, of which he published an account; and in 1842 he appeared again as a poet. This work was a slight narrative poem, unworthy of his fame, entitled *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*. Among the literary engagements of his latter years, was a *Life of Mrs Siddons*, and a *Life of Petrarch*. In the summer of 1843, he fixed his residence at Boulogne, but his health was by this time much impaired, and he died the following summer, June 15, 1844. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, his funeral being attended by some of the most eminent noblemen and statesmen of the day, with a numerous body of private friends. In 1849 a selection from his correspondence, with a life of the poet, was published by his affectionate friend and literary executor, Dr Beattie, himself the author of various works, and of some pleasing and picturesque poetry.

In genius and taste Campbell resembles Gray. He displays the same delicacy and purity of sentiment, the same vivid perception of beauty and ideal loveliness, equal picturesqueness and elevation of imagery, and the same lyrical and concentrated power of expression. The diction of both is elaborately choice and select. Campbell has greater sweetness and gentleness of pathos, springing from deep moral feeling, and a refined sensitiveness of nature. Neither can be termed boldly original or inventive, but they both possess sublimity—Gray in his two magnificent odes, and Campbell in his war-songs or lyrics, which form the richest offering ever made by poetry at the shrine of patriotism. The general tone of his verse is calm, uniform, and mellifluous—a stream of mild harmony and delicious fancy flowing through the bosom-scenes of life, with images scattered separately, like flowers, on its surface, and beauties of expression interwoven with it—certain words and phrases of magical power—

* A similar amount was bequeathed to Mr Southey, and, with a good-luck which one would wish to see always attend poets' legacies, the sums were more than doubled in consequence of the testator's estate far exceeding what he believed to be its value. Thomas Telford (1757-1834) was himself a rhymester in his youth. He was born on poetic ground, amidst the scenes of old Scottish song, green hills, and the other adjuncts of a landscape of great sylvan and pastoral beauty. Eskdale, his native district—where he lived till nearly twenty, first as a shepherd, and afterwards as a stone-mason—was also the birthplace of Armstrong and Mickle. Telford wrote a poem descriptive of this classic dale, but it is only a feeble paraphrase of Goldsmith. He addressed an epistle to Burns, part of which is published by Currie. These boyish studies and predilections contrast strangely with the severer pursuits of his after-years as a mathematician and engineer. In his original occupation of a stone-mason, cutting names on tombstones (in which he excelled, as did also Hugh Miller), we can fancy him cheering his solitary labours with visions of literary eminence; but it is difficult to conceive him at the same time dreaming of works like the Menai Bridge or the Pont-cy-sylte aqueduct in Wales. He had, however, received an early architectural or engineering bias by poring over the plates and descriptions in Rollin's history, which he read by his mother's fireside, or in the open air while herding sheep. Telford was a liberal-minded and benevolent man.

which never quit the memory. Campbell is secure, as one of his critics has said, in an 'immortality of quotation.' Some of his lines have become household words—*e. g.*:

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

And many other short passages might be cited. With all his classic predilections, Campbell was not—as he has himself remarked of Crabbe—a *laudator temporis acti*, but a decided lover of later times. Age never quenched his zeal for public freedom or for the unchained exercise of the human intellect; and, with equal consistency in tastes as in opinions, he was to the last meditating a work on Greek literature, by which, fifty years before, as a scholar, he first achieved distinction.

Many can date their first love of poetry from their perusal of Campbell. In youth, the *Pleasures of Hope* is generally preferred. In riper years, when the taste becomes matured, *Gertrude of Wyoming* rises in estimation. Its beautiful home-scenes go more closely to the heart, and its delineation of character and passion evinces a more luxuriant and perfect genius. The portrait of the savage chief Outalissi is finished with inimitable skill and effect:

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

The loves of Gertrude and Waldegrave, the patriarchal Albert, and the sketches of rich sequestered Pennsylvanian scenery, also shew the finished art of the poet. The poem of *O'Connor's Child* is another exquisitely finished and pathetic tale. The rugged and ferocious features of ancient feudal manners and family pride are there displayed in connection with female suffering, love, and beauty, and with the romantic and warlike colouring suited to the country and the times. It is full of antique grace and passionate energy—the mingled light and gloom of the wild Celtic character.

Elegy Written in Mull (*June* 1795).

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
In pensive mood, I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
O whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care and fired the Muse's powers?—
The classic haunts of youth, for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day;
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam;
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye—
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile,
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle—
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow—
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;
The dark-blue rocks in barren grandeur piled;
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild.
Far different these from all that charmed before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.
Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

Picture of Domestic Love.

From the *Pleasures of Hope.*

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit-steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, earth, and ocean blazing all around!
The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes—and start, and smile!
Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man!
Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the Milky-way;
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

Death of Gertrude.

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound

With embrasure embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frise, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene,

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Inclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
'Weep not, O love!' she cries, 'to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

'Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!'

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonising as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

'And I could weep,' the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

'To-morrow let us do or die.
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

'Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

'But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!'

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,*
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

Battle of the Baltic.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou;*
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!†

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

* When first printed (Nelson being then living), this line stood, 'Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fell.'

* Captain Riou, styled by Lord Nelson the gallant and the good.—CAMPBELL.

† The first draft of the above noble poem was sent to Scott in 1805, and consists of thirty stanzas—all published in Beattie's *Life of Campbell*. The piece was greatly improved by the condensation, but the following omitted verses on the English sailors are striking:

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 'twas all the same—
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep—
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.*

From 'The Last Man.'

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands—
In plague and famine some:
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying: 'We are twins in death, proud sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow. . . .

'This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!'

A Thought suggested by the New Year.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

* Originally this last line stood:

'Shall mark the soldier's cemet'ry.'

Other verbal alterations were made, for Campbell was fond of retouching his pieces, and generally for the better. He had early tried the measure in which *Hohenlinden* is written. In his sixteenth year (1793), he composed some verses on the Queen of France (Marie Antoinette), which commence thus:

'Behold! where Gallia's captive queen,
With steady eye and look serene,
In life's last awful—awful scene,
Slow leaves her sad captivity.'

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, author of *The Monk*, was born in London in the year 1775. His father was deputy-secretary in the War-office, and owner of extensive West Indian possessions. Matthew was educated at Westminster School, where he was more remarkable for his love of theatrical exhibitions than for his love of learning. On leaving Westminster, he was entered of Christ Church College, Oxford, but remained only a short period, being sent to Germany with the view of acquiring a knowledge of the language of that country. When a child, Lewis had pored over Glanville on Witches, and other books of diablerie; and in Germany he found abundant food of the same description. Romance and the drama were his favourite studies; and whilst resident abroad, he composed his story of *The Monk*, a work more extravagant in its use of supernatural machinery than any previous English tale of modern times, and disfigured with licentious passages. The novel was published in 1795, and attracted much attention. A prosecution, it is said, was threatened on account of the peccant scenes and descriptions; to avert which, Lewis pledged himself to recall the printed copies, and to recast the work in another edition. The author continued through life the same strain of marvellous and terrific composition—now clothing it in verse, now infusing it into the scenes of a drama, and at other times expanding it into regular tales. His *Tales of Terror*, 1799; *Tales of Wonder* (to which Sir Walter Scott contributed); *Romantic Tales*, 1808; *The Bravo of Venice*, 1804; and *Feudal Tyrants*, 1806, both translated from the German, with numerous dramas, all bespeak the same parentage as *The Monk*, and none of them excels it. His best poetry, as well as prose, is to be found in this novel; for, like Mrs Radcliffe, Lewis introduced poetical compositions into his tales; and his ballads of *Alonzo the Brave* and *Durandarte* were as attractive as any of the adventures of Ambrosio the monk. Flushed with the brilliant success of his romance, and fond of distinction and high society, Lewis procured a seat in parliament, and was returned for the borough of Hindon, but he never attempted to address the House.

The theatres offered a more attractive field for his genius; and his play of *The Castle Spectre*, produced in 1797, was applauded as enthusiastically and more universally than his romance. Connected with his dramatic fame, a very interesting anecdote is related in the Memoirs and Correspondence of Lewis, published in 1839. It illustrates his native benevolence, which, amidst all the frivolities of fashionable life, and the excitement of misapplied talents, was a conspicuous feature in his character:

'Being one autumn on his way to participate in the enjoyments of the season with the rest of the fashionable world at a celebrated watering-place, he passed through a small country town, in which chance occasioned his temporary sojourn: here also were located a company of strolling players, whose performance he one evening witnessed. Among them was a young actress, whose benefit was on the *tapis*, and who, on hearing of the arrival of a person so talked of as *Monk* Lewis, waited upon him at the inn, to request the *very* trifling favour of an original piece from his pen. The lady pleaded in terms that urged the spirit of benevolence to advocate her cause in a heart never closed to such appeal. Lewis had by him at that time an unpublished trifle, called *The Hindoo Bride*, in which a widow was immolated on the funeral pile of her husband. The subject was one well suited to attract a country audience, and he determined thus to appropriate the drama. The delighted suppliant departed all joy and gratitude at being requested to call for the manuscript the next day. Lewis, however, soon discovered that he had been reckoning without his host, for, on searching the travelling-desk which contained many of his papers, *The Bride* was nowhere to be found, having, in fact, been left behind in town. Exceedingly annoyed by this circumstance, which there was no time to remedy, the dramatist took a pondering stroll through the rural environs of B——. A sudden shower obliged him to take refuge within a huckster's shop, where the usual curtained half-glass door in the rear opened to an adjoining apartment; from this room he heard two voices in earnest conversation, and in one of them recognised that of his theatrical petitioner of the morning, apparently replying to the feebler tones of age and infirmity. "There now, mother, always that old story—when I've just brought such good news too—after I've had the face to call on Mr Monk Lewis, and found him so different to what I expected; so good-humoured, so affable, and willing to assist me. I did not say a word about you, mother; for though in some respects it might have done good, I thought it would seem so like a begging affair; so I merely represented my late ill-success, and he promised to give me an original drama, which he had with him, for my benefit. I hope he did not think me too bold!" "I hope not, Jane," replied the feeble voice; "only don't do these things again without consulting me; for you don't know the world, and it may be thought"—— The sun just then gave a broad hint that the shower had ceased, and the sympathising author returned to his inn, and having penned the following letter, ordered post-horses, and despatched a porter to the young actress with the epistle:

"MADAM—I am truly sorry to acquaint you that my Hindoo Bride has behaved most improperly—in fact, whether the lady has eloped or not, it seems she does not choose to make her appearance, either for *your benefit* or mine: and to say the truth, I don't at this moment know where to find her. I take the liberty to jest upon the subject, because I really do not think you will have any cause to regret her non-appearance; having had an opportunity of witnessing your very admirable performance of a far superior character, in a style true to nature, and which reflects upon you the highest credit. I allude to a most interesting scene in which you lately sustained the character of 'The Daughter!' Brides of all denominations but too often prove their empire delusive; but the character *you* have chosen will improve upon every representation, both in the estimation of the public and the satisfaction of your own excellent heart. For the infinite gratification I have received, I must long consider myself in your debt. Trusting you will permit the inclosed (fifty pounds) in some measure to discharge the same, I remain, madam—with sentiments of respect and admiration—your sincere well-wisher—M. G. LEWIS."'

Scott met Lewis in Edinburgh in 1798, and so humble were then his own aspirations, and so brilliant the reputation of the 'Monk,' that he declared, thirty years afterwards, he never felt such elation as when Lewis asked him to dine with him at his hotel! Lewis schooled the great poet on his incorrect rhyme, and proved himself, as Scott says, 'a martinet in the accuracy of rhymes and numbers.' Sir Walter has recorded that Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. 'He had always,' he says, 'dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title: you would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday; yet he had lived all his life in good society.'* Yet Scott regarded Lewis with no small affection. 'He was,' added he, 'one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and mother lived separately. Mr Lewis allowed his son a handsome income, but reduced it by more than one-half when he found that he paid his mother a moiety of it. Mat. restricted himself in all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with her as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.' The sterling worth of his character has been illustrated by the publication of his correspondence, which, slumbering twenty years after his death, first disclosed to the public the calm good sense, discretion, and right

* Of this weakness Byron records an amusing instance: 'Lewis, at Oatlands, was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his air sentimental: being asked why, he replied, that when people said anything kind to him it affected him deeply, "and just now the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that"—— Here tears began to flow. "Never mind, Lewis," said Colonel Armstrong to him—"never mind—don't cry—*she could not mean it.*"' Lewis was of extremely diminutive stature. 'I remember a picture of him,' says Scott, 'by Saunders, being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding mantle around the form, under which was half hid a dagger, a dark lantern, or some such cut-throat appurtenance. With all this, the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like—said aloud: "Like Mat. Lewis! Why, that picture's like a MAN!" He looked, and lo! Mat. Lewis's head was at his elbow. This boyishness went through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child—but a child of high imagination, and so he wasted himself on ghost-stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for the rhythm of verse I ever met with—finer than Byron's.'

feeling which were concealed by the exaggerated romance of his writings, and his gay and frivolous appearance and manners. The death of Lewis's father made the poet a man of independent fortune. He succeeded to considerable plantations in the West Indies, besides a large sum of money; and in order to ascertain personally the condition of the slaves on his estate, he sailed for the West Indies in 1815. Of this voyage he wrote a narrative, and kept journals, forming the most interesting and valuable production of his pen. The manner in which the negroes received him on his arrival amongst them he thus describes:

'As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance. The works were instantly all abandoned; everything that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters; and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but, "by a bland assimilation," the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese, and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the negroes was sincere, may be doubted; but, certainly, it was the loudest that I ever witnessed; they all talked together, sang, danced, shouted, and, in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over each other, and rolled about upon the ground. Twenty voices at once inquired after uncles and aunts, and grandfathers and great-grandmothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was in existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by tradition. One woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear—"Look massa, look here! him nice lilly neger for massa!" Another complained—"So long since none come see we, massa; good massa come at last." As for the old people, they were all in one and the same story: now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow—"them no care." The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, and several old women, wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different-coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico which I occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches in Macbeth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene; and yet there was something in it by which I could not help being affected. Perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my slaves.'

Lewis returned to England in 1816, but went back to Jamaica the following year. He found that his attorney had grossly mismanaged his property, being generally absent on business of his own, and intrusting the whole to an overseer, who was of a tyrannical disposition. Having adjusted his affairs, the 'Monk' embarked on his return home. The climate, however, had impaired his health, and he died of fever while the ship was passing through the Gulf of Florida in July 1818. Lewis may thus be said to have fallen a martyr to his love of justice and humanity, and the circumstance sheds a lustre on his memory far surpassing mere literary fame.

Durandarte and Belerma.

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight:
On those fatal plains of glory
Perished many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte; never
Verse a nobler chieftain named;
He, before his lips for ever
Closed in silence, thus exclaimed:

'Oh, Belerma! oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born;
Seven long years I served thee, fair one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

'And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

'Ah! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die!

'Oh! my cousin, Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear.

'When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

'Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath;
Say, my lips I oped to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death:

'Twice a week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin, say;
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

'Montesinos, now the hour
Marked by fate is near at hand;
Lo! my arm has lost its power;
Lo! I drop my trusty brand.

'Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me hie;
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

'Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore—
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

'So shall Jesus, still attending,
Gracious to a Christian's vow,
Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in heaven allow.'

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte;
Soon his brave heart broke in twain.
Greatly joyed the Moorish party
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Took from him his helm and glaive;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
Cut the heart from out the breast,
That Belerma, wretched lady!
Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesinos' heart, he
Felt distress his bosom rend.
'Oh! my cousin, Durandarte,
Woe is me to view thy end!

'Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight,
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light.

'Cousin, lo! my tears bedew thee;
How shall I thy loss survive?
Durandarte, he who slew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive?'

Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

'And, oh!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!'

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' Fair Imogine said,
'Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

'If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!'

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle tolled—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around—
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride—while she trembled: 'I pray,
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.'

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
His visor he slowly unclosed;
O God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogine:

'Behold me, thou false one, behold me!' he cried;
'Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!'

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: 'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogine!'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT was born in the city of Edinburgh—'mine own romantic town'—on the 15th of August 1771. His father was a respectable Writer to the Signet: his mother, Anne Rutherford, was daughter of a physician in extensive practice, and professor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh. By both parents the poet was remotely connected with some good ancient Scottish families—a circumstance gratifying to his feelings of nationality, and to his imagination. Delicate health, arising chiefly from lameness, led to his being placed under the charge of some relations in the country; and when a mere child, yet old enough to receive impressions from country life and Border stories, he resided with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a romantic situation a few miles from Kelso. The ruined tower of Smailholm—the scene of Scott's ballad, *The Eve of St John*—was close to the farm, and beside it were the Eildon Hills, the river Tweed, Dryburgh Abbey, and other poetical and historical objects, all enshrined in the lonely contemplative boy's fancy and recollection. He afterwards resided with another relation at Kelso, and there, at the age of thirteen, he first read Percy's *Reliques*, in an antique garden, under the shade of a huge platanus, or oriental plane-tree. This work had as great an effect in making him a poet as Spenser

had on Cowley, but with Scott the seeds were long in germinating. Very early, however, he had tried his hand at verse. The following, among other lines, were discovered wrapped up in a cover inscribed by Dr Adam of the High School, 'Walter Scott, July 1783 :'

On the Setting Sun.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life 's comprised within a span,
To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

The religious education of Scott may be seen in this effusion: his father was a rigid Presbyterian. The youthful poet passed through the High School and university of Edinburgh, and made some proficiency in Latin, and in the classes of ethics, moral philosophy, and history. He had an aversion to Greek, and we may regret, with Lord Lytton, that he refused 'to enter into that chamber in the magic palace of literature in which the sublimest relics of antiquity are stored.' He knew generally, but not critically, the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was an insatiable reader, and during a long illness in his youth, stored his mind with a vast variety of miscellaneous knowledge. Romances were among his chief favourites, and he had great facility in inventing and telling stories. He also collected ballads from his earliest years. Scott was apprenticed to his father as a writer, after which he studied for the bar, and put on his gown in his twenty-first year. His health was now vigorous and robust, and he made frequent excursions into the country, which he pleasantly denominated *raids*. The knowledge of rural life, character, traditions, and anecdotes, which he picked up in these rambles, formed afterwards a valuable mine to him, both as a poet and novelist. His manners were easy and agreeable, and he was always a welcome guest. Scott joined the Tory party; and when the dread of an invasion agitated the country, he became one of a band of volunteers, 'brothers true,' in which he held the rank of quarter-master. His exercises as a cavalry officer, and the jovialities of the mess-room, occupied much of his time; but he still pursued, though irregularly, his literary studies, and an attachment to a Perthshire lady—though ultimately unfortunate—tended still more strongly to prevent his sinking into idle frivolity or dissipation. Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' had introduced a taste for German literature into the intellectual classes of his native city, and Scott was one of its most eager and ardent votaries. In 1796 he published translations of Burger's *Lenore* and *The Wild Huntsman*, ballads of singular wildness and power. Next year, while fresh from his first-love disappointment, he was prepared, like Romeo, to 'take some new infection to his eye,' and meeting at Gilsland, a watering-place in Cumberland, with a young lady of French parentage, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, he paid his addresses to her, was accepted, and married on the 24th of December. Miss Carpenter had some fortune, and the young couple retired to a cottage at Lasswade, where they seem to have enjoyed sincere and unalloyed happiness. The ambition of Scott was now fairly awakened—his lighter vanities blown away. His life henceforward was one of severe but cheerful study and application. In 1799, appeared his translation of Goethe's tragedy, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, and the same year he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, worth £300 per annum. Scott now paid a series of visits to Liddesdale, for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of the Border, an object in which he was eminently successful. In 1802, the result appeared in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which contained upwards of forty pieces never before published, and a large quantity of prose illustration, in which might have been seen the germ of that power which he subsequently developed in his novels. A third volume was added next year, containing some imitations of the old minstrels by the poetical editor and his friends. It required little sagacity to foresee that Walter Scott was now to be a popular name in Scotland. His next task was editing the metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, supposed to be written by Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas of Ercildoune, who flourished about the year 1280. The antiquarian knowledge of Scott, and his poetical taste, were exhibited in the dissertations which accompanied this work, and the imitation of the original which was added to complete the romance. At length, in January 1805, appeared the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. His legendary lore, his love of the chivalrous and supernatural, and his descriptive powers, were fully brought into play; and though he afterwards improved in versatility and freedom, he achieved nothing which might not have been predicted from this first performance. His conception of the Minstrel was inimitable, and won all hearts—even those who were indifferent to the supernatural part of the tale, and opposed to the irregularity of the ballad style. The unprecedented success of the poem inclined Scott to relax any exertions he had ever made to advance at the bar, although his cautious disposition made him at all times fear to depend over-much upon literature. He had altogether a clear income of about £1000 per annum; but his views stretched beyond this easy competence; he was ambitious of founding a family that might vie with the ancient Border names he venerated, and to attain this, it was necessary to become a landed proprietor, and to practise a liberal and graceful hospitality. Well was he fitted to adorn and dignify the character! But his ambition, though free from any tinge of sordid acquisition, proved a snare for his strong good sense and penetration. Scott and his family had gone to reside at Ashestiel, a beautiful residence on the banks of the Tweed, as it was necessary for him, in his capacity of sheriff, to live part of the year in the county of Selkirk. Shortly after the publication of the *Lay*, he entered into partnership with his old school-fellow, James Ballantyne, then rising into extensive business as a printer in Edinburgh. The copartnery was kept a secret, and few things in business that require secrecy are prosperous or beneficial. The establishment, upon which was afterwards ingrafted a

publishing business, demanded large advances of money, and Scott's name became mixed up with pecuniary transactions and losses to a great amount. In 1806, the powerful friends of the poet procured him the appointment of one of the principal clerkships of the Court of Session, worth about £1300 per annum; but the emoluments were not received by Scott until six years after the date of his appointment, when his predecessor died. In his share of the printing business, and the certainty of his clerkship, the poet seemed, however, to have laid up—in addition to his literary gains and his sheriffdom—an honourable and even opulent provision for his family. In 1808, appeared his great poem of *Marmion* (for the copyright of which Constable paid one thousand guineas), the most magnificent of his chivalrous tales, and the same year he published his edition of Dryden. In 1810, appeared *The Lady of the Lake*, which was still more popular than either of its predecessors; in 1811, *The Vision of Don Roderick;* in 1813, *Rokeby*, and *The Bridal of Triermain;* in 1814, *The Lord of the Isles;* in 1815, *The Field of Waterloo;* and in 1817, *Harold the Dauntless*. Some dramatic pieces, scarcely worthy of his genius, were also written during this busy period. It could not be concealed that the later works of the Great Minstrel were inferior to his early ones. His style was now familiar, and the world had become tired of it. Byron had made his appearance, and the readers of poetry were bent on the new worship. Scott, however, was too dauntless and intrepid, and possessed of too great resources, to despond under this reverse. 'As the old mine gave symptoms of exhaustion,' says Bulwer-Lytton, 'the new mine, ten times more affluent, at least in the precious metals, was discovered; and just as in *Rokeby* and *Triermain* the Genius of the Ring seemed to flag in its powers, came the more potent Genius of the Lamp in the shape of *Waverley*.' The long and magnificent series of his prose fictions we shall afterwards advert to. They were poured forth even more prodigally than his verse, and for seventeen years—from 1814 to 1831—the world hung with delight on the varied creations of the potent enchanter. Scott had now removed from his pleasant cottage at Ashestiel: the territorial dream was about to be realised. In 1811, he purchased a hundred acres of moorland on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose. The neighbourhood was full of historical associations, but the spot itself was bleak and bare. Four thousand pounds were expended on this purchase; and the interesting and now immortal name of Abbotsford was substituted for the very ordinary one of *Cartley Hole*. Other purchases of land followed, generally at prices considerably above their value —Kaeside, £4100; Outfield of Toftfield, £6000; Toftfield and parks, £10,000; Abbotslea, £3000; field at Langside, £500; Shearing Flat, £3500; Broomilees, £4200; Short Acres and Scrabtree Park, £700; &c. From these farms and *pendicles* was formed the estate of Abbotsford. In planting and draining, about £5000 were expended; and in erecting the mansion-house—that 'romance of stone and lime,' as it has been termed—and constructing the garden, &c., a sum not less than £20,000 was spent. In his baronial residence the poet received innumerable visitors—princes, peers, and poets—men of all ranks and grades. His mornings were devoted to composition—for he had long practised the invaluable habit of early rising—and the rest of the day to riding among his plantations, thinning or lopping his trees, and in the evening entertaining his guests and family. The honour of the baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1820, by George IV., who had taste enough to appreciate his genius. Never, certainly, had literature done more for any of its countless votaries, ancient or modern. Shakspeare had retired early on an easy competency, and also become a rural squire; but his gains must have been chiefly those of the theatrical manager or actor, not of the poet. Scott's splendour was purely the result of his pen: to this he owed his acres, his castle, and his means of hospitality. His official income was but as a feather in the balance. Who does not wish that the dream had continued to the end of his life? It was suddenly and painfully dissolved. The commercial distresses of 1825-6 fell upon publishers as on other classes, and the bankruptcy of Constable and Company involved the poet in losses and engagements to a very large amount. His wealth, indeed, had been almost wholly illusory; for he had been paid for his works chiefly by bills, and these ultimately proved valueless. In the management of his publishing-house, Scott's sagacity seems to have forsaken him: unsaleable works were printed in thousands; and while these losses were yearly accumulating, the princely hospitalities of Abbotsford knew no check or pause. Heavy was the day of reckoning—terrible the reverse; for when the spell broke in January 1826, it was found that, including the Constable engagements, Scott's commercial liabilities exceeded £120,000, and there was a private debt of £10,000. If this was a blot in the poet's scutcheon, never, it might be said, did man make nobler efforts to redeem the honour of his name. He would listen to no overtures of composition with his creditors—his only demand was for time. He ceased 'doing the honours for all Scotland,' sold off his Edinburgh house, and taking lodgings there, laboured incessantly at his literary tasks. 'The fountain was awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.' Before his death the commercial debt was reduced to £54,000.

English literature presents two memorable and striking events which have never been paralleled in any other nation. The first is, Milton advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, entering upon the composition of a great epic that was to determine his future fame, and hazard the glory of his country in competition with what had been achieved in the classic ages of antiquity. The counterpart to this noble picture is Walter Scott, at nearly the same age, his private affairs in ruin, undertaking to liquidate, by intellectual labours alone, a debt of £120,000. Both tasks may be classed with the moral sublime of life. Glory, pure and unsullied, was the ruling aim and motive of Milton; honour and integrity formed the incentives to Scott. Neither shrunk from the steady prosecution of his gigantic self-imposed labour. But years rolled on, seasons returned and passed away, amidst public cares and private calamity, and the pressure of increasing infirmities, ere the seed sown amidst clouds and storms was white in the field. In six years Milton had realised the object of his hopes and prayers by the completion

of *Paradise Lost*. His task was done; the field of glory was gained; he held in his hand his passport to immortality. In six years Scott had nearly reached the goal of his ambition. He had ranged the wide fields of romance, and the public had liberally rewarded their illustrious favourite. The ultimate prize was within view, and the world cheered him on, eagerly anticipating his triumph; but the victor sank exhausted on the course. He had spent his life in the struggle. The strong man was bowed down, and his living honour, genius, and integrity were extinguished by delirium and death.

In February 1830, Scott had an attack of paralysis. He continued, however, to write several hours every day. In April 1831, he suffered a still more severe attack; and he was prevailed upon, as a means of withdrawing him from mental labour, to undertake a foreign tour. The Admiralty furnished a ship of war, and the poet sailed for Malta and Naples. At the latter place he resided from the 17th of December 1831 to the 16th of April following. He still laboured at unfinished romances, but his mind was in ruins. From Naples the poet went to Rome. On the 11th of May, he began his return homewards, and reached London on the 13th of June. Another attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis, had laid prostrate his powers, and he was conveyed to Abbotsford a helpless and almost unconscious wreck. He lingered on for some time, listening occasionally to passages read to him from the Bible, and from his favourite author Crabbe. Once he tried to write, but his fingers would not close upon the pen. He never spoke of his literary labours or success. At times his imagination was busy preparing for the reception of the Duke of Wellington at Abbotsford; at other times he was exercising the functions of a Scottish judge, as if presiding at the trial of members of his own family. His mind never appeared to wander in its delirium towards those works which had filled all Europe with his fame. This fact is of interest in literary history. But the contest was soon to be over; 'the plough was nearing the end of the furrow.' 'About half-past one, P.M.,' says Mr Lockhart, 'on the 21st of September 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

> Call it not vain; they do not err
> Who say, that when the poet dies,
> Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
> And celebrates his obsequies;
> Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
> For the departed bard make moan;
> That mountains weep in crystal rill;
> That flowers in tears of balm distil;
> Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
> And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;
> And rivers teach their rushing wave
> To murmur dirges round his grave.
>
> *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The novelty and originality of Scott's style of poetry, though exhausted by himself, and debased by imitators, formed his first passport to public favour and applause. The English reader had to go back to Spenser and Chaucer ere he could find so knightly and chivalrous a poet, or such paintings of antique manners and institutions. The works of the elder worthies were also obscured by a dim and obsolete phraseology; while Scott, in expression, sentiment, and description, could be read and understood by all. The perfect clearness and transparency of his style is one of his distinguishing features; and it was further aided by his peculiar versification. Coleridge had exemplified the fitness of the octosyllabic measure for romantic narrative poetry, and parts of his *Christabel* having been recited to Scott, he adopted its wild rhythm and harmony, joining to it some of the abruptness and irregularity of the old ballad metre. In his hands it became a powerful and flexible instrument, whether for light narrative and pure description, or for scenes of tragic wildness and terror, such as the trial and death of Constance in *Marmion*, or the swell and agitation of a battle-field. The knowledge and enthusiasm requisite for a chivalrous poet Scott possessed in an eminent degree. He was an early worshipper of 'hoar antiquity.' He was in the maturity of his powers—thirty-four years of age—when the *Lay* was published, and was perhaps better informed on such subjects than any other man living. Border story and romance had been the study and the passion of his whole life. In writing *Marmion* and *Ivanhoe*, or in building Abbotsford, he was impelled by a natural and irresistible impulse. The baronial castle, the court and camp—the wild Highland chase, feud, and foray—the antique blazonry, and institutions of feudalism, were constantly present to his thoughts and imagination. Then, his powers of description were unequalled—certainly never surpassed. His landscapes, his characters and situations, were all real delineations; in general effect and individual details, they were equally perfect. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesqueness, fancy, or invention; none so graphic in depicting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents; none so fascinating in narrative, or so various and powerful in description. His diction was proverbially careless and incorrect. Neither in prose nor poetry was Scott a polished writer. He looked only at broad and general effects; his words had to make pictures, not melody. Whatever could be grouped and described, whatever was visible and tangible, lay within his reach. Below the surface he had less power. The language of the heart was not his familiar study; the passions did not obey his call. The contrasted effects of passion and situation he could portray vividly and distinctly—the sin and suffering of Constance, the remorse of Marmion and Bertram, the pathetic character of Wilfrid, the knightly grace of Fitz-James, and the rugged virtues and savage death of Roderick Dhu, are all fine specimens of moral painting. Byron has nothing better, and indeed the noble poet in some of his tales copied or paraphrased the sterner passages of Scott. But even in these gloomy and powerful traits of his genius, the force lies in the situation, not in the thoughts and expression. There are no talismanic words that pierce the heart or usurp the memory; none of the impassioned and reflective style of Byron, the melodious pathos of Campbell, or the profound sympathy and philosophy of Wordsworth. The great strength of

Scott undoubtedly lay in the prolific richness of his fancy, in his fine healthy moral feeling, and in the abundant stores of his memory, that could create, collect, and arrange such a multitude of scenes and adventures; that could find materials for stirring and romantic poetry in the most minute and barren antiquarian details; and that could reanimate the past, and paint the present, in scenery and manners, with a vividness and energy unknown since the period of Homer.

The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* is a Border story of the sixteenth century, related by a minstrel, the last of his race. The character of the aged minstrel, and that of Margaret of Branksome, are very finely drawn; Deloraine, a coarse Border chief or moss-trooper, is also a vigorous portrait; and in the description of the march of the English army, the personal combat with Musgrave, and the other feudal accessories of the piece, we have finished pictures of the olden time. The goblin page is no favourite of ours, except in so far as it makes the story more accordant with the times in which it is placed. The introductory lines to each canto form an exquisite *setting* to the dark feudal tale, and tended greatly to cause the popularity of the poem. The minstrel is thus described:

The Aged Minstrel.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

Not less picturesque are the following passages, which instantly became popular:

Description of Melrose Abbey.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair! . . .
The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Shewed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed:
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

Love of Country.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Marmion is a tale of Flodden Field, the fate of the hero being connected with that memorable engagement. The poem does not possess the unity and completeness of the *Lay*, but if it has greater faults, it has also greater beauties. Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque than the two opening stanzas of this romance:

Norham Castle at Sunset.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

The same minute painting of feudal times characterises both poems, but by a strange oversight—soon seen and regretted by the author—the hero is made to commit the crime of forgery, a crime unsuited to a chivalrous and half-civilised age. The battle of Flodden, and the death of Marmion, are among Scott's most spirited descriptions. The former is related as seen from a neighbouring hill; and the progress of the action—the hurry, impetuosity, and confusion of the fight below, as the different armies rally or are repulsed—is given with such animation, that the whole scene is brought before the reader with the vividness of reality. The first tremendous onset is thus dashed off, with inimitable power, by the mighty minstrel:

Battle of Flodden.

'But see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air. . . .
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Evening fell on the deadly struggle, and the spectators were forced from the agitating scene.

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed:
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

The hero receives his death-wound, and is borne off the field. The description, detached from the context, loses much of its interest; but the mingled effects of mental agony and physical suffering, of remorse and death, on a bad but brave spirit trained to war, is described with true sublimity:

Death of Marmion.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
'Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry—"Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly;
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:

Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured: 'Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!'

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
Then as remembrance rose—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'
'Alas!' she said, 'the while—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She——died at Holy Isle.'
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth!'—he said—'I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
'In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!'
So the notes rung;
'Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.'
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And 'Stanley!' was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion.

We may contrast with this the *silent* and appalling death-scene of Roderick Dhu, in the *Lady of the Lake*. The savage chief expires while listening to a tale chanted by the bard or minstrel of his clan:

At first, the chieftain to his chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased; yet feeling strong,
Varied his look as changed the song:
At length no more his deafened ear
The minstrel's melody can hear;
His face grows sharp; his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy.
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu.

The *Lady of the Lake* is more richly picturesque than either of the former poems, and the plot is more regular and interesting. 'The subject,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'is a common Highland irruption; but at a point where the neighbourhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clan is so near to the court, that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine.' It was the most popular of the author's poems: in a few months twenty thousand copies were sold, and the district where the action of the poem lay was visited by countless thousands of tourists. With this work closed the great popularity of Scott as a poet. *Rokeby*, a tale of the English Cavaliers and Roundheads, was considered a failure, though displaying

the utmost art and talent in the delineation of character and passion. *Don Roderick* is vastly inferior to *Rokeby;* and *Harold* and *Triermain* are but faint copies of the Gothic epics, however finely finished in some of the tender passages. The *Lord of the Isles* is of a higher mood. It is a Scottish story of the days of Bruce, and has the characteristic fire and animation of the minstrel, when, like Rob Roy, he has his foot on his native heath. Bannockburn may be compared with Flodden Field in energy of description, though the poet is sometimes lost in the chronicler and antiquary. The interest of the tale is not well sustained throughout, and its chief attraction consists in the descriptive powers of the author, who, besides his feudal halls and battles, has drawn the magnificent scenery of the West Highlands—the cave of Staffa, and the dark desolate grandeur of the Coriusk lakes and mountains—with equal truth and sublimity. The lyrical pieces of Scott are often very happy. The old ballad strains may be said to have been his original nutriment as a poet, and he is consequently often warlike and romantic in his songs. But he has also gaiety, archness, and tenderness, and if he does not touch deeply the heart, he never fails to paint to the eye and imagination.

The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill.

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

Coronach.—From the 'Lady of the Lake.'

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,[1]
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

Song from 'Quentin Durward.'

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh,
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

Song from 'The Pirate.'

Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for music's softest numbers,
To prompt a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling!

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

[1] Or *corri*, the hollow side of the hill where game usually lies.

Lord Byron

Robert Burns

Sir Walter Scott

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

John Wilson

C. Rober

J.R.P. del

And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

Scott retreated from poetry into the wide and open field of prose fiction as the genius of Byron began to display its strength and fertility. A new, or at least a more finished, nervous, and lofty style of poetry was introduced by the noble author, who was as much a mannerist as Scott, but of a different school. He excelled in painting the strong and gloomy passions of our nature, contrasted with feminine softness and delicacy. Scott, intent upon the development of his plot, and the chivalrous machinery of his Gothic tales, is seldom personally present to the reader. Byron delighted in self-portraiture. His philosophy of life was false and pernicious; but the splendour of the artist concealed the deformity of his design. Parts were so nobly finished, that there was enough for admiration to rest upon, without analysing the whole. He conducted his readers through scenes of surpassing beauty and splendour—by haunted streams and mountains, enriched with the glories of ancient poetry and valour; but the same dark shadow was ever by his side—the same scorn and mockery of human hopes and ambition. The sententious force and elevation of his thoughts and language, his eloquent expression of sentiment, and the mournful and solemn melody of his tender and pathetic passages, seemed, however, to do more than atone for his want of moral truth and reality. The man and the poet were so intimately blended, and the spectacle presented by both was so touching, mysterious, and lofty, that Byron concentrated a degree of interest and anxiety on his successive public appearances, which no author ever before was able to boast. Scott had created the public taste for animated poetry, and Byron, taking advantage of it, soon engrossed the whole field. For a few years it seemed as if the world held only one great poet. The chivalry of Scott, the philosophy of Wordsworth, the abstract theory and imagination of Southey, and even the lyrical beauties of Moore and Campbell, were for a time eclipsed by this new and greater light. The rank, youth, and misfortunes of Byron, his exile from England, the mystery which he loved to throw around his history and feelings, the apparent depth of his sufferings and attachments, and his very misanthropy and scepticism—relieved by bursts of tenderness and pity, and by the incidental expression of high and holy feelings—formed a combination of personal circumstances in aid of the legitimate effects of his passionate and graceful poetry, which is unparalleled in the history of modern literature. Such a result is even more wonderful than the laurelled honours awarded to Virgil and Petrarch, if we consider the difference between ancient and modern manners, and the temperament of the northern nations compared with that of the 'sunny south.' Has the spell yet broke? Has the glory faded into 'the common light of day?' Undoubtedly the later writings of the noble bard helped to dispel the illusion. To competent observers, these works added to the impression of Byron's powers as an original poet, but they tended to exorcise the spirit of romance from his name and history; and what *Don Juan* failed to effect, was accomplished by the biography of Moore. His poetry, however, must always have a powerful effect on minds of poetical and warm sensibilities. If it is a 'rank unweeded garden,' it also contains glorious fruits and plants of celestial seed. The *art* of the poet will be a study for the ambitious few; his *genius* will be a source of wonder and delight to all who love to contemplate the workings of human passion, in solitude and society, and the rich effects of taste and imagination.

The incidents of Byron's life may be briefly related. He was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22d of January 1788, the only son of Captain John Byron of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon of Gight, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The lady's fortune was soon squandered by her profligate husband, and she retired to the city of Aberdeen, to bring up her son on a reduced income of about £130 per annum. The little lame boy, endeared to all in spite of his mischief, succeeded his grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, in his eleventh year; and the happy mother sold off her effects—which realised just £74, 17s. 4d.—and left Aberdeen for Newstead Abbey. The seat of the Byrons was a large and ancient, but dilapidated structure, founded as a priory in the twelfth century by Henry II., and situated in the midst of the fertile and interesting district once known as Sherwood Forest. On the dissolution of the monasteries, it was conferred by Henry VIII. on Sir John Byron, steward of Manchester and Rochdale, who converted the venerable convent into a castellated mansion. The family was ennobled by Charles I., in consequence of high and honourable services rendered to the royal cause during the Civil War. On succeeding to the title, Byron was put to a private school at Dulwich, and from thence he was sent to Harrow. During his minority, the estate was let to another party, but its youthful lord occasionally visited the seat of his ancestors; and whilst there in 1803, he conceived a passion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, who, under her name of Mary Chaworth, has obtained a poetical immortality. So early as his eighth year, Byron fell in love with a simple Scottish maiden, Mary Duff; and hearing of her marriage, several years afterwards, was, he says, like a thunder-stroke to him. He had also been captivated with a boyish love for his cousin, Margaret Parker, 'one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings,' who died about a year or two afterwards. He was fifteen when he met Mary Chaworth, and 'conceived an attachment which, young as he was even then for such a feeling, sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life.' The father of the lady had been killed in a duel by Lord Byron, the eccentric grand-uncle of the poet, and the union of the young peer with the heiress of Annesley Hall 'would,' said Byron, 'have healed feuds in

which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years—she was two years my elder—and—and—and—*what* has been the result?' Mary Chaworth saw little in the lame boy, and became the betrothed of another. They had one parting interview in the following year, which, in his poem of the *Dream*, Byron has described in the most exquisite colours of descriptive poetry.

> I saw two beings in the hues of youth
> Standing upon a hill; a gentle hill,
> Green and of mild declivity, the last
> As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
> Save that there was no sea to lave its base
> But a most living landscape, and the wave
> Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
> Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
> Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
> Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
> Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
> Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
> These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
> Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
> Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
> And both were young, and one was beautiful:
> And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
> As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
> The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
> The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
> Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
> There was but one beloved face on earth,
> And that was shining on him.

This boyish idolatry nursed the spirit of poetry in Byron's mind. He was recalled, however, from his day-dreams and disappointment, by his removal to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1805. At Harrow he had been an idle irregular scholar, though he eagerly devoured all sorts of learning excepting that which was prescribed for him; and at Cambridge he pursued the same desultory course of study. In 1807 appeared his first volume of poetry, printed at Newark, under the title of *Hours of Idleness*. There were indications of genius in the collection, but many errors of taste and judgment. The vulnerable points were fiercely assailed, the merits overlooked, in a short critique in the *Edinburgh Review*—understood to be written by Lord Brougham—and the young poet replied by his vigorous satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which disarmed, if it did not discomfit, his opponent. While his name was thus rising in renown, Byron left England for a course of foreign travel, and in two years visited the classic shores of the Mediterranean, and resided some time in Greece and Turkey. In the spring of 1812 appeared the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, the fruit of his foreign wanderings, and his splendidly enriched and matured poetical taste. 'I awoke one morning,' he said, 'and found myself famous.' A rapid succession of eastern tales followed—the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos* in 1813; the *Corsair* and *Lara* in 1814. In the *Childe*, he had shewn his mastery over the complicated Spenserian stanza: in these he adopted the heroic couplet, and the lighter verse of Scott, with equal freedom and success. No poet had ever more command of the stores of the English language. At this auspicious and exultant period, Byron was the idol of the gay circles of London. He indulged in all their pleasures and excesses—studying by fits and starts at midnight, to maintain the splendour of his reputation. Satiety and disgust succeeded to this round of heartless pleasures, and in a better mood, though without any fixed attachment, he proposed and was accepted in marriage by a northern heiress, Miss Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a baronet in the county of Durham. The union cast a shade on his hitherto bright career. A twelvemonth's extravagance, embarrassments, and misunderstandings, dissolved the union, and the lady retired to the country seat of her parents from the discord and perplexity of her own home. She refused, like the wife of Milton, to return, and the world of England seemed to applaud her resolution. One child—afterwards Countess of Lovelace—was the fruit of this unhappy marriage. Before the separation took place, Byron's muse, which had been lulled or deadened by the comparative calm of domestic life, was stimulated to activity by his deepening misfortunes, and he produced the *Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*. Miserable, reckless, yet conscious his own newly-awakened strength, Byron left England—

> Once more upon the waters, yet once more!—

and visiting France and Brussels, pursued his course along the Rhine to Geneva. Here, in six months, he had composed the third canto of *Childe Harold*, and the *Prisoner of Chillon*. His mental energy gathered force from the loneliness of his situation, and his disgust with his native country. The scenery of Switzerland and Italy next breathed its inspiration: *Manfred* and the *Lament of Tasso* were produced in 1817. In the following year, whilst residing chiefly at Venice, and making one memorable visit to Rome, he completed *Childe Harold*, and threw off his light humorous poem of *Beppo*, the first-fruits of the more easy and genial manners of the continent on his excitable temperament. At Venice, and afterwards at Ravenna, Byron resided till 1821, writing various works—*Mazeppa*, the first five cantos of *Don Juan*, and his dramas of *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, the *Two Foscari*, *Werner*, *Cain*, the *Deformed Transformed*, &c. The year 1822 he passed chiefly at Pisa, continuing *Don Juan*, which ultimately extended to sixteen cantos. We have not touched on his private history or indulgences. At Venice he plunged into the grossest excesses, and associated (says Shelley) with 'wretches who seemed almost to have lost the gait and physiognomy of man.' From this state of debasement he was partly rescued by an attachment to a young Romagnese lady of twenty, recently married to an old and wealthy nobleman, Count Guiccioli. The license of Italian manners permitted the intercourse until the lady took the bold step of deserting her husband. She was then thrown upon Byron, and they continued to live together until the poet departed for Greece. His genius had begun to 'pale its fire:' his dramas were stiff, declamatory, and undramatic; and the successive cantos of *Don Juan* betrayed the downward course of the poet's habits. The wit and knowledge of that wonderful poem—its passion, variety, and originality—were now debased with inferior matter; and the world saw with rejoicing the poet break away from his Circean enchantments, and enter upon a new and nobler field of

exertion. He had sympathised deeply with the Italian Carbonari in their efforts for freedom, but a still more interesting country and people claimed his support. His youthful travels and poetical enthusiasm still endeared the 'blue Olympus' to his recollection, and in the summer of 1823 he set sail for Greece, to aid in the struggle for its independence. His arrangements were made with judgment, as well as generosity. Byron knew mankind well, and his plans for the recovery and regeneration of Greece evinced a spirit of patriotic freedom and warm sympathy with the oppressed, happily tempered with practical wisdom and discretion. He arrived, after some danger and delay, at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 4th of January 1824. All was discord and confusion—a military mob and contending chiefs—turbulence, rapacity, and fraud. In three months he had done much, by his influence and money, to compose differences, repress cruelty, and introduce order. His fluctuating and uncertain health, however, gave way under so severe a discipline. On the 9th of April he was overtaken by a heavy shower whilst taking his daily ride, and an attack of fever and rheumatism followed. Prompt and copious bleeding might have subdued the inflammation, but to this remedy Byron was strongly opposed. It was at length resorted to after seven days of increasing fever, but the disease was then too powerful for remedy. The patient sank into a state of lethargy, and, though conscious of approaching death, could only mutter some indistinct expressions about his wife, his sister, and child. He lay insensible for twenty-four hours, and, opening his eyes for a moment, shut them for ever, and expired on the evening of the 19th of April 1824. The people of Greece publicly mourned for the irreparable loss they had sustained, and the sentiment of grief was soon conveyed to the poet's native country, where his name was still a talisman, and his early death was felt by all as a personal calamity. The body of Byron was brought to England, and after lying in state in London, was interred in the family vault in the village church of Hucknall, near Newstead.

Byron has been sometimes compared with Burns. Death and genius have levelled mere external distinctions, and the peer and peasant stand on the same elevation, to meet the gaze and scrutiny of posterity. Both wrote directly from strong personal feelings and impulses; both were the slaves of irregular, uncontrolled passion, and the prey of disappointed hopes and constitutional melancholy; both, by a strange perversity, loved to exaggerate their failings and dwell on their errors; and both died, after a life of extraordinary intellectual activity and excitement, at nearly the same age. We allow for the errors of Burns's position, and Byron's demands a not less tender and candid construction. Neglected in his youth—thwarted in his first love—left without control or domestic influence when his passions were strongest—

> Lord of himself, that heritage of woe—

intoxicated with early success and the incense of almost universal admiration, his irregularities must be regarded more with pity than reprehension. After his unhappy marriage, the picture is clouded with darker shadows. The wild license of his continental life it would be impossible to justify. His excesses, especially intemperance, became habitual, and impaired both his genius and his strength. He struggled on with untamed pride and trembling susceptibility, but he had almost exhausted the springs of his poetry and his life; and it is too obvious that the pestilential climate of Missolonghi only accelerated an event which a few years must have consummated in Italy.

The genius of Byron was as versatile as it was energetic. *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* are perhaps the greatest poetical works of this century, and in the noble poet's tales and minor poems there is a grace, an interest, and romantic picturesqueness, that render them peculiarly fascinating to youthful readers. The *Giaour* has passages of still higher description and feeling—particularly that fine burst on modern Greece contrasted with its ancient glory, and the exquisitely pathetic and beautiful comparison of the same country to the human frame bereft of life:

Picture of Modern Greece.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek—
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes—but for these—and these alone—
Some moments—ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly sealed
The first—last look—by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished earth!

The *Prisoner of Chillon* is also natural and affecting: the story is painful and hopeless, but it is told with inimitable tenderness and simplicity. The *reality* of the scenes in *Don Juan* must strike every reader. Byron, it is well known, took pains to collect his materials. His account of the shipwreck is drawn from narratives of actual occurrences, and his Grecian pictures, feasts, dresses, and holiday pastimes, are literal transcripts from life. Coleridge thought the character of Lambro, and especially the description of his return, the finest of all Byron's efforts; it is more dramatic and lifelike than any other of his

numerous paintings. Haidee is also the most captivating of all his heroines. His Gulnares and Medoras, his Corsairs and dark mysterious personages—

Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes—

are monstrosities in nature, and do not possess one tithe of the interest or permanent poetical beauty that centres in the lonely residence in the Cyclades. The English descriptions in *Juan* are greatly inferior. There is a palpable falling off in poetical power, and the peculiar prejudices and forced ill-natured satire of the poet are brought prominently forward. Yet even here we have occasionally a flash of the early light that 'led astray.' The sketch of Aurora Raby is graceful and interesting—compared with Hajdee, it is something like Fielding's Amelia coming after Sophia Western; and Newstead Abbey is described with a clearness and beauty not unworthy the author of *Childe Harold*. The Epicurean philosophy of the *Childe* is visible in every page of *Don Juan*, but it is no longer grave, dignified, and misanthropical: it is mixed up with wit, humour, the keenest penetration, and the most astonishing variety of expression, from colloquial carelessness and ease, to the highest and deepest tones of the lyre. The poet has the power of Mephistophiles over the scenes and passions of human life and society—disclosing their secret workings, and stripping them of all conventional allurements and disguises. Unfortunately, his knowledge is more of evil than of good. The distinctions between virtue and vice had been broken down or obscured in his own mind, and they are undistinguishable in *Don Juan*. Early sensuality had tainted his whole nature. He portrays generous emotions and moral feelings—distress, suffering, and pathos—and then dashes them with burlesque humour, wild profanity, and unseasonable mockery. In *Childe Harold* we have none of this moral anatomy, or its accompanying licentiousness; but there is abundance of scorn and defiance of the ordinary pursuits and ambition of mankind. The fairest portions of the earth are traversed in a spirit of bitterness and desolation by one satiated with pleasure, contemning society, the victim of a dreary and hopeless scepticism. Such a character would have been repulsive if the poem had not been adorned with the graces of animated description, and original and striking sentiment. The poet's sketches of Spanish and Grecian scenery, and his glimpses of the life and manners of the classic mountaineers, are as true as were ever transferred to canvas; and not less striking are the meditations of the Pilgrim on the particular events which adorned or cursed the soil he trod. Thus, on the field of Albuera, he conjures up a noble image:

Red Battle—The Demon of War.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high; from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

In surveying the ruins of Athens, the spirit of Byron soars to its loftiest flight, picturing its fallen glories, and indulging in the most touching and magnificent strain of his sceptical philosophy.

Ancient Greece.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole,
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished hero's lofty mound:
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:
He fell, and falling, nations mourned around:
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan

With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what chance or fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

The third canto of *Childe Harold* is more deeply imbued with a love of nature than any of his previous productions. A new power had been imparted to him on the shores of the 'Leman lake.' He had just escaped from the strife of London and his own domestic unhappiness, and his conversations with Shelley might have turned him more strongly to this pure poetical source. The poetry of Wordsworth had also unconsciously lent its influence. An evening scene by the side of the lake is thus exquisitely described:

Lake Leman (Geneva).

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill!
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—
But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

A forcible contrast to this still scene is then given in a brief description of the same landscape during a thunder-storm:

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

In the fourth canto there is a greater throng of images and objects. The poet opens with a sketch of the peculiar beauty and departed greatness of Venice, rising from the sea, 'with her tiara of proud towers' in airy distance. He then resumes his pilgrimage—moralises on the scenes of Petrarch and Tasso, Dante and Boccaccio—and visits the lake of Thrasimene and the temple of Clitumnus.

Temple of Clitumnus.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect and most clear!
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps,
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

The Greek statues at Florence are then inimitably described, after which the poet visits Rome, and revels in the ruins of the Palatine and Coliseum, and the glorious remains of ancient art. We give two of these portraitures:

Statue of Apollo.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are expressed

All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind within its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

The Gladiator.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He wrecked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

The poem concludes abruptly with an apostrophe to the sea, his 'joy of youthful sports,' and a source of lofty enthusiasm and pleasure in his solitary wanderings on the shores of Italy and Greece.

Apostrophe to the Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

An Italian Evening on the Banks of the Brenta.

From *Childe Harold.*

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Midnight Scene in Rome.—From 'Manfred.'

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,

'Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome:
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o er
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns!

The following extracts are from *Don Juan:*

The Shipwreck.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shewn,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here. . . .

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony. . . .

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view;
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said: 'Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing;' and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed:
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth; but in vain!

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Description of Haidee.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair;
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heels; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low; her cheek's pure dye,
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors when all 's done—
I 've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

Haidee visits the shipwrecked Don Juan.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,
Taking her for her sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepped
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept:
And then she stopped and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood; then o'er him, still as death,
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she leaned; and there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:

But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket. . . .

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies,
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book:
Thus Juan learned his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean
When both the teacher and the taught are young;
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong.
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;
I learned the little that I know by this.

Haidee and Juan at the Feast.

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appeared quite new;
The velvet cushions—for a throne more meet—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such-like things, that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites—that's
To say, by degradation—mingled there
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother-of-pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver—by command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

Of all the dresses, I select Haidee's:
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon flowed round her.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretched and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorned its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold:
The purest ore inclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A light gold bar above her instep rolled
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starred with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fastened with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange-silk full Turkish trousers furled
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flowed like an alpine torrent, which the sun
Dyes with his morning light—and would conceal
Her person if allowed at large to run,
And still they seemed resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life;
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife,
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged—
It is the country's custom—but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
And in her native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touched with henna; but again
The power of art was turned to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the Milky-way apparent;
His turban, furled in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette with Haidee's hair in't
Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet;
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to shew it:
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the Psalms say, 'inditing a good matter.'

The Death of Haidee.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth,
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye shewed deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
Terror to earth and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she viewed an instant and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,
And her head drooped as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore

Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store:
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;
No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead:
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole. . . .

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherished in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp:
The harper came and tuned his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin, wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to shew
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed:
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh to possess such lustre, and then lack!

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
No one is there to shew, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at his father's seat, Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex, August 4, 1792. His grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, was then living, and his father, Timothy Shelley (who afterwards succeeded to the title and estate), was a member of the House of Commons. The family was of great antiquity, tracing its descent from one of the followers of William of Normandy. In worldly prospects and distinction the poet therefore surpassed most of his tuneful brethren; yet this only served to render his unhappy and strange destiny the more conspicuously wretched. When ten years of age, he was put to a public school, Sion House, where he was harshly treated both by his instructors and by tyrannical school-fellows. He was fond of reading, especially wild romances and tales of *diablerie;* and when very young he wrote two novels, *Zastrozzi*, and *St Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian.* From Sion House, Shelley was removed to Eton, where his sensitive spirit was again wounded by ill-usage and by the system of fagging tolerated at Eton. His resistance to all established authority and opinion displayed itself while at school, and in the introduction to his *Revolt of Islam*, he has portrayed his early impressions in some sweet and touching stanzas:

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why: until there rose
From the near school-room voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around,
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground;
So, without shame, I spake: 'I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn, but from that secret store
Wrought linkèd armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind;
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
Within me, till there came upon my mind
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

With these feelings and predilections (exaggerated, however, in expression, as all his personal statements were), Shelley went to Oxford. He studied hard but irregularly, and spent much of his leisure in chemical experiments. He incessantly speculated, thought, and read, as he himself has stated. At the age of fifteen he wrote two short prose romances. He had also great facility in versification, and threw off various effusions. The 'forbidden mines of lore' which had captivated his boyish mind at Eton were also diligently explored, and he was soon an avowed republican and sceptic. He published a volume of political rhymes, entitled *Posthumous Poems of my Aunt Margaret Nicholson*, the said Margaret being the unhappy maniac who attempted to stab George

III.; and he issued a syllabus from Hume's *Essays*, at the same time challenging the authorities of Oxford to a public controversy on the subject. Shelley was at this time just seventeen years of age! In conjunction with a fellow-collegian, Mr Hogg, he composed a small treatise, *The Necessity of Atheism;* and the result was that both the heterodox students were, in 1811, expelled from college. They went to London, where Shelley still received support from his family; Mr Hogg removed to York, and nearly half a century afterwards (1858) became the biographer of the early life of his poet-friend. It was the cardinal article of Shelley's faith, that if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity, and equal rights, this earth would realise Paradise. He looked upon religion as it was professed, and, above all, practised, as hostile, instead of friendly, to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers.' Mrs Shelley conceives that, in the peculiar circumstances, this was not to be wondered at. 'At the age of seventeen, fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved, at every personal sacrifice, to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy, he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal. The cause was, that he was sincere, that he believed the opinions which he entertained to be true, and he loved truth with a martyr's love: he was ready to sacrifice station, and fortune, and his dearest affections, at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from, and made by, a youth of seventeen.'

It appears that in his youth Shelley was equally inclined to poetry and metaphysics, and hesitated to which he should devote himself. He ended in uniting them, by no means to the advantage of his poetry. At the age of eighteen he produced a wild atheistical poem, *Queen Mab*, written in the rhythm of Southey's *Thalaba*, and abounding in passages of great power and melody. He had been strongly attached to his cousin, an accomplished young lady, Miss Grove, but after his expulsion from college and from home, communication with this lady was prohibited. He then became enamoured of another beauty—a handsome blonde of sixteen, but in social position inferior to himself. This was a Miss Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a person who had kept the Mount Street Coffee-house, London—a place of fashionable resort—and had retired from business with apparently competent means. Mr Westbrook had put his daughter to a boarding-school, at which one of Shelley's sisters was also placed. The result was an elopement after a few weeks' acquaintance, and a marriage in Edinburgh in August 1811. This still further exasperated his friends, and his father cut off his allowance. An uncle, Captain Pilfold, one of Nelson's captains at the Nile and Trafalgar—generously supplied the youthful pair with money, and they lived for some time in Cumberland, where Shelley made the acquaintance of Southey, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Wilson. His literary ambition must have been excited by this intercourse; but he suddenly departed for Dublin, whence he again removed to the Isle of Man, and afterwards to Wales. Two children were born to them. In March 1814, Shelley was married a second time to Harriet Westbrook, the ceremony taking place in St George's Church, Hanover Square. Unfortunately about this time the poet became enamoured of the daughter of Mr Godwin, a young lady who could 'feel poetry and understand philosophy,' which he thought his wife was incapable of, and Harriet refusing to agree to a separation, Shelley, at the end of July in the same year, left England in the company of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. They made a six weeks' tour on the continent, of which he wrote a journal, and returned to London. It was discovered that, by the provisions of the deed of entail, the fee-simple of the Shelley estate was vested in the poet after his father's death, and he had thus power to raise money. According to his friend, Thomas L. Peacock, Shelley purchased an annuity of £1000 a year from his father, who had previously allowed him £200! The poet now established himself on the banks of the Thames, and there composed his poem, *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude* (1816), designed, as he states, to represent a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. The mind of his hero, however, becomes awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception; and blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave. In this picture, Shelley undoubtedly drew from his own experience, and in none of his subsequent works has he excelled the descriptive passages in *Alastor*. The copious picturesqueness of his language, and the boldness of his imagination, are here strikingly exemplified. Symptoms of pulmonary disease having appeared, Shelley again repaired to the continent, in the summer of 1816, and first met with Lord Byron at the Lake of Geneva. His health being restored, he returned to England, and settled himself at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire. His unfortunate wife committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine River in December 1816, and Shelley married Miss Godwin a few weeks afterwards (December 30), the prospect of succession for his children to a large entailed estate having apparently removed his repugnance to matrimony. A new source of obloquy and misery was, however, opened. Shelley claimed his children; their mother's family refused to give them up; they resisted the claim in Chancery, and the decree of the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) was given against him. The ground of Lord Eldon's judgment was that Shelley had published and maintained, and carried out in practice, the doctrine that marriage was a contract binding only during mutual pleasure, and that such practice was injurious to the best interests of society. In a poetical fragment on the subject, he invokes a curse on the administrator of the law, 'by a parent's outraged love,' and in one exquisite verse—

> By all the happy see in children's growth,
> That undeveloped flower of budding years,
> Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
> Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears!

At Marlow, Shelley composed the *Revolt of Islam* (1818), a poem more energetic than *Alastor*, yet containing the same allegorical features and peculiarities of thought and style, and rendered

more tedious by the want of human interest. It is honourable to Shelley that, during his residence at Marlow, he was indefatigable in his attentions to the poor; his widow relates that, in the winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottages. This certainly stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race, though the nature of his philosophy and opinions would have deprived them of the highest of earthly consolations. The poet now prepared to go abroad. A strong sense of injury, and a burning desire to redress what he termed the wrongs of society, rendered him miserable in England, and he hoped also that his health would be improved by a milder climate. Accordingly, on the 12th of March 1818, he quitted this country, never to return. He went direct to Italy. In 1819 appeared *Rosalind and Helen*, and the same year *The Cenci*, a tragedy, dedicated to Mr Leigh Hunt. 'Those writings,' he remarks in the dedication, 'which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.' The painting is dark and gloomy; but, in spite of a revolting plot, and the insane, unnatural character of the Cenci, Shelley's tragedy is one of the best of modern times. As an effort of intellectual strength, and an embodiment of human passion, it may challenge a comparison with any dramatic work since Otway; and it is incomparably the best of the poet's productions. In 1821 was published *Prometheus Unbound*, which he had written while resident in Rome. 'This poem,' he says, 'was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to inspiration, were the inspiration of this drama.' No change of scene, however, could permanently affect the nature of Shelley's speculations, and his *Prometheus* is as mystical and metaphysical and as daringly sceptical as any of his previous works. The cardinal point of his system is described by Mrs Shelley as a belief that man could be so perfectionised as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation; and the subject he loved best to dwell on was the image of one warring with the evil principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all, even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity. His remaining works are *Hellas; The Witch of Atlas; Adonais; Epipsychidion;* and a variety of shorter productions, with scenes translated from Calderon and the *Faust* of Goethe. In Italy, Shelley renewed his acquaintance with Lord Byron, who thought his philosophy 'too spiritual and romantic.' He was temperate in his habits, gentle, affectionate, and generous; so that even those who most deeply deplored or detested his opinions, were charmed with the intellectual purity and benevolence of his life. His favourite amusement was boating and sailing; and whilst returning one day, the 8th of July 1822, from Leghorn—whither he had gone to welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy—the boat in which he sailed, accompanied by Mr Williams, formerly of the 8th Dragoons, and a single seaman, went down in the Bay of Spezia, and all perished. A volume of Keats's poetry was found open in Shelley's coat-pocket when his body was washed ashore. The remains of the poet were reduced to ashes by fire, and being taken to Rome, were deposited in the Protestant burial-ground, near those of a child he had lost in that city. A complete edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, with notes by his widow, was published in four volumes, 1839; and the same accomplished lady gave to the world two volumes of his prose *Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments.* Shelley's life was a dream of romance—a tale of mystery and grief. That he was sincere in his opinions, and benevolent in his intentions, is now undoubted. He looked upon the world with the eyes of a visionary, bent on unattainable schemes of intellectual excellence and supremacy. His delusion led to misery, and made him, for a time, unjust to others. It alienated him from his family and friends, blasted his prospects in life, and distempered all his views and opinions. It is probable that, had he lived to a riper age, he might have modified some of those extreme speculative and pernicious tenets, and we have no doubt that he would have risen into a purer atmosphere of poetical imagination. The troubled and stormy dawn was fast yielding to the calm noonday brightness. He had worn out some of his fierce antipathies and morbid affections; a happy domestic circle was gathered around him; and the refined simplicity of his tastes and habits, joined to wider and juster views of human life, would imperceptibly have given a new tone to his thoughts and studies. He had a high idea of the art to which he devoted his faculties.

'Poetry,' he says in one of his essays, 'is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that, even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits

of the most refined organisation, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.'

The remote abstract character of Shelley's poetry, and its general want of anything real or tangible, by which the sympathies of the heart are awakened, must always prevent its becoming popular. Even to Charles Lamb it was 'icy cold.' He was a pantheistic dreamer and idealist. Yet the splendour of his lyrical verse—so full, rich, and melodious—and the grandeur of some of his conceptions, stamp him a great poet. His influence on the succession of English poets since his time has been inferior only to that of Wordsworth. Macaulay doubted whether any modern poet possessed in an equal degree the 'highest qualities of the great ancient masters.' His diction is singularly classical and imposing in sound and structure. He was a close student of the Greek and Italian poets. The descriptive passages in *Alastor*, and the river-voyage at the conclusion of the *Revolt of Islam*, are among the most finished of his productions. His better genius leads him to the pure waters and the depth of forest shades, which none of his contemporaries knew so well how to describe. Some of the minor poems—*The Cloud*, *The Skylark*, &c.—are imbued with a fine lyrical and poetic spirit. One striking peculiarity of his style is his constant personification of inanimate objects. In *The Cenci* we have a strong and almost terrible illustration of this feature of his poetry:

I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock
Which has from unimaginable years
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans,
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall—beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns; below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

The Flight of the Hours in *Prometheus* is equally vivid, and touched with a wild inimitable grace:

Behold!
The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward.
These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

Opening of Queen Mab.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power,
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme
On which the lightest heart might moralise?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark-blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep:
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the teints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the fairy queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;

Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the queen of spells drew in;
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

*The Cloud.**

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

* 'The odes *To the Skylark* and *The Cloud*, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames. No poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits, and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects, as well as to his internal sensations. Such a gift is, among the sad vicissitudes of human life, the disappointments we meet, and the galling sense of our own mistakes and errors, fraught with pain; to escape from such he delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he sheltered himself from the influence of human sympathies in the wildest regions of fancy.'—Mrs Shelley, *Pref. to Poet. Works.*

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

From 'The Sensitive Plant.'

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom,
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
And flowerets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers—as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it—

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapt and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower:
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not—the beautiful!

The light winds which, from unsustaining wings,
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumèd insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it—consciousness

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant);

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest, and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

Forest Scenery.

From *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.*

The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of those airy rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as, led
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier death,
He sought in nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang,
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks; and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark-blue light of day
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyes with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell
Silence and twilight here, twin sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vaporous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above;
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light.
The breath of the moist air is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion;
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not; and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

On a Faded Violet.

The colour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me:
The odour from the flower is flown,
Which breathed of thee, and only thee.

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

Lines to an Indian Air.

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber window, sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark and silent stream,
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must do on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail;
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

To ——.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born in London, October 29, 1795, in the house of his grandfather, who kept a livery-stable at Moorfields. He received his education at Enfield, and in his fifteenth year was apprenticed to a surgeon. Most of his time, however, was devoted to the cultivation of his literary talents, which were early conspicuous. During his apprenticeship, he made and carefully wrote out a literal translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, but he does not appear to have been familiar with more difficult Latin poetry, nor to have even commenced learning the Greek language (*Lord Houghton*). One of his earliest friends and critics was Mr Leigh Hunt, who, being shewn some of his poetical pieces, was struck, he says, with the exuberant specimens of genuine though young poetry that were laid before him, and the promise of which was seconded by the fine fervid countenance of the writer. A volume of these juvenile poems was published in 1817. In 1818 Keats published his *Endymion, a Poetic Romance*, defective in many parts, but evincing rich though undisciplined powers of imagination. The poem was criticised, in a strain of contemptuous severity, by Mr John Wilson Croker in the *Quarterly Review*; and such was the sensitiveness of the young poet—panting for distinction, and flattered by a few private friends—that the critique imbittered his existence. 'The first effects,' says Shelley, 'are described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun.' The process *had* begun, as was too soon apparent; but the disease was a family one, and would probably have appeared had no hostile criticism existed. Lord Houghton, Keats's biographer, states that the young poet profited by the attacks of the critics, their effect being 'to purify his style, correct his tendency to exaggeration, enlarge his poetical studies, and produce, among other improved efforts, that very *Hyperion* which called forth from Byron a eulogy as violent and unqualified as the former onslaught.' Byron had termed the juvenile poetry of Keats, 'the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.' Keats's poetry falling into the hands of Jeffrey, he criticised it in the *Edinburgh Review*, in a spirit of kindliness and just appreciation which formed a strong contrast to the criticism in the *Quarterly*. But this genial critique did not appear till 1820, too late to cheer the then dying poet. 'Mr Keats,' says the eloquent critic, 'is, we understand, still a very young man; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They manifestly require, therefore, all

the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt; but we think it no less plain that they deserve it; for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrown with the flowers of poetry, that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present. The models upon which he has formed himself in the *Endymion*, the earliest and by much the most considerable of his poems, are obviously the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, and the *Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson, the exquisite metres and inspired diction of which he has copied with great boldness and fidelity; and, like his great originals, has also contrived to impart to the whole piece that true rural and poetical air which breathes only in them and in Theocritus—which is at once homely and majestic, luxurious and rude, and sets before us the genuine sights, and sounds, and smells of the country, with all the magic and grace of Elysium.' The genius of the poet was still further displayed in his latest volume, *Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St Agnes*, &c. This volume was well received. The state of the poet's health now became so alarming that, as a last effort for life, he was advised to try the milder climate of Italy. A young friend, Mr Severn, an artist (now British consul at Rome), generously abandoned his professional prospects at home, in order to accompany Keats; and they sailed in September 1820. The invalid suffered severely during the voyage, and he had to endure a ten days' quarantine at Naples. The thoughts of a young lady to whom he was betrothed, and the too great probability that he would see her no more, added a deeper gloom to his mind, and he seems never to have rallied from this depression. At Rome, Mr Severn watched over him with affectionate care; Dr Clark also was unremitting in his attendance; but he daily got worse, and died on the 23d of February 1821. Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye and heart of man can rest. 'It is,' says Lord Houghton, 'a grassy slope amid verdurous ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, and surmounted by the pyramidal tomb which Petrarch attributed to Remus, but which antiquarian truth has ascribed to the humbler name of Caius Cestius, a Tribune of the people only remembered by his sepulchre. In one of those mental voyages into the past which often precede death, Keats had told Severn that "he thought the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers;" and another time, after lying a while still and peaceful, he said: "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do grow even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Keats had a few days before his death expressed a wish to Mr Severn that on his gravestone should be the inscription: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Shelley honoured the memory of Keats with his exquisite elegy *Adonais*. Even Byron felt that the young poet's death was a loss to literature. The fragment of *Hyperion*, he said, "seems actually inspired by the Titans: it is as sublime as Æschylus."'*

It was the misfortune of Keats, as a poet, to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned. The former was owing to the generous partialities of friendship, somewhat obtrusively displayed; the latter, in some degree, to resentment of that friendship, connected as it was with party politics and peculiar views of society as well as of poetry. In the one case his *faults*, and in the other his *merits*, were entirely overlooked. A few years dispelled these illusions and prejudices. Keats was a true poet. If we consider his extreme youth and delicate health, his solitary and interesting self-instruction, the severity of the attacks made upon him by his hostile and powerful critics, and, above all, the original richness and picturesqueness of his conceptions and imagery, even when they run to waste, he appears to be one of the greatest of the young poets—resembling the Milton of *Lycidas*, or the Spenser of the *Tears of the Muses*. What easy, finished, statuesque beauty and classic expression, for example, are displayed in this picture of Saturn and Thea!

Saturn and Thea.—From 'Hyperion.'

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face!

* Byron could not, however, resist the seeming smartness of saying in *Don Juan* that Keats was killed off by one critique:

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article!

Mr Croker, writing to a friend about this 'article,' in a letter which we have seen, said: 'Gifford added some pepper to my grill.' A miserable piece of cookery they made of it! High as is now the fame of Keats, it is said he died 'admired only by his personal friends and by Shelley; and even ten years after his death, when the first Memoir was proposed, the woman he had loved had so little belief in his poetic reputation, that she wrote to Mr Dilke: "The kindest act would be to let him rest for ever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him."'—*Papers of a Critic*, vol. i. p. 11.

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was, with its stored thunder, labouring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone;
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents—oh! how frail,
To that large utterance of the early gods!—
'Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old king?
I cannot say, "O wherefore sleepest thou?"
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god;
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre passed, and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on! Oh, thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope my melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep.'

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went.

The antique grace and solemnity of passages like this must be felt by every lover of poetry. The chief defects of Keats are his want of distinctness and precision, and the carelessness of his style. There would seem to have been even affectation in his disregard of order and regularity; and he heaps up images and conceits in such profusion, that they often form grotesque and absurd combinations, which fatigue the reader. Deep feeling and passion are rarely given to young poets redolent of fancy, and warm from the perusal of the ancient authors. The difficulty with which Keats had mastered the classic mythology gave it an undue importance in his mind: a more perfect knowledge would have harmonised its materials, and shewn him the beauty of chasteness and simplicity of style; but Mr Leigh Hunt is right in his opinion that the poems of Keats, with all their defects, will be the 'sure companions in field and grove' of those who love to escape 'out of the strife of commonplaces into the haven of solitude and imagination.'

One line in *Endymion* has become familiar as a 'household word' wherever the English language is spoken—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

The Lady Madeline at her Devotions.

From the *Eve of St Agnes.*

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die heart-stifled in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven; Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Hymn to Pan.—From 'Endymion.'

O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whose solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loath
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow,
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou for whose soul-soothing quiet turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms: O thou to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossomed beans and poppied corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completion—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit

To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifulest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars, routing tender corn,
Anger our huntsmen: breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribèd sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows,
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,
That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the hill-stream,
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley's glades:
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter from the skies.

Sonnets.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdom seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On England.

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent;
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me;
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about their summer waters.

DR REGINALD HEBER.

DR REGINALD HEBER, bishop of Calcutta, was born April 21, 1783, at Malpas in Cheshire, where his father had a living. In his seventeenth year he was admitted of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1802 he obtained the university prize for Latin hexameters, his subject being the *Carmen Seculare*. Applying himself to English verse, Heber, in 1803, composed his poem of *Palestine*, which has been considered the best prize-poem the university has ever produced. Parts of it were set to music; and it had an extensive sale. Previous to its recitation in the theatre of the university, the young author read it to Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Oxford; and Scott observed, that in the verses on Solomon's Temple, one striking circumstance had escaped him—namely, that no tools were used in its construction. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines:

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!

His picture of Palestine, in its now fallen and desolate state, is pathetic and beautiful:

Palestine.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

He has also given a striking sketch of the Druses, the hardy mountain race descended from the Crusaders:

The Druses.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion-courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dismayed,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you the obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber-rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrained the generous vintage flows:
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire;
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.
Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb;
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

In 1805 Heber took his degree of B.A., and the same year gained the prize for the English essay. He was elected to a fellowship at All Souls' College, and soon after went abroad, travelling over Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. On his return he took his degree of A.M. at Oxford. He appeared again as a poet in 1809, his subject being *Europe, or Lines on the Present War*. The struggle in Spain formed the predominating theme

of Heber's poem. He was now presented to the living of Hodnet; and at the same time he married Amelia, daughter of Dr Shipley, dean of St Asaph. The duties of a parish pastor were discharged by Heber with unostentatious fidelity and application. He also applied his vigorous intellect to the study of divinity, and in 1815 preached the Bampton Lecture, the subject selected by him for a course of sermons being the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter. He was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Review;* and in 1822 he wrote a copious life of Jeremy Taylor, and a review of his writings, for a complete edition of Taylor's works. Contrary to the advice of prudent friends, he accepted, in 1823, the difficult task of bishop of Calcutta, and no man could have entered on his mission with a more Christian or apostolic spirit. His whole energies appear to have been devoted to the propagation of Christianity in the East. In 1826 the bishop made a journey to Travancore, accompanied by the Rev. Mr Doran, of the Church Missionary Society. On the 1st of April he arrived at Trichinopoly, and had twice service on the day following. He went the next day, Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, to see the native Christians in the fort, and attend divine service. He then returned to the house of a friend, and went into the bath preparatory to his dressing for breakfast. His servant, conceiving he remained too long, entered the room, and found the bishop dead at the bottom of the bath. Medical assistance was applied, but every effort proved ineffectual; death had been caused by apoplexy. The loss of so valuable a public man, equally beloved and venerated, was mourned by all classes, and every honour was paid to his memory. At the time of his death he was only in his forty-third year—a period too short to have developed those talents and virtues which, as one of his admirers in India remarked, rendered his course in life, from the moment that he was crowned with academical honours till the day of his death, one track of light, the admiration of Britain and of India. The widow of Dr Heber published a Memoir of his Life, with selections from his letters; and also a Narrative of his Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay.

Missionary Hymn.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

From Bishop Heber's Journal.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

CHARLES WOLFE.

The Rev. Charles Wolfe (1791–1823), a native of Dublin, may be said to have earned a literary immortality by one short poem. Reading in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* a description of the death and interment of Sir John Moore on the battle-field of Corunna, this amiable young poet turned it into verse with such taste, pathos, and even sublimity, that his poem has obtained an imperishable place in our literature. The subject was attractive—the death of a brave and popular general on the field of battle, and his burial by his companions-in-arms—and the poet himself dying when young, beloved and lamented by his friends, gave additional interest to the production. The ode was published anonymously in an Irish newspaper in 1817, and was ascribed to various authors; Shelley considering it not unlike a first draught by Campbell. In 1841 it was claimed by a Scottish student and teacher, who ungenerously and dishonestly sought to pluck the laurel from the grave of its owner. The friends of Wolfe came forward, and established his right

beyond any further question or controversy; and the new claimant was forced to confess his imposture, at the same time expressing his contrition for his misconduct. Wolfe was a curate in the established church, and died of consumption. His literary remains have been published, with a memoir of his life by Archdeacon Russell.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

The passage in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (1808) on which Wolfe founded his ode was written by Southey, and is as follows: 'Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral-service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.' In 1817 Wolfe took orders, and was first curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore. His incessant attention to his duties, in a wild and scattered parish, not only quenched his poetical enthusiasm, but hurried him to an untimely grave.

Song.

The following pathetic lyric is adapted to the Irish air *Gramachree*. Wolfe said he on one occasion sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the song.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

THE DIBDINS—JOHN COLLINS.

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745–1814) was celebrated as a writer of naval songs, 'the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, and in battles,' and he was also an actor and dramatist. His sea-songs are said to exceed a thousand in number! His sons, Charles and Thomas, were also dramatists and song-writers, but inferior to the elder Dibdin. THOMAS DIBDIN (1771–1841) published his *Reminiscences*, containing curious details of theatrical affairs. We subjoin two of the sea-songs of the elder Charles Dibdin:

Tom Bowling.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body 's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Poor Jack.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
And under reefed foresail we 'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there 's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he 'd coil and belay;
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

We may add here an English song as truly national as any of Dibdin's, though of a totally different character. It was written by JOHN COLLINS, of whom we can learn nothing except that he was one of the proprietors of the *Birmingham Daily Chronicle*, and died in 1808. It seems to have been suggested by Dr Walter Pope's song of *The Old Man's Wish* (see vol. i. p. 311).

In the Downhill of Life.

In the downhill of life, when I find I 'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I 'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I 've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I 'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I 'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

HERBERT KNOWLES, a native of Canterbury (1798–1817), produced, when a youth of eighteen, the following fine religious stanzas, which, being published in an article by Southey in the *Quarterly Review*, soon obtained general circulation and celebrity: they have much of the steady faith and devotional earnestness of Cowper.

Lines written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.—*Matthew*, xvii. 4.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas, they are all laid aside,
And here 's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

ROBERT POLLOK.

In 1827 appeared a religious poem in blank verse, entitled *The Course of Time*, by ROBERT POLLOK, which speedily rose to great popularity, especially among the more serious and dissenting classes in Scotland. The author was a young licentiate of the Scottish Secession Church. Many who scarcely ever looked into modern poetry were tempted to peruse a work which embodied their favourite theological tenets, set off with the graces of poetical fancy and description; while to the ordinary readers of imaginative literature, the poem had force and originality enough to challenge an attentive perusal. *The Course of Time* is a long poem, extending to ten books, written in a style that sometimes imitates the lofty march of Milton, and at other times resembles that of Blair and Young. The object of the poet is to describe the spiritual life and destiny of man; and he varies his religious speculations with episodical pictures and narratives, to illustrate the effects of virtue or vice. The sentiments of the author are strongly Calvinistic, and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem reminds us of the style of the old Scottish theologians. It is often harsh, turgid, and vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety which repels the reader, in spite of many fine passages and images that are scattered throughout the work. With much of the spirit and the opinions of Cowper, Pollok wanted his taste. Time might have mellowed the fruits of his genius; for certainly the design of such an extensive poem, and the possession of a poetical diction copious and energetic, by a young man reared in circumstances by no means favourable for the cultivation of a literary taste, indicate remarkable intellectual power and force of character. 'The *Course of Time*,' said Professor Wilson, 'though not a poem, overflows with poetry.' Hard as was the lot of the young poet in early life, he reverts to that period with poetic rapture:

Wake, dear remembrances! wake, childhood-days!
Loves, friendships, wake! and wake, thou morn and even!
Sun, with thy orient locks, night, moon, and stars!
And thou, celestial bow, and all ye woods,
And hills and vales, first trode in dawning life,
And hours of holy musing, wake!

Robert Pollok was destined, like Henry Kirke White, to an early grave. He was born in the year 1799, at Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, and after the usual instruction in country schools, was sent to the university of Glasgow. He studied five years in the divinity hall under Dr Dick. Some time after leaving college, he wrote a series of *Tales of the Covenanters*, in prose, which were published anonymously. His application to his studies brought on symptoms of pulmonary disease, and shortly after he had received his license to preach, in the spring of 1827, it was too apparent that his health was in a precarious and dangerous state. This tendency was further confirmed by the composition of his poem. Removal to the south-west of England was pronounced necessary for the poet's pulmonary complaint, and he went to reside at Shirley Common, near Southampton. The milder air of this place effected no improvement, and after lingering on a few weeks, Pollok died on the 17th of September 1827. The same year had witnessed his advent as a preacher and a poet, and his untimely death. *The Course of Time*, however, continued to be a popular poem, and has gone through a vast number of editions, both in this country and in America, while the interest of the public in its author has led to a memoir of his life, published in 1843. Pollok was interred in the churchyard at Millbrook, the parish in which Shirley Common is situated, and some of his admirers have erected an obelisk of granite to point out the poet's grave.

Love.—From Book V.

Hail love, first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
She gathered and selected with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul:
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
But who would that expound, which words transcends,
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood.
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder working there.
Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer—
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
'Her lover's safety, and his quick return.'
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,

As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr's sighs
On morning's lily cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly; the stars
That circle nightly round the eternal throne
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.
Oh, had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not; for ofttimes Providence
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward before the throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came
That she was flesh and blood formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God approving, blessed the holy joy!

Friendship.—From the same.

Nor unremembered is the hour when friends
Met. Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear;
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;
Yet always sought, so native to the heart,
So much desired and coveted by all.
Nor wonder thou—thou wonderest not, nor need'st.
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen
In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt,
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
Our burning words that uttered all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire!
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven!
These I remember, these selectest men,
And would their names record; but what avails
My mention of their name? Before the throne
They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,
And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs—
For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still;
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.
Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot
In the wide desert, where the view was large.
Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.
Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.

Happiness.—From the same.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain;
Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sung
Of brooks and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
And with the nymph made assignations there,
And wooed her with a love-sick oaten reed;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
Delirious babble all! Was happiness,
Was self-approving, God-approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?
True, these were of themselves exceeding fair;
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss;
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
They waked the native fountains of the soul
Which slept before, and stirred the holy tides
Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures draughts of perfect sweet.
The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
Declared: Who finds it, let him find it there;
Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
In vain; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.
True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
But these apart. In sacred memory lives
The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
Most joyful morn! Nor yet for nought the joy.

A being of eternal date commenced,
A young immortal then was born! And who
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
All new! when thought awoke, thought never more
To sleep! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life!
Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted always mourned.
What tongue!—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name;
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
Than every ornament of costliest hue!
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?
All who had hearts here pleasure found: and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
Were heavy in the world below, relaxed
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their little hands a-field,
And watched them run and crop the tempting flower—
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
With smiling face, that waited for a look
Of praise—and answered curious questions, put
In much simplicity, but ill to solve;
And heard their observations strange and new;
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,
And fairest imagery around me thronged;
Dew-drops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life,
Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of Love!
So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
As made entire of beams of angel's eyes.
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things!
Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
Happy all day, and happy all the night!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, a religious poet of deservedly high reputation, was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771. His father was a Moravian missionary, who died whilst propagating Christianity in the island of Tobago. The poet was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds, but declined being a priest, and was put apprentice to a grocer at Mirfield, near Fulneck. In his sixteenth year, with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, he ran off from Mirfield, and after some suffering, became a shop-boy in the village of Wath, in Yorkshire. He next tried London, carrying with him a collection of his poems, but failed in his efforts to obtain a publisher. In 1791, he obtained a situation as clerk in a newspaper office in Sheffield; and his master failing, Montgomery, with the aid of friends, established the *Sheffield Iris*, a weekly journal, which he conducted with marked ability, and in a liberal, conciliatory spirit, up to the year 1825. His course did not always run smooth. In January 1794, amidst the excitement of that agitated period, he was tried on a charge of having printed a ballad, written by a clergyman of Belfast, on the demolition of the Bastille in 1789; which was then interpreted into a seditious libel. The poor poet, notwithstanding the innocence of his intentions, was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the castle of York, and to pay a fine of £20. In January 1795 he was tried for a second imputed political offence—a paragraph in his paper which reflected on the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield. He was again convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of £30, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. 'All the persons,' says the amiable poet, writing in 1840, 'who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795, are dead, and, without exception, they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of goodwill, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers.'

Mr Montgomery's first volume of poetry—he had previously written occasional pieces in his newspaper—appeared in 1806, and was entitled *The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems.* It speedily went through two editions; and his publishers had just issued a third, when the *Edinburgh Review* of January 1807 'denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive.' The critique, indeed, was insolent and unfeeling—written in the worst style of the *Review*, when all the sins of its youth were full-blown and unchecked. Among other things, the reviewer predicted that in less than three years nobody would know the name of *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, or of any other of the poems in the collection. Within eighteen months from the utterance of this oracle, a fourth impression—1500 copies—of the condemned volume was passing through the press whence the *Edinburgh Review* itself was issued, and it has now reached nearly twenty editions. The next work of the poet was *The West Indies*, a poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave-trade by the British legislature in 1807. The poem is in the heroic couplet, and possesses a vigour and freedom of description, and a power of pathetic painting, much superior to anything in the first volume. Mr Montgomery afterwards published *Prison Amusements*, written during his nine months' confinement in York Castle in 1794 and 1795. In 1813 he came forward with a more elaborate performance, *The World before the Flood*, a poem in the heroic couplet, and extending to ten short cantos. His pictures of the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, the

loves of Javan and Zillah, the translation of Enoch, and the final deliverance of the little band of patriarch families from the hand of the giants, are sweet and touching, and elevated by pure and lofty feeling. Connected with some patriotic individuals in his own neighbourhood 'in many a plan for lessening the sum of human misery at home and abroad,' our author next published *Thoughts on Wheels* (1817), directed against state lotteries; and *The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies*, published about the same time, in a work written by different authors, to aid in effecting the abolition, at length happily accomplished, of the cruel and unnatural practice of employing boys in sweeping chimneys. In 1819 he published *Greenland*, a poem in five cantos, containing a sketch of the ancient Moravian Church, its revival in the eighteenth century, and the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland in 1733. The poem, as published, is only a part of the author's original plan, but the beauty of its polar descriptions and episodes recommended it to public favour. The only other long poem by Mr Montgomery is *The Pelican Island*, suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders's voyage to Terra Australis, describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small islands on the coast of New Holland. The work is in blank verse, in nine short cantos, and the narrative is supposed to be delivered by an imaginary being who witnesses the series of events related, after the whole has happened. The poem abounds in minute and delicate description of natural phenomena—has great felicity of diction and expression—and altogether possesses more of the power and fertility of the master than any other of the author's works.

Besides the works we have enumerated, Mr Montgomery threw off a number of small effusions, published in different periodicals, and short translations from Dante and Petrarch. On his retirement in 1825 from the 'invidious station' of newspaper editor, which he had maintained for more than thirty years, through good report and evil report, his friends and neighbours of Sheffield, of every shade of political and religious distinction, invited him to a public entertainment, at which the late Earl Fitzwilliam presided. There the happy and grateful poet 'ran through the story of his life even from his boyish days,' when he came amongst them, friendless and a stranger, from his retirement at Fulneck among the Moravian brethren, by whom he was educated in all but knowledge of the world. He spoke with pardonable pride of the success which had crowned his labours as an author. 'Not, indeed,' he said, 'with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own; it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost.' In 1830 and 1831 Mr Montgomery was selected to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Poetry and General Literature, which he prepared for the press, and published in 1833. A pension of £200 per annum was, at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, conferred upon Mr Montgomery, which he enjoyed till his death in 1854, at the ripe age of eighty-three. A collected edition of his works, with autobiographical and illustrative matter, was issued in 1841 in four volumes, and Memoirs of his Life and Writings have been published by two of his friends, John Holland and James Everett. A tone of generous and enlightened morality pervades all the writings of this poet. He was the enemy of the slave-trade and of every form of oppression, and the warm friend of every scheme of philanthropy and improvement. The pious and devotional feelings displayed in his early effusions colour all his poetry. In description, however, he is not less happy: and in his *Greenland* and *Pelican Island* there are passages of great beauty, evincing a refined taste and judgment in the selection of his materials. His late works had more vigour and variety than those by which he first became distinguished. Indeed, his fame was long confined to what is termed the religious world, till he shewed, by his cultivation of different styles of poetry, that his depth and sincerity of feeling, the simplicity of his taste, and the picturesque beauty of his language, were not restricted to purely spiritual themes. His smaller poems enjoy a popularity almost equal to those of Moore, which, though differing widely in subject, they resemble in their musical flow, and their compendious happy expression and imagery.

Greenland.

'Tis sunset; to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unrolled
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening-star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the Arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The ice-blink rears its undulated head,[1]
On which the sun, beyond the horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fixed and fluid strides the alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky;
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust; mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
That shews a brighter image of his face;

[1] The term ice-blink is generally applied by mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice-mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished by this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.—MONTGOMERY.

The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal-fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with equal fury raves,
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand. . .
Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
No! 'tis the evening-hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers,[1] with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand: their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And, 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal king,
These simple strains, which erst Bohemian hills
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills,
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound—are known
In heaven; and He who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.
Then to his eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to his ear, that gathers, in one sound,
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?
They sleep; but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day;
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind;
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye:
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils which e'en their fathers never knew
(Though schooled by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil);
Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts, and wilder men—unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to shew,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe:
Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.
'Tis morn: the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;
Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds
That spans the ocean; while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,
That ruffled by an April gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,
Dark-purple as the moorland heath, when rain
Hangs in low vapours over the autumnal plain:
Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.

[1] The first Christian missionaries to Greenland.

Where is the vessel? Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluent foam and iridescent spray.

Night.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease:
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

The Pelican Island.

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled;
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,

And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself alive.
Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,
I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.
It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then nothing;
While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy,
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air—
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light, and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure, on the surge
A shoal of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colours came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

The Recluse.

A fountain issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface played,
Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colours catch
As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprisoned waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorned with every grace,
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story; she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolicked in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport
Like sparkling fireflies on the wing;
But thence, when love had touched her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

Aspirations of Youth.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls!

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
Oh, they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

The Common Lot.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man!

Prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, 'Behold, he prays!'

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

THE HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

The HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER (1770–1834) published occasional poems of that description named *vers de société*, whose highest object is to gild the social hour. They were exaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily parodied in the *Rejected Addresses*. As a companion, Mr Spencer was much prized by the brilliant circles of the metropolis; but, if we may credit an anecdote told by Rogers, he must have been heartless and artificial. Moore wished that Spencer should bail him when he was in custody after the affair of the duel with Jeffrey. 'Spencer did not seem much inclined to do so, remarking that he could not well go out, for it was *already twelve o'clock*, and he had to be dressed *by four*.' Spencer, falling into pecuniary difficulties, removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835. Mr Spencer translated the *Leonora* of Bürger with great success, and in a vein of similar excellence composed some original ballads, one of which, marked by simplicity and pathos, we subjoin:

Beth Gêlert, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
'Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

'Oh, where doth faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?'

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-hound! my child 's by thee devoured,'
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe;
'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of 'Gêlert's Grave.'

To ——.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass!

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

Stanzas.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead:

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long-departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

These last two verses, Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed Spencer, quotes in his diary, terming them 'fine lines,' and expressive of his own feelings amidst the wreck and desolation of his fortunes at Abbotsford.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

Another man of wit and fashion, and a pleasing versifier, was HENRY LUTTRELL (1770–1851), author of *Advice to Julia: a Letter in Rhyme*, 1820, and *Crockford House*, 1827. Mr Luttrell was a favourite in the circle of Holland House: 'none of the talkers whom I meet in London society,' said Rogers, 'can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as he does.' The writings of these witty and celebrated conversationists seldom do justice to their talents, but there are happy descriptive passages and touches of light satire in Luttrell's verses. Rogers used to quote an epigram made by his friend on the celebrated vocalist, Miss Tree:

On this *tree* when a nightingale settles and sings,
The *tree* will return her as good as she brings.

Luttrell sat in the Irish parliament before the Union. He is said to have been a natural son of Lord Carhampton. The following are extracts from the *Advice to Julia:*

London in Autumn.

'Tis August. Rays of fiercer heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat.
As o'er it the faint breeze, by fits
Alternate, blows and intermits.

For short-lived green, a russet brown
Stains every withering shrub in town.
Darkening the air, in clouds arise
Th' Egyptian plagues of dust and flies;
At rest, in motion—forced to roam
Abroad, or to remain at home,
Nature proclaims one common lot
For all conditions—'Be ye hot!'
Day is intolerable—Night
As close and suffocating quite;
And still the mercury mounts higher,
Till London seems *again* on fire.

The November Fog of London.

First, at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashy gray;
Then deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapour importunate and dense,
It wars at once with every sense.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull unwonted sound.
Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,
The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads the pole.
Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town, behold, in smoke,
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends rejected from the skies;
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.
O Chemistry, attractive maid,
Descend, in pity, to our aid:
Come with thy all-pervading gases,
Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,
Thy fearful energies and wonders,
Thy dazzling lights and mimic thunders;
Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
Dark Azote and fair Oxygen,
And Wollaston and Davy guide
The car that bears thee, at thy side.
If any power can, any how,
Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou;
And see, to aid thee, in the blow,
The bill of Michael Angelo;
Oh join—success a thing of course is—
Thy heavenly to his mortal forces;
Make all chimneys chew the cud
Like hungry cows, as chimneys should!
And since 'tis only smoke we draw
Within our lungs at common law,
Into their thirsty tubes be sent
Fresh air, by act of parliament.

HENRY GALLY KNIGHT.

Some Eastern tales in the manner and measure of Byron were written by an accomplished man of fortune, MR HENRY GALLY KNIGHT (1786–1846). The first of these, *Ilderim, a Syrian Tale*, was published in 1816. This was followed by *Phrosyne, a Grecian Tale*, and *Alashtar, an Arabian Tale*, 1817. Mr Knight also wrote a dramatic poem, *Hannibal in Bithynia*. Though evincing poetical taste and correctness in the delineation of Eastern manners—for Mr Knight had travelled—these poems failed in exciting attention; and their author turned to the study of our mediæval architecture. His *Architectural Tour in Normandy*, and *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century*—the latter a splendidly illustrated work—are valuable additions to this branch of our historical literature.

SAYERS—HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Several other minor poets of considerable merit at the beginning of this period, were read and admired by poetical students and critics, who have affectionately preserved their names, though the works they praised are now forgotten. DR FRANK SAYERS of Norwich (1763–1817) has been specially commemorated by Southey, though even in 1826 the laureate admitted that Sayers was 'out of date.' The works of this amiable physician consisted of *Dramatic Sketches of the Ancient Northern Mythology*, 1790; *Disquisitions, Metaphysical and Literary*, 1793; *Nugæ Poeticæ*, 1803; *Miscellanies*, 1805; &c. The works of Sayers were collected and republished, with an account of his life, by William Taylor of Norwich, in 1823.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762–1827) was very early in life introduced to public notice by Dr Kippis, who recommended her first work, *Edwin and Elfrida* (1782). She went to reside in France, imbibed republican opinions, and was near suffering with the Girondists during the tyranny of Robespierre. She was a voluminous writer both in prose and verse, author of *Letters from France, Travels in Switzerland, Narrative of Events in France, Correspondence of Louis XVI., with Observations*, &c. In 1823 she collected and republished her poems. To one of the pieces in this edition she subjoins the following note: 'I commence the sonnets with that to Hope, from a predilection in its favour, for which I have a proud reason: it is that of Mr Wordsworth, who lately honoured me with his visits while at Paris, having repeated it to me from memory, after a lapse of many years.'

Sonnet to Hope.

Oh, ever skilled to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye,
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die;
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, a poet and essayist of the lively and descriptive, not the *intense* school, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784. His father was a West Indian; but being in Pennsylvania at the time of the American war, he espoused the British interest with so much warmth, that he had to leave the new world and seek a subsistence in the old. He took orders in the Church of England, and was

some time tutor to the nephew of Lord Chandos, near Southgate. His son—who was named after his father's pupil, Mr Leigh—was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he continued till his fifteenth year. 'I was then,' he says, 'first deputy Grecian; and had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was, that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be.' Leigh was then a poet, and his father collected his verses, and published them with a large list of subscribers. He has himself described this volume as a heap of imitations, some of them clever enough for a youth of sixteen, but absolutely worthless in every other respect. In 1805, Mr Hunt's brother set up a paper called *The News*, and the poet went to live with him, and write the theatrical criticisms in it. Three years afterwards, they established, in joint-partnership, *The Examiner*, a weekly journal conducted with distinguished ability. The poet was more literary than political in his tastes and lucubrations; but unfortunately, he ventured some strictures on the prince-regent, terming him 'a fat Adonis of fifty,' with other personalities, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The poet's captivity was not without its bright side. He had much of the public sympathy, and his friends—Byron and Moore being of the number—were attentive in their visits. One of his two rooms on the 'ground-floor' he converted into a picturesque and poetical study: 'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire [Mr Moore] told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the *Parnaso Italiano* while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it, while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:

Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.—BALDI.

My little garden,
To me thou 'rt vineyard, field, and wood, and meadow.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry-tree, which I twice saw in blossom.'*

This is so interesting a little picture, and so fine an example of making the most of adverse circumstances, that it should not be omitted in any life of Hunt. The poet, however, was not so well fitted to battle with the world, and apply himself steadily to worldly business, as he was to dress his garden and nurse his poetical fancies. He fell into difficulties, from which he was never afterwards wholly free. On leaving prison, he published his *Story of Rimini*, an Italian tale in verse, containing some exquisite lines and passages. The poet subsequently altered *Rimini* considerably, but without improving it. He set up a small weekly paper, *The Indicator*, on the plan of the periodical essayists, which was well received. He also gave to the world two small volumes of poetry, *Foliage*, and *The Feast of the Poets*. In 1822, Mr Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish *The Liberal*, a crude and violent melange of poetry and politics, both in the extreme of liberalism. This connection was productive of mutual disappointment and disgust. *The Liberal* did not sell; Byron's titled and aristocratic friends cried out against so plebeian a partnership; and Hunt found that the noble poet, to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic, and worldly-minded. Still more unfortunate was it that Hunt should afterwards have written the work, *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* (1828), in which his disappointed feelings found vent, and their expression was construed into ingratitude. His life was spent in struggling with influences contrary to his nature and poetical temperament. In 1835, he produced *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*—a poetical denunciation of war. In 1840, he greeted the birth of the Princess-royal with a copy of verses, from which we extract some pleasing lines:

Behold where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
Nought of all the news we sing
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Nought of planet's love nor people's;
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heaven had rained them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctor's learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank a pin.
E'en thy father's loving hand
Nowise dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost thou know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind eyes pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee!

In the same year Hunt brought out a drama,

* *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries.*

A Legend of Florence, and in 1842 a narrative poem, *The Palfrey*. His poetry, generally, is marked by a profusion of imagery, of sprightly fancy, and animated description. Some quaintness and affectation in his style and manner fixed upon him the name of a Cockney poet; but his studies had lain chiefly in the elder writers, and he imitated with success the lighter and more picturesque parts of Chaucer and Spenser. Boccaccio, and the gay Italian authors, appear also to have been among his favourites. His prose essays have been collected and published under the title of *The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside*. They are deservedly popular—full of literary anecdote, poetical feeling, and fine sketches both of town and country life. Other prose works were published by Hunt, including *Sir Ralph Esher*, a novel (1844); *The Town* (1848); *Autobiography and Reminiscences* (1850); *The Religion of the Heart* (1853); *Biographical and Critical Notices of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar* (1855); *The Old Court Suburb* (1855); with several volumes of selections, sketches, and critical comments. The egotism of the author is undisguised; but in all Hunt's writings, his peculiar tastes and romantic fancy, his talk of books and flowers, and his love of the domestic virtues and charities—though he had too much imagination for his judgment in the serious matters of life—impart a particular interest and pleasure to his personal disclosures. In 1847, the crown bestowed a pension of £200 a year on the veteran poet. He died August 28, 1859. His son, Thornton Hunt, published a selection from his *Correspondence* (1862).

May Morning at Ravenna.—From 'Rimini.'

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there 's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight;
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbours, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

Description of a Fountain.—From 'Rimini.'

And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
The lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact; till, at its height o'errun,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

Funeral of the Lovers in 'Rimini.'

The days were then at close of autumn—still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill;
There was a fitful moaning air abroad;
And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who, from reverence, kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
And hour on hour went by, and nought was heard
But some chance horseman or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper-hour; and then, 'twas said,
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
And others said that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
Still, nothing came—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and, as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.
But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching, slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night, those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave, under a tree;
There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground; and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

To T. L. H., Six Years Old, during a Sickness.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I 've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his face'—'is gone;'
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of seraphim,
Who say, 'We've finished here.'

Dirge.

Blest is the turf, serenely blest,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long-departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
There shall no vain ambition come
To lure them from their quiet home;
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
The meek imploring eye to heaven;
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
And never, never love repair
To breathe his idle whispers there!

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And shewed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The above striking little narrative poem is taken from the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of D'Herbelot.

JOHN CLARE.

JOHN CLARE, one of the most truly uneducated of English poets, and one of the best of our rural describers, was born at Helpstone, a village near Peterborough, in 1793. His parents were peasants—his father a helpless cripple and a pauper. John obtained some education by his own extra work as a plough-boy; from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling. At thirteen years of age he met with Thomson's *Seasons*, and hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy. At day-break on a spring morning, he walked to the town of Stamford—six or seven miles off—to make the purchase, and had to wait some time till the shops were opened. This is a fine trait of boyish enthusiasm, and of the struggles of youthful genius. Returning to his native village with the precious purchase, as he walked through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called the *Morning Walk*. This was soon followed by the *Evening Walk*, and some other pieces. A benevolent exciseman instructed the young poet in writing and arithmetic, and he continued his obscure but ardent devotion to his rural muse. In 1817, while working at Bridge Casterton, in Rutlandshire, he resolved on risking the publication of a volume. By hard working day and night, he got a pound saved, that he might have a prospectus printed. This was accordingly done, and a *Collection of Original Trifles* was announced to subscribers, the price not to exceed 3s. 6d. 'I distributed my papers,' he says; 'but as I could get at no way of pushing them into higher circles than those with whom I was acquainted, they consequently passed off as quietly as if they had been still in my possession, unprinted and unseen.' Only seven subscribers came forward! One of these prospectuses, however, led to an acquaintance with Mr Edward Drury, bookseller, Stamford, and through this gentleman the poems were published by Messrs Taylor and Hessey, London, who purchased them from Clare for £20. The volume was brought out in January 1820, with an interesting well-written introduction, and bearing the title, *Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant.* The attention of the public was instantly awakened to the circumstances and the merits of Clare. The magazines and reviews were unanimous in his favour. In a short time he was in possession of a little fortune. The late Earl Fitzwilliam sent £100 to his publishers, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock; the Marquis of Exeter allowed him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life; the Earl of Spencer a further annuity of £10, and various contributions were received from other noblemen and gentlemen,

so that the poet had a permanent allowance of £30 per annum. He married his 'Patty of the Vale,' 'the rosebud in humble life,' the daughter of a neighbouring farmer; and in his native cottage at Helpstone, with his aged and infirm parents and his young wife by his side—all proud of his now rewarded and successful genius—Clare basked in the sunshine of a poetical felicity. The writer of this recollects with melancholy pleasure paying a visit to the poet at this genial season in company with one of his publishers. The humble dwelling wore an air of comfort and contented happiness. Shelves were fitted up filled with books, most of which had been sent as presents. Clare read and liked them all! He took us to see his favourite scene, the haunt of his inspiration. It was a low fall of swampy ground, used as a pasture, and bounded by a dull rushy brook, overhung with willows. Yet here Clare strayed and mused delighted.

Flow on, thou gently plashing stream,
O'er weed-beds wild and rank;
Delighted I 've enjoyed my dream
Upon thy mossy bank:
Bemoistening many a weedy stem,
I 've watched thee wind so clearly,
And on thy bank I found the gem
That makes me love thee dearly.

In 1821 Clare came forward again as a poet. His second publication was entitled *The Village Minstrel and other Poems*, in two volumes. The first of these pieces is in the Spenserian stanza, and describes the scenes, sports, and feelings of rural life—the author himself sitting for the portrait of Lubin, the humble rustic who 'hummed his lowly dreams

Far in the shade where poverty retires.'

The descriptions of scenery, as well as the expression of natural emotion and generous sentiment in this poem, exalted the reputation of Clare as a true poet. He afterwards contributed short pieces to the annuals and other periodicals, marked by a more choice and refined diction. The poet's prosperity was, alas! soon over. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude: he speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties, sank into nervous despondency and despair. He was placed an inmate in Dr Allen's private lunatic asylum in the centre of Epping Forest, where he remained for about four years. He then effected his escape, but shortly afterwards was taken to the Northampton lunatic asylum, where he had to drag on a miserable existence of twenty more years. He died May 20, 1864. So sad a termination of his poetical career it is painful to contemplate. Amidst the native wild-flowers of his song we looked not for the 'deadly nightshade'—and, though the examples of Burns, of Chatterton, and Bloomfield, were better fitted to inspire fear than hope, there was in Clare a naturally lively and cheerful temperament, and an apparent absence of strong and dangerous passions, that promised, as in the case of Allan Ramsay, a life of humble yet prosperous contentment and happiness. Poor Clare's muse was the true offspring of English country-life. He was a faithful painter of rustic scenes and occupations, and he noted every light and shade of his brooks, meadows, and green lanes. His fancy was buoyant in the midst of labour and hardship; and his imagery, drawn directly from nature, is various and original. Careful finishing could not be expected from the rustic poet, yet there is often a fine delicacy and beauty in his pieces. In grouping and forming his pictures, he has recourse to new and original expressions—as for example:

Brisk winds the lightened branches shake
By pattering, plashing drops confessed;
And, where oaks dripping shade the lake,
Paint *crimping dimples* on its breast.

One of his sonnets is singularly rich in this vivid word-painting:

Sonnet to the Glow-worm.

Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright scattered, twinkling star of spangled earth!
Hail to the nameless coloured dark and light,
The witching nurse of thy illumined birth.
In thy still hour how dearly I delight
To rest my weary bones, from labour free;
In lone spots, out of hearing, out of sight,
To sigh day's smothered pains; and pause on thee,
Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree.
Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;
Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,
Gilding and glistering in the dew-drop near:
O still-hour's mate! my easing heart sobs free,
While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

The delicacy of some of his sentimental verses, mixed up in careless profusion with others less correct or pleasing, may be seen from the following part of a ballad, *The Fate of Amy:*

The flowers the sultry summer kills,
Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

The swains who loved no more admire,
Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall
That envied once her charms.

Lost was that sweet simplicity;
Her eye's bright lustre fled;
And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloomed
A sickly paleness spread.

So fades the flower before its time,
Where canker-worms assail;
So droops the bud upon its stem
Beneath the sickly gale.

What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man 's denied to know,
Until he 's called to claim it in the skies.

Summer Morning.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book;

When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
To see how sweet thy summons seems;
Split by the willow's wavy gray,
And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
Unnoticed to vulgar eyes;
Its silk thread glittering in the sun
Art's bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
'Neath their morning burden lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight,
Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

The Primrose—A Sonnet.

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

The Thrush's Nest—A Sonnet.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill, large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.*

First-love's Recollections.

First-love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die:
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
I 've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame,
That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be;
At sunset, with what eager feet
I hastened unto thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone,
Would bring thee in mine eye;
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

Dawnings of Genius.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds—
That necessary tool of wealth and pride—
While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;

* Montgomery says quaintly but truly of this sonnet: 'Here we have in miniature the history and geography of a thrush's nest, so simply and naturally set forth, that one might think such strains

No more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

But let the heartless critic who despises them try his own hand either at a bird's nest or a sonnet like this; and when he has succeeded in making the one, he may have some hope of being able to make the other.'

And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause and pick his shapèd stone and shell:
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name;
Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance find;
Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
Unfold new charms, and witness more delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away.
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
He feels enraptured, though he knows not why;
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
And dwells on something which he can't explain.
The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed,
Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again.
So have I marked the dying ember's light,
When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
With glimmering glow oft redden up again,
And sparks crack brightening into life in vain;
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.
Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart;
Till by successless sallies wearied quite,
The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight:
The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

JAMES SMITH (1775–1839) was a lively and amusing author both in prose and verse. His father, Mr Robert Smith, was an eminent legal practitioner in London, and solicitor to the Board of Ordnance—a gentleman of learning and accomplishments, whose latter years were gratified by the talents and reputation of his two sons, James and Horace. James, the eldest, was educated at a school at Chigwell, in Essex, and was usually at the head of his class. For this retired 'school-boy spot' he ever retained a strong affection, rarely suffering, as his brother relates, a long interval to elapse without paying it a visit, and wandering over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. Two of his latest poems are devoted to his reminiscences of Chigwell. After the completion of his education, James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and eventually succeeded to the business, as well as to the appointment of solicitor to the Ordnance. With a quick sense of the ridiculous, a strong passion for the stage and the drama, and a love of London society and manners, Smith became a town wit and humorist—delighting in parodies, theatrical colloquies, and fashionable criticism. His first pieces appear to have been contributed to the *Pic-nic* newspaper, established by Colonel Henry Greville, which afterwards merged into *The Cabinet*, both being solely calculated for the topics and feelings of the day. A selection from the *Pic-nic* papers, in two small volumes, was published in 1803. He next joined the writers for the *London Review*—a journal established by Cumberland the dramatist, on the principle of affixing the writer's name to his critique. The Review proved a complete failure. The system of publishing names was an unwise innovation, destroying equally the harmless curiosity of the reader, and the critical independence of the author; and Cumberland, besides, was too vain, too irritable and poor, to secure a good list of contributors. Smith then became a constant writer in *The Monthly Mirror*—wherein Henry Kirke White first attracted the notice of what may be termed the literary world—and in this work appeared a series of poetical imitations, entitled *Horace in London*, the joint production of James and Horace Smith. These parodies were subsequently collected and published in one volume in 1813, after the success of the *Rejected Addresses* had rendered the authors famous. Some of the pieces display a lively vein of town levity and humour, but many of them also are very trifling and tedious. In one stanza, James Smith has given a true sketch of his own tastes and character:

Me toil and ease alternate share,
Books, and the converse of the fair
(To see is to adore 'em);
With these, and London for my home,
I envy not the joys of Rome,
The Circus or the Forum!

To London he seems to have been as strongly attached as Dr Johnson himself. 'A confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe, that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter; or quote Dr Johnson's dogma: "Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence." At other times he would express his perfect concurrence with Dr Mosley's assertion, that in the country one is always maddened with the noise of nothing; or laughingly quote the Duke of Queensberry's rejoinder, on being told one sultry day in September that London was exceedingly empty: "Yes, but it's fuller than the country." He would not, perhaps, have gone quite so far as his old friend Jekyll, who used to say, that "if compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and hire a hackney-coach to drive up and down the street all day long;" but he would relate, with great glee, a story shewing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country-house, when a gentleman, informing him that the family were all out, proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?" "Yes, but what then? You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shewn over the improvements."'* There is some good-humoured banter and exaggeration in this dislike of ruralities; and accordingly we find that, as Johnson found his way to the remote Hebrides, Smith occasionally transported himself to Yorkshire and other places, the country seats of friends and noblemen. The *Rejected Addresses* appeared in 1812, having engaged James and Horace Smith six weeks, and proving 'one of the luckiest hits in literature.' The directors of Drury Lane Theatre had offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken on opening the new edifice; and a casual hint from Mr Ward, secretary to the theatre, suggested to the witty brothers the composition of a series of humorous addresses, professedly composed by the principal authors of the day. The

* Memoir prefixed to Smith's *Comic Miscellanies*, 2 vols. 1841.

work was ready by the opening of the theatre, but, strange to say, it was with difficulty that a publisher could be procured, although the authors asked nothing for copyright. At length, Mr John Miller, a dramatic publisher, undertook the publication, offering to give half the profits, should there be any. In an advertisement prefixed to a late edition (the twenty-second!), it is stated that Mr Murray, who had refused without even looking at the manuscript, purchased the copyright in 1819, after the book had run through sixteen editions, for £131. The success of the work was indeed almost unexampled. The articles written by James Smith consisted of imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, and a few travesties. Some of them are inimitable, particularly the parodies on Cobbett and Crabbe, which were also among the most popular. Horace Smith contributed imitations of Walter Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, W. T. Fitzgerald—whose *Loyal Effusion* is irresistibly ludicrous for its extravagant adulation and fustian—Dr Johnson, &c. The imitation of Byron was a joint effusion, James contributing the first stanza—the key-note, as it were—and Horace the remainder. The amount of talent displayed by the two brothers was pretty equal; for none of James Smith's parodies are more felicitous than that of Scott by Horace. The popularity of the *Rejected Addresses* seems to have satisfied the ambition of the elder poet. He afterwards confined himself to short anonymous pieces in *The New Monthly Magazine* and other periodicals, and to the contribution of some humorous sketches and anecdotes towards Mr Mathews's theatrical entertainments, the authorship of which was known only to a few. The *Country Cousins*, *Trip to France*, and *Trip to America*, mostly written by Smith, and brought out by Mathews at the English Opera-house, not only filled the theatre, and replenished the treasury, but brought the witty writer a thousand pounds—a sum to which, we are told, the receiver seldom made allusion without shrugging up his shoulders, and ejaculating: 'A thousand pounds for nonsense!' Mr Smith was still better paid for a trifling exertion of his muse; for, having met at a dinner-party the late Mr Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit:*

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

Mr Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment, that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of £3000! Horace Smith, however, mentions that Mr Strahan had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man quite as much as he admired the poet. James made a happier, though, in a pecuniary sense, less lucky epigram on Miss Edgeworth:

We every-day bards may 'anonymous' sign—
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own their EDGE, and the good own their WORTH.

The easy social bachelor-life of James Smith was much impaired by hereditary gout. He lived temperately, and at his club-dinner restricted himself to his half-pint of sherry; but as a professed joker and 'diner-out,' he must often have been tempted to over-indulgence and irregular hours. Attacks of gout began to assail him in middle life, and he gradually lost the use and the very form of his limbs, bearing all his sufferings, as his brother states, with 'an undeviating and unexampled patience.' One of the stanzas in his poem on Chigwell displays his philosophic composure at this period of his life:

World, in thy ever-busy mart
I 've acted no unnoticed part—
Would I resume it? O no!
Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
And reason asks—*Cui bono?*

He held it a humiliation to be ill, and never complained or alluded to his own sufferings. He died on the 24th December 1839, aged sixty-five. Lady Blessington said: 'If James Smith had not been a *witty man*, he must have been a *great man.*' His extensive information and refined manners, joined to an inexhaustible fund of liveliness and humour, and a happy uniform temper, rendered him a fascinating companion. The writings of such a man give but a faint idea of the original; yet in his own walk of literature James Smith has few superiors. Anstey comes most directly into competition with him; yet it may be safely said that the *Rejected Addresses* will live as long as the *New Bath Guide.*

HORACE SMITH, the latest surviving partner of this literary duumvirate—the most constant and interesting, perhaps, since that of Beaumont and Fletcher, and more affectionate from the relationship of the parties—afterwards distinguished himself by various novels and copies of verses in *The New Monthly Magazine.* He was one of the first imitators of Sir Walter Scott in his historical romances. His *Brambletye House*, a tale of the civil wars, published in 1826, was received with favour by the public, though some of its descriptions of the plague in London were copied too literally from Defoe, and there was a want of spirit and truth in the embodiment of some of the historical characters. The success of this effort inspired the author to venture into various fields of fiction. He wrote *Tor Hill; Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City; The Midsummer Medley; Walter Colyton; The Involuntary Prophet; Jane Lomax; The Moneyed Man; Adam Brown; The Merchant;* &c. None of these seem destined to live. Mr Smith was as remarkable for generosity as for wit and playful humour. Shelley said once: 'I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes: I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes poetry too,' continued Mr Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment—'he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows

how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous.' The poet also publicly expressed his regard for Mr Smith:

> Wit and sense,
> Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
> Make this dull world a business of delight,
> Are all combined in H. S.

This truly estimable man died July 12, 1849, aged seventy. Apart from the parodies, James Smith did nothing so good as Horace Smith's *Address to the Mummy*, which is a felicitous compound of fact, humour, and sentiment, forcibly and originally expressed.

The Theatre.—By the Rev. G. C. [*Crabbe.*]

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start:
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit. . . .
What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pâte,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.
Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St Pancras, he was bred—
At number twenty-seven, it is said—
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down:
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat;
But leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers: 'Take my handkerchief.'
'Thank you,' cries Pat, 'but one won't make a line.'
'Take mine,' cried Wilson; 'And,' cried Stokes, 'take mine.'
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and b
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band;
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigne
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat

The Baby's Debut.—By W. W. [*Wordsworth.*

Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight y age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Hughes, her uncle's porter.

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he 's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack 's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour-door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite;
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he 's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried: 'O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said: 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said: 'No, she shan't!'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney-coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind;
The tails of both hung down behind;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound:
And there's a row of lamps; my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said: 'Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

'You've only got to curtsey, whisper, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,
Then why not Nancy Lake?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blows kiss, and exit.*

A Tale of Drury Lane.—By W. S. [*Scott.*]

As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes:
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The playhouse is in flames.'
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguined drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shews the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket Porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne;
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seemed that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. . . .

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo 'Heads below!'
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'
And poured the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire—
His fireman's soul was all on fire—
His brother-chief to save;
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite;
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps;
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps;
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they feared on? fools—'od rot 'em!'—
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.

By Horace Smith.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

JOHN WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON, long the distinguished occupant of the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, earned his first laurels by his poetry. He was born on the 18th of May 1785, in the town of Paisley, where his father had carried on business, and attained to opulence as a manufacturer. At the age of thirteen, the poet was entered of Glasgow University, whence, in 1804, he was transferred to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he carried off the Newdigate prize from a vast number of competitors for the best English poem of fifty lines. Mr Wilson was distinguished in these youthful years by his fine athletic frame, and a face at once handsome and expressive of genius. A noted capacity for knowledge and remarkable literary powers were at the same time united to a predilection for gymnastic exercises and rural sports. After four years' residence at Oxford, the poet purchased a small but beautiful estate, named Elleray, on the banks of the lake Windermere, where he went to reside. He married—built a house—kept a yacht—enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the lakes—wrote poetry—and cultivated the society of Wordsworth. These must have been happy days. With youth, robust health, fortune, and an exhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, have been blest even up to the dreams of a poet. Some reverses, however, came, and, after entering himself of the Scottish bar, he sought and obtained his moral philosophy chair. He connected himself also with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in this miscellany poured forth the riches of his fancy, learning, and taste—displaying also the peculiarities of his sanguine and impetuous temperament. The most valuable of these contributions were collected and published (1842) in three volumes, under the title of *The Recreations of Christopher North*. The criticisms on poetry from the pen of Wilson are often highly eloquent, and conceived in a truly kindred spirit. A series of papers on Spenser and Homer are equally remarkable for their discrimination and imaginative luxuriance. In reference to these 'golden spoils' of criticism, Mr Hallam characterised the professor as 'a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters.' The poetical works of Wilson consist of the *Isle of Palms* (1812), the *City of the Plague* (1816), and several smaller pieces. The broad humour and satire of some of his prose papers form a contrast to the delicacy and tenderness of his acknowledged writings—particularly his poetry. He has an outer and an inner man—one shrewd, bitter, observant, and full of untamed energy; the other calm, graceful, and meditative—'all conscience and tender heart.' He deals generally in extremes, and the prevailing defect of his poetry is its uniform sweetness and

feminine softness of character. 'Almost the only passions,' says Jeffrey, 'with which his poetry is conversant, are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender compassion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with a most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which, to those who read poetry for amusement merely, will be apt to appear like dullness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day.' Some of the scenes in the *City of the Plague* are, however, exquisitely drawn, and his descriptions of lake and mountain scenery, though *idealised* by his imagination, are not unworthy of Wordsworth. The *prose* descriptions of Wilson have obscured his *poetical*, because in the former he gives the reins to his fancy, and, while preserving the general outline and distinctive features of the landscape, adds a number of subsidiary charms and attractions. In 1851, Mr Wilson was granted a pension of £300 per annum; his health had then failed, and he died in Edinburgh on the 3d of April 1854. A complete collection of his works was published by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, of St Andrews, in twelve volumes (1855–58).

A Home among the Mountains.—From 'City of the Plague.'

MAGDALENE and ISABEL.

Magdalene. How bright and fair that afternoon returns
When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul! Sweet breeze!
That hymning like a spirit up the lake,
Came through the tall pines on yon little isle
Across to us upon the vernal shore
With a kind friendly greeting. Frankfort blest
The unseen musician floating through the air,
And, smiling, said: 'Wild harper of the hill!
So mayst thou play thy ditty when once more
This lake I do revisit.' As he spoke,
Away died the music in the firmament,
And unto silence left our parting hour.
No breeze will ever steal from nature's heart
So sweet again to me.
Whate'er my doom
It cannot be unhappy. God hath given me
The boon of resignation: I could die,
Though doubtless human fears would cross my soul,
Calmly even now; yet if it be ordained
That I return unto my native valley,
And live with Frankfort there, why should I fear
To say I might be happy—happier far
Than I deserve to be. Sweet Rydal Lake!
Am I again to visit thee? to hear
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?
Isabel. Methinks I see us in a cheerful group
Walking along the margin of the bay,
Where our lone summer-house——
Magd. Sweet mossy cell!
So cool—so shady—silent and composed!
A constant evening full of gentle dreams!
Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief
A melancholy pleasant to be borne.
Hath the green linnet built her nest this spring
In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?
Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss
Her human friends: our orchard now must be
A wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.
Isa. One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong.
The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.
Magd. I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees
In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall
That once inclosed the happiest family
That ever lived beneath the blessed skies.
Where is that family now? O Isabel,
I feel my soul descending to the grave,
And all these loveliest rural images
Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore!
Isa. Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!
Oh, were we sitting in that room once more!
Magd. 'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there,
And both my parents dead. How could I walk
On what I used to call my father's walk,
He in his grave! or look upon that tree,
Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit,
Planted by my mother, and her holy name
Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

From Lines, 'To a Sleeping Child.'

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh, can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?

Oh, vision fair, that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm:
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise.
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul. . . .
Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil that half-concealed
The light of soul, and half-revealed.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awok'st—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

From 'Address to a Wild Deer.'

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;

Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore:
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.
Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still!—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright apparition—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er—as if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee:
Magnificent prison inclosing the free;
With rock wall-encircled—with precipice crowned—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

Yes: fierce looks thy nature e'en hushed in repose—
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death—
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign:
But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

Lines written in a lonely Burial-ground in the Highlands.

How mournfully this burial-ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves!
The cold wan light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.

The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And, like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguished kingly race,
Whose name on earth no longer known,
Hath mouldered with the mouldering stone.
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
Seems but one summer-twilight old;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here;
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell;
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace!
But death hath chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign!
And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead,
For Hope with Memory seems fled!

Wild-screaming bird! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly,
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steeped in woe!
Here, they who perished on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep;
For Ocean, from his wrathful breast,
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—
'Tis the shipwrecked seamen's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home-bound, here have met the blast
That wrecked them on death's shore at last!
Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears
In hearts by misery fortified,
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here many a creature moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain-wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,
All flung like sea-weeds to the land;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dashed at once in all their pride.
And here the bright-haired, fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy,
From one who weeps both night and day
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep;
While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale cold face!
Oh, I could wail in lonely fear,
For many a woful ghost sits here,
All weeping with their fixed eyes!
And what a dismal sound of sighs

Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey!

MRS HEMANS.

MRS HEMANS (Felicia Dorothea Browne) was born at Liverpool on the 25th September 1793. Her father was a merchant; but, experiencing some reverses, he removed with his family to Wales, and there the young poetess imbibed that love of nature which is displayed in all her works. In her fifteenth year she ventured on publication. Her first volume was far from successful; but she persevered, and in 1812 published another, entitled *The Domestic Affections, and other Poems.* The same year she was married to Captain Hemans; but the union does not seem to have been a happy one. She continued her studies, acquiring several languages, and still cultivating poetry. In 1818, Captain Hemans removed to Italy for the benefit of his health. His accomplished wife remained in England, and they never met again. In 1819, she obtained a prize of £50 offered by some patriotic Scotsman for the best poem on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Next year she published *The Sceptic.* In June 1821, she obtained the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. Her next effort was a tragedy, the *Vespers of Palermo*, which was produced at Covent Garden, December 12, 1823; but though supported by the admirable acting of Kemble and Young, it was not successful. In 1826, appeared her best poem, *The Forest Sanctuary*, and in 1828, *Records of Woman.* She afterwards produced *Lays of Leisure Hours, National Lyrics*, &c. In 1829 she paid a visit to Scotland, and was received with great kindness by Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and others of the Scottish literati. In 1830 appeared her *Songs of the Affections.* The same year she visited Wordsworth, and appears to have been much struck with the secluded beauty of Rydal Lake and Grasmere:

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote—
Isles of the blest—and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies.

Wordsworth said to her one day: 'I would not give up the mists that spiritualise our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy'—an original and poetical expression. On her return from the Lakes, Mrs Hemans went to reside in Dublin, where her brother, Major Browne, was settled. The education of her family (five boys) occupied much of her time and attention. Ill health, however, pressed heavily on her, and she soon experienced a premature decay of the springs of life. In 1834, appeared her little volume of *Hymns for Childhood*, and a collection of *Scenes and Hymns of Life.* She also published some sonnets, under the title of *Thoughts during Sickness.* Her last strain, produced only about three weeks before her death, was the following fine sonnet, dictated to her brother on Sunday the 26th of April:

Sunday in England.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day;
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

This admirable woman and sweet poetess died on the 16th of May 1835, aged forty-one. She was interred in St Anne's Church, Dublin, and over her grave were inscribed some lines from one of her own dirges:

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

A complete collection of the works of Mrs Hemans, with a memoir by her sister, has been published in six volumes. Though highly popular, and in many respects excellent, we do not think that much of the poetry of Mrs Hemans will descend to posterity. There is, as Scott hinted, 'too many flowers for the fruit;' more for the ear and fancy, than for the heart and intellect. Some of her shorter pieces and her lyrical productions are touching and beautiful, both in sentiment and expression.

From 'The Voice of Spring.'

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,

They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains. . . .

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

The Homes of England.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

BERNARD BARTON.

BERNARD BARTON (1784–1849), one of the Society of Friends, published in 1820 a volume of miscellaneous poems, which attracted notice, both for their elegant simplicity, and purity of style and feeling, and because they were written by a Quaker. 'The staple of the whole poems,' says a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out—and meditation, overshaded with tenderness, and exalted by devotion; but all terminating in soothing, and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of mortality.' Mr Barton was employed in a banking establishment at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, and he seems to have contemplated abandoning his profession for a literary life. Byron remonstrated against such a step. 'Do not renounce writing,' he said, 'but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it; it will be, like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.' Charles Lamb also wrote to him as follows: 'Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's-length from them—come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a counting-house—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend

literally dying in a workhouse. Oh, you know not —may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship!' There is some exaggeration here. We have known authors by profession who lived cheerfully and comfortably, labouring at the stated sum per sheet as regularly as the weaver at his loom, or the tailor on his board; but dignified with the consciousness of following a high and ennobling occupation, with all the mighty minds of past ages as their daily friends and companions. The bane of such a life, when fervid genius is involved, is its uncertainty and its temptations, and the almost invariable incompatibility of the poetical temperament with habits of business and steady application. Yet let us remember the examples of Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope—all regular and constant labourers—and, in our own day, of Scott, Southey, Moore, and many others. The fault is more generally with the author than with the public. In the particular case of Bernard Barton, however, Lamb counselled wisely. He had not the vigour and popular talents requisite for *marketable* literature; and of this he would seem to have been conscious, for he abandoned his dream of exclusive authorship. Mr Barton published several volumes of poetry, *The Widow's Tale*, *Devotional Verses*, &c. A pension of £100 a year was awarded to him in his latter days.

To the Evening Primrose.

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of paly gold;

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimmering earth-born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope, that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

Power and Gentleness, or the Cataract and the Streamlet.

Noble the mountain-stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!
Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around—Oh, tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives—itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard: its low, plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed:
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Under the name of 'Barry Cornwall,' a new poet appeared in 1815, as author of a small volume of dramatic scenes of a domestic character, written 'in order to try the effect of a more natural style than that which had for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature.' The experiment was successful, chiefly on account of the pathetic and tender scenes in the sketches. To this dramatic volume succeeded three volumes of poems—*A Sicilian Story*, *Marcian Colonna*, and *The Flood of Thessaly*, all published under the *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall, which became highly popular. His next work was a tragedy, *Mirandola*, 1821, which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, the two principal parts being acted by Macready and Charles Kemble. This also was successful. The subsequent productions of the poet were *Effigies Poetica* and *English Songs*. The latter are perhaps the best of Barry Cornwall's works, and the most likely to live: they have the true lyrical spirit. Besides these, the author produced two prose works, a *Life of Edmund Kean*, the actor, and a biographical sketch of his early friend Charles Lamb. BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1790–1874) was a native of London, and was the schoolfellow of Byron and Peel at Harrow. He was a barrister at law and one of the Commissioners of Lunacy. Living to a great age, he enjoyed the regard and esteem of a large circle of friends and of the literary society of

London. In 1857 a windfall came to Mr Procter and to certain other poets. Mr John Kenyon, a wealthy West Indian gentleman, fond of literary society, and author of a *Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*, left more than £140,000 in legacies to individuals whom he loved or admired. Included in this number were Elizabeth Barrett Browning, £4000; her husband, £6500; and to Mr Procter also £6500.

Address to the Ocean.

O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance or change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their wonted home;
And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element;
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose; thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

Marcelia.

It was a dreary place. The shallow brook
That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn
And widened: all its music died away,
And in the place a silent eddy told
That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
Funereal—cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
And spicy cedar—clustered, and at night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death: 'twas strange, for through the day
They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,
Like monumental things, which the sad earth
From its green bosom had cast out in pity,
To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
Disowned their natural green, and took black
And mournful hue; and the rough brier, stretching
His straggling arms across the rivulet,
Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
With his tenacious leaf, straws, withered boughs,
Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
Swam with the current, and with these it hid
The poor Marcelia's death-bed. Never may net
Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope,
For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath
The brook, and panting flies the unholy place,
And the white heifer lows, and passes on;
The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
To loiter there: and when the rising moon
Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
Red and dilated through the evening mists,
And chequered as the heavy branches sway
To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,
And fancy to myself that a sad voice,
Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere
For some misdeed. The story goes that some
Neglected girl—an orphan whom the world
Frowned upon—once strayed thither, and 'twas thought
Cast herself in the stream. You may have heard
Of one Marcelia, poor Nolina's daughter, who
Fell ill and came to want? No! Oh, she loved
A wealthy man who marked her not. He wed,
And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,
And drowned herself for love.

An Invocation to Birds.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottoes cool;
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phœnix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs
Until they waken. And thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouched echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love—come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth—
Epithalamium and Pindarique song—
And with it enrich our ears; come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

The following are from Mr Procter's collection of *Songs:*

King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his coal-black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woe,
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The Nights.

Oh, the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown!

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

Oh, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep,
To the bird of the woods its nest;
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick and the weary—rest!

Song for Twilight.

Hide me, O twilight air!
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
Until to-morrow!
To-night I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar:
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander;
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder.

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet soul;
On joy, the end and goal
Of all endeavour:
But if earth's pains will rise
(As damps will seek the skies),
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,
In sleep for ever.

Death of Amelia Wentworth.

AMELIA—MARIAN.

Marian. Are you awake, dear lady?
Amelia. Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see. I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?
Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.
Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?
Mar. O yes; but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.
Amel. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look, above! the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal-dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt,
When I had hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing: 'They said his eye'—
No, that 's not it: the words are hard to hit.
'His eye like the mid-day sun was bright'——
Mar. 'Tis so.
You 've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.
Amel. I hearken. Now.

Song.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn—he fled and died.

Mar. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening: thus it runs—

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow;
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There 's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

CHARLES enters.

Ch. I am here.
Did you not call?
Amel. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother—now
I take that title—in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There 's one thing pains me, and I would be calm.
My husband has been harsh unto me—yet
He *is* my husband; and you 'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,

Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now.
Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay——
Ch. Indeed you must not.
Amel. Well, then, I will be silent; yet not so.
For ere we journey, ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you—ever; so as might
Become a mother's tender love—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one-third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.
Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me?
Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: these eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour——
Ch. Oh, no!
No, no! oh, say not so! I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?
Amel. No: I would caution it against a change
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead——
Ch. Alas, alas!
Amel. This is
Not as I wish: you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!——

WENTWORTH enters.

Mar. She 's pale—speak, speak.
Ch. O my lost mother!—How! You here?
Went. I am come
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints: Amelia! [*She dies.*
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.
Ch. Look!
Mar. She has left us.
Ch. It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!
Mar. It is in vain.
Ch. Is it then so? My soul is sick and faint.
O mother, mother! I—I cannot weep.
Oh for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her! And has death
Indeed, indeed struck *her*—so beautiful;
So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love?
O thou bright heaven! if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom—rest;
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed—and the earth is dark below.
And now—I 'll wander far and far away,
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
From land to land I 'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look,
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past. And now—for Hindustan.

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN.

The REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, long the accomplished and venerated Dean of St Paul's, was a native of London, son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman, and was born in the year 1791. He distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and in 1815 was made a fellow of Brazennose College, Oxford. He also held (1821) the office of professor of poetry in the university. In the church Mr Milman was some time vicar of Reading; then rector of St Margaret's, Westminster; and finally (1849) dean of St Paul's. He died September 24, 1868. Dean Milman first appeared as an author in 1817, when his tragedy of *Fazio* was published. It was afterwards acted with success at Drury Lane Theatre. In 1820 he published a dramatic poem, *The Fall of Jerusalem*, and to this succeeded three other dramas, *Belshazzar* (1822), *The Martyr of Antioch* (1822), and *Anne Boleyn* (1826); but none of these were designed for the stage. He also wrote a narrative poem, *Samor, Lord of the Bright City* (1818), and several smaller pieces. To our prose literature, Milman contributed a *History of the Jews*, a *History of Early Christianity*, a *History of Latin Christianity*, a *History of St Paul's Cathedral*, a volume of *Literary Essays*, &c. He edited an edition of Gibbon's Rome, with notes and corrections, and an excellent edition of Horace. These are valuable works. The taste and attainments of Dean Milman are seen in his poetical works; but he wants the dramatic spirit, and also that warmth of passion and imagination which is necessary to vivify his learning and his classical conceptions. His fame will ultimately rest on his histories.

Jerusalem before the Siege.

Titus. It must be—
And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,

Are melted into air, behold the temple
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

Summons of the Destroying Angel to the City of Babylon.

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice
Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river,
That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens:
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
By him that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,
And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts
Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me: thou dost check
Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief
His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved,
Yet toiling Persian, breaks the ruining mound,
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength;
And, through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha,
Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling
The omnipotent command! While, far away,
The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
Its foaming surface like a whirlpool-gulf,
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.
But silent as thy billows used to flow,
And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
Winding their darksome way profound, where man
Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
Breathed. O ye secret and unfathomed depths,
How are ye now a smooth and royal way
For the army of God's vengeance! Fellow-slaves
And ministers of the Eternal purpose,
Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
Beneath the admiring moon. Come on! the gates
Are open—not for banqueters in blood
Like you! I see on either side o'erflow
The living deluge of armed men, and cry,
'Begin, begin! with fire and sword begin
The work of wrath.' Upon my shadowy wings
I pause, and float a little while, to see
Mine human instruments fulfil my task
Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
That live along the interminable space,
Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!

The Fair Recluse.—From 'Samor.'

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek star of eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like man,
Slept, weary of the garish, babbling day. . . .
But she, the while, from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, played on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Beloved, and loving none: nor strange if learned
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate; she loved
All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth—the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine; nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wantoned with her brown and glossy locks;
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank; ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows: better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious, all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous; her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
Sunning his dappled side, at noontide crouched,
Courting her fond caress; nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy.

The Day of Judgment.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
O earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man,
When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away;
Still to the noontide of that nightless day
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples, named of men
Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings:
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled;
The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And one vast common doom ensepulchres the world.
Oh, who shall then survive?
Oh, who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more;
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy;
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark—
A fiery deluge, and without an ark?

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheelèd throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest-leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and true! thou still wilt save thine own!
The saints shall dwell within the unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the church, thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines;
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, almightiest to redeem!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

The REV. GEORGE CROLY (1780–1860), rector of St Stephen's, Walbrook, London, was a voluminous writer in various departments—poetry, history, prose fiction, polemics, politics, &c. He was a native of Dublin, and educated at Trinity College. His principal poetical works are—*Paris in 1815*, a description of the works of art in the Louvre; *The Angel of the World*, 1820; *Verse Illustrations to Gems from the Antique; Pride shall have a Fall*, a comedy; *Catiline*, a tragedy; *Poetical Works*, 2 vols., 1830; *The Modern Orlando*, a satirical poem, 1846 and 1855, &c. His romances of *Salathiel*, *Tales of the Great St Bernard*, and *Marston*, have many powerful and eloquent passages. The most important of his theological works is *The Apocalypse of St John, a new Interpretation*, 1827. Dr Croly's historical writings consist of a series of *Sketches*, a *Character of Curran*, *Political Life of Burke*, *The Personal History of King George the Fourth*, &c. A brief memoir of Dr Croly was published by his son in 1863.

Pericles and Aspasia.

This was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then Eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame:
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

The French Army in Russia.—From 'Paris in 1815.'

Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now?
A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses moulder-
ing drear.

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels; they shuddered and
rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gusts sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shews the unmeasured desert
wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil;

In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

Satan; from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

'Satan dilated stood.'—MILTON.

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep;
Above thee lowers the sullen fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire;
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear unlifted in thy hand;
Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne;
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Armed in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain:
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail.
Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem.
The king is in thy eyeball's beam;
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.
Thou prisoned, ruined, unforgiven!
Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

This lady was generally known as 'L. E. L.,' in consequence of having first published with her initials only. Her earliest compositions were *Poetical Sketches*, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette:* afterwards (1824) she published *The Improvisatrice*, which was followed by two more volumes, of poetry. She also contributed largely to magazines and annuals, and was the authoress of a novel entitled *Romance and Reality*. She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802, the daughter of Mr Landon, a partner in the house of Adair, army-agent. Lively, susceptible, and romantic, she early commenced writing poetry. Her father died, and she not only maintained herself, but assisted her relations by her literary labours. In 1838 she was married to Mr George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, and shortly afterwards sailed for Cape Coast with her husband. She landed there in August, and was resuming her literary engagements in her solitary African home, when one morning, after writing the previous night some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was (October 16) found dead in her room, lying close to the door, having in her hand a bottle which had contained prussic acid, a portion of which she had taken. From the investigation which took place into the circumstances of this melancholy event, it was conjectured that she had undesigningly taken an overdose of the fatal medicine, as a relief from spasms.

Change.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers;
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
To former beauty; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

When those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear now,
When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow;
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
And thy heart turns back, pining, to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass;
O maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
How rose-touched the page of thy future must be!

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But blossoms that flourish, but hopes that are fair;
And what is thy present? a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave;
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour;
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmèd light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead!

Oh, long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lov'st now;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their mark;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark:

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost:
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth hath passed by—
Ah! what saith the proverb? Its memory 's a sigh.

Last Verses of L. E. L.

Alluding to the Pole Star, which, in her voyage to Africa, she had nightly watched till it sunk below the horizon.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shews the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

JANE TAYLOR—ANN TAYLOR (MRS GILBERT).

JANE and ANN TAYLOR were members of an English Nonconformist family of the middle rank of life, distinguished through four generations for their attainments in literature and art, and no less distinguished for persevering industry and genuine piety. The grandfather of the sisters, the first of four Isaac Taylors, was an engraver. He had a brother Charles, who edited Calmet's *Dictionary of the Bible*, and another brother, Josiah, who became eminent as a publisher of architectural works. Isaac, the second son, father of Ann and Jane, besides his engraving business, took a warm interest in the affairs of the 'meeting-house,' and ultimately became pastor of an Independent congregation at Ongar in Essex. The wife of Mr Taylor (*née* Ann Martin) was also of literary tastes, and published *Maternal Solicitude* (1814), *The Family Mansion* (1819), and other tales, and instructive educational works. The daughters, Ann (1782–1866) and Jane (1783–1824) were born in London, but brought up chiefly at Lavenham in Suffolk, whither their father had, for the sake of economy, taken up his residence. His daughters assisted in the engraving, working steadily at their tasks from their thirteenth or fourteenth year, and paying their share of the family expenses. They began their literary career by contributing to a cheap annual, *The Minor's Pocket-Book*, the publishers of which, Darton and Harvey, induced them to undertake a volume of verses for children. In 1803 appeared *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, which were followed by *Rhymes for the Nursery* (1806), *Hymns for Infant Minds*, *Rural Scenes*, *City Scenes*, &c. The hymns were highly popular, and are still well known. The two little poems, *My Mother*, and *Twinkle, Twinkle little Star*, can never become obsolete in the nursery. Jane Taylor was authoress of a tale entitled *Display* (1815), and of *Essays in Rhy* (1816), and *Contributions of Q. Q.* Ann marrie Dissenting clergyman, the Rev. Josiah Gilb author of a treatise on the Atonement, who d in 1852, and a memoir of whom was written his widow. When *she* also was removed, her s Josiah Gilbert, an accomplished artist, and aut of *The Dolomite Mountains; Cadore, or Titia Country*, &c., published in 1874, *Autobiogra and other Memorials of Mrs Gilbert* (*Ann Tayl* A brother of the accomplished sisters, Is Taylor of Stanford Rivers, became still m distinguished as a theological writer, and will noticed in a subsequent part of this volume.

The Squire's Pew.—*By* JANE TAYLOR.

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again:
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade?

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween—
Acorn and *fleur-de-lis*;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore—that now we call—
When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
His train did hither bring;
All seated round in order due,
With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt:
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer;
Long-visaged, clad in armour, he;
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and d
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew;
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire,
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season every year—
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive to silent rest
Another and another guest—

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate;
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads:
Whilst other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

From 'The Song of the Tea-Kettle.'—*By* ANN TAYLOR.

Since first began my ominous song,
Slowly have passed the ages long. . .
Slow was the world my worth to glean,
My visible secret long unseen!
Surly, apart the nations dwelt,
Nor yet the magical impulse felt;
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
All that doth honour or wealth impart,
Spell-bound, till mind should set them free,
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me!
At length the day in its glory rose,
And off on its spell—the *Engine* goes!

On whom first fell the amazing dream?
WATT woke to fetter the giant Steam,
His fury to crush to mortal rule,
And wield Leviathan as his tool!
The monster, breathing disaster wild,
Is tamed and checked by a tutored child;
Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,
A pin or a whisper guides its course;
Around its sinews of iron play
The viewless bonds of a mental sway,
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower,
To knowledge, the plighted boon—is *Power!*

Hark! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fences of England's fields;
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors;
'Tis the many-fingered, intricate, bright machine,
With it flowery film of lace, I ween!
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of yon arched cove beneath;
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight;
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day;
And man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,
Conqueror of distance reigns, and time.

Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
His soul through the unknown leagues transfused;
His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
On the solitude strange and drear, did shine
The untracked ways of that restless brine;
Till at length, his shattered sail was furled,
Mid the golden sands of a western world!
Still centuries passed with their measured tread,
While winged by the winds the nations sped;
And still did the moon, as she watched that deep,
Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep;
And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
Spake of absence long, on a distant strand.

She starts—wild winds at her bosom rage,
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage;
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds;
Fleet as the lightning tracks the cloud,
She glances on, in her glory proud;
A few bright suns, and at rest she lies,
Glittering to transatlantic skies! . . .
Simpleton man! why, who would have thought
To this, the song of a tea-kettle brought!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

MISS BAILLIE (1762–1851) was the daughter of a Scottish minister, and was born in the manse or parsonage of Bothwell, county of Lanark. In this manse, 'repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, and those most honourable to human nature, seems to have been the constant lesson.' Joanna's sister, Agnes, told Lucy Aikin that their father was an excellent parent: 'when she had once been bitten by a dog thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but that he had never given her a kiss. Joanna spoke of her yearning to be caressed when a child. She would sometimes venture to clasp her little arms about her mother's knees, who would seem to chide her, but the child knew she liked it.'* Her latter years were spent in comparative retirement at Hampstead, where she died February 23, 1851. Besides her dramas (afterwards noticed), Miss Baillie wrote some admirable Scottish songs and other poetical pieces, which were collected and published under the title of *Fugitive Verses*. In society, as in literature, this lady was regarded with affectionate respect and veneration, enjoying the friendship of most of her distinguished contemporaries. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, states that Miss Baillie and her brother, Dr Matthew Baillie, were among the friends to whose intercourse Sir Walter looked forward with the greatest pleasure, when about to visit the metropolis.

From 'The Kitten.'

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, shew thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.
Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;

* *Memoirs of Lucy Aikin.* London, 1864.

Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till, from thy centre starting fair,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high:
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze. . . .
The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses, too, *thy* feats repay:
For then beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur,
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.
But not alone by cottage-fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with altered air
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.

From 'Address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her Birthday.' *

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been—
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebell on the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then, as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,*
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within.
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom—changing, how soon!
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment—whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor—
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.
'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud was I
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
'What! is this story all thine own invention?'

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mixed world began;
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy—
A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed—did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
And now, in later years, with better grace,
Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made
The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.
The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
Our earthly journey held; and who can say
How near the end of our united way?
By nature's course not distant; sad and 'reft
Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?

* The author and her sister lived to an advanced age constantly in each other's society. Miss Agnes Baillie died April 27, 1861, aged 100.

* The manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about. Joanna said she 'rambled over the heaths and plashed in the brook most of the day.' One day she said to Lucy Aikin, 'I could not read well till nine years old.' 'O Joanna,' cried her sister, 'not till eleven.'—*Memoirs Lucy Aikin.*

Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal-day,
An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed.
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best:
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

The Shepherd's Song.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock 's in the sky,
And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It wears sae slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The shadow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clackin' din;
And Lucky scoldin' frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
These are nae sounds for me;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam,
A snood of bonnie blue,
And promised, when our trystin' cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time it winna pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

Oh now I see her on the way,
She 's past the witches' knowe;
She 's climbin' up the brownie's brae—
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no! 'tis na so!
'Tis glaumrie I hae seen:
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,
Though conned wi' little skill;
When Collie barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow of the trystin' bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

WILLIAM KNOX—THOMAS PRINGLE.

WILLIAM KNOX, a young poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825, aged thirty-six, was author of *The Lonely Hearth, Songs of Israel, The Harp of Zion*, &c. Sir Walter Scott thus mentions Knox in his diary: 'His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then shewed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry.' Knox thus concludes his *Songs of Israel:*

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below,
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me 'mid a night of woe—
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight:
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

And like to Gilead's drops of balm,
They for a moment soothed my breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I lay me side by side
With those that loved me, and have died.

They died—and this a world of woe,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here:
But with a prospect to rejoin
The friends beloved, that once were mine.

THOMAS PRINGLE was born in Roxburghshire in 1788. He was concerned in the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was author of *Scenes of Teviotdale, Ephemerides*, and other poems, all of which display fine feeling and a cultivated taste. Although, from lameness, ill fitted for a life of roughness or hardships, Mr Pringle, with his father and several brothers, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1820, and there established a little township or settlement named Glen Lynden. The poet afterwards removed to Cape Town, the capital; but wearied with his Kaffir-land exile, and disagreeing with the governor, he returned to England, and subsisted by his pen. He was sometime editor of the literary annual entitled *Friendship's Offering*. His services were also engaged by the African Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within a few months of his death. In the discharge of its duties he evinced a spirit of active humanity, and an ardent love of the cause to which he was devoted. His last work was a series of *African Sketches*, containing an interesting personal narrative, interspersed with verses. Mr Pringle died on the 5th of December 1834. The following piece was much admired by Coleridge:

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;

And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my Native Land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert land—
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild-deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the *vley*, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagga's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Koranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found—to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's solitude.
And here—while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
A 'still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying, 'Man is distant, but God is near!'

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY obtained a numerous circle of readers and admirers, although his poetry was stilted and artificial, and was severely criticised by Macaulay and others. The glitter of his ornate style, and the religious nature of his subjects, kept up his productions (with the aid of incessant puffing) for several years, but they have now sunk into neglect. His principal works are, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, *Satan*, *Luther*, *Messiah*, and *Orford*. He wrote also various religious prose works, and was highly popular with many persons as a divine. He was preacher at Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, and died in 1855, aged forty-seven.

Description of a Maniac.

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view—
The village wonder, and the widow's joy—
Dwells the poor mindless, pale-faced maniac boy:
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
Reveal the withered thoughts that sleep below!
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
Sometimes along the woodland's winding glade,
He starts, and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruined mind!
Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted strays,
Playing his fingers in the noontide rays:
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune;
Till o'er his softening features seems to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.
Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him, near him, wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian-angel tracks him from above!
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The mazy wanderings of the maniac boy.

The Starry Heavens.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapped in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam;
The lulled winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hushed, as if her works adored,
Stilled by the presence of her living Lord!

WILLIAM HERBERT.

The HON. and REV. WILLIAM HERBERT (1778–1847) published in 1806 a series of translations from the Norse, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Those from the Norse, or Icelandic tongue, were generally admired, and the author was induced to venture on an original poem founded on Scandinavian history and manners. The work was entitled *Helga*, and was published in 1815. We extract a few lines descriptive of a northern spring, bursting out at once into verdure:

Yestreen the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
The sun set red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still;
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast;
Thick rolled the clouds, and genial rain
Poured the wide deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year.
Oh, 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Returned from regions far away,
The red-winged throstle pours his lay;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing;
And, as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows.

After a long interval of silence, Mr Herbert came forward in 1838 with an epic poem, entitled *Attila*, founded on the establishment of Christianity by the discomfiture of the mighty attempt of the Gothic king to establish a new antichristian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome at the end of the term of 1200 years, to which its duration had been limited by the forebodings of the heathens. He published also an able historical treatise on *Attila and his Predecessors* (1838). Mr Herbert wrote some tales, a volume of sermons, and various treatises on botany and other branches of natural history. His select works were published in two volumes in 1842. He originally studied law, and was for some time a member of the House of Commons, where he was likely to rise into distinction, had he not withdrawn from public life, and taken orders in the church. He died dean of Manchester.

Musings on Eternity.—From 'Attila.'

How oft, at midnight, have I fixed my gaze
Upon the blue unclouded firmament,
With thousand spheres illumined; each perchance
The powerful centre of revolving worlds!
Until, by strange excitement stirred, the mind
Hath longed for dissolution, so it might bring
Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,
Open the darkling stores of hidden time,
And shew the marvel of eternal things,
Which, in the bosom of immensity,
Wheel round the God of nature. Vain desire! . . .
Enough
To work in trembling my salvation here,
Waiting thy summons, stern mysterious Power,
Who to thy silent realm hast called away
All those whom nature twined around my heart
In my fond infancy, and left me here
Denuded of their love!
Where are ye gone,
And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,
To know each other, conscious of the ties
That linked our souls together, and draw down
The secret dew-drop on my cheek, whene'er
I turn unto the past? or will the change
That comes to all renew the altered spirit
To other thoughts, making the strife or love
Of short mortality a shadow past,
Equal illusion? Father, whose strong mind
Was my support, whose kindness as the spring
Which never tarries! Mother, of all forms
That smiled upon my budding thoughts, most dear!
Brothers! and thou, mine only sister! gone
To the still grave, making the memory
Of all my earliest time a thing wiped out,
Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh
In my heart's core as when we last in joy
Were gathered round the blithe paternal board!
Where are ye? Must your kindred spirits sleep
For many a thousand years, till by the trump
Roused to new being? Will old affections then
Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by
Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,
Unworthy our regard? This is too hard
For mortals to unravel, nor has He
Vouchsafed a clue to man, who bade us trust
To Him our weakness, and we shall wake up
After his likeness, and be satisfied.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, sprung from the manufacturing classes of England, and completely identified with them in feelings and opinions, was born at Masborough, in Yorkshire, March 7, 1781. His father was an iron-founder, and he himself wrought at this business for many years. He followed Crabbe in depicting the condition of the poor as miserable and oppressed, tracing most of the evils he deplores to the social and political institutions of his country. He was not, however, a 'destructive,' as the following epigram shews:

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.

The laws relating to the importation of corn were

denounced by Elliott as specially oppressive, and he inveighed against them with a fervour of manner and a harshness of phraseology which ordinary minds feel as repulsive, even while acknowledged as flowing from the offended benevolence of the poet. His vigorous and exciting political verses helped, in no small degree, to swell the cry which at length compelled the legislature to abolish all restrictions on the importation of corn.

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
Heedless, though ass, and wolf, and venomous worm,
Shake ears and fangs, with brandished bray, at me.

Fortunately, the genius of Elliott redeemed his errors of taste: his delineation of humble virtue and affection, and his descriptions of English scenery, are excellent. He wrote from genuine feelings and impulses, and often rose into pure sentiment and eloquence. The Corn-law Rhymer, as he was popularly termed, appeared as a poet in 1823, but it was at a later period—from 1830 to 1836—that he produced his *Corn-law Rhymes* and other works, which stamped him as a true genius, and rendered his name famous. He was honoured with critical notices from Southey, Bulwer, and Wilson, and became, as has justly been remarked, as truly and popularly the poet of Yorkshire—its heights, dales, and 'broad towns'—as Scott was the poet of Tweedside, or Wordsworth of the Lakes. His career was manly and honourable, and latterly he enjoyed comparatively easy circumstances, free from manual toil. He died at his house near Barnsley on the 1st of December 1849. Shortly after his death, two volumes of prose and verse were published from his papers.

To the Bramble Flower.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to shew
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

The Excursion.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day, drink health from nature's mountain-bowl;
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crowned yon time-dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
Oh, thank the Lord for all He gives or takes—
The withered bud, the living flower, or gem!
And He will bless us when the world forsakes!
Lo! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
With his fixed eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom-bowed hawthorn tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
When sun-touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow;
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar.

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn gray,
And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they—
Of all self-buried things the most unblessed:
O Morn! to them no blissful tribute pay!
O Night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

God! would they handcuff thee? and, if they could,
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field; and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose
For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud, and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind shipwreck; and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye—never may they see
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Eyebright!* loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

* The Germander Speedwell.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops!
While here the cottar's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there;
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops—
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark hair.

Pictures of Native Genius.

O faithful love, by poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
E'en as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bowed roof darkest falls the night.
Oh, if thou e'er hast wronged her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weighed against her heart, is light—is vile;
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep,
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dashed o'er,
Another comes, to wet it as before);
Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too!
But love and labour, blush not, fear not you!
Your children—splinters from the mountain's side—
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair;
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils as thou hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!
Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice!
See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,
And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo.
Northumbrian vales! ye saw in silent pride,
The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
When, poor, yet learned, he wandered young and free,
And felt within the strong divinity.
Scenes of his youth, where first he wooed the Nine,
His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne!
As when he breathed, your blue-belled paths along,
The soul of Plato into British song.
Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
Dreamful in sleep, and sleeping, smiled or wept:
Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy:
His parents loved to watch his wondering eye:
And lo! he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave!
From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride:
O'er grazing herds, lo! ships suspended sail,
And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale!
The worm came up to drink the welcome shower;
The redbreast quaffed the raindrop in the bower;
The flaskering duck through freshened lilies swam;
The bright roach took the fly below the dam;
Ramped the glad colt, and cropped the pensile spray;
No more in dust uprose the sultry way;
The lark was in the cloud; the woodbine hung
More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung;
And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirrored blush;
When calmly seated on his panniered ass,
Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass,
A milk-boy, sheltering from the transient storm,
Chalked, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form;
Young Chantrey smiled; no critic praised or blamed;
And golden Promise smiled, and thus exclaimed:
'Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase;
Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece!'

A Poet's Prayer.

Almighty Father! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
A patriot bard by sycophants reviled,
Let him live usefully, and not die old!
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been.
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green,
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong;
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the wind-flower's blush, the redbreast's lovely song.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

MR BAYLY (1797–1839) was, next to Moore, the most successful song-writer of our age, and he composed a number of light dramas. He was the son of a solicitor, near Bath. Destined for the church, he studied for some time at Oxford, but ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortunes, under the pressure of which he addressed some beautiful verses to his wife:

Address to a Wife.

Oh, hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove,
My heart were truly desolate
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have professed
So much in friendship's name,
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn,
They'd make me loathe mankind,
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take:
We 'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

Oh, No! We never Mention Him.

Oh, no! we never mention him, his name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word:
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me, they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn-tree; but how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recall the past to me—
The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea;
The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set;
Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the gayest of the gay;
They hint that he forgets me too—but I heed not what they say:
Perhaps like me he struggles with each feeling of regret;
But if he loves as I have loved, he never can forget.

This amiable poet died of jaundice in 1839. His songs contain the pathos of a section of our social system; but they are more calculated to attract attention by their refined and happy diction, than to melt us by their feeling. Several of them, as *The Soldier's Tear*, *She wore a Wreath of Roses*; *Oh, no! we never mention Him*; and *We met—'twas in a crowd*, attained to an extraordinary popularity. Of his livelier ditties, *I'd be a Butterfly* was the most felicitous: it expresses the Horatian philosophy in terms exceeding even Horace in gaiety.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day:
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away!

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

In 1827 appeared a volume of sacred poetry, entitled *The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year*. The work has had extraordinary success. The object of the author was to bring the thoughts and feelings of his readers into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the English Prayer-Book, and some of his little poems have great tenderness, beauty, and devotional feeling. Thus, on the text: 'So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city' (Genesis, xi. 8), we have this descriptive passage:

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of Ruin laid
Upon the home I love:
With lulling spell let soft Decay
Steal on, and spare the Giant sway,
The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep
In their own quiet glades should sleep
The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their waving tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless Time has wrought.

Another text (Proverbs, xiv. 10) suggests a train of touching sentiment:

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

The following is one of the poems entire:

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.—*Habakkuk*, ii. 3.

The morning mist is cleared away,
Yet still the face of heaven is gray,
Nor yet th' autumnal breeze has stirred the grove,
Faded yet full, a paler green
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,
The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

Sweet messenger of 'calm decay,'
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best,
In thee, and in this quiet mead,
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resigned than blest.

'Tis a low chant, according well
With the soft solitary knell,
As homeward from some grave beloved we turn,
Or by some holy death-bed dear,
Most welcome to the chastened ear
Of her whom Heaven is teaching how to mourn.

O cheerful tender strain! the heart
That duly bears with you its part,
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world's autumnal time,
'Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast:

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,*
The appalling Future as it nearer draws:
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal Cause.

* It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark.—*Zechariah*, xiv. 6.

That is the heart for watchman true
Waiting to see what GOD will do,
As o'er the Church the gathering twilight falls:
No more he strains his wistful eye,
If chance the golden hours be nigh,
By youthful Hope seen beaming round her walls.

Forced from his shadowy paradise,
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise:
There seek his answer when the world reproves:
Contented in his darkling round,
If only he be faithful found,
When from the east th' eternal morning moves.

The REV. JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866), author of *The Christian Year*, was the son of a country clergyman, vicar of Coln-St-Aldwynds, Gloucestershire. At the early age of fifteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford, and having distinguished himself both in classics and mathematics was in 1811 elected to a Fellowship at Oriel. He was for some years tutor and examiner at Oxford, but afterwards lived with his father, and assisted him as curate. The publication of *The Christian Year*, and the marvellous success of the work, brought its author prominently before the public, and in 1833 he was appointed professor of poetry at Oxford. About the same time the Tractarian movement began, having originated in a sermon on national apostacy, preached by Keble in 1833; Newman became leader of the party, and after he had gone over to the Church of Rome, Keble was chief adviser and counsellor. He also wrote some of the more important Tracts, inculcating, as has been said, 'deep submission to authority, implicit reverence for Catholic tradition, firm belief in the divine prerogatives of the priesthood, the real nature of the sacraments, and the danger of independent speculation.' Such principles, fettering the understanding, are never likely to be popular, but they were held by Keble with saint-like sincerity and simplicity of character. In 1835, the poetical divine became vicar of Hursley, near Winchester. In 1846, he published a second volume of poems, *Lyra Innocentium*, and he was author of a *Life of Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man*, and editor of an edition of *Hooker's Works*. The poetry of Keble is characterised by great delicacy and purity both of thought and expression. It is occasionally prosaic and feeble, but always wears a sort of apostolic air, and wins its way to the heart.

NOEL THOMAS CARRINGTON.

A Devonshire poet, MR CARRINGTON (1777–1830), has celebrated some of the scenery and traditions of his native district in pleasing verse. His works have been collected into two volumes, and consist of *The Banks of Tamar*, 1820; *Dartmoor* (his best poem), 1826; *My Native Village;* and miscellaneous pieces.

The Pixies of Devon.

The age of pixies, like that of chivalry, is gone. There is, perhaps, at present, scarcely a house which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend their ancient midnight dance.—DREW'S *Cornwall.*

They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished: they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard,
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And water-fall; the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard ravished oft, are flown! Oh, ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian!

And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air; and beings bright
And beautiful, more beautiful than throng
Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
Of the sweet summer noon. Anon they touched
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seemed greener, fairer—and the enraptured woods
Gave a glad leafy murmur—and the rills
Leaped in the ray for joy; and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their songs,
All soul. The very archings of the grove,
Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
Lightened with living splendours; and the flowers,
Tinged with new hues and lovelier, upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby!

The seasons came
In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade;
The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
These potent elves. They steered the giant cloud
Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
Came down in death or sport; ay, when the storm
Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
The tempest; and, anon, they reined its rage
In its fierce mid career. But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers!—flown
Before the wand of Science, and the hearths
Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
Are passionless and silent!

Some poet-translators of this period merit honourable mention.

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

The REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM (1769–1843), rector of Hunmanby, Yorkshire, and archdeacon of Chester, in 1795 wrote a prize-poem on the *Restoration of the Jews*, and translations in verse. He was the author of four Seaton prize-poems on sacred subjects, several sermons, an edition of Langhorne's Plutarch, and dissertations on the

British empire in the East, on the translation of the Scriptures into the oriental languages, &c. His occasional translations from the Greek and Latin, and his macaronic verses, or sportive classical effusions among his friends, were marked by fine taste and felicitous adaptation. He continued his favourite studies to the close of his long life, and was the ornament and delight of the society in which he moved.

HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

The Rev. Henry Francis Cary (1772–1844), by his translation of Dante, has earned a high and lasting reputation. He was early distinguished as a classical scholar at Christ's Church, Oxford, and was familiar with almost the whole range of Italian, French, and English literature. In 1805 he published the *Inferno* of Dante in blank verse, and an entire translation of the *Divina Commedia*, in the same measure, in 1814. He afterwards translated the *Birds* of Aristophanes, and the *Odes* of Pindar, and wrote short memoirs in continuation of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, which, with lives of the early French poets, appeared anonymously in the *London Magazine*. For some years Mr Cary held the office of assistant-librarian in the British Museum, and enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum. A Memoir of this amiable scholar was written by his son, the Rev. H. Cary, and published in 1847. First brought into notice by the prompt and strenuous exertions of Coleridge, Mr Cary's version of the Florentine poet passed through four editions during the life of the translator. We subjoin a specimen.

Francesca of Rimini.

In the second circle of hell, Dante, in his '*vision*,' witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by furious winds. Amongst these he meets with Francesca of Rimini, who, with her lover Paolo, was put to death. The father of the unfortunate lady was the friend and protector of Dante.

I began: 'Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind.' He thus:
'Note thou, when nearer they to us approach,
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come.' Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
'O wearied spirits! come and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained.' As doves,
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding, with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.
'O gracious creature, and benign! who goest
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend, the King of all we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
'Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou see'st, he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caina[1] waits
The soul who spilt our life.' Such were their words;
At hearing which downward I bent my looks,
And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
'What art thou pondering?' I, in answer, thus:
'Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire,
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!'
Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,
And thus began: 'Francesca! your sad fate,
Even to tears, my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes.' She replied:
'No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand! That kens
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love gat being, I will do
As one who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight, we read of Lancelot,[2]
How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more.'[3] While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely that, heart-struck,
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death; and like a corse fell to the ground.

Ugolini and his Sons in the Tower of Famine.

During the contests between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, in 1289, Count Ugolini with two of his sons and two grandsons, were confined by Archbishop Ruggieri in a tower; the tower was locked, and the key thrown into the Arno, and all food was withheld from them. In a few days, they died of hunger. Dante describes the future punishment of Ugolini and the cardinal as being 'pent in one hollow of the ice.' The awful deaths in the tower are thus related by the ghost of the count.

A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shewn me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisans. With lean brachs,
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons—for they were with me—weep and ask
For bread. . . .
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath, locked up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I looked upon the visage of my sons.

[1] The place to which murderers are doomed.
[2] One of the knights of the Round Table, and the lover of Ginevra, or Guinever, celebrated in romance.
[3] A fine representation of this scene in marble formed part of the Manchester Exhibition of 1857. It was from the collection of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and was executed by Mr A. Munro, sculptor, a young artist cut off prematurely by death in 1871.

I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried:
'Thou lookest so! father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried: 'Father, we should grieve
Far less if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We were all silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying: 'Hast no help
For me, my father?' There he died; and e'en
Plainly, as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief.

A select descriptive passage of Dante, imitated by Gray (first line in the *Elegy*), and by Byron (*Don Juan*, canto iii. 108), is thus rendered by Cary:

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell;
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper-bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE (1775–1843), the translator of Ariosto, and a man of fine talent and accomplishments, was the second son of Mr George Rose, Treasurer of the Navy, &c. After his education at Eton and Cambridge, Mr Rose was introduced to public life, and he obtained the appointment of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. His tastes, however, were wholly literary. To gratify his father, he began *A Naval History of the Late War*, vol. i., 1802, which he never completed. His subsequent works were a translation of the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*, 1803; a translation, in verse from the French of Le Grand, of *Partenopex de Blois*, 1807; *Letters to Henry Hallam, Esq., from the North of Italy*, 2 vols., 1819; and a translation of the *Animali Parlanti* of Casti, 1819, to which he prefixed introductory addresses at each canto to his friends Ugo Foscolo, Frere, Walter Scott, &c. In 1823, he published a condensed translation of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, and also commenced his version of the *Orlando Furioso*, which was completed in 1831. The latter is the happiest of Mr Rose's translations; it has wonderful spirit, as well as remarkable fidelity, both in form and meaning, to the original. The translator dedicated his work in a graceful sonnet to Sir Walter Scott, 'who,' he says, 'persuaded me to resume the work, which had been thrown aside, on the ground that such labour was its own reward:'

Scott, for whom Fame a gorgeous garland weaves,
Who what was scattered to the wasting wind,
As grain too coarse to gather or to bind,
Bad'st me collect and gird in goodly sheaves;
If this poor seed hath formed its stalks and leaves,
Transplanted from a softer clime, and pined
For lack of southern suns in soil unkind,
Where Ceres or Italian Flora grieves;
And if some fruit, however dwindled, fill
The doubtful ear, though scant the crop and bare—
Ah, how unlike the growth of Tuscan hill,
Where the glad harvest springs behind the share—
Peace be to thee! who taught me that to till
Was sweet, however paid the peasant's care.

Besides his translations, Mr Rose was author of a volume of poems, entitled *The Crusade of St Louis*, &c., 1810; and *Rhymes*, a small volume of epistles to his friends; tales, sonnets, &c. He was also an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. Ill-health latterly compelled Mr Rose to withdraw in a great measure from society; 'but in every event and situation of life,' says his biographer, Mr Townsend, 'whether of sorrow or sickness, joy or pleasure, the thoughtful politeness of a perfect gentleman never forsook him.'* And thus he became the best translator of Ariosto, one of whose merits was that even in jesting he never forgot that he was a gentleman, while in his most extraordinary narratives and adventures there are simple and natural touches of feeling and expression that command sympathy. The *ottava rima* stanza of Ariosto was followed by Rose—Hook in his translation adopted the heroic couplet—with marvellous success. As a specimen, we give two stanzas:

Let him make haste his feet to disengage,
Nor lime his wings, whom Love has made a prize;
For love, in fine, is nought but frenzied rage,
By universal suffrage of the wise:
And albeit some may shew themselves more sage
Than Roland, they but sin in other guise.
For what proves folly more than on this shelf,
Thus for another to destroy one's self?

Various are love's effects; but from one source
All issue, though they lead a different way.
He is, as 'twere, a forest where, perforce,
Who enters its recesses go astray;
And here and there pursue their devious course:
In sum, to you, I, for conclusion, say,
He who grows old in love, besides all pain
Which waits such passion, well deserves a chain.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

One of our earliest translators from the German was WILLIAM TAYLOR of Norwich (1765–1836). In 1796 appeared his version of Burger's *Lenore*. Before the publication of this piece, Mrs Barbauld—who had been the preceptress of Taylor—read it to a party in Edinburgh at which Walter Scott was present. The impression made upon Scott was such that he was induced to attempt a version himself, and though inferior in some respects to that of Taylor, Scott's translation gave promise of poetical power and imagination. Mr Taylor afterwards made various translations from the German, which he collected and published in 1830 under the title of *A Survey of German Poetry*.

* Memoir prefixed to Bohn's edition of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1858.

'Mr Taylor,' says a critic in the *Quarterly Review* (1843), 'must be acknowledged to have been the first who effectually introduced the modern poetry and drama of Germany to the English reader, and his versions of the *Nathan* of Lessing, the *Iphigenia* of Goethe, and Schiller's *Bride of Messina*, are not likely to be supplanted, though none of them are productions of the same order with Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.' In 1843 an interesting Memoir of Taylor, containing his correspondence with Southey, was published in two volumes, edited by J. W. Robberds, Norwich.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE.

In 1823 this nobleman (1800–1857) published a translation of Goethe's *Faust* and Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. This volume was followed in 1824 by another, *Translations from the German, and Original Poems*. In 1830 he translated *Hernani, or the Honour of a Castilian*, a tragedy from the French of Victor Hugo. To the close of his life, this accomplished nobleman continued to adapt popular foreign works—as Pindemonte's *Donna Charitea*, Michael Beer's *Paria*, the *Henri Trois* of Dumas, &c. He translated and re-arranged Schimmer's *Siege of Vienna*, and edited the *History of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon* (two vols., 1851). In 1839 he undertook a voyage to the Mediterranean in his yacht, and on his return home printed for private circulation *The Pilgrimage, Mediterranean Sketches*, &c., which were afterwards published with illustrations. A dramatic piece, *Bluebeard*, acted with success at private theatricals, also proceeded from his pen. He occasionally contributed an article to the *Quarterly Review*, and took a lively interest in all questions affecting literature and art. Of both he was a munificent patron. His lordship, by the death of his father, the first Duke of Sutherland, in 1833, succeeded to the great Bridgewater estates in Lancashire, and to his celebrated gallery of pictures, valued at £150,000. He was raised to the peerage as Earl of Ellesmere in 1846. The translations of this nobleman are characterised by elegance and dramatic spirit, but his *Faust* is neither very vigorous nor very faithful. His original poetry is graceful, resembling, though inferior, that of Rogers. We subjoin one specimen, in which Campbell seems to have been selected as the model.

The Military Execution.

His doom has been decreed,
He has owned the fatal deed,
And its sentence is here to abide.
No mercy now can save;
They have dug the yawning grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneels beside.

No bandage wraps his eye;
He is kneeling there to die,
Unblinded, undaunted, alone.
His latest prayer has ceased,
And the comrade and the priest,
From their last sad task released,
Both are gone.

His kindred are not near
The fatal knell to hear,
They can but weep when the deed 'tis done;
They would shriek, and wail, and pray:
It is well for him to-day
That his friends are far away—
All but one.

Yes, in his mute despair,
The faithful hound is there,
He has reached his master's side with a spring.
To the hand which reared and fed,
Till its ebbing pulse hath fled,
Till that hand is cold and dead,
He will cling.

What art, or lure, or wile,
That one can now beguile
From the side of his master and friend?
He has gnawed his cord in twain;
To the arm which strives in vain
To repel him, he will strain
To the end.

The tear-drop who can blame?
Though it dim the veteran's aim,
And each breast along the line heave the sigh.
For 'twere cruel now to save;
And together in that grave,
The faithful and the brave,
Let them lie.

In 1820–22, THOMAS MITCHELL (1783–1845) published translations in verse of Aristophanes, in which the sense and spirit of the 'Old Comedian' were admirably rendered. Mr Mitchell also edited some of the plays of Sophocles, and superintended the publication of some of the Greek works which issued from the Oxford Clarendon press.

VISCOUNT STRANGFORD (1780–1855), long the British ambassador at Lisbon and other foreign courts, in 1803 published a version of *Poems from the Portuguese of Camoens, with remarks on his Life and Writings*. The translation was generally condemned for its loose and amatory character, but some of the lyrical pieces have much beauty. A sarcastic notice of Strangford will be found in Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and Moore dedicated to him one of his finest epistles. To the last, the old nobleman delighted in literary and antiquarian pursuits, and was much esteemed.

SCOTTISH POETS.

ROBERT BURNS.

After the publication of Fergusson's poems, in a collected shape, in 1773, there was an interval of about thirteen years, during which no writer of eminence arose in Scotland who attempted to excel in the native language of the country. The intellectual taste of the capital ran strongly in favour of metaphysical and critical studies; but the Doric muse was still heard in the rural districts linked to some popular air, some local occurrence or favourite spot, and was much cherished by the lower and middle classes of the people. In the summer of 1786, ROBERT BURNS, the Shakspeare of Scotland, issued his first volume from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, and its influence was immediately felt, and is still operating on the whole imaginative literature

of the kingdom.* Burns was then in his twenty-seventh year, having been born in the parish of Alloway, near Ayr, on the 25th of January 1759. His father was a poor farmer, a man of sterling worth and intelligence, who gave his son what education he could afford. The whole, however, was but a small foundation on which to erect the miracles of genius! Robert was taught English well, and 'by the time he was ten or eleven years of age, he was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles.' He was also taught to write, had a fortnight's French, and was one summer quarter at land-surveying. He had a few books, among which were the *Spectator*, Pope's works, Allan Ramsay, and a collection of *English Songs*. Subsequently—about his twenty-third year—his reading was enlarged with the important addition of Thomson, Shenstone, Sterne, and Mackenzie. Other standard works soon followed. As the advantages of a liberal education were not within his reach, it is scarcely to be regretted that his library was at first so small. What books he had, he read and studied thoroughly—his attention was not distracted by a multitude of volumes—and his mind grew up with original and robust vigour. It is impossible to contemplate the life of Burns at this time, without a strong feeling of affectionate admiration and respect. His manly integrity of character—which, as a peasant, he guarded with jealous dignity—and his warm and true heart, elevate him, in our conceptions, almost as much as the native force and beauty of his poetry. We see him in the veriest shades of obscurity, toiling, when a mere youth, 'like a galley-slave,' to support his virtuous parents and their household, yet grasping at every opportunity of acquiring knowledge from men and books—familiar with the history of his country, and loving its very soil—worshipping the memory of Scotland's ancient patriots and defenders, and exploring the scenes and memorials of departed greatness—loving also the simple peasantry around him, 'the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers.' Burning with a desire to do something for old Scotland's sake, with a heart beating with warm and generous emotions, a strong and clear understanding, and a spirit abhorring all meanness, insincerity, and oppression, Burns, in his early days, might have furnished the subject for a great and instructive moral poem. The true elements of poetry were in his life, as in his writings. The wild stirrings of his ambition—which he so nobly compared to the 'blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave'—the precocious maturity of his passions and his intellect, his manly frame, that led him to fear no competitor at the plough, and his exquisite sensibility and tenderness, that made him weep over even the destruction of a daisy's flower or a mouse's nest—these are all moral contrasts or blendings that seem to belong to the spirit of romantic poetry. His writings, as we now know, were but the fragments of a great mind—the hasty outpourings of a full heart and intellect. After he had become the fashionable wonder and idol of his day—soon to be cast into cold neglect and poverty!—some errors and frailties threw a shade on the noble and affecting image, but its higher lineaments were never destroyed. The column was defaced, not broken; and now that the mists of prejudice have cleared away, its just proportions and symmetry are recognised with pride and gratitude by his admiring countrymen.

Burns came as a potent auxiliary or fellow-worker with Cowper, in bringing poetry into the channels of truth and nature. There was only about a year between the *Task* and the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. No poetry was ever more instantaneously or universally popular among a people than that of Burns in Scotland. A contemporary, Robert Heron, who then resided in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, states that 'old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant, were alike transported with the poems, and that even ploughmen and maid-servants would gladly have bestowed the wages they earned, if they but might procure the works of Burns.' The volume, indeed, contained matter for all minds—for the lively and sarcastic, the wild and the thoughtful, the poetical enthusiast and the man of the world. So eagerly was the book sought after, that, where copies of it could not be obtained, many of the poems were transcribed and sent round in manuscript among admiring circles. The subsequent productions of the poet did not materially affect the estimate of his powers formed from his first volume. His life was at once too idle and too busy for continuous study; and, alas! it was too brief for the full maturity and development of his talents. Where the intellect predominates equally with the imagination—and this was the case with Burns—increase of years generally adds to the strength and variety of the poet's powers; and we have no doubt that, in ordinary circumstances, Burns, like Dryden, would have improved with age, and added greatly to his fame, had he not fallen at so early a period, before his imagination could be enriched with the riper fruits of knowledge and experience. He meditated a national drama; but we might have looked with more confidence for a series of tales like *Tam o' Shanter*, which—with the elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, one of the most highly finished and most precious of his works—was produced in his happy

* The edition consisted of 600 copies. A second was published in Edinburgh in April 1787, as many as 2800 copies being subscribed for by 1500 individuals. After his unexampled popularity in Edinburgh, Burns took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, married his 'bonny Jean,' and entered upon his new occupation at Whitsunday 1788. He had obtained—what he anxiously desired as an addition to his means as a farmer—an appointment in the Excise; but the duties of this office, and his own convivial habits, interfered with his management of the farm, and he was glad to abandon it. In 1791 he removed to the town of Dumfries, subsisting entirely on his situation in the Excise, which yielded £70 per annum, with an occasional windfall from smuggling seizures. His great ambition was to be a supervisor, from which preferment it was said his 'political heresies' excluded him; but it has lately been proved, that if any rebuke was administered to the poet, it must have been verbal, for no censure against him was recorded in the excise books. He was on the list for promotion, and had he lived six months longer he would, in the ordinary routine of the service, have been promoted. In 1793, Burns published a third edition of his Poems, with the addition of *Tam o' Shanter* and other pieces composed at Ellisland. A fourth edition, with some corrections, was published in 1794, and this seems to have been the last authorised edition in the poet's lifetime. He died at Dumfries on the 21st of July 1796, aged thirty-seven years and about six months. The story of the poet's life is so well known, that even this brief statement of dates seems unnecessary. The valuable edition of Dr Currie appeared in 1800, and realised a sum of £1400 for Burns's widow and family. It contained the correspondence of the poet, and a number of songs, contributed to Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, and Thomson's *Select Scottish Melodies*. The editions of Burns since 1800 could with difficulty be ascertained; they were reckoned a few years ago at about a hundred. His poems circulate in every shape, and have not yet 'gathered all their fame.'

residence at Ellisland. Above two hundred songs were, however, thrown off by Burns in his latter years, and they embraced poetry of all kinds. Moore became a writer of lyrics, as he informs his readers, that he might express what music conveyed to himself. Burns had little or no technical knowledge of music. Whatever pleasure he derived from it, was the result of personal associations—the words to which airs were adapted, or the locality with which they were connected. His whole soul, however, was full of the finest harmony. So quick and genial were his sympathies, that he was easily stirred into lyrical melody by whatever was good and beautiful in nature. Not a bird sang in a bush, nor a burn glanced in the sun, but it was eloquence and music to his ear. He fell in love with every fine female face he saw; and thus kindled up, his feelings took the shape of song, and the words fell as naturally into their places as if prompted by the most perfect knowledge of music. The inward melody needed no artificial accompaniment. An attempt at a longer poem would have chilled his ardour; but a song embodying some one leading idea, some burst of passion, love, patriotism, or humour, was exactly suited to the impulsive nature of Burns's genius, and to his situation and circumstances. His command of language and imagery, always the most appropriate, musical, and graceful, was a greater marvel than the creations of a Handel or Mozart. The Scottish poet, however, knew many old airs—still more old ballads; and a few bars of the music, or a line of the words, served as a key-note to his suggestive fancy. He improved nearly all he touched. The arch humour, gaiety, simplicity, and genuine feeling of his original songs, will be felt as long as 'rivers roll and woods are green.' They breathe the natural character and spirit of the country, and must be coeval with it in existence. Wherever the words are chanted, a picture is presented to the mind; and whether the tone be plaintive and sad, or joyous and exciting, one overpowering feeling takes possession of the imagination. The susceptibility of the poet inspired him with real emotions and passion, and his genius reproduced them with the glowing warmth and truth of nature.

Tam o' Shanter is usually considered to be Burns's master-piece: it was so considered by himself, and the judgment has been confirmed by Campbell, Wilson, Montgomery, and almost every critic. It displays more various powers than any of his other productions, beginning with low comic humour and Bacchanalian revelry—the dramatic scene at the commencement is unique, even in Burns—and ranging through the various styles of the descriptive, the terrible, the supernatural, and the ludicrous. The originality of some of the phrases and sentiments, as

> Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious—
> O'er a' the ills of life victorious!

the felicity of some of the similes, and the elastic force and springiness of the versification, must also be considered as aiding in the effect. The poem reads as if it were composed in one transport of inspiration, before the bard had time to cool or to slacken in his fervour; and such we know was actually the case. Next to this inimitable 'tale of truth' in originality, and in happy grouping of images, both familiar and awful, we should be disposed to rank the *Address to the Deil*. The poet adopted the common superstitions of the peasantry as to the attributes of Satan; but though his *Address* is mainly ludicrous, he intersperses passages of the highest beauty, and blends a feeling of tenderness and compunction with his objurgation of the Evil One. The effect of contrast was never more happily displayed than in the conception of such a being straying in lonely glens and rustling among trees—in the familiarity of sly humour with which the poet lectures so awful and mysterious a personage—who had, as he says, almost overturned the infant world, and ruined all; and in that strange and inimitable outbreak of sympathy in which a hope is expressed for the salvation, and pity for the fate, even of Satan himself—

> But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> Oh, wad ye tak a thought and men'!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake;
> I 'm wae to think upo' yon den,
> Even for your sake!

The *Jolly Beggars* is another strikingly original production. It is the most dramatic of his works, and the characters are all finely sustained. Currie has been blamed by Sir Walter Scott and others for over-fastidiousness in not admitting that humorous cantata into his edition, but we do not believe that Currie ever saw the *Jolly Beggars*. The poem was not published till 1801, and was then printed from the only copy known to exist in the poet's handwriting. Of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, the *Mountain Daisy*, or the *Mouse's Nest*, it would be idle to attempt any eulogy. In these Burns is seen in his fairest colours—not with all his strength, but in his happiest and most heart-felt inspiration—his brightest sunshine and his tenderest tears. The workmanship of these leading poems is equal to the value of the materials. The peculiar dialect of Burns being a composite of Scotch and English, which he varied at will—the Scotch being generally reserved for the comic and tender, and the English for the serious and lofty—his diction is remarkably rich and copious. No poet is more picturesque in expression. This was the result equally of accurate observation, careful study, and strong feeling. His energy and truth stamp the highest value on his writings. He is as literal as Cowper. The banks of the Doon are described as faithfully as those of the Ouse; and his views of human life and manners are as real and as finely moralised. His range of subjects, however, was infinitely more diversified, including a varied and romantic landscape, the customs and superstitions of his country, the delights of good-fellowship and boon society, the aspirations of youthful ambition, and, above all, the emotions of love, which he depicted with such mingled fervour and delicacy. This ecstasy of passion was unknown to the author of the *Task*. Nor could the latter have conceived anything so truly poetical as the image of Coila, the tutelar genius and inspirer of the peasant youth in his clay-built hut, where his heart and fancy overflowed with love and poetry. Cowper read and appreciated Burns, and we can picture his astonishment and delight on perusing such strains as Coila's address:

Extract from 'The Vision.'

'With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

'When ripened fields and azure skies,
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

'When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
The adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I shew,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

'Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

'To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.

'And wear thou this'—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Burns never could have improved upon the grace and tenderness of this romantic vision—the finest revelation ever made of the hope and ambition of a youthful poet. Greater strength, however, he undoubtedly acquired with the experience of manhood. His *Tam o' Shanter*, and *Bruce's Address*, are the result of matured powers; and his songs evince a conscious mastery of the art and materials of composition. His *Vision of Liberty* at Lincluden is a great and splendid fragment. The reflective spirit evinced in his early epistles is found, in his *Lines written in Friars' Carse Hermitage*, to have settled into a vein of moral philosophy, clear and true as the lines of Swift, and informed with a higher wisdom. It cannot be said that Burns absolutely fails in any kind of composition, except in his epigrams; these are coarse without being pointed or entertaining. Nature, which had lavished on him such powers of humour, denied him wit.

In reviewing the intellectual career of the poet, his correspondence must not be overlooked. His prose style was more ambitious than that of his poetry. In the latter he followed the dictates of nature, warm from the heart, whereas in his letters he aimed at being sentimental, peculiar, and striking; and simplicity was sometimes sacrificed for effect. As Johnson considered conversation to be an intellectual arena, wherein every man was bound to do his best, Burns seems to have regarded letter-writing in much the same light, and to have considered it necessary at times to display all his acquisitions to amuse, gratify, or astonish his admiring correspondents. Considerable deductions must, therefore, be made from his published correspondence, whether regarded as an index to his feelings and situation, or as models of the epistolary style. In *subject*, he adapted himself too much to the character and tastes of the person he was addressing, and in *style* he was led away by a love of display. A tinge of pedantry and assumption, or of reckless bravado, was thus at times superinduced upon the manly and thoughtful simplicity of his natural character, which sits as awkwardly upon it as the intrusion of Jove or Danaë into the rural songs of Allan Ramsay.* Burns's letters, however, are valu-

* The scraps of French in his letters to Dr Moore, Mrs Riddel, &c. have an unpleasant effect. 'If he had an affectation in anything,' says Dugald Stewart, 'it was in introducing occasionally [in conversation] a word or phrase from that language.' Campbell makes a similar statement, and relates the following anecdote: 'One of his friends, who carried him into the company of a French lady, remarked, with surprise, that he attempted to converse with her in her own tongue. Their French, however, was mutually unintelligible. As far as Burns could make himself understood, he unfortunately offended the foreign lady. He meant to tell her that she was a charming person, and delightful in conversation, but expressed himself so as to appear to her to mean that she was fond of speaking: to which the Gallic dame indignantly replied, that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent as for women to be loquacious.' The friend who introduced Burns on this occasion (and who herself related the anecdote to Mr Campbell) was Miss Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs Lewis Hay, who died in 1843. The wonder is, that the dissipated aristocracy of the Caledonian Hunt, and the 'buckish tradesmen of Edinburgh,' left any part of the original plainness and simplicity of his manners. Yet his learned friends saw no change in the proud

able as memorials of his temperament and genius. He was often distinct, forcible, and happy in expression—rich in sallies of imagination and poetical feeling—at times deeply pathetic and impressive. He lifts the veil from the miseries of his latter days with a hand struggling betwixt pride and a broken spirit. His autobiography, addressed to Dr Moore, written when his mind was salient and vigorous, is as remarkable for its literary talent as for its modest independence and clear judgment; and the letters to Mrs Dunlop—in whom he had entire confidence, and whose lady-like manners and high principle rebuked his wilder spirit—are all characterised by sincerity and elegance. One beautiful letter to this lady we are tempted to copy; it is poetical in the highest degree, and touches with exquisite taste on the mysterious union between external nature and the sympathies and emotions of the human frame:

ELLISLAND, *New-year-day Morning*, 1789.

This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description!—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings; everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little better than mere machinery.

This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the *Spectator*—the Vision of Mirza—a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: 'On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.'

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave.

In another of his letters we have this striking autobiographical fragment:

I have been this morning taking a peep through, as Young finely says, 'the dark postern of time long elapsed;' and you will easily guess 'twas a rueful prospect: what a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple; what strength, what proportion in some parts! what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of Mercies, and said: 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' I rose eased and strengthened. I despise the superstition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man.

And again in a similar strain:

There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain! It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.'

To the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, Burns seems to have clung with fond tenacity; it survived the wreck or confusion of his early impressions, and formed the strongest and most soothing of his beliefs. In other respects, his creed was chiefly practical. 'Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others,' he says, 'this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity.' The same feeling he had expressed in one of his early poems:

> But deep this truth impressed my mind,
> Through all his works abroad,
> The heart benevolent and kind
> The most resembles God.

Conjectures have been idly formed as to the probable effect which education would have had on the mind of Burns. We may as well speculate on the change which might be wrought by the engineer, the planter, and agriculturist, in assimilating the wild scenery of Scotland to that of England. Who would wish—if it were possible—by successive graftings, to make the birch or the pine approximate to the oak or the elm? Nature is various in all her works, and has diversified genius as much as she has done her plants and trees. In Burns we have a genuine Scottish poet: why should we wish to mar the beautiful order and variety of nature by making him a Dryden or a Gray? Education could not have improved

self-sustained and self-measuring poet. He kept his ground, and he asked no more.

'A somewhat clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters,' says the quaint but true and searching Thomas Carlyle, 'this winter in Edinburgh did afford him; but a sharper feeling of Fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay, had himself stood in the midst of it; and he felt more bitterly than ever that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him; and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment, and his feelings towards his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune, or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this. It was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one and reject the other, but must halt for ever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement towards either. But so it is with many men: "we long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price;" and so stand chaffering with Fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!'

Burns's songs, his *Tam o' Shanter*, or any other of his great poems. He would never have written them but for his situation and feelings as a peasant —and could he have written anything better? The whole of that world of passion and beauty which he has laid open to us might have been hid for ever; and the genius which was so well and worthily employed in embellishing rustic life, and adding new interest and glory to his country, would only have placed him in the long procession of English poets, stripped of his originality, and bearing, though proudly, the ensign of conquest and submission.

From the Epistle to James Smith.

This while my notion 's ta'en a sklent
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still the mair I 'm that way bent,
Something cries 'Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye 'll shaw your folly.

'There 's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insured their debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I 'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I 'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I 'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we 're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave care o'er side!
And large before enjoyment's gale,
Let 's tak the tide.

This life, sae far 's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-and-forty 's speeled,
See, crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin', hirplin' ower the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin';
And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
And social noise;
And fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves!
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

From the Epistle to W. Simpson.

We 'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died!

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Even winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray:
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Darkening the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

To a Mountain Daisy,

On turning one down with the plough in April 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:

But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

On Captain Matthew Henderson,

A gentleman who held the patent for his honours immediately from Almighty God.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heavenly light!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He 's gane! he 's gane! he 's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled!

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,[1]
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimpling down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood!
He 's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clamering craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year,
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that 's dead.

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orb he 's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man—the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall we find another,
The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!

[1] Eagles.

But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

Macpherson's Farewell.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I 've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there 's no a man in all Scotland,
But I 'll brave him at a word.

I 've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

Menie.

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steeped in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry plough-boy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blessed but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And ower the moorland whistles shill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree:
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

Ae Fond Kiss.

* 'These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love-tales.'—SCOTT.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I 'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee!

My Bonny Mary.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonny lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar—
It 's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

Mary Morison.

'One of my juvenile works.'—BURNS. 'Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love-songs which he has left behind him in the manner of old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines of *Mary Morison*, &c.'—HAZLITT.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shewn;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Bruce's Address.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

*A Vision.**

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—'Libertie!'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play—
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green!
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?*

* A favourite walk of Burns, during his residence in Dumfries, was one along the right bank of the river above the town, terminating at the ruins of Lincluden Abbey and Church, which occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising ground in the angle at the junction of the Cluden Water with the Nith. These ruins include many fine fragments of ancient decorative architecture, and are enshrined in a natural scene of the utmost beauty. Burns, according to his eldest son, often mused amidst the Lincluden ruins. There is one position on a little mount, to the south of the church, where a couple of landscapes of witching loveliness are obtained, set, as it were, in two of the windows of the ancient building. It was probably the 'Calvary' of the ancient church precinct. This the younger Burns remembered to have been a favourite resting-place of the poet.

Such is the locality of the grand and thrilling ode, entitled *A Vision*, in which he hints—for more than a hint could not be ventured upon—his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era.—CHAMBERS'S *Burns*.

* Burns, in his 'Remarks on Scottish Songs,' written for the Laird of Glenriddel, has described the above parting scene. 'My Highland lassie,' he says, 'was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days before I could even hear of her illness.' Cromek heightens the interesting picture: 'The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, never to meet again.' Subsequent investigation has lessened the romance of this pure love-passage in the poet's life. The 'pretty long tract of attachment,' if we take the expression literally, must have been before Burns's acquaintance with Jean Armour, who soon eclipsed all the other rustic heroines. When Jean and her parents so ruthlessly broke off the connection, Burns turned to Highland Mary: but when Mary embarked for the West Highlands, Jean Armour again obtained the ascendant, and four weeks after the parting with Mary (June 12), we find the poet writing: 'Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her (Jean Armour); and to confess a truth, I do still love her to distraction.' Mary is no more heard of, and is not mentioned by Burns till three years after her decease. Her premature death had recalled her love and her virtues, and embalmed them for ever. The parting scene was exalted and hallowed in his imagination, and kept sacred—not, perhaps, without some feeling of remorse. To Dr Moore, to his Ayrshire friends, and to Clarinda he spoke freely of all his early loves except that of Mary: his vows to her seem never to have been whispered to any ear but her own. The rapid changes illustrate the poet's 'mobility,' or excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions,

RICHARD GALL.

RICHARD GALL (1776–1800), whilst employed as a printer in Edinburgh, threw off some Scottish songs that became favourites. *My Only Jo and Dearie O*, for pleasing fancy and musical expression, is not unworthy of Tannahill. 'I remember,' says Allan Cunningham, 'when this song was exceedingly popular: its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigour, might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank, and some sweet soft school-girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung.'

My Only Jo and Dearie O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
  My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the siller-dew
  Upon the banks sae briery O;
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
Oh, sweet 's the twinkle o' thine ee!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
  My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
  Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
  Nae care to mak it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
  My only jo and dearie O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
  And youth was blinking bonny O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
  Our joys fu' sweet and mony O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
  My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
  'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
I wish thou wert for ever mine,
  And never mair to leave me O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither warldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
  My only jo and dearie O.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

This song of Gall's has often been printed as the composition of Burns, a copy in Burns's handwriting having been found among his papers.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
  Fare-thee-weel before I gang—
Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
  First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
  First enthralled this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
  Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends so dear my bosom ever,
  Ye hae rendered moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
  Then the stroke, oh, how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
  Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
  How much happier would I be!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
  Now a sad and last adieu!

ALEXANDER WILSON.

ALEXANDER WILSON, a distinguished naturalist, was also a good Scottish poet. He was a native of Paisley, and born July 6, 1766. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards preferred that of a pedlar, selling muslin and other wares. In 1789 he added to his other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems, trusting, as he said,

> If the pedlar should fail to be favoured with sale,
> Then I hope you 'll encourage the poet.

He did not succeed in either character; and after publishing his poems, he returned to the loom. In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, *Watty and Meg*, which was at first attributed to Burns.* A foolish personal satire, and a not very wise admiration of the principles of equality disseminated at the time of the French Revolution, drove Wilson to America in the year 1794. There he was once more a weaver and a pedlar, and afterwards a schoolmaster. A love of ornithology gained upon him, and he wandered over America, collecting specimens of birds. In 1808 appeared his first volume of *American Ornithology*, and he continued collecting and publishing, traversing swamps and forests in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had committed an eighth volume to the press. He sank under his severe labours on the 23d of August 1813, and was interred with public honours at Philadelphia. In the *Ornithology* of Wilson we see the fancy and descriptive powers of the poet. The following extract is part of his account of the bald eagle, and is extremely vivid and striking:

The Bald Eagle.

The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcases of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals that, in their attempts to cross the river above the falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. He has been long known to naturalists, being

which also characterised Byron, and which Byron, less reticent, has defended:

> 'Tis merely what is called mobility—
> A thing of temperament and not of art,
> Though seeming so from its supposed facility:
> And false, though true; for surely they 're sincerest
> Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.
>
> *Don Juan*, c. xvi.

* As Burns was one day sitting at his desk by the side of the window, a well-known hawker, Andrew Bishop, went past crying: '*Watty and Meg*, a new ballad, by Robert Burns.' The poet looked out and said: 'That 's a *lee*, Andrew, but I would make your plack a bawbee if it were mine.' This we heard Mrs Burns, the poet's widow, relate.

common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth.

In procuring fish, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aërial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish: the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

By way of preface, 'to invoke the clemency of the reader,' Wilson relates the following exquisite trait of simplicity and nature:

In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighbouring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild-flowers, of a great many different colours; and, presenting them to his mother, said: 'Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them! red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?' The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency; and, after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on the wings of ecstacy to execute his delightful commission.

The similarity of this little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanation of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimen which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these.

The ambition of the poet-naturalist was amply gratified.

A Village Scold.—From 'Watty and Meg.'

I' the thrang o' stories tellin',
Shakin' hands and jokin' queer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan—
'Mungo! is our Watty here?'

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted through him like a knife:
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scoldin' wife.

'Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Bringin' wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

'Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink 's your night and day's desire;
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I 'll
Fling your whisky i' the fire!'

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
Paid his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy followed,
Flytin' a' the road behin'.

Folk frae every door came lampin',
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clapped wi' her hands, and stampin',
Lost her bauchels[1] i' the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white 's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about.

'Ye 'll sit wi' your limmers round ye—
Hang you, sir, I 'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth!'

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Eyed her whiles, but durst na speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet—
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell—
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin' aften to himsel:

'Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is nae mortal vexed like me.'

[1] Old shoes.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

HECTOR MACNEILL (1746–1818) was brought up to a mercantile life, but was unsuccessful in most of his business affairs. In 1789, he published a legendary poem, *The Harp*, and in 1795, his moral tale, *Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean*. The object of this production was to depict the evil effects of intemperance. A happy rural pair are reduced to ruin, descending by gradual steps till the husband is obliged to enlist as a soldier, and the wife to beg with her children through the country. The situation of the little ale-house where Will begins his unlucky potations is finely described.

In a howm, whose bonny burnie
Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road, where travellers turn aye,
Neat and beild, a cot-house stood:

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red;
Lowne 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Haflins seen and haflins hid.

Up the gavel-end, thick spreadin',
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back ower, firs the high craigs cleadin',
Raised a' round a cosy screen.

Down below, a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line;
Here it was that Howe the widow
That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvelling sees
'Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,'
Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake, Tam! here's walth for drinking!
Wha can this new-comer be?'
'Hout,' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in thinking—
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

The rustic friends have a jolly meeting, and do not separate till ''tween twa and three' next morning. A weekly club is set up at Maggy Howe's, a newspaper is procured, and poor Will, the hero of the tale, becomes a pot-house politician, and soon goes to ruin. His wife also takes to drinking.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?
Wha in neebouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But war ony half sae fair?

See them *now!*—how changed wi' drinking!
A' their youthfu' beauty gane!
Dazed, doited, daized, and blinking—
Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November—
Claise and cash and credit out—
Cowering ower a dying ember,
Wi' ilk face as white 's a clout!

Bond and bill and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here—
No a friend their cause to plead!
He 's ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

The little domestic drama is happily wound up: Jeanie obtains a cottage and protection from the Duchess of Buccleuch; and Will, after losing a leg in battle, returns, 'placed on Chelsea's bounty,' and finds his wife and family.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin',
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
On a cart, or in a wagon,
Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sughed the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud:

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating;
Linties chirped on ilka tree;
Frae the west, the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's towers sae hie.

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny!
Craigs and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks, unpeered by ony,
Save the Muses' Hawthornden!

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
Will—though hardly fit to gang—
Wandered on through scenes inviting,
Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

'Soldier, rise!—the dews o' e'ening
Gathering, fa' wi' deadly skaith!—
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
Sleep na here, and catch your death.' . . . .

Silent stept he on, poor fellow!
Listening to his guide before,
Ower green knowe and flowery hollow,
Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was, yet sweet and humble;
Decked wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,
Dim by gloaming glint to view;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue.

Entering now, in transport mingle
Mother fond and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
Bleezing on a clean hearthstane.

'Soldier, welcome! come, be cheery—
Here ye'se rest and tak' your bed—
Faint, wae 's me! ye seem, and weary,
Pale 's your cheek, sae lately red!'

'Changed I am,' sighed Willie till her;
'Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be!
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?'

Hae ye marked the dews o' morning
Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', when, without warning,
Rough blasts came and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird, fast fleeing,
Drap, when pierced by death mair fleet?
Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,
Senseless drap at Willie's feet.

After three lang years' affliction—
A' their waes now hushed to rest—
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
Clasps her Willie to her breast.

The simple truth and pathos of descriptions like these appealed to the heart, and soon rendered Macneill's poem universally popular in Scotland. Its moral tendency was also a strong recommendation, and the same causes still operate in procuring readers for the tale, especially in that class best fitted to appreciate its rural beauties and homely pictures, and to receive benefit from the lessons it inculcates. Macneill wrote several Scottish lyrics, and published a descriptive poem, entitled *The Links of Forth, or a Parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling;* and some prose tales, in which he laments the effect of modern change and improvement. The latter years of the poet were spent in comparative comfort in Edinburgh.

Mary of Castle-Cary.

'Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree:
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature;
She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she 's frae Castle-Cary;
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.'

'It was then your Mary; she 's frae Castle-Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling ee:
'Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning;
Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Away wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling—
Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee.

'Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
Is it my true love here that I see?'
'O Jamie, forgie me; your heart 's constant to me;
I 'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.'

JOHN MAYNE.

JOHN MAYNE, author of the *Siller Gun, Glasgow*, and other poems, was a native of Dumfries—born in the year 1761—and died in London in 1836. He was brought up to the printing business, and whilst apprentice in the *Dumfries Journal* office in 1777, in his sixteenth year, he published the germ of his *Siller Gun* in a quarto page of twelve stanzas. The subject of the poem is an ancient custom in Dumfries, called 'Shooting for the Siller Gun,' the gun being a small silver tube presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades as a prize to the best marksman. This poem Mr Mayne continued to enlarge and improve up to the time of his death. The twelve stanzas expanded in two years to two cantos; in another year (1780) the poem was published—enlarged to three cantos—in *Ruddiman's Magazine;* and in 1808 it was published in London in four cantos. This edition was seen by Sir Walter Scott, who said (in one of his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*) 'that it surpassed the efforts of Fergusson, and came near to those of Burns.' Mr Mayne was author of a short poem on *Hallowe'en*, printed in *Ruddiman's Magazine* in 1780; and in 1781, he published at Glasgow his fine ballad of *Logan Braes*, which Burns had seen, and two lines of which he copied into his *Logan Water*. The *Siller Gun* is humorous and descriptive, and is happy in both. The author is a shrewd and lively observer, full of glee, and also of gentle and affectionate recollections of his native town and all its people and pastimes. The ballad of *Logan Braes* is a simple and beautiful lyric, superior to the more elaborate version of Burns. Though long resident in London (as proprietor of the *Star* newspaper), Mr Mayne retained his Scottish enthusiasm to the last; and to those who, like ourselves, recollect him in advanced life, stopping, in the midst of his duties as a public journalist, to trace some remembrance of his native Dumfries and the banks of the Nith, or to hum over some rural or pastoral song which he had heard forty or fifty years before, his name, as well as his poetry, recalls the strength and tenacity of early feelings and local associations.

Logan Braes.

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But wae 's my heart, that days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it 's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane:
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I daunner out and sit alane;
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
Oh! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We 'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

Helen of Kirkconnel.

Helen Irving, a young lady of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, was betrothed to Adam Fleming de Kirkpatrick, a young gentleman of rank and fortune in that neighbourhood. Walking with her lover on the sweet banks of the Kirtle, she was murdered by a disappointed and sanguinary rival. This catastrophe took place during the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is the subject of three different ballads: the first two are old, the third is the composition of the author of the *Siller Gun*. It was first inserted in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* (1815) by Sir Walter Scott.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries;
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sighed,
For me she wished to be a bride;
For me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me:
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me!
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh! if on earth there 's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine—
They centred all in thee!

Ah, what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain;
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me:
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Oh! when I 'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel-Lee!*

Mustering of the Trades to Shoot for the Siller Gun.

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting ower the scene,

When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms.

Frae far and near the country lads
(Their joes ahint them on their yads)
Flocked in to see the show in squads;
And, what was dafter,
Their pawky mithers and their dads
Cam trotting after!

And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair;
For, lest they 'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night!

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam our Trades, some orra saving
To wair that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carle,
Weel may he bruik his new apparel!
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowling wife!
But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life!

Hech, sirs! what crowds cam into town,
To see them mustering up and down!
Lasses and lads, sunburnt and brown—
Women and weans,
Gentle and semple, mingling, crown
The gladsome scenes!

At first, forenent ilk Deacon's hallan,
His ain brigade was made to fall in;
And, while the muster-roll was calling,
And joy-bells jowing,
Het-pints, weel spiced, to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing!

Broiled kipper, cheese, and bread, and ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry brandy;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy.

Oh! weel ken they wha lo'e their chappin,
Drink maks the auldest swack and strappin';
Gars Care forget the ills that happen—
The blate look spruce—
And even the thowless cock their tappin,
And craw fu' croose!

The muster ower, the different bands
File aff in parties to the sands,
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
Glee'd Geordy Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith!

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group reviewed elsewhere!
The short, the tall; fat folk and spare;
Syde coats and dockit;
Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair;
Round hats and cockit!

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrowed or begged, were of a' kinds,
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses!

* The concluding verse of the old ballad is finer:

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies
For her sake that died for me.

Also an earlier stanza:

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

Maist feck, though oiled to mak them glimmer,
Hadna been shot for mony a simmer;
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer
Instead o' flints!

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spiked, to let nae priming ben;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rozit-end
Held on their locks!

And then, to shew what difference stands
Atween the leaders and their bands,
Swords that, unsheathed since Prestonpans,
Neglected lay,
Were furbished up, to grace the hands
O' chiefs this day!

'Ohon!' says George, and ga'e a grane,
'The age o' chivalry is gane!'
Syne, having ower and ower again
The hale surveyed,
Their route, and a' things else, made plain,
He snuffed, and said:

'Now, gentlemen! now, mind the motion,
And dinna, this time, mak a botion:
Shouther your arms! Oh! haud them tosh bn,
And not athraw!
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa'!'

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound!
Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
The Corporations
Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drowned
In acclamations!

BARONESS NAIRNE.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT (1766–1845), of the family of Oliphant of Gask, and justly celebrated for her beauty, talents, and worth, wrote several lyrical pieces, which enjoy great popularity. These are, *The Land o' the Leal*, *The Laird o' Cockpen*, *Caller Herrin'*, *The Lass o' Gowrie*, &c. In 1806 she was married to Major William Murray Nairne, who, in 1824, on the restoration of the attainted Scottish peerages, became Baron Nairne. Shortly before her death, this excellent and accomplished lady gave the Rev. Dr Chalmers a sum of £300, to assist in his schemes for the amelioration of the poorer classes in Edinburgh.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day's aye fair
I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John—
And joy's a-comin' fast, John—
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening ee, John!
My saul langs to be free, John!
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain John;
This warld's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked-hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine:
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na;'
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
'Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen—
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.*

Caller Herrin'.†

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonny fish and halesome farin';
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,

* The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, authoress of *Marriage*. They are quite equal to the original.
† *Caller*, cool, fresh; herring new caught.

Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
They 're no brought here without brave daring.
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairing
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin' 's no got lightly,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightly,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow* has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonny fish ye 're sellin',
At ae word be in yer dealin';
Truth will stand when a' thing 's failin'.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL, a lyrical poet of a superior order, whose songs rival all but the best of Burns's in popularity, was born in Paisley, on the 3d of June 1774. His education was limited, but he was a diligent reader and student. He was early sent to the loom, weaving being the staple trade of Paisley, and continued to follow his occupation in his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, when the declining state of his father's health induced him to return. He arrived in time to receive the dying blessing of his parent, and a short time afterwards we find him writing to a friend: 'My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together.' Hugh married, and the poet was left alone with his widowed mother. In a poem, *The Filial Vow*, he says:

'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way:
Now, while her powers in frigid languor sleep,
'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep;
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.
'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.

The filial piety of Tannahill is strikingly apparent from this effusion, but the inferiority of the lines to any of his Scottish songs shews how little at home he was in English. His mother outlived him thirteen years. Though Tannahill had occasionally composed verses from a very early age, it was not till after this time that he attained to anything beyond mediocrity. Becoming acquainted with Mr R. A. Smith, a musical composer, the poet applied himself sedulously to lyrical composition, aided by the encouragement and the musical taste of his friend. Smith set some of his songs to original and appropriate airs, and in 1807 the poet ventured on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first impression, consisting of 900 copies, was sold in a few weeks. It is related that in a solitary walk on one occasion, his musings were interrupted by the voice of a country-girl in an adjoining field singing by herself a song of his own—

We 'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn-side;

and he used to say he was more pleased at this evidence of his popularity, than at any tribute which had ever been paid him. He afterwards contributed some songs to Mr George Thomson's *Select Melodies*, and exerted himself to procure Irish airs, of which he was very fond. Whilst delighting all classes of his countrymen with his native songs, the poet fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness and a tendency to consumption. He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, and sent the manuscript to Mr Constable the publisher; but it was returned by that gentleman, in consequence of his having more new works on hand than he could undertake that season. This disappointment preyed on the spirits of the sensitive poet, and his melancholy became deep and habitual. He burned all his manuscripts, and sank into a state of mental derangement. Returning from a visit to Glasgow on the 17th of May 1810, the unhappy poet retired to rest; but 'suspicion having been excited, in about an hour afterwards it was discovered that he had stolen out unperceived. Search was made in every direction, and by the dawn of the morning, the coat of the poet was discovered lying at the side of the tunnel of a neighbouring brook, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found.'* Tannahill was a modest and temperate man, devoted to his kindred and friends, and of unblemished purity and correctness of conduct. His lamentable death arose from no want or irregularity, but was solely caused by that morbid disease of the mind which had overthrown his reason. The poems of this ill-starred son of genius are greatly inferior to his songs. They have all a common-place artificial character. His lyrics, on the other hand, are rich and original, both in description and sentiment. His diction is copious and luxuriant, particularly in describing natural objects and the peculiar features of the Scottish landscape. His simplicity is natural and unaffected; and though he appears to have possessed a deeper sympathy with nature than with the workings of human feeling, or even the passion of love, he is often tender and pathetic. His *Gloomy Winter's now Awa'* is a beautiful concentration of tenderness and melody.

The Braes o' Balquhither.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonny Highland heather;

* Neil Gow (1727-1807), a distinguished Scottish violinist, famous for playing the livelier airs known as strathspeys and reels.

* Memoir prefixed to Tannahill's Works. Glasgow, 1838.

Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I 'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night-breeze is swelling,
So merrily we 'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheiling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer 's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Keen blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer;
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonny,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie;
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It 's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It 's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my ee;
For oh! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

The Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She 's modest as ony, and blithe as she 's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha 'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I 'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Gloomy Winter 's now Awa'.

Gloomy winter 's now awa';
Saft the westlin breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL (1775–1822), the eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was author of some amusing songs, which are still very popular. *Auld Gudeman, ye're a Drucken Carle; Jenny's Bawbee; Jenny dang the Weaver*, &c., display considerable comic humour, and coarse but characteristic painting. The higher qualities of simple rustic grace and elegance he seems never to have attempted. In 1803 Sir Alexander collected his fugitive pieces, and published them under the title of *Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. In 1810, he published a Scottish dialogue, in the style of Fergusson, called *Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty; a Sketch of Manners, by Simon Gray*. This Sketch is greatly overcharged. Sir Alexander was an ardent lover of our early literature, and reprinted several works at his private printing-press at Auchinleck. When politics ran high, he unfortunately wrote some personal satires, for one of which he received a challenge from Mr Stuart of Dunearn. The parties met at Auchtertool, in Fifeshire. Conscious of his error, Sir Alexander resolved not to fire at his opponent; but Mr Stuart's shot took effect, and the unfortunate baronet fell. He died from the wound on the following day, the 26th of March 1822. He had

been elevated to the baronetcy only the year previous. His brother, JAMES BOSWELL (1779–1822), an accomplished scholar and student of our early literature, edited Malone's edition of Shakspeare, 21 vols. 8vo, 1821. Sir Alexander had just returned from the funeral of his brother when he engaged in the fatal duel.

Jenny dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
The lasses, bonny witches!
Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,
And braw white Sunday mutches:
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock would not believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country-dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When she sat down, he sat down,
And to her would be gabbing;
Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,
The coof would never leave her;
Aye keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he: 'My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You 've bonny een, and if you 're kind,
I 'll never seek anither:'
He hummed and hawed, the lass cried, 'Peugh!'
And bade the coof no deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

Jenny's Bawbee.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs, and faces lang;
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
Wha 's thae I see?

Quo' he: Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel
Thought himsel cunnin as the deil,
And here they cam, awa' to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lined, and back weel clad,
Marched round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he: 'My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty 's dazzled baith my een;'
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee:

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsent naig and siller whup,
Cried: 'There 's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie 't till a tree.

'What 's gowd to me?—I 've walth o' lan';
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';'
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'boxes and tubs,
A Thing cam neist—but life has rubs—
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
Ah! wae 's me!

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He girned, 'I' faith, a bonny lass!'
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The sodger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cried: 'Tehee,

'I kent that I could never fail!'
She preened the dish-clout till his tail,
And cooled him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Good-night, and Joy be wi' Ye a'.

This song is supposed to proceed from the mouth of an aged chieftain.

Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has charmed my heart;
May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I 'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha shewed himsel a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I 'll see you shine,
I 'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'.

The High Street of Edinburgh.

From *Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty.*

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;*
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madefies your head;

* Sir Alexander seems to have remembered the fourth line in Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope:*

Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky.

But Campbell may have *stolen* his line from Telford's forgotten poem on Eskdale:

Here lofty hills in varied prospect rise,
Whose airy summits mingle with the skies.

Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The lady gay received her gayer spark,
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements overhead;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.
No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Linked, six a-row, six hours in Princes Street,
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
'How are ye, Tam?' and, 'How 's a' wi' ye, Bob?'
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.
O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love;
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will;
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill. . . .
Yes! mark the street, for youth the great resort,
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.
There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven;
Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked;
There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop.
There, in the dirty current of the strand,
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!
And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.
Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight.
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
The bicker rages, till some mother's fears
Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.
Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,
And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
A brave detachment, probably of two,
Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice.
But, mark that motley group, in various garb—
There vice begins to form her rankling barb;
The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch-and-toss,
And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.
From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
And, every copper gone, they fly to brass.
Those polished rounds which decorate the coat,
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,
Now from the faithful button-holes depart.
To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
And Enterprise again essays the field.
So, when a few fleet years of his short span
Have ripened this dire passion in the man,
When thousand after thousand takes its flight
In the short circuit of one wretched night,
Next shall the honours of the forest fall,
And ruin desolate the chieftain's hall;
Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain;
Then in a mendicant behold a thane!

JAMES HOGG.

JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of 'The Ettrick Shepherd,' was perhaps the most creative and imaginative of the uneducated poets. His fancy had a wide range, picturing in its flights scenes of wild aërial magnificence and beauty. His taste was very defective, though he had done much to repair his early want of instruction. His occupation of a shepherd, among solitary hills and glens, must have been favourable to his poetical enthusiasm. He was not, like Burns, thrown into society when young, and forced to combat with misfortune. His destiny was unvaried, until he had arrived at a period when the bent of his genius was fixed for life. Without society during the day, his evening hours were spent in listening to ancient legends and ballads, of which his mother, like Burns's, was a great reciter. This nursery of imagination he has himself beautifully described:

O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time!
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night, or winter day;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none—
Our converse was with heaven alone—
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.
O lady, judge, if judge ye may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these when darkness fell,
And gray-haired sires the tales would tell!
When doors were barred, and eldern dame
Plied at her task beside the flame,
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umbered faces shone—
The bleat of mountain-goat on high,
That from the cliff came quavering by;
The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood;
The undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert never dumb!
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart;
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that 's without a name.

Hogg was descended from a family of shepherds, and born in the vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire. According to the parish register, he was baptised on the 9th of December 1770. When a mere child, he was put out to service, acting first as a cow-herd, until capable of taking care of a flock of sheep. He had in all but little schooling, though he was too prone to represent himself as an uninstructed prodigy of nature. When twenty years of age, he entered the service of Mr Laidlaw, Blackhouse. He was then an eager reader of poetry and romances, and he subscribed to a circulating library in Peebles, the miscellaneous contents of which he perused with the utmost avidity. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, with a profusion of light-brown hair, which he wore coiled up under his hat or blue bonnet, the envy of all the country maidens. An attack of illness, however, brought on by over-exertion on a hot summer day, completely altered his countenance, and changed the very form of his features. His first literary effort was in song-writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of pieces. He was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by his master's son, Mr William Laidlaw, and assisted in the collection of old ballads for the *Border Minstrelsy*. He soon imitated the style of these ancient strains with great felicity, and published in 1807 another volume of songs and poems, under the title of *The Mountain Bard*—

He embarked in sheep-farming, and took a journey to the island of Harris on a speculation of this kind; but all he had saved as a shepherd, or by his publication, was lost in these attempts. He then repaired to Edinburgh, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. A collection of songs, *The Forest Minstrel* (1810), was his first effort; his second was a periodical called *The Spy;* but it was not till the publication of *The Queen's Wake*, in 1813, that the Shepherd established his reputation as an author. This 'legendary poem' consists of a collection of tales and ballads supposed to be sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by the native bards of Scotland assembled at a royal wake at Holyrood, in order that the fair queen might prove

> The wondrous powers of Scottish song.

The design was excellent, and the execution so varied and masterly, that Hogg was at once placed among the first of our native poets. The different productions of the local minstrels are strung together by a thread of narrative so gracefully written in many parts, that the reader is surprised equally at the delicacy and the genius of the author. At the conclusion of the poem, Hogg alludes to his illustrious friend Scott, and adverts with some feeling to an advice which Sir Walter had once given him, to abstain from his worship of poetry.

> The land was charmed to list his lays;
> It knew the harp of ancient days.
> The Border chiefs, that long had been
> In sepulchres unhearsed and green,
> Passed from their mouldy vaults away
> In armour red and stern array,
> And by their moonlight halls were seen
> In visor, helm, and habergeon.
> Even fairies sought our land again,
> So powerful was the magic strain.
> Blest be his generous heart for aye!
> He told me where the relic lay;
> Pointed my way with ready will,
> Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
> Watched my first notes with curious eye,
> And wondered at my minstrelsy:
> He little weened a parent's tongue
> Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.
> But when, to native feelings true,
> I struck upon a chord was new;
> When by myself I 'gan to play,
> He tried to wile my harp away.
> Just when her notes began with skill,
> To sound beneath the southern hill,
> And twine around my bosom's core,
> How could we part for evermore?
> 'Twas kindness all—I cannot blame—
> For bootless is the minstrel flame;
> But sure a bard might well have known
> Another's feelings by his own!

Scott was grieved at this allusion to his friendly counsel, as it was given at a time when no one dreamed of the Shepherd possessing the powers that he displayed in *The Queen's Wake*. Various works now proceeded from his pen—*Mador of the Moor*, a poem in the Spenserian stanza; *The Pilgrims of the Sun*, in blank verse; *The Hunting of Badlewe*, *The Poetic Mirror*, *Queen Hynde*, *Dramatic Tales*, &c.; also several novels, as *Winter Evening Tales*, *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, *The Three Perils of Man*, *The Three Perils of Woman*, *The Confessions of a Sinner*, &c. Hogg's prose is very unequal. He had no skill in arranging incidents or delineating character. He is often coarse and extravagant; yet some of his stories have much of the literal truth and happy minute painting of Defoe. The worldly schemes of the Shepherd were seldom successful. Though he had failed as a sheep-farmer, he ventured again, and took a large farm, Mount Benger, from the Duke of Buccleuch. Here he also was unsuccessful; and his sole support, for the latter years of his life, was the remuneration afforded by his literary labours. He lived in a cottage which he had built at Altrive, on a piece of moorland—seventy acres—presented to him by the Duchess of Buccleuch. His love of angling and field-sports amounted to a passion, and when he could no longer fish or hunt, he declared his belief that his death was near. In the autumn of 1835 he was attacked with a dropsical complaint; and on the 21st of November of that year, after some days of insensibility, he breathed his last as calmly, and with as little pain, as he ever fell asleep in his gray plaid on the hillside. His death was deeply mourned in the vale of Ettrick, for all rejoiced in his fame; and, notwithstanding his personal foibles, the Shepherd was generous, kind-hearted, and charitable far beyond his means.

In the activity and versatility of his powers, Hogg resembled Allan Ramsay. Neither of them had the strength of passion or the grasp of intellect peculiar to Burns; but, on the other hand, their style was more discursive, playful, and fanciful. Burns seldom projects himself, as it were, out of his own feelings and situation, whereas both Ramsay and Hogg are happiest when they soar into the world of fancy, or retrace the scenes of antiquity. The Ettrick Shepherd abandoned himself entirely to the genius of old romance and legendary story. He loved, like Spenser, to luxuriate in fairy visions, and to picture scenes of supernatural splendour and beauty, where

> The emerald fields are of dazzling glow,
> And the flowers of everlasting blow.

His *Kilmeny* is one of the finest fairy tales that ever was conceived by poet or painter; and passages in *The Pilgrims of the Sun* have the same abstract remote beauty and lofty imagination. Burns would have scrupled to commit himself to these aërial phantoms. His visions were more material, and linked to the joys and sorrows of actual existence. Akin to this peculiar feature in Hogg's poetry is the spirit of most of his songs—a wild lyrical flow of fancy, that is sometimes inexpressibly sweet and musical. He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to give due effect to his imagery and conceptions; but there are few poets who impress us so much with the idea of direct inspiration, or convince us so strongly that poetry is indeed an art 'unteachable and untaught.'

Bonny Kilmeny.—From 'The Queen's Wake.'

> Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
> But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
> Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
> For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
> It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
> And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
> The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
> And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;

For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been. . . .
In yon greenwood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane!
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye,
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life. . . .
They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kamed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying: 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye 're welcome here!' . . .
They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by;
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.
'Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!' . . .
Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen. . . .
With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee;
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring,
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion;
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!
When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
There laid her down on the leaves so green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!

To the Comet of 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,

That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No; from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,*
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scal'st the Milky-way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heaven! oh, let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn!

Song—When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state;
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!

Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he 'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift,
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there 's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a happy imitator of the old Scottish ballads, and a man of various talents, was born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, December 7, 1784. His father was

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.—HOGG.

gardener to a neighbouring proprietor, but shortly afterwards became factor or land-steward to Mr Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord at Ellisland. Mr Cunningham had few advantages in his early days, unless it might be residence in a fine pastoral and romantic district, then consecrated by the presence and the genius of Burns. In his sixth year, in his father's cottage, he heard Burns read his poem of *Tam o' Shanter*—an event never to be forgotten! An elder brother having attained some eminence as a country builder, or mason, Allan was apprenticed to him, with a view to joining or following him in his trade; but he abandoned this, and in 1810 removed to London, and connected himself with the newspaper press. In 1814 he was engaged as clerk of the works, or superintendent, to the late Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, in whose establishment he continued till his death, October 29, 1842. Mr Cunningham was an indefatigable writer. He early contributed poetical effusions to the periodical works of the day, and nearly all the songs and fragments of verse in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* (1810) are of his composition, though published by Cromek as undoubted originals. Some of these are warlike and Jacobite, some amatory and devotional—the wild lyrical breathings of Covenanting love and piety among the hills—and all of them abounding in traits of Scottish rural life and primitive manners. As songs, they are not pitched in a key to be popular; but for natural grace and tenderness, and rich Doric simplicity and fervour, these pseudo-antique strains of Mr Cunningham are inimitable. In 1822 he published *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic poem, founded on Border story and superstition, and afterwards two volumes of *Traditional Tales*. Three novels of a similar description, but more diffuse and improbable—namely, *Paul Jones*, *Sir Michael Scott*, and *Lord Roldan*—also proceeded from his fertile pen. In 1832 he appeared again as a poet, with a 'rustic epic,' in twelve parts, entitled *The Maid of Elvar*. He edited a collection of Scottish Songs, in four volumes, and an edition of Burns in eight volumes, to which he prefixed a Life of the poet, enriched with new anecdotes and information. To Murray's Family Library he contributed a series of *Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, which extended to six volumes, and proved the most popular of all his prose works. His last work—completed just two days before his death—was a *Life of Sir David Wilkie*, the distinguished artist, in three volumes. All these literary labours were produced in intervals from his stated avocations in Chantrey's studio, which most men would have considered ample employment. His taste and attainments in the fine arts were as remarkable a feature in his history as his early ballad strains; and the prose style of Mr Cunningham, when engaged on a congenial subject, was justly admired for its force and freedom. There was always a freshness and energy about the man and his writings that arrested the attention and excited the imagination, though his genius was but little under the control of a correct or critical judgment. Strong nationality and inextinguishable ardour formed conspicuous traits in his character; and altogether, the life of Mr Cunningham was a fine example of successful original talent and perseverance, undebased by any of the alloys by which the former is too often accompanied.

The Young Maxwell.

'Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle?
And what do ye carry there?'
'I 'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger man,
To shift my sheep their lair.'

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude lang stride took he;
'I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shew the way to me?'

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the greenwood side;
'Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye canna ride.'

He drew the reins o' his bonny gray steed,
An' lightly down he sprang:
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An' his gude brown sword drew he!

'Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!
An' ye killed my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my ee!

'Draw out yer sword, thou vile Southron!
Red-wat wi' blude o' my kin!
That sword it crapped the bonniest flower
E'er lifted its head to the sun!

'There 's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father!
There 's twa for my brethren three!
An' there 's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I loved as the light o' my ee.'

Hame, Hame, Hame.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty 's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';
But I 'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh, there 's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,
'I 'll shine on ye yet in yer ain countrie.'
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Fragment.

Gane were but the winter-cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld 's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death 's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear;
I 'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

She 's Gane to Dwall in Heaven.

She 's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She 's gane to dwall in heaven;
Ye 're ower pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwalling out o' heaven!

Oh, what 'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
Oh, what 'll she do in heaven?
She 'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I 'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I 'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
That sang the evening Psalm.

There 's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There 's naught but dust now mine;
My saul 's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

'O for a soft and gentle wind!'
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners—
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

My Nanie O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I 'll gang and see my Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do 't but Nanie O.

In preaching-time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonny O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
The world 's in love with Nanie O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O;*
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
The flower o' Nithsdale 's Nanie O;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, 'I dwell with Nanie O.'

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonny O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae my Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie O!

The Poet's Bridal-day Song.

Oh, my love 's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears—
Nor nights of thought nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;

* In the *Nanie O* of Allan Ramsay, these four beautiful lines will be found, and there they might have remained, had their beauty not been impaired by the presence of Lais and Leda, Jove and Danaë.—*Author's Note.*

When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower—
Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak:
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that 's not divine.

The sons of Allan Cunningham have all distinguished themselves in literature, and furnish a remarkable instance of hereditary talent in one family. 1. JOSEPH DAVEY CUNNINGHAM (1812–1851), late captain of Engineers in the Indian army, wrote a *History of the Sikhs*, an elaborate and able work, published in 1849, second edition in 1853. The author had lived among the Sikh people for eight years, and had been appointed to draw up Reports on the British connection generally with the Sutlej, and especially on the military resources of the Punjab. 2. ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM (born in 1814), major-general of the Bengal Engineers, appointed Archæological Surveyor-general of India in 1870, Companion of the Star of India in 1871; author of *The Bhilsa Topes or Buddhist Monuments of Central India*, 1854; *Arian Architecture*, 1846; *Ladák, Physical, Statistical, and Historical*, 1854; *The Ancient Geography of India*, 1871; &c. 3. PETER CUNNINGHAM (1816–1869), many years clerk in the Audit Office; author of a *Life of Nell Gwynn*, 1852; *Handbook of London*, 1849; and editor of *Walpole's Letters*, *Works of Drummond of Hawthornden*, *Goldsmith's Works*, *Johnson's Lives of the Poets*, *Campbell's Specimens of British Poets*. Mr Cunningham contributed largely to literary journals. His *Handbook of London* is a work full of curious antiquarian and literary interest, illustrating the political and social history of the metropolis. 4. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM (born in 1820), lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army, editor of the dramatic works of Marlowe, Massinger, and Ben Jonson, contributor to various literary periodicals, &c. Colonel Cunningham died Dec. 3, 1875.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (1797–1835) was born in Glasgow, but, after his eleventh year, was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley. At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk at that town. He early evinced a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a miscellany entitled the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. A taste for antiquarian research—

Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose—

divided with the muse the empire of Motherwell's genius, and he attained an unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of our native literature, particularly in the department of traditionary poetry. The results of this erudition appeared in *Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern* (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a historical introduction, which must be the basis of all future investigations into the subject. In the following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, and established a magazine there, to which he contributed some of his happiest poetical effusions. The talent and spirit which he evinced in his editorial duties, were the means of advancing him to the more important office of conducting the *Glasgow Courier*, in which situation he continued till his death. In 1832 he collected and published his Poems in one volume. He also joined with Hogg in editing the works of Burns; and he was collecting materials for a Life of Tannahill, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-eight. The taste, enthusiasm, and social qualities of Motherwell, rendered him very popular among his townsmen and friends. As an antiquary, he was shrewd, indefatigable, and truthful. As a poet, he was happiest in pathetic or sentimental lyrics, though his own inclinations led him to prefer the chivalrous and martial style of the old minstrels.

From 'Jeanie Morrison.'

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day!
The fire that 's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cool.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thoughts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne. . . .

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsom toun,
To wander by the green burn-side,
And hear its water croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood
The throssil whistled sweet.

The throssil whistled in the wood,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe aboon the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,

Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows great
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

The Midnight Wind.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone.
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,
Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine:
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches and numbers define.
LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south, shouting: 'There am I lord!'
Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway,
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules fate is this falchion's red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall;
I've drunk the sweet music that bright lips let fall;
I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle and cold jargoning!
The music I love is the shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle, and garners the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known,
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand!
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong!
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,
My heart 's knit to thine, and lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness thou 'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness, in some battle-field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield.
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart;
And light is the faith of fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.
But thy metal 's as true as its polish is bright:
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber;
But, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night.
HEART GLADDENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished by war or by wave;
Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay;
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

ROBERT NICOLL.

ROBERT NICOLL (1814-1837) was a young man of high promise and amiable dispositions, who cultivated literature amidst many discouragements, and died early of consumption. He was a native of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire. After passing through a series of humble employments, during which he steadily cultivated his mind by reading and writing, he assumed the editorship of the *Leeds Times*, a weekly paper representing the extreme of the liberal class of opinions. He wrote

as one of the three hundred might be supposed to have fought at Thermopylæ, animated by the pure love of his species, and zeal for what he thought the people's interests! The poet died deeply regretted by the numerous friends whom his talents and virtues had drawn around him. Nicoll's poems are short occasional pieces and songs—the latter much inferior to his serious poems, yet sometimes displaying happy rural imagery and fancy.

We are Brethren a'.

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they 're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha,'
'Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say: 'Gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
An' I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith hae a leal heart, unspotted, to shaw:
Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny an' fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'

Frail shakin' auld Age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be Death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

In 1812 appeared a singular mock-heroic poem, *Anster Fair*, written in the *ottava rima* stanza, since made so popular by Byron in his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lauder, the famous heroine of Scottish song; but the author wrote not for the multitude familiar with Maggie's rustic glory; he aimed at pleasing the admirers of that refined conventional poetry, half serious and sentimental, and half ludicrous and satirical, which was cultivated by Berni, Ariosto, and the lighter poets of Italy. There was classic imagery on familiar subjects—supernatural machinery (as in the *Rape of the Lock*) blended with the ordinary details of domestic life, and with lively and fanciful description. An exuberance of animal spirits seemed to carry the author over the most perilous ascents, and his wit and fancy were rarely at fault. Such a pleasant sparkling volume, in a style then unhackneyed, was sure of success. *Anster Fair* sold rapidly, and has since been often republished. The author, WILLIAM TENNANT, was a native of Anstruther, or Anster, born in 1785, who, whilst filling the situation of clerk in a mercantile house, studied ancient and modern literature, and taught himself Hebrew. His attainments were rewarded in 1813 with an appointment as parish schoolmaster, to which was attached a salary of £40 per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr Abraham Adams in *Joseph Andrews*, who, being a scholar and man of virtue, was 'provided with a handsome income of £23 a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.' The author of *Anster Fair* was afterwards appointed to a more eligible and becoming situation—teacher of classical and oriental languages in Dollar Institution, and finally professor of oriental languages in St Mary's College, St Andrews. He died in 1848. Mr Tennant published some other poetical works—a tragedy on the story of Cardinal Beaton, and two poems, the *Thane of Fife*, and the *Dinging Down of the Cathedral*. It was said of Sir David Wilkie that he took most of the figures in his pictures from living characters in the county of Fife, familiar to him in his youth: it is more certain that Mr Tennant's poems are all on native subjects in the same district. Indeed, their strict locality has been against their popularity; but *Anster Fair* is the most diversified and richly humorous of them all, and besides being an animated, witty, and agreeable poem, it has the merit of being the first work of the kind in our language. The Monks and Giants of Frere, from which Byron avowedly drew his *Beppo*, did not appear till some time after Mr Tennant's poem. Of the higher and more poetical parts of *Anster Fair*, we subjoin a specimen:

Summer Morning.

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat
Upon the top of many-fountained Ide,
That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
The bright-gowned Morning tripping up her side:
And when the low Sun's glory-buskined feet
Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide,
Oh, I would kneel me down, and worship there
The God who garnished out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron-elbowed Morning up the slope
Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
Her golden apron dripping kindly dews;
And never, since she first began to hop
Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed east o'er the fair Earth abroad——

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range——
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;

The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering;
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
And hail the genial light, and cheer'ly sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first upsloping ray was flung
On Anster steeple's swallow-harbouring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
The town's long colours flare and flap on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

The description of the heroine is passionate and imaginative.

Description of Maggie Lauder.

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
That, capped with lustrous coronet of beams,
Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
New-washed, and doubly fulgent from the streams—
The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
Shaked her majestic person into grace,
And as at times his glossy sides she strook
Endearingly with whip's green silken lace—
The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace—
By Jove, the very waving of her arm
Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise;
For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honoured palace, where
A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
Got dignity and honour from the glance;
Woe to the man on whom she unaware
Did the dear witchery of her eye elance!
'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!

His humour and lively characteristic painting are well displayed in the account of the different parties who, gay and fantastic, flock to the fair, as Chaucer's pilgrims did to the shrine of Thomas à Becket.

Parties travelling to the Fair.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman:
From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Lochfine from her prolific sand
Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
Or foray on the banks of Fortha's firth;
Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe,
Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth;
And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and cold tongue.

Nor staid away the Islanders, that lie
To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,
Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed;
And from that Isle, whose abbey, structured high,
Within its precincts holds dead kings inclosed,
Where St Columba oft is seen to waddle,
Gowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire astraddle.

Next from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr—
Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!—
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock—where
Are night-caps made, the cheapest and the best—
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks
In lieu of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, bestriding well-trapped nag,
Or humbly riding ass's backbone bare,
Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money-bag,
To purchase Dutch lint-seed at Anster Fair—
Sagacious fellows all, who well may brag
Of virtuous industry and talents rare;
The accomplished men o' the counting-room confessed,
And fit to crack a joke or argue with the best.

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay
Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,
Men that can rarely on the bagpipe play,
And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle;
Avowed freebooters, that have many a day
Stolen sheep and cow, yet never owned they did ill;
Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue
That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
Come from North-Berwick harbour sailing out;
Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,
Have ta'en the road by Stirling brig about,
And eastward now from long Kirkcaldy ride,
Slugging on their slow-gaited asses stout,
While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,
And dangling hangs a tale on every rhymer's tongue.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

ROBERT GILFILLAN (1798–1850) was a native of Dunfermline. He was long clerk to a wine-merchant in Leith, and afterwards collector of poor-rates in the same town. His *Poems and Songs* have passed through three editions. The songs of Mr Gilfillan are marked by gentle and kindly feelings and a smooth flow of versification, which makes them eminently suitable for being set to music.

The Exile's Song.

Oh, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There 's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There 's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

In the Days o' Langsyne.

In the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, an' brewed our ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the hill;
Oh, the thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy an' free,
Proud lords on the land, an' kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted an' sang
By the warm ingle-side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
Oh, where is the Scotland o' bonny langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?
In the days o' langsyne there were feasting an' glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, an' joy in ilk ee;
An' the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, an' the morn it was mine:
Oh, the days o' langsyne!—Oh, the days o' langsyne!

The Hills o' Gallowa'.—By THOMAS MOUNCEY CUNNINGHAM.

Thomas Cunningham was the senior of his brother Allan by some years, and was a copious author in prose and verse, though with an undistinguished name, long before the author of the *Lives of British Painters* was known. He died in 1834, aged sixty-eight.

Amang the birks sae blithe and gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;
On ilka howm the sward was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit braw,
And gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out ower the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance winged alang the lea,
As down we sat the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
And saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawnin' coost a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, and kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted ee wad hae, quoth I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer.
But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha row this yirthen ba',
And oh, sae blithe through life I 'll steer
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'!

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I 'll trace the mossy rill
That ower the muir meandering rows;
Or, tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birkin pipe I 'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa'.

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs and joyous swains,
Her flowery wilds and wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Whare friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
Whare heather blooms and muircocks craw,
Oh, dig my grave, and hide my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'!

Lucy's Flittin'.—By WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

William Laidlaw was son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse. All who have read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, know how closely Mr Laidlaw was connected with the illustrious baronet of Abbotsford. He was his companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land-steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad and painful moments. *Lucy's Flittin'* is deservedly popular for its unaffected tenderness and simplicity. Mr Laidlaw died at Contin, in Ross-shire, May 18, 1845.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear:
For Lucy had served i' the Glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her;
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;
'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!' quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!' was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin 't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin 't the brown leaves amang.

'Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

'Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
I 'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!"
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He couldna say mair but just "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

'The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it 's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie;'—she turned and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
For bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!*

The Brownie of Blednoch.

By WILLIAM NICHOLSON, known as the 'Galloway Poet,' who, after an irregular, dissipated life, died a pauper in 1849.

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast;
Or the struggling moon when she 's sair distrest.
O sirs, 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak—
'Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?'

Oh, had ye seen the bairns's fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight;
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, 'Aiken-drum!' . . .

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brak as he mendit the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his ee hath nae bard exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a Philabeg o' the rashes green,
An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between—
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

*The last four lines were added by Hogg to 'complete the story,' though in reality it was complete with the account of the flitting.

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain;
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canty auld wife cam till her breath,
And she thocht the Bible might ward aff scaith,
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it feared na Aiken-drum.

'His presence protect us!' quoth the auld gudeman;
'What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!'
What a grane gae Aiken-drum!

'I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by;
But I 'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

'I 'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
I 'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
An' ba the bairns wi' an unkenned tune,
If ye 'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

'I 'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I 'll kirn the kirn, an' I 'll turn the bread;
An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede,
I 'se tame 't,' quoth Aiken-drum.

'To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
To gather the dew frae the heather-bell,
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

'I 'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dark,
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum.'

Quoth the wylie auld wife: 'The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
Gif he 'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
Wow! we 'll try this Aiken-drum.'

But the wenches skirled: 'He 's no be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.'

'Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Is 'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?'
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
'Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum.'

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon;
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum. . . .

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying: 'Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For, alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
Oh, luckless Aiken-drum!'

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pros an' your cons wad ye decide
'Gain the 'sponsible voice o' a hail country-side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum!

Though the 'Brownie o' Blednoch' lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet 's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

The Cameronian's Dream.—*By* JAMES HISLOP.

James Hislop was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar, near the source of the Nith, in July 1798. He was employed as a shepherd-boy in the vicinity of Airdsmoss, where, at the grave-stone of a party of slain Covenanters, he composed the following striking poem. He afterwards became a teacher, and his poetical effusions having attracted the favourable notice of Lord Jeffrey and other eminent literary characters, he was, through their influence, appointed schoolmaster, first on board the *Doris*, and subsequently the *Tweed* man-of-war. He died on the 4th December 1827, from fever caught by sleeping one night in the open air upon the island of St Jago. His compositions display an elegant rather than a vigorous imagination, much chasteness of thought, and a pure, ardent love of nature.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded.
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

Song.—*By* JOSEPH TRAIN.

Mr Train will be memorable in our literary history for the assistance he rendered to Sir Walter Scott in the contribution of some of the stories on which the Waverley novels were founded. He served for some time as a private soldier, but obtaining an appointment in the Excise, he rose to be a supervisor. He was a zealous and able antiquary, and author of a *History of the Isle of Man*, and an account of a religious sect well known in the south of Scotland as *The Buchanites*. Mr Train died at Lochvale, Castle-Douglas, in 1852, aged seventy-three.

Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang;
I left my goats to wander wide;
And e'en as fast as I could bang,
I bickered down the mountain-side.
My hazel rung and haslock plaid
Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,
Resolved I would nae langer bide
To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
I trow the laddies ye may prize,
Wha fight your battles far awa'.
Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',
Courageously I crossed the main;
To see, for Caledonia,
The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fiel' I freely fought,
'Gainst mony an outlandish loon,
An' wi' my good claymore I 've brought
Mony a beardy birkie down:
While I had pith to wield it roun',
In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
Could danton me, for Britain's crown,
To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I 'm marching life's last stage,
Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow;
An' though the knapsack o' auld age
Hangs heavy on my shoulders now—
Yet recollection, ever new,
Discharges a' my toil and pain,
When fancy figures in my view
The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

The great popularity of Burns's lyrics, co-operating with the national love of song and music, continued to call forth numerous Scottish poets, chiefly lyrical. A recent editor, Dr Charles Rogers, has filled no less than six volumes with specimens of *The Modern Scottish Minstrel, or the Songs of Scotland of the Past Half-century* (1856, 1857). Many of these were unworthy of resuscitation, but others are characterised by simplicity, tenderness, and pathetic feeling.

DRAMATISTS.

The popular dramatic art or talent is a rare gift. Some of the most eminent poets have failed in attempting to portray actual life and passion in interesting situations on the stage; and as Fielding and Smollett proved unsuccessful in comedy—though the former wrote a number of pieces—so Byron and Scott were found wanting in the qualities requisite for the tragic drama. 'It is evident,' says Campbell, 'that Melpomene demands on the stage something, and a good deal more than even poetical talent, rare as that is. She requires a potent and peculiar faculty for the invention of incident adapted to theatric effect; a faculty which may often exist in those who have been bred to the stage, but which, generally speaking, has seldom been shewn by any poets who were not professional players. There are exceptions to the remark, but there are not many. If Shakspeare had not been a player, he would not have been the dramatist that he is.' Dryden, Addison, and Congreve are exceptions to this rule; also Goldsmith in comedy, and, in our own day, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in the romantic drama. The Colmans, Sheridan, Morton, and Reynolds never wore the sock or buskin; but they were either managers, or closely connected with the theatre.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Sheridan was early in the field as a dramatist, and both in wit and success eclipsed all his contemporaries. In January 1775 his play of *The Rivals* was brought out at Covent Garden. In this first effort of Sheridan—who was then in his twenty-fourth year—there is more humour than wit. He had copied some of his characters from *Humphry Clinker*, as the testy but generous Captain Absolute—evidently borrowed from Matthew Bramble—and Mrs Malaprop, whose mistakes in words are the echoes of Mrs Winifred Jenkins' blunders. Some of these are farcical enough; but as Moore observes—and no man has made more use of similes than himself—the luckiness of Mrs Malaprop's simile—'as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile'—will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with by the wilfulness of this truly headstrong species of composition. In the same year, *St Patrick's Day* and *The Duenna* were produced; the latter had a run of seventy-five nights! It certainly is greatly superior to *The Beggars' Opera*, though not so general in its satire. In 1777, Sheridan wrote other two plays, *The Trip to Scarborough* and *The School for Scandal*. In plot, character, and incident, dialogue, humour, and wit, *The School for Scandal* is acknowledged to surpass any comedy of modern times. It was carefully prepared by the author, who selected, arranged, and moulded his language with consummate taste, so as to form it into a transparent channel of his thoughts. Mr Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, gives some amusing instances of the various forms which a witticism or pointed remark assumed before its final adoption. As, in his first comedy, Sheridan had taken hints from Smollett, in this, his last, he had recourse to Smollett's rival, or rather twin novelist, Fielding. The characters of Charles and Joseph Surface are evidently copies from those of Tom Jones and Blifil. Nor is the moral of the play an improvement on that of the novel. The careless extravagant rake is generous, warm-hearted, and fascinating; seriousness and gravity are rendered odious by being united to meanness and hypocrisy. The dramatic art of Sheridan is evinced in the ludicrous incidents and situations with which *The School for Scandal* abounds: his genius shines forth in its witty dialogues. 'The entire comedy,' says Moore, 'is an El Dorado of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value.' This fault is one not likely to be often committed! Some shorter pieces were afterwards written by Sheridan: *The Camp*, a musical opera, and *The Critic*, a witty afterpiece, in the manner of *The Rehearsal*. The character of Sir Fretful Plagiary—intended, it is said, for Cumberland the dramatist—is one of the author's happiest efforts; and the schemes and contrivances of Puff the manager—such as making his theatrical clock strike four in a morning scene, 'to beget an awful attention' in the audience, and to 'save a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere'—are a felicitous combination of humour and satire. The scene in which Sneer mortifies the vanity of Sir Fretful, and Puff's description of his own mode of life by his proficiency in the art of puffing, are perhaps the best that Sheridan ever wrote.

A Sensitive Author.—From 'The Critic.'

Enter SERVANT to DANGLE and SNEER.

Servant. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

Dangle. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*]—Now, Mrs Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

Mrs Dangle. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dan. But, egad! he allows no merit to any author but himself; that 's the truth on 't, though he 's my friend.

Sneer. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dan. Very true, egad! though he 's my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dan. There 's no denying it; though he 's my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dan. O yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dan. Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own—though he 's my friend—that it is one of the most—he 's here!—[*Aside.*]—finished and most admirable perform——

Sir F. [*Without*] Mr Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter Sir Fretful Plagiary.

Dan. Ah, my dear friend! Egad! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

Sir F. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours; and Mr Dangle's.

Mrs D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that——

Dan. Mrs Dangle!—Ah! Sir Fretful, you know Mrs Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and——

Sir F. O Lord! I am sure Mr Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—— A double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*

Dan. Yes, yes; Sneer will jest, but a better-humoured——

Sir F. Oh, I know.

Dan. He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

Sir F. No, egad! or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*

Mrs D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

Dan. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you? . . .

Sir F. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir F. But, come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh?—Mr Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dan. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

Sir F. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you 'll give me leave, I 'll mention.

Sir F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sneer. I think it wants incident.

Sir F. Good God! you surprise me! wants incident?

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir F. Good God! Believe me, Mr Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dan. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir F. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dan. No; I don't, upon my word.

Sir F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

Dan. Now, Mrs Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs D. No, indeed, I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir F. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

Sir F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs D. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir F. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed; because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs D. Then, I suppose it must have been Mr Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir F. Oh, if Mr Dangle read it, that 's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I 'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs D. I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*

Dan. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir F. The newspapers! sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dan. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir F. No; quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that 's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day——

Sir F. What? where?

Dan. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir F. Oh, so much the better; ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dan. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for——

Sir F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

Sir F. O lud, no! anxious? not I, not the least—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

Dan. Sneer, do *you* recollect? Make out something. [*Aside.*

Sneer. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

Sir F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! very good!

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant!

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir F. Ha, ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir F. Ha!——

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise.

Sir F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh, but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

Sir F. I know it. I *am* diverted—ha, ha, ha! Not the least invention! ha, ha, ha!—very good, very good!

Sneer. Yes; no genius! ha, ha, ha!

Dan. A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha!—but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir F. To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from one d—d good-natured friend or another!

Anatomy of Character.—From 'The School for Scandal.'

MARIA enters to LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady Sneerwell. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria. Oh, there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all?

Joseph Surface. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr Surface?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr Surface?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Madam, Mrs Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*]—Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I' faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell; whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S. Hush!—here she is!

Enter MRS CANDOUR.

Mrs Candour. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs C. O Maria! child—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs C. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs C. Very true, child: but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet, such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad

as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs Clackitt assured me Mr and Mrs Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah, Mrs Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs C. I confess, Mr Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he 'll find half his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Crabtree. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand.—Mrs Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite. Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too.—Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benjamin. O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad! it 's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs Drowzie's conversazione. Come now: your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

Sir B. Uncle, now—prithee——

Crab. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. [*Pointing to Maria.*]

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they 'll immortalise you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. [*To Maria.*] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. But, ladies, that 's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs C. What, sir, do you mean the report of——

Crab. No, ma'am, that 's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. O lud! ma'am, that 's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I 'll be sworn, ma'am. . . . O lud! Mr Surface, pray, is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe. Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That 's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable. [*Aloud.*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good-morning: I 'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*

Mrs C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!

[*Exit Mrs Candour.*

Towards the close of the century, plays translated from the German were introduced. Amidst much false and exaggerated sentiment, they appealed to the stronger sympathies of our nature, and drew crowded audiences to the theatres. One of the first of these plays was *The Stranger*, said to be translated by Benjamin Thompson; but the greater part of it as it was acted was the production of Sheridan. It is a drama of domestic life, not very moral or beneficial in its tendencies—for it is calculated to palliate our detestation of adultery—yet abounding in scenes of tenderness and surprise, well adapted to produce effect on the stage. The principal characters were acted by Kemble and Mrs Siddons, and when it was brought out in

the season of 1797–8, it was received with immense applause. In 1799, Sheridan adapted another of Kotzebue's plays, *Pizarro*, which experienced still greater success. In the former drama, the German author had violated the proprieties of our moral code, by making an injured husband take back his guilty though penitent wife; and in *Pizarro* he has invested a fallen female with tenderness, compassion, and heroism. The obtrusion of such a character as a prominent figure in the scene was at least indelicate; but, in the hands of Mrs Siddons, the taint was scarcely perceived, and Sheridan had softened down the most objectionable parts. The play was produced with all the aids of splendid scenery, music, and fine acting, and these, together with its displays of generous and heroic feeling on the part of Rolla, and of parental affection in Alonzo and Cora, were calculated to lead captive an English audience. 'Its subject was also new and peculiarly fortunate. It brought the adventures of the most romantic kingdom of Christendom—Spain—into picturesque combination with the simplicity and superstitions of the transatlantic world; and gave the imagination a new and fresh empire of paganism, with its temples, and rites, and altars, without the stale associations of pedantry.' Some of the sentiments and descriptions in *Pizarro* are said to have originally formed part of Sheridan's famous speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. They are often inflated and bombastic, and full of rhetorical glitter. Thus Rolla soliloquises in Alonzo's dungeon: 'O holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature, bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom *thou* hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down; and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.'

Or the speech of Rolla to the Peruvian army at the consecration of the banners:

Rolla's Address to the Peruvian Army.

My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! *you* have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. *We*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and a power which they hate. *We* serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore! Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, *they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne *we* honour is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us.

Animated apostrophes like these, rolled from the lips of Kemble, and applied, in those days of war, to British valour and patriotism arrayed against France, could hardly fail of an enthusiastic reception. The oratory of Sheridan had always something theatrical in its substance and manner, though he was a popular and often eloquent speaker in the House of Commons. His celebrated address on the occasion of Warren Hastings' trial, at the point relative to the Begum Princess of Oude, was eulogised by Fox as a matchless piece of eloquence. The following passages seem to smack of the stage.

Extracts from Speech against Warren Hastings.

Filial Piety! It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!—it now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—it is an emanation of that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solicitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love! It asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it!—it is the sacrament of our nature!—not only the duty, but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights!—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love!—it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received!—it fires emotion into vital principle!—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the asking eye!—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution! . . .

O Faith! O Justice! I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination as that which I am now compelled to repeat!—where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade!—where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train!—but far from idle and inactive—turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him!—the multiplied apparatus of temporising expedients, and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!—now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honour! and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetrate, or human vengeance to punish!

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

The most able and successful comic dramatist of his day was GEORGE COLMAN, the younger,* who was born on the 21st of October 1762. The son of the author of *The Jealous Wife* and *Clandestine Marriage*, Colman had a hereditary attachment to the drama. He was educated at Westminster School, and afterwards entered of Christ's Church College, Oxford; but his idleness and dissipation at the university led his father to withdraw him from Oxford, and banish him to Aberdeen. Here he was distinguished for his eccentric dress and folly, but he also applied himself to his classical and other studies. At Aberdeen he published a poem on Charles James Fox, entitled *The Man of the People*, and wrote a musical farce, *The Female Dramatist*, which his father brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, but it was condemned. A second dramatic attempt, entitled *Two to One*, performed in 1784, enjoyed considerable success. This seems to have fixed his literary taste and inclinations; for though his father intended him for the bar, and entered him of Lincoln's Inn, the drama engrossed his attention. In 1784, he contracted a thoughtless marriage with a Miss Catherine Morris, with whom he eloped to Gretna Green, and next year brought out a second musical comedy, *Turk and no Turk*. His father becoming incapacitated by attacks of paralysis, the younger Colman undertook the management of the theatre in Haymarket, and was thus fairly united to the stage and the drama. Various pieces proceeded from his pen: *Inkle and Yarico*, a musical opera, brought out with success in 1787; *Ways and Means*, a comedy, 1788; *The Battle of Hexham*, 1789; *The Surrender of Calais*, 1791; *The Mountaineers*, 1793; *The Iron Chest*—founded on Godwin's novel of *Caleb Williams*—1796; *The Heir at Law*, 1797; *Blue Beard*—a mere piece of scenic display and music—1798; *The Review, or the Wags of Windsor*, an excellent farce, 1798; *The Poor Gentleman*, a comedy, 1802; *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, a farce, 1803; *Gay Deceivers*, a farce, 1804; *John Bull*, a comedy, 1805; *Who Wants a Guinea?* 1805; *We Fly by Night*, a farce, 1806; *The Africans*, a play, 1808; *X Y Z*, a farce, 1810; *The Law of Java*, a musical drama, 1822; &c. No modern dramatist has added so many stock pieces to the theatre as Colman, or imparted so much genuine mirth and humour to all playgoers. His society was also much courted; he was a favourite with George IV., and, in conjunction with Sheridan, was wont to set the royal table in a roar. His gaiety, however, was not always allied to prudence, and theatrical property is a very precarious possession. As a manager, Colman got entangled in lawsuits, and was forced to reside in the King's Bench. The king stepped forward to relieve him, by appointing him to the situation of licenser and examiner of plays, an office worth from £300 to £400 a year. In this situation Colman incurred the enmity of several dramatic authors by the rigour with which he scrutinised their productions. His own plays are far from being strictly correct or moral, but not an oath or *double-entendre* was suffered to escape his expurgatorial pen as licenser, and he was peculiarly keen-scented in detecting all political allusions. Besides his numerous plays, Colman wrote some poetical travesties and pieces of levity, published under the title of *My Nightgown and Slippers* (1797), which were afterwards republished (1802) with additions, and named *Broad Grins;* also *Poetical Vagaries*, *Vagaries Vindicated*, and *Eccentricities for Edinburgh*. In these, delicacy and decorum are often sacrificed to broad mirth and humour. The last work of the lively author was memoirs of his own early life and times, entitled *Random Records*, and published in 1830. He died in London on the 26th October 1836. The comedies of Colman abound in witty and ludicrous delineations of character, interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the style of Sterne, whom, indeed, he has closely copied in his *Poor Gentleman*. Sir Walter Scott has praised his *John Bull* as by far the best effort of our late comic drama. 'The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *falsetto* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.' The whimsical character of Ollapod in *The Poor Gentleman* is one of Colman's most original and laughable conceptions; Pangloss, in *The Heir at Law*, is also an excellent satirical portrait of a pedant—proud of being an LL.D., and, moreover, an A. double S.—and his Irishmen, Yorkshiremen, and country rustics—all admirably performed at the time—are highly entertaining, though overcharged portraits. A tendency to farce is indeed the besetting sin of Colman's comedies; and in his more serious plays, there is a curious mixture of prose and verse, high-toned sentiment and low humour. Their effect on the stage is, however, irresistible. In the character of Octavian, in *The Mountaineers*, is a faithful sketch of John Kemble:

> Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
> Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock
> Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
> Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
> In sullen majesty. Rugged now his look—
> For out, alas! calamity has blurred
> The fairest pile of manly comeliness
> That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
> 'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
> But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
> There is a melody in every tone
> Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
> And tame a hungry lion.

From 'The Poor Gentleman.'

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND at breakfast; his Valet-de-chambre adjusting his hair.

Sir Charles. Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Valet. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

* Colman added 'the younger' to his name after the condemnation of his play, *The Iron Chest*. 'Lest my father's memory,' he says, 'may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of after-time the translator of Terence, and the author of *The Jealous Wife*, should be supposed guilty of *The Iron Chest*, I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman, *the younger*.'

Sir Cha. [*Yawning and stretching.*] What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this wretchedly dull time of the year!

Valet. It is very pleasant to-day out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday when I left town on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph! When Mr Warner comes, shew him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly.—So, Mr Warner.

Enter Warner.

Warner. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles?

Sir Cha. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr Warner.

Warner. Ah, good sir, things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it difficult to live upon their estates.

Warner. The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warner—I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months, I must be in town at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent——

Warner. The most beautiful part of the country.

Sir Cha. Pshaw, beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent——

Warner. A land of milk and honey!

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner. A land of fat!

Sir Cha. Hang your fat! Listen to me. My estate being in Kent——

Warner. So woody!

Sir Cha. Curse the wood! No—that's wrong; for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warner. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest, and why do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Shew him in. [*Exit servant.*] The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning.—In short, Mr Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

Warner. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—such as to support the dignity of an English landholder for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.—Ha, Ollapod!

Enter Ollapod.

Ollapod. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning in a half-mile walk from our town to cure Mrs Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. O yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He, he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by-the-bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

Olla. Ha, ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. We first talked of shooting. He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumpt on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients. I thumpt on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know; so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jumped at the offer.

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked

down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel-water—he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished with great *éclat:* but when the word 'Fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the hanged diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander.

OLLAPOD visits MISS LUCRETIA MACTAB, a 'stiff maiden aunt,' sister of one of the oldest barons in Scotland.

Enter Foss.

Foss. There is one Mr Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

Lucretia. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

Foss. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Lucretia. Ha! some new-raised regiment. Shew the gentleman in. [*Exit Foss.*] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot, here, among the cows; good for consumptions—charming woods hereabouts—pheasants flourish—so do agues—sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Olla. O dear madam! [*Sitting down.*] A charming chair to bleed in! [*Aside.*

Luc. I am sorry Mr Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

Luc. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farmhouse.

Olla. [*Aside.*] The honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pigsty!

Luc. You are of the military, I am informed, sir?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great-grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam; and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country; where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic as likely as anything.

Luc. And have you served much, Mr Ollapod?

Olla. He, he! Yes, madam; served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

Luc. Sir!

Olla. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family. [*Bowing.*

Luc. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam! An apothe—— Zounds!—hum!—He, he! I—You must know, I—I deal a little in galenicals myself [*Sheepishly*].

Luc. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

Olla. Operations! he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Luc. [*Rising.*] Why, then, you are an apothecary?

Olla. [*Rising too, and bowing.*] And man-midwife at your service, madam.

Luc. At my service, indeed!

Olla. Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapod at the gilt Galen's Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry—as ready for the foe as a customer; always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

Luc. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! Why, she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them! [*Aside.*] No man more respected than myself, madam. Courted by the corps, idolised by invalids; and for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Olla. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison; which is as light a food for digestion as——

Luc. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Olla. He quarters there at this moment.

Luc. Bless me! has Sir Charles, then——

Olla. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh, shocking! I declare I shall faint.

Olla. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room. I can bring you about in a twinkling.

Luc. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mactab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And if Sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I either: except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point: the baronet's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here—'Ollapod,' says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever—'Ollapod,' says he, 'you are a military man, and may be trusted.' 'I'm a cornet,' says I, 'and close as a pill-box.' 'Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mactab, that honourable picture of prudence'——

Luc. He, he! Did Sir Charles say that?

Olla. [*Aside.*] How these tabbies love to be toaded!

Luc. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms at the back of the village this evening?

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take steps! what, in a walk? He, he! Come, that 's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce——

Luc. [*Curtsying.*] O sir!

Olla. By-the-bye, I have some double-distilled lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

Luc. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary; for I 'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. [*Aside.*] Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. Not a step.

Luc. Nay, I insist——

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear—the physician always before the apothecary.

Luc. Apothecary! Sir, in this business I look upon you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am; I owe you one. [*Exeunt.*

The humorous poetry of Colman has been as popular as his plays. Some of the pieces are tinged with indelicacy, but others display his lively sparkling powers of wit and observation in a very agreeable light. We subjoin two of these pleasant levities, from *Broad Grins:*

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A man in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with Death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So—many a suffering patient saith—
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they 're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.:*
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to 't.
This balanced things; for if he hurled
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into 't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus:*
All the old women called him 'a fine man!'
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade—
Which oftentimes will genius fetter—
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles-lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where 's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy that 's called cathartical.
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:

When taken,
To be well shaken.

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that 's of course;
For what 's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.

'Well, how 's the patient?' Bolus said.
John shook his head.
'Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that 's very odd!
He took the draught?' John gave a nod.
'Well, how? what then? Speak out, you dunce!'
'Why, then,' says John, 'we shook him once.'
'Shook him!—how?' Bolus stammered out.
'We jolted him about.'
'Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do.'
'No, sir, and so we gave him two.'
'Two shakes! od's curse!
'Twould make the patient worse.'
'It did so, sir; and so a third we tried.'
'Well, and what then?' 'Then, sir, my master died.'

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen 'Lodgings to Let' stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

calm; his friends became uneasy, but still his optimism prevailed; he could afford to wait. And although he did at last admit the great movement was somewhat tardy, and that the audience seemed rather patient than interested, he did not lose his confidence till the tumult arose, and then he submitted with quiet dignity to the fate of genius, too lofty to be understood by a world as yet in its childhood.'

The next new play was also by a man of distinguished genius, and it also was unsuccessful. *Julian and Agnes*, by WILLIAM SOTHEBY, the translator of *Oberon*, was acted April 25, 1800. 'In the course of its performance, Mrs Siddons, as the heroine, had to make her exit from the scene with an infant in her arms. Having to retire precipitately, she inadvertently struck the baby's head violently against a door-post. Happily, the little thing was made of wood, so that her doll's accident only produced a general laugh, in which the actress herself joined heartily.' This 'untoward event' would have marred the success of any new tragedy; but Mr Sotheby's is deficient in arrangement and dramatic art.

The tragedies of Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Procter, and Milman—noticed in our account of these poets—must be considered as poems rather than plays. Coleridge's *Remorse* was acted with some success in 1813, aided by fine original music, but it has not since been revived. It contains, however, some of Coleridge's most exquisite poetry and wild superstition, with a striking romantic plot. We extract one scene:

Incantation Scene from 'Remorse.'

Scene—A Hall of Armoury, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.

Ordonio. This was too melancholy, father.
Valdez. Nay,
My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost, and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes; and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
Even so! He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.
Alvar. My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, 'My father!'

Enter TERESA and Attendants.

Teresa. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but—Heaven bear witness for me—
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.
Ord. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?
Ter. Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing: and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
[*To Alvar.*] Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.
Ord. [*Aside.*] Ha! he has been tampering with her.
Alv. O high-souled maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name!
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.
[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*
With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the gates of paradise, unbarred,
Cease thy swift toils! Since happily thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunned,
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [*Music.*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!
[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night!
And ye, build up on the becalmèd waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye, too, split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
Till from the blue swollen corse the soul toils out,
And joins your mighty army.
[*Here, behind the scenes, a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet spirit.'*
Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead, yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the church's cleansing rites be thine,
Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead!

Song behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long lingering knell.
And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere, Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere, Domine!
[*A long pause.*
Ord. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
Oh, 'twere a joy to me!
Alv. A joy to thee!
What if thou heardst him now? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard

What if—his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love—he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

Vald. These are unholy fancies!

Ord. [*Struggling with his feelings.*] Yes, my father,
He is in heaven!

Alv. [*Still to Ordonio.*] But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face
More than the death-pang?

Vald. Idly prating man!
Thou hast guessed ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

Alv. [*Still to Ordonio.*] What if his very virtues
Had pampered his swollen heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness!
Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie; most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again.*

Ter. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory! Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The most important addition to the written drama at this time was the first volume of JOANNA BAILLIE'S plays on the Passions, published in 1798 under the title of *A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the Subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy.* To the volume was prefixed a long and interesting introductory discourse, in which the authoress discusses the subject of the drama in all its bearings, and asserts the supremacy of simple nature over all decoration and refinement. 'Let one simple trait of the human heart, one expression of passion, genuine and true to nature, be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, whilst the false and unnatural around it fades away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning.' This theory—which anticipated the dissertations and most of the poetry of Wordsworth—the accomplished dramatist illustrated in her plays, the merits of which were instantly recognised, and a second edition called for in a few months. Miss Baillie was then in the thirty-fourth year of her age. In 1802 she published a second volume, and in 1812 a third. In the interval, she had produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas (1804), and *The Family Legend* (1810), a tragedy founded on a Highland tradition, and brought out with success at the Edinburgh theatre. In 1836 this authoress published three more volumes of plays, her career as a dramatic writer thus extending over the long period of thirty-eight years. Only one of her dramas has ever been performed on the stage; *De Montfort* was brought out by Kemble shortly after its appearance, and was acted eleven nights. It was again introduced in 1821, to exhibit the talents of Kean in the character of De Montfort; but this actor remarked that, though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play. The author who mentions this circumstance, remarks: 'If Joanna Baillie had known the stage practically, she would never have attached the importance which she does to the development of single passions in single tragedies; and she would have invented more stirring incidents to justify the passion of her characters, and to give them that air of fatality which, though peculiarly predominant in the Greek drama, will also be found, to a certain extent, in all successful tragedies. Instead of this, she contrives to make all the passions of her main characters proceed from the wilful natures of the beings themselves. Their feelings are not precipitated by circumstances, like a stream down a declivity, that leaps from rock to rock; but, for want of incident, they seem often like water on a level, without a propelling impulse.'* The design of Miss Baillie in restricting her dramas each to the elucidation of one passion, appears certainly to have been an unnecessary and unwise restraint, as tending to circumscribe the business of the piece, and exclude the interest arising from varied emotions and conflicting passions. It cannot be said to have been successful in her own case, and it has never been copied by any other author. Sir Walter Scott has eulogised 'Basil's love and Montfort's hate' as something like a revival of the inspired strain of Shakspeare. The tragedies of *Count Basil* and *De Montfort* are among the best of Miss Baillie's plays; but they are more like the works of Shirley, or the serious parts of Massinger, than the glorious dramas of Shakspeare, so full of life, of incident, and imagery. Miss Baillie's style is smooth and regular, and her plots are both original and carefully constructed; but she has no poetical luxuriance, and few commanding situations. Her tragic scenes are too much connected with the crime of murder, one of the easiest resources of a tragedian; and partly from the delicacy of her sex, as well as from the restrictions imposed by her theory of composition, she is deficient in that variety and fulness of passion, the 'form and pressure' of real life, which are so essential on the stage. The design and plot of her dramas are obvious almost from the first act—a circumstance that would be fatal to their success in representation.

Scene from 'De Montfort.'

De Montfort explains to his sister Jane his hatred of Rezenvelt, which at last hurries him into the crime of murder. The gradual deepening of this malignant passion, and its frightful catastrophe, are powerfully depicted. We may remark, that the character of De Montfort, his altered habits and appearance after his travels, his settled gloom, and the violence of his passions, seem to have been the prototype of Byron's Manfred and Lara.

De Montfort. No more, my sister; urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee, be contented.

* Campbell's *Life of Mrs Siddons.*

Jane. What! must I, like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.
De Mon. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot, e'en to thee.
Jane. Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!
There was a time when e'en with murder stained,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.
De Mon. So would I now—but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel
I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.
Jane. Then secret let it be: I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphaned: side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together.
I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained,
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort;
A humbler station will I take by thee;
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know.
This is mine office now: I ask no more.
De Mon. O Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love—
Would I could tell it thee!
Jane. Thou shalt not tell it me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears,
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smil'st again;
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses Heaven.
De Mon. It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.
Jane. Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.
De Mon. Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!
He will not let me be the man I would.
Jane. What say'st thou, Montfort? Oh, what words are these!
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak!
By the affection thou didst ever bear me;
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties—ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak!
Ha! wilt thou not?
Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.
Alas, my brother!

De Mon. [*Raising her, and kneeling.*]
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honoured feet confession make.
I'll tell thee all—but, oh! thou wilt despise me.
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel like the oppressive, airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.
Jane. Say not so:
I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.
De Mon. A lover's, say'st thou?
No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed!
Jane. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!
What being, by the Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow?
Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched hands.
Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart;
'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
Curse it, and bid it part.
De Mon. It will not part. I've lodged it here too long.
With my first cares, I felt its rankling touch.
I loathed him when a boy.
Jane. Whom didst thou say?
De Mon. Detested Rezenvelt!
E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious gibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of mirth,
Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and damned merriment,
To those by fortune or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it; even as we bear
The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,
I could endure it. But when honours came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride;
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grovelling idiots grinned applauses on him;
Oh, then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic. What, what would I give—
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!
Jane. And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!
De Mon. Ha! thou hast heard it, then! From all—the world,
But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.
Jane. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?
De Mon. I did! I did! 'Twas that which dro— me hither.
I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

Jane. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been.
And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

De Mon. When he disarmed this cursed, this worthless hand
Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favour of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him!

Jane. Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.

De Mon. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!

Jane. Oh, wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful words?

De Mon. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes for ever!——
Ha! how is this? Thou 'rt ill; thou 'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!
I meant not to distress thee—O my sister!

Jane. I cannot now speak to thee.

De Mon. I have killed thee.
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh, droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.

Jane. Thou, too, De Montfort,
In better days was wont to be my pride.

De Mon. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
Oh, curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.

Jane. I 've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.

De Mon. What shall I do?

Picture of a Country Life.

Even now methinks
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower,
Ay, and within it too do fairies dwell.
Peep through its wreathed window, if indeed
The flowers grow not too close; and there within
Thou 'lt see some half-a-dozen rosy brats,
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk—
Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
Their very forms distinctly?
I 'll gather round my board
All that Heaven sends to me of way-worn folks,
And noble travellers, and neighbouring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn-out man of arms shall o' tiptoe tread,
Tossing his gray locks from his wrinkled brow
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by. Music we 'll have; and oft
The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear
Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din.
Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels?
Every season
Shall have its suited pastime: even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choked-up valleys, from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaken,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
We 'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.

Fears of Imagination.

Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud
In the sunned glimpses of a stormy day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatmen's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?
Or lonely tower, from its brown mass of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the night
Closing in darkness round it? Gentle friend!
Chide not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.

Speech of Prince Edward in his Dungeon.

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is—men do behold all this—
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.

Description of Jane de Montfort.

The following has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of Mrs Siddons, the tragic actress.

Page. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.

Lady. Is it not one of our invited friends?

Page. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.

Lady. How looks her countenance?

Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.

Lady. Is she young or old?

Page. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair,
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed.

Lady. The foolish stripling!
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?

Page. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.
Lady. What is her garb?
Page. I cannot well describe the fashion of it:
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.
Lady. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.
Freberg. [*Starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the Lady and the Page.*]
It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

This is a powerful delineation. Sir Walter Scott conceived that *Fear* was the most dramatic passion touched by Miss Baillie, because capable of being drawn to the most extreme paroxysm on the stage.

REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

The REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, author of several romances, produced a tragedy named *Bertram*, which, by the influence of Lord Byron, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1816. It was well received; and by the performance and publication of his play, the author realised about £1000. Sir Walter Scott considered the tragedy 'grand and powerful, the language most animated and poetical, and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm.' The author was anxious to introduce Satan on the stage—a return to the style of the ancient mysteries by no means suited to modern taste. Mr Maturin was curate of St Peter's, Dublin. The scanty income derived from his curacy being insufficient for his comfortable maintenance, he employed himself in assisting young persons during their classical studies at Trinity College, Dublin. The novels of Maturin—which will be afterwards noticed—enjoyed considerable popularity; and had his prudence been equal to his genius, his life might have been passed in comfort and respect. He was, however, vain and extravagant—always in difficulties (Scott at one time generously sent him £50), and pursued by bailiffs. When this eccentric author was engaged in composition, he used to fasten a wafer on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the sanctum they must not speak to him! The success of *Bertram* induced Mr Maturin to attempt another tragedy, *Manuel*, which he published in 1817. It is a very inferior production; 'the absurd work of a clever man,' says Byron. The unfortunate author died in Dublin on the 30th of October 1824.

Scene from 'Bertram.'

A 'passage of great poetical beauty,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in which Bertram is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being.'

PRIOR—BERTRAM.

Prior. The dark knight of the forest,
So from his armour named and sable helm,
Whose unbarred visor mortal never saw.
He dwells alone; no earthly thing lives near him,
Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dank weeds muffling his stagnant moat.
Bertram. I 'll ring a summons on his barred portal
Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.
Pri. Thou 'rt mad to take the quest. Within my memory
One solitary man did venture there—
Dark thoughts dwelt with him, which he sought to vent.
Unto that dark compeer we saw his steps,
In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass—
But days and years are gone, and he returns not.
Bert. What fate befell him there?
Pri. The manner of his end was never known.
Bert. That man shall be my mate. Contend not with me—
Horrors to me are kindred and society.
Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview which he had courted.

Bert. Was it a man or fiend? Whate'er it was,
It hath dealt wonderfully with me—
All is around his dwelling suitable;
The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
The hidden waters rushing to their fall;
These sounds, of which the causes are not seen,
I love, for they are, like my fate, mysterious!
How towered his proud form through the shrouding gloom,
How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion,
How through the barred visor did his accents
Roll their rich thunder on their pausing soul!
And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp,
And though his closed morion hid his feature,
Yea, all resemblance to the face of man,
I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,
I felt those unseen eyes were fixed on mine,
If eyes indeed were there——
Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs,
Foul fertile seeds of passion and of crime,
That withered in my heart's abortive core,
Roused their dark battle at his trumpet-peal:
So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
Waking its myriad hosts of burning death:
So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
Of blood, and bone, and flesh, and dust-worn fragments,
In dire array of ghastly unity,
To bide the eternal summons—
I am not what I was since I beheld him—
I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway—
All is condensed, collected, callous, now—
The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er,
Down pours the dense and darkening lava-tide,
Arresting life, and stilling all beneath it.

Enter two of his band, observing him.

First Robber. Seest thou with what a step of pride he stalks?
Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen;
For never man, from living converse come,
Trod with such step, or flashed with eye like thine.
Second Robber. And hast thou of a truth seen the dark knight?
Bert. [*Turning on him suddenly.*] Thy hand is chilled with fear. Well, shivering craven,
Say I have seen him—wherefore dost thou gaze?
Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal?
Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
Crumbled to dust at sound of magic horn—
Banner of sheeted flame, whose foldings shrunk
To withering weeds, that o'er the battlements
Wave to the broken spell—or demon-blast
Of winded clarion, whose fell summons sinks

To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
O'er the charmed towers——
First Robber. Mock me not thus. Hast met him of a truth?
Bert. Well, fool——
First Robber. Why, then, Heaven's benison be with you.
Upon this hour we part—farewell for ever.
For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon—
But man that leagues with demons lacks not man.

RICHARD L. SHEIL—J. H. PAYNE—B. W. PROCTER.

Another Irish poet, and man of warm imagination, RICHARD LALOR SHEIL (1794–1851), sought distinction as a dramatist. His plays, *Evadne* and *The Apostate*, were performed with much success, partly owing to the admirable acting of Miss O'Neil. The interest of Mr Sheil's dramas is concentrated too exclusively on the heroine of each, and there is a want of action and animated dialogue; but they abound in impressive and well-managed scenes. The plot of *Evadne* is taken from Shirley's *Traitor*, as are also some of the sentiments. The following description of female beauty is very finely expressed:

But you do not look altered—would you did!
Let me peruse the face where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy thinking—and those lips
Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,
They are so innocent. Ah, thou art still
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried
Which should exceed the other. Thou hast got
That brightness all around thee, that appeared
An emanation of the soul, that loved
To adorn its habitation with itself,
And in thy body was like light, that looks
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud
It lives in, in the evening. O Evadne,
Thou art not altered—would thou wert!

Mr Sheil was afterwards successful on a more conspicuous theatre. As a political character and orator, he was one of the most distinguished men of his age. His brilliant imagination, pungent wit, and intense earnestness as a speaker, riveted the attention of the House of Commons, and of popular Irish assemblies, in which he was enthusiastically received. In the Whig governments of his day, Mr Sheil held office; and at the time of his death, was the British minister at Florence.

In the same year with Mr Sheil's *Evadne* (1820) appeared *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*, a historical tragedy, by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. There is no originality or genius displayed in this drama; but, when well acted, it is highly effective on the stage.—In 1821, MR PROCTER'S tragedy of *Mirandola* was brought out at Covent Garden, and had a short but enthusiastic run of success. The plot is painful—including the death, through unjust suspicions, of a prince sentenced by his father—and there is a want of dramatic movement in the play; but some of the passages are imbued with poetical feeling and vigorous expression. The doting affection of Mirandola, the duke, has something of the warmth and the rich diction of the old dramatists.

Duke. My own sweet love! O my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all its crowding stars,
I love you better—oh, far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to thy Mirandola.
Speak, dearest Isidora, can you love
As I do? Can—— But no, no; I shall grow
Foolish if thus I talk. You must be gone;
You must be gone, fair Isidora, else
The business of the dukedom soon will cease.
I speak the truth, by Dian! Even now
Gheraldi waits without (or should) to see me.
In faith, you must go: one kiss; and so, away.
Isidora. Farewell, my lord.
Duke. We'll ride together, dearest,
Some few hours hence.
Isidora. Just as you please; farewell. [*Exit.*
Duke. Farewell.—With what a waving air she goes
Along the corridor. How like a fawn;
Yet statelier.—Hark! no sound, however soft—
Nor gentlest echo—telleth when she treads;
But every motion of her shape doth seem
Hallowed by silence. Thus did Hebe grow
Amidst the gods, a paragon; and thus——
Away! I'm grown the very fool of love.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The most successful of modern tragic dramatists was JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784–1862), whose plays have been collected and republished in three volumes. His first play, *Caius Gracchus*, was performed in 1815; and the next, *Virginius*, had an extraordinary run of success. It was founded on that striking incident in Roman story, the death of a maiden by the hand of her father, Virginius, to save her from the lust and tyranny of Appius. Mr Knowles afterwards brought out *The Wife, a Tale of Mantua; The Hunchback, Woman's Wit, The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, William Tell, The Love Chase*, &c. With considerable knowledge of stage-effect, Mr Knowles unites a lively, inventive imagination, and a poetical colouring, which, if at times too florid and gaudy, sets off his familiar images and illustrations. His style is formed on that of Massinger and the other elder dramatists, carried often to a ridiculous excess. He also frequently violates Roman history and classical propriety, and runs into conceits and affected metaphors. These faults are counterbalanced by a happy art of constructing scenes and plots, romantic, yet not too improbable; by skilful delineation of character, especially in domestic life; and by a current of poetry which sparkles through his plays, 'not with a dazzling lustre—not with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention, but mildly and agreeably; seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life.'* Mr Knowles was a native of Cork. Having succeeded in the drama, he tried prose fiction, and wrote two novels, *George Lovell* and *Henry Fortescue*; but they have little merit. He next embarked in polemical discussion, attacking the

* *Edinburgh Review* for 1833.

Church of Rome; and he occasionally preached in Baptist chapels.

Scene from 'Virginius.'

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, and LICTORS.

Appius. Well, Claudius, are the forces
At hand?
Claudius. They are, and timely too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment.
App. There 's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!
Claud. Look
Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal!
Haste! [*Appius ascends the tribunal.*

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS leading his daughter, SERVIA, and CITIZENS. A dead silence prevails.

Virginius. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?
App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.
Vir. The fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I 'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I 'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!
App. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.
Claud. Most noble Appius——
Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.
Claud. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?
Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon shew its face to me. Go on;
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.
Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!
App. You shall have it.
Vir. Doubtless!
App. Keep back the people, Lictors!—What 's
Your plea? You say the girl 's your slave. Produce
Your proofs.
Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl——
[*Virginius, stepping forward, is withheld by Numitorius.*
Numitorius. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.
Vir. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I 'll try, and if I can,
Be silent. [*Retires.*
Num. Will she swear she is her child?
Vir. [*Starting forward.*] To be sure she will—a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she 'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She 'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!
App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl 's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.
Virginia. Icilius!
Icilius. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.
App. You swear the girl 's your child,
And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who passed her for her own. Is that your oath?
Slave. It is my oath.
App. Your answer now, Virginius.
Vir. Here it is! [*Brings Virginia forward.*
Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and order of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first looked upon the infant's face,
And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,
And blessed her for a blessing. Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful, then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?
Women and Citizens. You have, Virginius.
App. Silence! Keep silence there! No more of that!
You 're very ready for a tumult, citizens.
[*Troops appear behind.*
Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!—
We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.
Vir. Troops in the Forum!
App. Virginius, have you spoken?
Vir. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I 'll speak again.
App. You need not,
Virginius; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.
Vir. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me. [*Aside.*
App. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. Tis notorious to you all,
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long

Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.
Vir. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. [*Aside.*
App. The justice
I should have done my client unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?
Vir. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. [*Aside.*
App. Virginius,
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!
Vir. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun.—Friends! fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure—markets for him, picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors while
She is unstained.—Your hands! your hands! your hands!
Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.
App. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.
Icilius. Down with the slaves!

The people make a show of resistance; but, upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat, and leave ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, and his daughter, &c. in the hands of APPIUS and his party.

Deserted!—Cowards! traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone,
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.
Vir. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.
App. Separate them, Lictors!
Vir. Let them forbear a while, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them;
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you 're sure of her!
App. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my Lictors.
Vir. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me
Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.
App. Have your wish. Be brief!—
Lictors, look to them.
Virginia. Do you go from me?
Do you leave? Father! Father!
Vir. No, my child—
No, my Virginia—come along with me.
Virginia. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? Oh, bless you! bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.

Vir. This way, my child—No, no; I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.
App. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!—
[*Virginius secures the knife.*
Well, have you done?
Vir. Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.
App. I hope you are satisfied.
Vir. I am—
I am—that she is my daughter!
App. Take her, Lictors!
[*Virginia shrieks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.*
Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you 're a man!
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long.—My dear child! My dear Virginia!
[*Kissing her.*
There is one only way to save thine honour—
'Tis this.
[*Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.*
Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!
App. Stop him! Seize him!
Vir. If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them: thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!
[*Exit through the soldiers.*

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES—DR THOMAS BEDDOES.

The Bride's Tragedy, by THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES (1803–1849), published in 1822, is intended for the closet rather than the theatre. It possesses many passages of pure and sparkling verse. 'The following,' says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'will shew the way in which Mr Beddoes manages a subject that poets have almost reduced to commonplace. We thought all similes for the violet had been used up; but he gives us a new one, and one that is very delightful.' Hesperus and Floribel—the young wedded lovers—are in a garden; and the husband speaks:

Hesperus. See, here 's a bower
Of eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
'Tis twilight's home; come in, my gentle love,
And talk to me. So! I 've a rival here;
What 's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck?

Floribel. Jealous so soon, my Hesperus! Look, then,
It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you:
Here 's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.
Hesp. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers!
Have they been brushing the long grass aside,
To drag the daisy from its hiding-place,
Where it shuns light, the Danaë of flowers,
With gold up-hoarded on its virgin lap!
Flor. And here 's a treasure that I found by chance,
A lily of the valley; low it lay
Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping,
As on a fairy's grave.
Hesp. Of all the posy
Give me the rose, though there 's a tale of blood
Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love—
The love he bare to Summer, who since then
Has, weeping, visited the world—once found
The baby Perfume cradled in a violet
('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child
Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness
Toyed with a pea-bud in a lady's garland);
The felon winds, confederate with him,
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,
Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.

And there is an expression in the same scene (where the author is speaking of sleepers' fancies, &c.)—

While that winged song, the restless nightingale
Turns her sad heart to music—

which is perfectly beautiful.

The reader may now take a passage from the scene where Hesperus murders the girl Floribel. She is waiting for him in the Divinity path, alone, and is terrified. At last he comes; and she sighs out:

Speak! let me hear thy voice,
Tell me the joyful news!

and thus he answers:

Ay, I am come
In all my solemn pomp, Darkness and Fear,
And the great Tempest in his midnight car,
The sword of lightning girt across his thigh,
And the whole demon brood of Night, blind Fog
And withering Blight, all these are my retainers.
How! not one smile for all this bravery?
What think you of my minstrels, the hoarse winds,
Thunder, and tuneful Discord? Hark! they play.
Well piped, methinks; somewhat too rough, perhaps.
Flor. I know you practise on my silliness,
Else I might well be scared. But leave this mirth,
Or I must weep.
Hesp. 'Twill serve to fill the goblets
For our carousal; but we loiter here,
The bride-maids are without; well picked, thou 'lt say,
Wan ghosts of woe-begone, self-slaughtered damsels
In their best winding-sheets.—Start not; I bid them wipe
Their gory bosoms; they 'll look wondrous comely;
Our link-boy, Will-o'-the-Wisp, is waiting too,
To light us to our grave.

After some further speech, Floribel asks him what he means, and he replies:

What mean I? Death and murder,
Darkness and misery. To thy prayers and shrift,
Earth gives thee back. Thy God hath sent me for thee;
Repent and die.

She returns gentle answers to him; but in the end Hesperus kills her, and afterwards mourns thus over her body:

Dead art thou, Floribel; fair, painted earth,
And no warm breath shall ever more disport
Between those ruby lips: no; they have quaffed
Life to the dregs, and found death at the bottom,
The sugar of the draught. All cold and still;
Her very tresses stiffen in the air.
Look, what a face! Had our first mother worn
But half such beauty when the serpent came,
His heart, all malice, would have turned to love.
No hand but this, which I do think was once
Cain, the arch-murderer's, could have acted it.
And I must hide these sweets, not in my bosom;
In the foul earth. She shudders at my grasp.
Just so she laid her head across my bosom
When first—— O villain! which way lies the grave?

Mr Beddoes was son of DR THOMAS BEDDOES (1760–1808), an eminent physician, scholar, and man of scientific attainments, as well as of great versatility of literary talent. Dr Beddoes was married to a younger sister of Maria Edgeworth, and was an early patron of Sir Humphry Davy. His son, the dramatic poet, was only nineteen when *The Bride's Tragedy* was produced. He afterwards devoted himself to scientific study and foreign travel, but occasionally wrote poetry not unworthy of the reputation he achieved by his early performance. After his death was published *Death's Jest-book, or the Fool's Tragedy* (1850); and *Poems*, with a memoir (1851). Mr Beddoes was a writer of a high order, but restless, unfixed, and deficient both in energy and ambition.

JOHN TOBIN.

JOHN TOBIN was a sad example, as Mrs Inchbald has remarked, 'of the fallacious hopes by which half mankind are allured to vexatious enterprise. He passed many years in the anxious labour of writing plays, which were rejected by the managers; and no sooner had they accepted *The Honeymoon*, than he died, and never enjoyed the recompense of seeing it performed.' Tobin was born in Salisbury in the year 1770, and educated for the law. In 1785 he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards entered into business himself. Such, however, was his devotion to the drama, that before the age of twenty-four he had written several plays. His attachment to literary composition did not withdraw him from his legal engagements; but his time was incessantly occupied, and symptoms of consumption began to appear. A change of climate was recommended, and Tobin went first to Cornwall, and thence to Bristol, where he embarked for the West Indies. The vessel arriving at Cork, was detained there for some days; but on the 7th of December 1804, it sailed from that port, on which day—without any apparent change in his disorder to indicate the approach of death—the invalid expired. Before quitting London, Tobin had left *The Honeymoon* with his brother, the manager of Drury Lane having given a promise that it should be performed. Its success was instant and decisive; and it is still a favourite acting play. Two other pieces by Tobin—*The Curfew* and *The School for Authors*—were subsequently brought forward; but they are of inferior merit. *The Honeymoon* is a romantic drama, partly in blank verse, and written somewhat in the

style of Beaumont and Fletcher. The scene is laid in Spain, and the plot taken from *The Taming of the Shrew*, though the reform of the haughty lady is accomplished less roughly. The Duke of Aranza conducts his bride to a cottage in the country, pretending that he is a peasant, and that he has obtained her hand by deception. The proud Juliana, after a struggle, submits; and the duke, having accomplished his purpose of rebuking 'the domineering spirit of her sex,' asserts his true rank, and places Juliana in his palace:

> This truth to manifest—a gentle wife
> Is still the sterling comfort of man's life;
> To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
> To those who—wisely keep their honeymoon.

The following passage, where the duke gives his directions to Juliana respecting her attire, is pointed out by Mrs Inchbald as peculiarly worthy of admiration, from the truths which it contains. The fair critic, like the hero of the play, was not ambitious of dress.

> *Duke.* I 'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,
> To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
> And make men stare upon a piece of earth
> As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers
> To wave as streamers to your vanity—
> No cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
> Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She 's adorned
> Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
> The truest mirror that an honest wife
> Can see her beauty in!
> *Juliana.* I shall observe, sir.
> *Duke.* I should like well to see you in the dress
> I last presented you.
> *Juliana.* The blue one, sir?
> *Duke.* No, love—the white. Thus modestly attired,
> A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
> With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
> No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
> Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
> With the pure red and white, which that same hand
> Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks;
> This well-proportioned form—think not I flatter—
> In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
> And thy free tresses dancing in the wind—
> Thou 'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
> Can meet without a blush.

JOHN O'KEEFE—FREDERICK REYNOLDS—THOMAS MORTON—MARIA EDGEWORTH.

JOHN O'KEEFE, a prolific farce-writer, was born in Dublin in 1746. While studying the art of drawing, to fit him for an artist, he imbibed a passion for the stage, and commenced the career of an actor in his native city. He produced generally some dramatic piece every year for his benefit, and one of these, entitled *Tony Lumpkin*, was played with success at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1778. He continued supplying the theatres with new pieces, and up to the year 1809, had written about fifty plays and farces. Most of these were denominated comic operas or musical farces, and some of them enjoyed great success. *The Agreeable Surprise*, *Wild Oats*, *Modern Antiques*, *Fontainebleau*, *The Highland Reel*, *Love in a Camp*, *The Poor Soldier*, and *Sprigs of Laurel*, are still favourites, especially the first, in which the character of Lingo, the schoolmaster, is a laughable piece of broad humour. O'Keefe's writings, it is said, were merely intended to make people laugh, and they have fully answered that object. The lively dramatist was in his latter years afflicted with blindness, and in 1800 he obtained a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, on which occasion he was led forward by Mr Lewis, the actor, and delivered a poetical address. He died at Southampton on the 4th of February 1833, having reached the advanced age of eighty-six.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS (1765–1841) was one of the most voluminous of dramatists, author of seventeen popular comedies, and altogether of about a hundred dramatic pieces. He served Covent Garden for forty years in the capacity of what he called 'thinker'—that is, performer of every kind of literary labour required in the establishment. Among his most successful productions are: *The Dramatist*, *Laugh when you Can*, *The Delinquent*, *The Will*, *Folly as it Flies*, *Life*, *Management*, *Notoriety*, *How to grow Rich*, *The Rage*, *Speculation*, *The Blind Bargain*, *Fortune's Fool*, &c. Of these, *The Dramatist* is the best. The hero, Vapid, the dramatic author, who goes to Bath 'to pick up characters,' is a laughable caricature, in which, it is said, the author drew a likeness of himself; for, like Vapid, he had 'the *ardor scribendi* upon him so strong, that he would rather you 'd ask him to write an epilogue or a scene than offer him your whole estate—the theatre was his world, in which were included all his hopes and wishes.' Out of the theatre, however, as in it, Reynolds was much esteemed.

Another veteran comic writer, THOMAS MORTON, is author of *Speed the Plough*, *Way to get Married*, *Cure for the Heartache*, and the *School of Reform*, which may be considered standard pieces on the stage. Besides these, Mr Morton produced *Zorinski*, *Secrets Worth Knowing*, and various other plays, most of which were performed with great applause. The acting of Lewis, Munden, and Emery was greatly in favour of Mr Morton's productions on their first appearance; but they contain the elements of theatrical success. The characters are strongly contrasted, and the scenes and situations well arranged for effect, with occasionally a mixture of pathos and tragic or romantic incident. In the closet these works fail to arrest attention; for their merits are more artistic than literary, and the improbability of many of the incidents appears glaring when submitted to sober inspection. Mr Morton was a native of Durham, and bred to the law. He died in 1838, aged seventy-four.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, the celebrated novelist, was induced, by the advice of her father, and that of a more competent judge, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to attempt the drama. In 1817, she published *Comic Dramas in Three Acts*. Three pieces were comprised in this volume, two of them Irish; but though the dialogue was natural, the plays were deficient in interest, and must be considered as dramatic failures.

NOVELISTS.

It was natural that the genius and the success of the great masters of the modern English novel should have led to imitation. Mediocrity is seldom deterred from attempting to rival excellence, especially in any department that is popular, and may be profitable; and there is, besides, in

romance, as in the drama, a wide and legitimate field for native talent and exertion. The highly wrought tenderness and pathos of Richardson, and the models of real life, wit, and humour in Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, had no successors. But the fictions of Mackenzie, Dr Moore, Miss Burney, and Cumberland are all superior to the ordinary run of novels, and stand at the head of the second class. These writers, however, exercised but little influence on the national taste: they supported the dignity and respectability of the novel, but did not extend its dominion; and accordingly we find that there was a long dull period in which this delightful species of composition had sunk into general contempt. There was no lack of novels, but they were of a very inferior and even debased description. In place of natural incident, character, and dialogue, we had affected and ridiculous sentimentalism—plots utterly absurd or pernicious—and stories of love and honour so maudlin in conception and drivelling in execution, that it is surprising they could ever have been tolerated even by the most defective moral sense or taste. The circulating libraries in town and country swarmed with these worthless productions—known, from their place of publication, by the misnomer of the 'Minerva Press' novels—but their perusal was in a great measure confined to young people of both sexes of imperfect education, or to half-idle inquisitive persons, whose avidity for excitement was not restrained by delicacy or judgment. In many cases, even in the humblest walks of life, this love of novel-reading amounted to a passion as strong and uncontrollable as that of dram-drinking; and, fed upon such garbage as we have described, it was scarcely less injurious; for it dwarfed the intellectual faculties, and unfitted its votaries equally for the study or relish of sound literature, and for the proper performance and enjoyment of the actual duties of the world. The enthusiastic novel-reader got bewildered and entangled among love-plots and high-flown adventures, in which success was often awarded to profligacy, and among scenes of pretended existence, exhibited in the masquerade attire of a distempered fancy. Instead, therefore, of

Truth severe by fairy Fiction dressed,

we had Falsehood decked out in frippery and nonsense, and courting applause from its very extravagance.

At length Miss Edgeworth came forward with her moral lessons and satirical portraits, daily advancing in her powers, as in her desire to increase the virtues, prudence, and substantial happiness of life; Mrs Opie told her pathetic and graceful domestic tales; and Miss Austen exhibited her exquisite delineations of everyday English society and character. 'There are some things,' says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (1830), 'which women do better than men, and of these, perhaps, novel-writing is one. Naturally endowed with greater delicacy of taste and feeling, with a moral sense not blunted and debased by those contaminations to which men are exposed, leading lives rather of observation than of action, with leisure to attend to the minutiæ of conduct and more subtle developments of character, they are peculiarly qualified for the task of exhibiting faithfully and pleasingly the various phases of domestic life, and those varieties which chequer the surface of society. Accordingly, their delineations, though perhaps less vigorous than those afforded by the other sex, are distinguished for the most part by greater fidelity and consistency, a more refined and happy discrimination, and, we must also add, a more correct estimate of right and wrong. In works which come from a female pen, we are seldom offended by those moral monstrosities, those fantastic perversions of principle, which are too often to be met with in the fictions which have been written by men. Women are less stilted in their style; they are more content to describe naturally what they have observed, without attempting the introduction of those extraneous ornaments which are sometimes sought at the expense of truth. They are less ambitious, and are therefore more just; they are far more exempt from that prevailing literary vice of the present day, exaggeration, and have not taken their stand among the feverish followers of what may be called the *intense* style of writing; a style much praised by those who inquire only if a work is calculated to make a strong impression, and omit entirely the more important question, whether that impression be founded on truth or on delusion.'

To crown all, Sir Walter Scott commenced in 1814 his brilliant gallery of portraits, which completely exterminated the monstrosities of the Minerva Press, and inconceivably extended the circle of novel-readers. Fictitious composition was now again in the ascendant, and never, in its palmiest days of chivalrous romance or modern fashion, did it command more devoted admiration, or shine with greater lustre.

FRANCES BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY).

FRANCES BURNEY, authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, was the wonder and delight of the generation of novel-readers succeeding that of Fielding and Smollett, and she has maintained her popularity better than most secondary writers of fiction. Her name was in 1842 revived by the publication of her *Diary and Letters*, containing some clever sketches of society and manners, notices of the court of George III., and anecdotes of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, &c. Miss Burney was the second daughter of Dr Burney, author of the *History of Music*. She was born at Lynn-Regis, in the county of Norfolk, on the 13th of June 1752. Her father was organist in Lynn, but in 1760 he removed to London—where he had previously resided—and numbered among his familiar friends and visitors David Garrick, Sir Robert Strange the engraver, the poets Mason and Armstrong, Barry the painter, and other persons distinguished in art and literature. Such society must have had a highly beneficial effect on his family, and accordingly we find they all distinguished themselves: one son rose to be an admiral; the second son, Charles Burney, became a celebrated Greek scholar; both the daughters were novelists.* Fanny was long held to be a sort of

* Rear-admiral James Burney accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of a *History of Voyages of Discovery*, 5 vols. quarto, and an *Account of the Russian Eastern Voyages*. He died in 1820.—Dr Charles Burney wrote several critical works on the Greek classics, was a prebendary of Lincoln, and one of the king's chaplains. After his death, in 1817, the valuable library of this great scholar was purchased by government for the British Museum.

prodigy. At eight years of age she did not even know her letters, but she was shrewd and observant. At fifteen she had written several tales, was a great reader, and even a critic. Her authorship was continued in secret, her sister only being aware of the circumstance. In this way, it is said, she composed *Evelina;* but it was not published till January 1778, when 'little Fanny' was in her twenty-sixth year; and the wonderful precocity of 'Miss in her teens' may be dismissed as somewhat more than doubtful. The work was offered to Dodsley the publisher, but rejected, as the worthy bibliopole 'declined looking at anything anonymous.' Another bookseller, named Lowndes, agreed to publish it, and gave £20 for the manuscript. *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, soon became the talk of the town. Dr Burney, in the fulness of his heart, told Mrs Thrale that 'our Fanny' was the author; and Dr Johnson protested to Mrs Thrale that there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson! Miss Burney was invited to Streatham, the country residence of the Thrales, and there she met Johnson and his illustrious band of friends, of whom we have ample notices in the *Diary*. Wherever she went, to London, Bath, or Tunbridge, *Evelina* was the theme of praise, and Miss Burney the happiest of authors. In 1782 appeared her second work, *Cecilia*, which is more highly finished than *Evelina*, but less rich in comic characters and dialogue. Miss Burney having gone to reside for a short time with Mrs Delany, a venerable lady, the friend of Swift, once connected with the court, and who now lived on a pension from their Majesties at Windsor, was introduced to the king and queen, and speedily became a favourite. The result was, that in 1786 our authoress was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a year, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach between her and her colleague. The situation was only a sort of splendid slavery. 'I was averse to the union,' said Miss Burney, 'and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied.' The queen appears to have been a kind and considerate mistress; but the stiff etiquette and formality of the court, and the unremitting attention which its irksome duties required, rendered the situation peculiarly disagreeable to one who had been so long flattered and courted by the brilliant society of her day. Her colleague, Mrs Schwellenberg, a coarse-minded, jealous, disagreeable German favourite, was also a perpetual source of annoyance to her; and poor Fanny at court was worse off than her heroine Cecilia was in choosing among her guardians. Her first official duty was to mix the queen's snuff, and keep her box always replenished; after which she was promoted to the great business of the toilet, helping Her Majesty off and on with her dresses, and being in strict attendance from six or seven in the morning till twelve at night! From this grinding and intolerable destiny, Miss Burney was emancipated by her marriage, in 1793, with a French refugee officer, the Count D'Arblay. She then resumed her pen, and in 1795 produced a tragedy, entitled *Edwin and Elgitha*, which was brought out at Drury Lane, and possessed at least one novelty—there were three bishops among the *dramatis personæ*. Mrs Siddons personated the heroine; but in the dying scene, where the lady is brought from behind a hedge to expire before the audience, and is afterwards carried once more to the back of the hedge, the house was convulsed with laughter! Her next effort was her novel of *Camilla*, which she published by subscription, and realised by it no less than three thousand guineas. In 1802, Madame D'Arblay accompanied her husband to Paris. The count joined the army of Napoleon; and his wife was forced to remain in France till 1812, when she returned, and purchased, from the proceeds of her novel, a small but handsome villa, named Camilla Cottage. Her success in prose fiction urged her to another trial, and in 1814 she produced *The Wanderer*, a tedious tale in five volumes, which had no other merit than that of bringing the authoress the large sum of £1500. The only other literary labour of Madame D'Arblay was a Memoir of her father, Dr Burney, published in 1832. Her husband and her son—the Rev. A. D'Arblay of Camden Town Chapel, near London—both predeceased her, the former in 1818, and the latter in 1837. Three years after this last melancholy bereavement, Madame D'Arblay herself paid the debt of nature, dying at Bath, in January 1840, at the great age of eighty-eight. Her *Diary and Letters*, edited by her niece, were published in 1842 in five volumes. If judiciously condensed, this work would have been both entertaining and valuable; but at least one half of it is filled with unimportant details and private gossip, and the self-admiring weakness of the authoress shines out in almost every page. The early novels of Miss Burney form the most pleasing memorials of her name and history. In them we see her quick in discernment, lively in invention, and inimitable, in her own way, in portraying the humours and oddities of English society. Her good sense and correct feeling are more remarkable than her passion. Her love-scenes are prosaic enough; but in 'shewing up' a party of 'vulgarly genteel' persons, painting the characters in a drawing-room, or catching the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of fashionable society, she had then rarely been equalled. She deals with the palpable and familiar; and though society has changed since the time of *Evelina*, and the glory of Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens has departed, there is enough of real life in her personages, and real morality in her lessons, to interest, amuse, and instruct. Her sarcasm, drollery, and broad humour must always be relished.

A Game of Highway Robbery.—From 'Evelina.'

When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that Lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight, and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove, from the clerk of Mr Tyrell.

While she was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and making a sign for secrecy, put into my hand a slip of paper, on which was written, 'Whatever happens, be not alarmed, for you are safe, though you endanger all mankind!'

I readily imagined that Sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect some disagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder

upon it, for Madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, she exclaimed: 'Why, now, what a thing is this; here we're come all this way for nothing!'

She then gave me the note, which informed her that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain, that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped at least to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when, suddenly, the footman called out: 'John, are we going right?'

'Why, I ain't sure,' said the coachman; 'but I 'm afraid we turned wrong.'

'What do you mean by that, sirrah?' said Madame Duval. 'Why, if you lose your way, we shall be all in the dark.'

'I think we should turn to the left,' said the footman.

'To the left!' answered the other. 'No, no; I 'm pretty sure we should turn to the right.'

'You had better make some inquiry,' said I.

'*Ma foi*,' cried Madame Duval, 'we 're in a fine hole here; they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I 'll tell my lady, as sure as you 're born, so you 'd better find the way.'

'Let 's try this road,' said the footman.

'No,' said the coachman; 'that 's the road to Canterbury; we had best go straight on.'

'Why, that 's the direct London road,' returned the footman, 'and will lead us twenty miles about.'

'*Pardie!*' cried Madame Duval; 'why, they won't go one way nor t'other; and, now we 're come all this jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to-night.'

'Let 's go back to the public-house,' said the footman, 'and ask for a guide.'

'No, no,' said the other; 'if we stay here a few minutes, somebody or other will pass by; and the horses are almost knocked up already.'

'Well, I protest,' cried Madame Duval, 'I 'd give a guinea to see them sots horsewhipped. As sure as I 'm alive, they 're drunk. Ten to one but they 'll overturn us next.'

After much debating, they at length agreed to go on till we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a small farm-house, and the footman alighted and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction. 'But,' added he, 'it seems there are some thieves hereabouts, and so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's.'

'Thieves!' cried Madame Duval, looking aghast; 'the Lord help us! I 've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!'

The farmer came to us, and we gave him all we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded; and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided, that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she entreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger, and was at length so much overpowered by her fears, that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage, and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon; but the mutual fear of the captain's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter, and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility.

Very soon after, 'The robbers are coming!' cried the coachman.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

Madame Duval gave a loud scream.

I could no longer preserve my silence. 'For Heaven's sake, my dear madam,' said I, 'don't be alarmed; you are in no danger; you are quite safe; there is nothing but'——

Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks, who at each side put in their hands, as if for our purses. Madame Duval sank to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I shrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack: one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly. 'My angel!' cried the man who held me, 'you cannot surely be alarmed. Do you not know me? I shall hold myself in eternal abhorrence if I have really terrified you.'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you have,' cried I; 'but, for Heaven's sake, where is Madame Duval?—why is she forced away?'

'She is perfectly safe; the captain has her in charge; but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me to speak upon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.'

And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me. 'Deny me not, most charming of women,' cried he—'deny me not this only moment lent me to pour forth my soul into your gentle ears, to tell you how much I suffer from your absence, how much I dread your displeasure, and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness!'

'O sir, this is no time for such language; pray, leave me; pray, go to the relief of Madame Duval; I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity.'

'And will you—can you command my absence? When may I speak to you, if not now?—does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight?—and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbow?'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well, speak of them so disrespectfully.'

'Wish you well! O Miss Anville, point but out to me how, in what manner, I may convince you of the fervour of my passion—tell me but what services you will accept from me, and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion.'

'I want nothing, sir, that you can offer. I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely. Pray, leave me; and pray, assure yourself you cannot take any method so successless to shew any regard for me as entering into schemes so frightful to Madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself.'

'The scheme was the captain's; I even opposed it; though I own I could not refuse myself the so-long-wished-for happiness of speaking to you once more without so many of—your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself that the note I charged the

footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received.'

'Well, sir, you have now, I hope, said enough; and if you will not go yourself to seek for Madame Duval, at least suffer me to inquire what is become of her.'

'And when may I speak to you again?'

'No matter when; I don't know; perhaps'——

'Perhaps what, my angel?'

'Perhaps never, sir, if you torment me thus.'

'Never! O Miss Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word! Indeed, I cannot endure such displeasure.'

'Then, sir, you must not provoke it. Pray, leave me directly.'

'I will, madam; but let me at least make a merit of my obedience—allow me to hope that you will in future be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.'

I was surprised at the freedom of this request; but while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and in a voice almost stifled with laughter, said: 'I 've done for her! The old buck is safe; but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all aground.'

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain, having given some directions to his servants, followed him.

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to shew me which way she was gone; he pointed with his finger, by way of answer, and I saw that he dared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on at a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her, with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me, she redoubled her cries, but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked, that it was with difficulty I forbore exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill-treating her, and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually beat the ground with her hands.

I then saw that her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to untie the knot, but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was therefore obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife. I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment, when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I retreated from her with precipitation and dread, and she then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her; but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow, that for some time I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation and real suffering soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill-usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased, and I again entreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of her ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder, that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of their master, hold her in derision; however, the disgrace was unavoidable.

The ditch, happily, was almost dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure I never before saw. Her head-dress had fallen off; her linen was torn; her négligée had not a pin left in it; her petticoats she was obliged to hold on; and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture that she hardly looked human.

The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her; but not all my remonstrances could prevail on her to get into the carriage till she had most vehemently reproached them both for not rescuing her. The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers avowed they would shoot him if he moved an inch, and that one of them had stayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off; adding, that the reason of their behaving so barbarously, was to revenge our having secured our purses. Notwithstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what he said, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such cruelty. I determined therefore to be carefully on my guard not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head had sustained, and called out: 'My God! what is become of my hair? Why, the villain has stole all my curls!'

She then ordered the man to run and see if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returning, produced a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition, that I was amazed she would take it; and the man, as he delivered it to her, found it impossible to keep his countenance; which she no sooner observed, than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying: 'Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wish you 'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke; you are the impudentest fellow ever I see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your ears.'

Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on.

Miss Burney explains to King George III. the Circumstances attending the Composition of 'Evelina.'

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?'

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs Delany; 'at least she does not tell.'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that 's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her *Evelina*. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said: 'But what! what! how was it?'

'Sir?' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you—how happened it—what—what?'

'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd idle hours.'

'But your publishing—your printing—how was that?'

'That was only, sir—only because'——

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own 'what! what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes [by Wolcot], that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered: 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print.'

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out: 'Very fair indeed; that 's being very fair and honest.'

Then returning to me again, he said: 'But your father—how came you not to shew him what you wrote?'

'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.'

Literal truth that, I am sure.

'And how did he find it out?'

'I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me.'

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

'But how did you get it printed?'

'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr Lowndes, in full hope that by that means he never would hear of it.'

'But how could you manage that?'

'By means of a brother, sir.'

'Oh, you confided in a brother, then?'

'Yes, sir—that is, for the publication.'

'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?'

'Yes, sir, many.'

'And what?'

'I heard that Mr Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.'

This diverted him extremely.

'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought it most likely for your father to discover you?'

'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscripts; sometimes, that one of my sisters betrayed me.'

'Oh, your sister? What! not your brother?'

'No, sir, he could not, for'——

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming: 'Vastly well! I see you are of Mr Baretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret, and not your sister. Well, but,' cried he presently, 'how was it first known to you, you were betrayed?'

'By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said: "Contrive to get that book for me."'

'And when he got it,' cried the king, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?'

'Indeed I have, sir.'

'But why?'

'I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.'

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot*.

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously: 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

'N—o, sir.'

'You have made no vow—no real resolution of that sort?'

'No, sir.'

'You only wait for inclination?'

How admirably Mr Cambridge's speech might have come in here.

'No, sir.'

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood, and, addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with: 'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.' And then hastily returning to me, he cried: 'What! what?'

'No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

Margaret Nicholson's Attempt on the Life of George III., August 2, 1786.

An attempt had just been made upon the life of the king! I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this king is not safe—good, pious, beneficent as he is—if his life is in danger from his own subjects, what is to guard the throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure!

Mrs Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from those terrible convulsions.

Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner, namely, how they were related to the queen. And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that.

No information arrived here of the matter before His Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levee. The Spanish minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure Her Majesty of the king's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The queen had the two eldest princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the king came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said: 'Here I am!—safe and well, as you see—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!' His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally shewing it to the queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears, 'I envy you—I can't cry!' The two princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The king, with the gayest good-humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had any one but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garde-

door at St James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription—'For the King's Most Excellent Majesty.' She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the king bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed; the king started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her; and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

'Has she cut my waistcoat?' cried he, in telling it. 'Look! for I have had no time to examine.'

Thank Heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far. 'Though nothing,' added the king, in giving his relation, 'could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen, and fat.'

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the king, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murtherous purpose, when the king, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob: 'The poor creature is mad! Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!' He then came forward, and shewed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

There is something in the whole of this behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

If that love of prerogative, so falsely assigned, were true, what an opportunity was here offered to exert it! Had he instantly taken refuge in his palace, ordered out all his guards, stopped every avenue to St James's, and issued his commands that every individual present at this scene should be secured and examined; who would have dared murmur, or even blame such measures? The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own.

SARAH HARRIET BURNEY, half-sister to Madame D'Arblay, was authoress of several novels, *Geraldine*, *Fauconberg*, *Country Neighbours*, &c. This lady copied the style of her relative, but had not her raciness of humour, or power of delineating character.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

In 1784 there appeared, in French, the rich oriental story entitled *Vathek: an Arabian Tale.* A translation into English, with notes critical and explanatory, was published in 1786; and the tale, revised and corrected, has since passed through many editions. Byron praises the work for its correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination. 'As an Eastern tale,' he says, 'even Rasselas must bow before it: his Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis.' It would be difficult to institute a comparison between scenes so very dissimilar—almost as different as the garden of Eden from Pandemonium; but *Vathek* seems to have powerfully impressed the youthful fancy of Byron. It contains some minute Eastern painting and characters—a Giaour being of the number—uniting energy and fire with voluptuousness, such as Byron loved to draw. The Caliph Vathek, who had 'sullied himself with a thousand crimes,' like the Corsair, is a magnificent Childe Harold, and may have suggested the character.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, the author of this remarkable work, was born in 1760. He had as great a passion for building towers as the caliph himself, and both his fortune and his genius have something of oriental splendour about them. His father, Alderman Beckford of Fonthill, was leader of the city of London opposition in the stormy times of Wilkes, Chatham, and the American discontents (see notice of Horne Tooke in this work, vol. i. page 797). The father died in 1770, and when the young heir came of age, he succeeded to a fortune of a million of money, and £100,000 a year. His education had been desultory and irregular—partly under tutors at Geneva—but a literary taste was soon manifested. In his eighteenth year he wrote *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters* (published in 1780), being a burlesque guide-book to the gallery of pictures at Fonthill, designed to mislead the old housekeeper and ignorant visitors. Shortly afterwards, he wrote some account of his early travels, under the title of *Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents*, but though printed, this work was never published. In 1780, he made a tour on the continent, which formed the subject of a series of letters, picturesque and poetical, which he published (though not until 1835) under the title of *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.* The high-bred ease, voluptuousness, and classic taste of some of these descriptions and personal adventures have a striking and unique effect. In 1782, he wrote *Vathek.* 'It took me three days and two nights of hard labour,' he said, 'and I never took off my clothes the whole time.' The description of the Hall of Eblis was copied from the Hall of old Fonthill, and the female characters were portraits of the Fonthill domestics idealised. The work, however, was partly taken from a French romance, *Abdallah; ou les Aventures du Fils de Hanif*, Paris, 1723. In 1783, Beckford married a daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, who died three years afterwards, leaving two daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Hamilton. He sat for some time in parliament for the borough of Hindon, but his love of magnificence and his voluptuary tastes were ill suited to English society. In 1794, he set off for Portugal with a retinue of thirty servants, and was absent about two years. He is said to have built a palace at Cintra—that 'glorious Eden of the south,' and Byron has referred to it in the first canto of *Childe Harold:*

> There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
> Once formed thy paradise.

The poet, however, had been misled by inaccurate information: Beckford built no 'paradise' at Cintra. But he has left a literary memorial of his residence in Portugal in his *Recollections of*

an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha, published in 1835. The excursion was made in June 1794, at the desire of the Prince-regent of Portugal. The monastery of Alcobaça was the grandest ecclesiastical edifice in that country, with paintings, antique tombs, and fountains; the noblest architecture, in the finest situation, and inhabited by monks, who lived like princes. The whole of these sketches are interesting, and present a gorgeous picture of ecclesiastical pomp and wealth. Mr Beckford and his friends were conducted to the kitchen by the abbot, in his costume of High Almoner of Portugal, that they might see what preparations had been made to regale them. The kitchen was worthy of a Vathek! 'Through the centre of the immense and nobly groined hall, not less than sixty feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, *containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish.* On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay-brothers and their attendants were rolling out, and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.' Alas! this regal splendour is all gone. The magnificent monastery of Alcobaça was plundered and given to the flames by the French troops under Massena in 1811.

In the year 1796, Mr Beckford returned to England, and took up his residence permanently on his Wiltshire estate. Two burlesque novels from his pen belong to this period—*Modern Novel-writing, or the Elegant Enthusiast*, two volumes, 1796; and *Azemia*, two volumes, 1797. They are extravagant and worthless productions. At Fonthill, Beckford lived in a style of oriental luxury and seclusion. He built a wall of nine miles round his property, to shut out visitors; but in 1800 his gates were thrown open to receive Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, in honour of whom he gave a series of splendid fêtes. Next year he sold the furniture and pictures of Fonthill, pulled down the old paternal mansion, with its great Hall, and for years employed himself in rearing the magnificent but unsubstantial Gothic structure known as Fonthill Abbey, and in embellishing the surrounding grounds. The latter were laid out in the most exquisite style of landscape-gardening, aided by the natural inequality and beauty of the ground, and enriched by a lake and fine silvan scenery. The grand tower of the abbey was 260 feet high, and occupied the owner's care and anxiety for years. The structure was like a romance. 'On one occasion, when this lofty tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire, and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortune to repair. The building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception. At one period, every cart and wagon in the district was pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labour of the county stood still. At another, even the royal works of St George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of the eminences in the walks, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power.'* These details are characteristic of the author of *Vathek*, and form an interesting illustration of his peculiar taste and genius. In 1822, Mr Beckford sold Fonthill, and went to live at Bath. There he erected another costly building, Lansdowne House, which had a tower a hundred feet high, crowned with a model of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens, *made of cast-iron.* He had a magnificent gallery built over a junction archway; the grounds were decorated with temples, vases, and statues; and the interior of the house was filled with rare paintings, sculptures, old china, and other articles of *virtù*. His old porter, a dwarf, continued to attend his master as at Fonthill, and the same course of voluptuous solitude was pursued, 'though now his eightieth year was nigh.' Looking from his new tower one morning, Beckford found the Fonthill tower gone! He was not unprepared for the catastrophe. The master of the works at Fonthill confessed, on his death-bed, that he had not built the tower on an arched foundation; it was built on the sand, he said, and would some day fall. Beckford communicated this to the purchaser, Mr Farquhar; but the new proprietor, with a philosophic coolness that Beckford must have admired, observed he was quite satisfied it would last his time. It fell, however, shortly afterwards, filling the marble court with the ruins. Of the great Abbey only one turret-gallery now remains, and the princely estate, with its green drive of nine miles, has been broken up and sold as three separate properties. Mr Beckford died in his

* *Literary Gazette*, 1822.—Hazlitt, who visited the spot at the same time, says: 'Fonthill Abbey, after being enveloped in impenetrable mystery for a length of years, has been unexpectedly thrown open to the vulgar gaze, and has lost none of its reputation for magnificence—though perhaps its visionary glory, its classic renown, have vanished from the public mind for ever. It is, in a word, a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly, and, at the same time, most worthless, in the productions of art and nature. Ships of pearl and seas of amber are scarce a fable here—a nautilus's shell, surmounted with a gilt triumph of Neptune—tables of agate, cabinets of ebony, and precious stones, painted windows shedding a gaudy crimson light, satin borders, marble floors, and lamps of solid gold—Chinese pagodas and Persian tapestry—all the splendour of Solomon's temple is displayed to the view in miniature—whatever is far-fetched and dear-bought, rich in the materials, or rare and difficult in the workmanship—but scarce one genuine work of art, one solid proof of taste, one lofty relic of sentiment or imagination.' The collection of *bijouterie* and articles of *virtù* was allowed to be almost unprecedented in extent and value. Mr Beckford disposed of Fonthill, in 1822, to Mr Farquhar, a gentleman who had amassed a fortune in India, for £330,000 or £350,000, the late proprietor retaining only his family pictures and a few books.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1822.

e at Bath on the 2d of May 1844. His y was inclosed in a sarcophagus of red nite, inscribed with a passage from *Vathek*: njoying humbly the most precious gift of aven, Hope.' More appropriately might have en engraved on it the old truth, *Vanitas vanitum, omnia vanitas.* Of all the glories and profligalities of the English Sardanapalus, his slender omance, the work of three days, is the only lurable memorial.

The outline or plot of *Vathek* possesses all the wildness of Arabian fiction. The hero is the grandson of Haroun al Raschid (*Aaron the Just*), whose dominions stretched from Africa to India. He is fearless, proud, inquisitive, a *gourmand*, fond of theological controversy, cruel and magnificent in his power as a caliph; in short, an Eastern Henry VIII.

Description of the Caliph Vathek and his Magnificent Palaces.

Vathek, ninth caliph of the race of the Abbasides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained; for he did not think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremi, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of the senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines, and the choicest cordials, flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called the Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet. The second was styled the Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul. It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named the Delight of the Eyes, or the Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities, collected from every corner of the earth, were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for of all men he was the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed likewise the Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated the Retreat of Mirth, or the Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Houris, and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the caliph allowed to approach them, and enjoy a few hours of their company.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure was as able to govern as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything, even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. He stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood —a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at anyrate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mohammed, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. 'Let us leave him to himself,' said he to the genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; 'let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven: he will not divine the fate that awaits him.'

The genii obeyed; and, when the workmen had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied that even insensible matter shewed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

After some horrible sacrifices, related with great power, Carathis reads from a roll of parchment

an injunction that Vathek should depart from his palace surrounded by all the pageants of majesty, and set forward on his way to Istakar. 'There,' added the writing of the mysterious Giaour, 'I await thy coming: that is the region of wonders: there shalt thou receive the diadem of Gian Ben Gian, the talismans of Soliman, and the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans: there shalt thou be solaced with all kinds of delight. But beware how thou enterest any dwelling on thy route, or thou shalt feel the effects of my anger.' The degenerate commander of the true believers sets off on his journey with much pomp. After various adventures and scenes of splendid voluptuousness, one of the beneficent genii, in the guise of a shepherd, endeavours to arrest Vathek in his mad career, and warns him that beyond the mountains Eblis and his accursed *dives* hold their infernal empire. That moment, he said, was the last of grace allowed him, and as soon as the sun, then obscured by clouds, recovered his splendour, if his heart was not changed, the time of mercy assigned to him would be past for ever. Vathek audaciously spurned from him the warning and the counsel. 'Let the sun appear,' he said; 'let him illume my career! it matters not where it may end.' At the approach of night, most of his attendants escaped; but Nouronihar, whose impatience, if possible, exceeded his own, importuned him to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses to beguile all reflection.

The Hall of Eblis.

In this manner they advanced by moonlight till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at the extremity of which rose the vast ruins of Istakar. Aloft, on the mountain, glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages, almost deserted; the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out: 'O heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented! Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres, and the noise beneath the mountains, that our people have fled, and left us at the mercy of the maleficent spirits!' The caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar; both, with beating hearts, stared wildly around them, and expected, with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Giaour. But nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. 'No,' replied he; 'there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands.' Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words: 'Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deserveth to be sent back; but in favour to thy companion, and, as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers.'

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision; the camphorated vapour of which ascended and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault. . . .

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden. . . .

After some time, Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders, with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence, the heart of the caliph sank within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as

penetrated the soul, and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said: 'Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords: the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans; their fulminating sabres; and those talismans that compel the dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind.'

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: 'Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans.' 'Come,' answered this wicked dive, with his malignant grin, 'come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more.' He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded one another with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Daki, and Soliman, called Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract, visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. 'Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositories,' said the Giaour to Vathek, 'and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded.'

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: 'In my lifetime, I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left, the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, hovering over me, served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman, and the daughter of Pharaoh; and adored fire, and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural beings, were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then, I am in torments—ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart.' . . .

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be the chastisement of that blind curiosity which would transgress those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition, which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infatuated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be—humble and ignorant.

There is astonishing force and grandeur in some of these conceptions. The catastrophe possesses a sort of epic sublimity, and the spectacle of the vast multitude incessantly pacing those halls, from which all hope has fled, is worthy the genius of Dante. The numberless graces of description, the piquant allusions, the humour and satire, and the wild yet witty spirit of mockery and derision—like the genius of Voltaire—which is spread over the work, we must leave to the reader. The romance altogether places Beckford among the first of our imaginative writers, independently of the surprise which it is calculated to excite as the work of a youth of twenty-two, who had never been in the countries he describes with so much animation and accuracy.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, the dramatist, was author of three novels, *Arundel*, *Henry*, and *John de Lancaster*. The learning, knowledge of society—including foreign manners—and the dramatic talents of this author, would seem to have qualified him in an eminent degree for novel-writing; but this was by no means the case. His fame must rest on his comedies of *The West Indian*, *The Wheel of Fortune*, and *The Jew*. Cumberland was the son of Mr Denison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert, and afterwards of Kilmore. His mother was Joanna, daughter of the celebrated Dr Bentley, and said to be the Phœbe of Byrom's fine pastoral, *My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent* (see vol. i. of this work, p. 633). Cumberland was born in 1732. He was designed for the church; but in return for some services rendered by his father, the young student was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Halifax, whom he accompanied to Ireland. Through the influence of his patron, he was made crown-agent for the province of Nova Scotia; and he was afterwards appointed, by Lord George Germain, secretary to the Board of Trade. The dramatic performances of Cumberland, written about this time, were highly successful, and introduced him to all the literary and distinguished society of his day.

The character of him by Goldsmith in his *Retaliation*, where he is praised as

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,

is one of the finest compliments ever paid by one author to another. In the year 1780, Cumberland was employed on a secret mission to Spain, in order to endeavour to detach that country from the hostile confederacy against England. He seems to have been misled by the Abbé Hussey, chaplain to the king of Spain; and after residing a twelvemonth at Madrid, he was recalled, and payment of his drafts refused. A sum of £5000 was due him; but as Cumberland had failed in the negotiation, and had exceeded his commission through excess of zeal, the minister harshly refused to remunerate him. Thus situated, the unfortunate dramatist was compelled to sell his paternal estate, and retire into private life. He took up his abode at Tunbridge, and there poured forth a variety of dramas, essays, and other works, among which were two epic poems, *Calvary* and *The Exodiad*, the latter written in conjunction with Sir James Bland Burgess. None of these efforts can be said to have overstepped the line of mediocrity; for though our author had erudition, taste, and accomplishments, he wanted, in all but two or three of his plays, the vivifying power of genius. Cumberland's *Memoirs of his Own Life*—for which he obtained £500—are graphic and entertaining, but too many of his anecdotes of his contemporaries will not bear a rigid scrutiny. Cumberland died on the 7th of May 1811. His first novel, *Arundel* (1789), was hurriedly composed; but the scene being partly in college and at court, and treating of scenes and characters in high life, the author drew upon his recollections, and painted vigorously what he had felt and witnessed. His second work, *Henry* (1795), which he polished with great care, to imitate the elaborate style of Fielding, was less happy; for Cumberland was not so much at home in low life, and his portraits are grossly overcharged. The character of Ezekiel Dow, a Methodist preacher, is praised by Sir Walter Scott as not only an exquisite but a just portrait. The resemblance to Fielding's Parson Adams is, however, too marked, while the Methodistic traits introduced are, however faithful, less pleasing than the learned simplicity and *bonhomie* of the worthy parson. Another peculiarity of the author is thus touched upon by Scott: 'He had a peculiar taste in love-affairs, which induced him to reverse the natural and usual practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of wooing, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man.' In these wooing scenes, too, there is a great want of delicacy and propriety: Cumberland was not here a 'mender of hearts.' The third novel of our author was the work of his advanced years, and is of a very inferior description. It would be unjust not to add, that the prose style of Cumberland in his Memoirs and ordinary narratives, where humour is not attempted, is easy and flowing—the style of a scholar and gentleman.

MRS FRANCES SHERIDAN.

MRS FRANCES SHERIDAN (1724–1766) was the authoress of two novels, *Sidney Biddulph* and *Nourjahad*, and two comedies, *The Discovery* and *The Dupe*. The latter are common-place productions, but the novels evince fine imaginative powers and correct moral taste. *Sidney Biddulph* is a pathetic story: the heroine goes to her grave 'unrelieved but resigned,' as Boswell has said, and Johnson doubted whether the accomplished authoress had a right to make her readers suffer so much. *Nourjahad* is an eastern romance, also with a moral tendency, but containing some animated incidents and description. Mrs Sheridan was the wife of Thomas Sheridan, popular as an actor and elocutionist, and author of an *Orthoepical Dictionary of the English Language*. Dr Parr, with characteristic enthusiasm, pronounced Mrs Sheridan to be 'quite celestial,' and Charles James Fox considered *Sidney Biddulph* to be the best of all modern novels. Yet, perhaps, this amiable and gifted woman is now best known from being the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, whose singular history and dramatic performances we have already noticed, was author of several once popular novels. The first was published in 1780, under the title of *Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian*. This had, and deserved to have, but little success. His second, *Anna St Ives*, in seven volumes (1792), was well received, and attracted attention from its political bearings no less than the force of its style and characters. The principal characters are, as Hazlitt remarks, merely the vehicles of certain general sentiments, or machines put into action, as an experiment to shew how these general principles would operate in particular situations. The same intention is manifested in his third novel, *Hugh Trevor*, the first part of which appeared in 1794, and the remainder in 1797. In *Hugh Trevor*, Holcroft, like Godwin, depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be generated by the existing institutions of society. There are some good sketches, and many eloquent and just observations, in the work, and those who have read it in youth will remember the vivid impression that some parts are calculated to convey. The political doctrines inculcated by the author are captivating to young minds, and were enforced by Holcroft in the form of well-contrasted characters, lively dialogue, and pointed satire. He was himself a true believer in the practicability of such a Utopian or ideal state of society. The song of *Gaffer Gray*, in *Hugh Trevor*, which glances ironically at the inhumanity of the rich, has a forcible simplicity and truth in particular cases, which made it a favourite with the public.

Gaffer Gray.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that 's cold,
'Tis I 'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!'

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;

And warm thy old heart with a glass.
'Nay, but credit I 've none,
And my money 's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!'

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
'The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!'

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!'

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
'His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!'

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we 'll live.
'The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!'

Holcroft wrote another novel, *Bryan Perdue*, but it is greatly inferior to his former productions. His whole works, indeed, were eclipsed by those of Godwin, and have now fallen out of notice.

ROBERT BAGE.

Another novelist of a similar stamp was ROBERT BAGE, a Quaker, who, like Holcroft, imbibed the principles of the French Revolution, and inculcated them in various works of fiction. Bage was born at Darley, in Derbyshire, on the 29th of February 1728. His father was a paper-maker, and his son continued in the same occupation through life. His manufactory was at Elford, near Tamworth, where he realised a decent competence. During the last eight years of his life, Bage resided at Tamworth, where he died on the 1st of September 1801. The works of this author are—*Mount Kenneth*, 1781; *Barham Downs*, 1784; *The Fair Syrian*, 1787; *James Wallace*, 1788; *Man as He is*, 1792; *Hermsprong, or Man as He is Not*, 1796. Bage's novels are decidedly inferior to those of Holcroft, and it is surprising that Sir Walter Scott should have admitted them into his *British Novelists*, and at the same time excluded so many superior works. *Barham Downs* and *Hermsprong* are the most interesting of the series, and contain some good satirical portraits, though the plots of both are crude and defective.

SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.

These ladies, authoresses of *The Canterbury Tales*, a series of striking and romantic fictions, were the daughters of Mr Lee, a gentleman who had been articled to a solicitor, but who adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia was born in London in 1750. She was the elder of the sisters, and the early death of her mother devolved upon her the cares of the household. She secretly cultivated, however, a strong attachment to literature. Sophia's first appearance as an author was not made till her thirtieth year, when she produced her comedy, *The Chapter of Accidents*, which was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre by the elder Colman, and received with great applause. The profits of this piece were devoted by Miss Lee towards establishing a Seminary for Young Ladies at Bath, which was rendered the more necessary by the death of her father in 1781. Thither, accordingly, the sisters repaired, and their talents and prudence were rewarded by rapid and permanent success. In 1784, Sophia published the first volume of *The Recess, or a Tale of Other Times;* which was soon followed by the remainder of the tale, the work having instantly become popular. The time selected by Miss Lee as the subject of her story was that of Queen Elizabeth, and her production may be considered one of the earliest of our historical romances. *The Recess* is tinged with a melancholy and contemplative spirit; and the same feeling is displayed in her next work, a tragedy entitled *Almeyda, Queen of Grenada*, produced in 1796. In the succeeding year, Harriet Lee published the first volume of *The Canterbury Tales*, which ultimately extended to five volumes. Two only of the stories were written by Sophia Lee—namely, *The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emilys*, and *The Clergyman's Tale*. They are characterised by great tenderness and feeling. But the more striking features of *The Canterbury Tales*, and the great merit of the collection, belong to Harriet Lee. *Kruitzner, or the German's Tale*, fell into the hands of Byron when he was about fourteen. 'It made a deep impression upon me,' he says, 'and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written.' While residing at Pisa in 1821, Byron dramatised Miss Lee's romantic story, and published his version of it under the title of *Werner, or the Inheritance*. The incidents, and much of the language of the play, are directly copied from the novel, and the public were unanimous in considering Harriet Lee as more interesting, passionate, and even more poetical, than her illustrious imitator. 'The story,' says one of the critics to whom Byron's play recalled the merits of Harriet Lee, 'is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of the very first rank of excellence; that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of *Waverley*. It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that *The Canterbury Tales* exhibit more of that species of invention, which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works even of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding. *Kruitzner, or the German's Tale*, possesses mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure, strength of characters,

and, above all, the most lively interest, blended with, and subservient to, the most affecting of moral lessons. The main idea which lies at the root of it is the horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, on finding that the son in his turn has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme—on hearing his own sophistries flung in his face by a murderer.'* The short and spirited style of these tales, and the frequent dialogues they contain, impart to them something of a dramatic force and interest, and prevent their tiring the patience of the reader, like too many of the three-volume novels. In 1803, Miss Sophia Lee retired from the duties of her scholastic establishment, having earned an independent provision for the remainder of her life. Shortly afterwards she published *The Life of a Lover*, a tale which she had written early in life, and which is marked by juvenility of thought and expression, though with her usual warmth and richness of description. In 1807, a comedy from her pen, called *The Assignation*, was performed at Drury Lane; but played only once, the audience conceiving that some of the satirical portraits were aimed at popular individuals.

Miss Harriet Lee, besides *The Canterbury Tales*, wrote two dramas, *The New Peerage*, and *The Three Strangers*. The plot of the latter is chiefly taken from her German tale. The play was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in December 1835, but was barely tolerated for one night.

A tablet is erected to the memory of these accomplished sisters in Clifton Church—where they are buried—from which it appears that Sophia Lee was born in May 1750, and died March 13, 1824. Her sister, Harriet Lee—who long resided in the neighbourhood of Bristol, a valued and respected lady—was born April 11, 1766, and died August 1, 1851.

Introduction to 'The Canterbury Tales.'

There are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature; and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character, or develop a singular incident, than become a Fellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with nondescripts. From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and themselves, ycleped poets—a title which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it; no, though the laurel-leaf of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions, that well may one of us cry—

Thy lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see!

Happily, too, we are not like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations. Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain, which are, indeed, often so small, as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Travelling, I have already said, is my taste; and, to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my worthy friend George Robinson, could I induce them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them, and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage-coach to London. One only was vacant; and having engaged it, 'maugre the freezing of the bitter sky,' I wandered forth to note the memorabilia of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has, with more fancy than truth, described; with toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our Virgin Queen's pocket-pistol—that truly Dutch present: cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door to reconnoitre the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation; and having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

'Sir,' he said, 'it is mighty lucky you came across *me*. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir—no taste; they never shew the greatest curiosity in the place. Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!'

'The tomb of a poet!' cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. 'What poet lies here? and where is he buried?'

'Ay, that is the curiosity,' returned he exultingly. I smiled; his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill—that vigorous genius who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber, who considered him as the first of human beings.

'This great man, sir,' continued he, 'who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir; if you were not so cold and so tired, sir, I could shew it you in a moment.' Curiosity is an excellent greatcoat: I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet marked with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

'Cast your eyes on the walls,' said the important barber; 'they once inclosed a church, as you may see!'

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did indeed discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

'Yes, sir,' cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a gaunt leg and arm, 'Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred here! Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced.'

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy, the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof that rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride; I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xii.

I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate king; I saw, in short, everything but the barber, whom, in my flight and swell of soul, I had outwalked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun gilt the fluctuating waves and the distant spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What a new train of images here sprung up in my mind, borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity! From the monk of Sterne I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III. sentencing the noble burghers; and having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton-chop, and pitied the empty-headed peer who was stamping over my little parlour in fury at the cook for having over-roasted his pheasant.

The coachman now shewed his ruby face at the door, and I jumped into the stage, where were already seated two passengers of my own sex, and one of—would I could say the fairer! But, though truth may not be spoken at all times, even upon paper, one now and then may do her justice. Half a glance discovered that the good lady opposite to me had never been handsome, and now added the injuries of time to the severity of nature. Civil but cold compliments having passed, I closed my eyes to expand my soul; and, while fabricating a brief poetical history of England, to help short memories, was something astonished to find myself tugged violently by the sleeve; and not less so to see the coach empty, and hear an obstinate waiter insist upon it that we were at Canterbury, and the supper ready to be put on the table. It had snowed, I found, for some time; in consideration of which mine host had prudently suffered the fire nearly to go out. A dim candle was on the table, without snuffers, and a bell-string hanging over it, at which we pulled, but it had long ceased to operate on that noisy convenience. Alas, poor Shenstone! how often, during these excursions, do I think of thee. Cold, indeed, must have been thy acceptation in society, if thou couldst seriously say:

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his various course has been,
> Must sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

Had the gentle bard told us that, in this sad substitute for home, despite of all our impatience to be gone, we must stay not only till wind and weather, but landlords, postillions, and hostlers choose to permit, I should have thought he knew more of travelling; and stirring the fire, snuffing the candles, reconnoitring the company, and modifying my own humour, should at once have tried to make the best of my situation. After all, he is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last; and I was just breaking the ice on finding that I had nursed the fire to the general satisfaction, when the coach from London added three to our party; and common civility obliged those who came first to make way for the yet more frozen travellers. We supped together; and I was something surprised to find our two coachmen allowed us such ample time to enjoy our little bowl of punch; when lo! with dolorous countenances, they came to give us notice that the snow was so heavy, and already so deep, as to make our proceeding by either road dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

'If that is really the case,' cried I mentally, 'let us see what we may hope from the construction of the seven heads that constitute our company.' Observe, gentle reader, that I do not mean the outward and visible form of those heads; for I am not amongst the new race of physiognomists who exhaust invention only to ally their own species to the animal creation, and would rather prove the skull of a man resembled an ass, than, looking within, find in the intellect a glorious similitude of the Deity. An elegant author more justly conveys my idea of physiognomy, when he says, that 'different sensibilities gather into the countenance and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip and enrich it.' It was my interest to be as happy as I could, and that can only be when we look around with a wish to be pleased: nor could I ever find a way of unlocking the human heart but by frankly inviting others to peep into my own. And now for my survey.

In the chimney-corner sat my old gentlewoman, a little alarmed at a coffin that had popped from the fire, instead of a purse; *ergo*, superstition was her weak side. In sad conformity to declining years, she had put on her spectacles, taken out her knitting, and thus humbly retired from attention, which she had long, perhaps, been hopeless of attracting. Close by her was placed a young lady from London, in the bloom of nineteen: a cross on her bosom shewed her to be a Catholic, and a peculiar accent an Irishwoman; her face, especially her eyes, might be termed handsome; of those, archness would have been the expression, had not the absence of her air proved that their sense was turned inward, to contemplate in her heart some chosen cherished image. Love and romance reigned in every lineament.

A French abbé had, as is usual with gentlemen of that country, edged himself into the seat by the belle, to whom he continually addressed himself with all sorts of *petits soins*, though fatigue was obvious in his air; and the impression of some danger escaped gave a wild sharpness to every feature. 'Thou hast comprised,' thought I, 'the knowledge of a whole life in perhaps the last month; and then, perhaps, didst thou first study the art of thinking, or learn the misery of feeling!' Neither of these seemed, however, to have troubled his neighbour, a portly Englishman, who, though with a sort of surly good-nature he had given up his place at the fire, yet contrived to engross both candles, by holding before them a newspaper, where he dwelt upon the article of stocks, till a bloody duel in Ireland induced communication, and enabled me to discover that, in spite of the importance of his air, credulity might be reckoned amongst his characteristics.

The opposite corner of the fire had been, by general consent, given up to one of the London travellers, whose age and infirmities challenged regard, while his aspect awakened the most melting benevolence. Suppose an anchorite, sublimed by devotion and temperance from all human frailty, and you will see this interesting aged clergyman: so pale, so pure was his complexion, so slight his figure, though tall, that it seemed as if his soul was gradually divesting itself of the covering of mortality, that when the hour of separating it from the body came, hardly should the greedy grave claim aught of a being so ethereal! 'Oh, what lessons of patience and sanctity couldst thou give,' thought I, 'were it my fortune to find the key of thy heart!'

An officer in the middle of life occupied the next seat. Martial and athletic in his person, of a countenance open and sensible, tanned, as it seemed, by severe service, his forehead only retained its whiteness; yet that, with assimilating graceful manners, rendered him very prepossessing.

That seven sensible people, for I include myself in that description, should tumble out of two stage-coaches, and be thrown together so oddly, was, in my opinion, an incident; and why not make it really one? I hastily advanced, and, turning my back to the fire, fixed the eyes of the whole company—not on my person, for that was noway singular—not, I would fain hope, upon my coat, which I had forgotten till that moment was threadbare: I had rather of the three imagine my assurance the object of general attention. However, no one spoke, and I was obliged to second my own motion.

'Sir,' cried I to the Englishman, who, by the time he had kept the paper, had certainly spelt its contents, 'do you find anything entertaining in that newspaper?'

'No, sir,' returned he most laconically.

'Then you might perhaps find something entertaining out of it,' added I.

'Perhaps I might,' retorted he in a provoking accent, and surveying me from top to toe. The Frenchman laughed—so did I—it is the only way when one has been more witty than wise. I returned presently, however, to the attack.

'How charmingly might we fill a long evening,' resumed I, with, as I thought, a most ingratiating smile, 'if each of the company would relate the most remarkable story he or she ever knew or heard of!'

'Truly, we might make a long evening that way,' again retorted my torment, the Englishman. 'However, if you please, we will waive your plan, sir, till to-morrow; and then we shall have the additional resort of our dreams, if our memories fail us.'

DR JOHN MOORE.

DR JOHN MOORE, author of *Zeluco* and other works, was born at Stirling in 1729. His father was one of the clergymen of that town, but died in 1737, leaving seven children to the care of his excellent widow. Mrs Moore removed to Glasgow, where her relations resided, possessed of considerable property. After the usual education at the university of Glasgow, John began the study of medicine and surgery under Mr Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, with whom Smollett had been apprenticed a few years before. In his nineteenth year, Moore accompanied the Duke of Argyll's regiment abroad, and attended the military hospitals at Maestricht in the capacity of surgeon's mate. Thence he went to Flushing and Breda; and on the termination of hostilities, he accompanied General Braddock to England. Soon afterwards, he became household surgeon to the Earl of Albemarle, the British ambassador at the court of Versailles. His old master, Mr Gordon, now invited him to become a partner in his business in Glasgow, and, after two years' residence in Paris, Moore accepted the invitation. He practised for many years in Glasgow with great success. In 1772, he was induced to accompany the young Duke of Hamilton to the continent, where they resided five years, in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. Returning in 1778, Moore removed his family to London, and commenced physician in the metropolis. In 1779, he published *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, in two volumes, which was received with general approbation. In 1781, appeared his *View of Society and Manners in Italy;* in 1785, *Medical Sketches;* and in 1786, his *Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic.* The object of this novel was to prove that, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances, inward misery always accompanies vice. The hero of the tale was the only son of a noble family in Sicily, spoiled by maternal indulgence, and at length rioting in every prodigality and vice. The idea of such a character was probably suggested by Smollett's Count Fathom, but Moore took a wider range of character and incident. He made his hero accomplished and fascinating, thus avoiding the feeling of contempt with which the abject villainy of Fathom is unavoidably regarded; and he traced, step by step, through a succession of scenes and adventures, the progress of depravity, and the effects of uncontrolled passion. The incident of the favourite sparrow, which Zeluco squeezed to death when a boy, because it did not perform certain tricks which he had taught it, lets us at once into the pampered selfishness and passionate cruelty of his disposition. The scene of the novel is laid chiefly in Italy; and the author's familiarity with foreign manners enabled him to impart to his narrative numerous new and graphic sketches. Zeluco also serves in the Spanish army; and at another time is a slave-owner in the West Indies. The latter circumstance gives the author an opportunity of condemning the system of slavery with eloquence and humanity, and presenting some affecting pictures of suffering and attachment in the negro race. The death of Hanno, the humane and generous slave, is one of Moore's most masterly delineations. The various scenes and episodes in the novel relieve the disagreeable shades of a character constantly deepening in vice; for Zeluco has no redeeming trait to link him to our sympathy or forgiveness. Moore visited Scotland in the summer of 1786, and in the commencement of the following year, took a warm interest in the genius and fortunes of Burns. It is to him that we owe the precious Autobiography of the poet, one of the most interesting and powerful sketches that ever was written. In their correspondence we see the colossal strength and lofty mind of the peasant-bard, even when placed by the side of the accomplished and learned traveller and man of taste. In August 1792, Dr Moore accompanied the Earl of Lauderdale to Paris, and witnessed some of the early excesses of the French Revolution. Of this tour he published an account, entitled *A Journal during a Residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December* 1792, &c. The first volume of this work was published in 1793, and a second in 1794. In 1795, Dr Moore, wishing to give a retrospective detail of the circumstances which tended to hasten the Revolution, drew up a carefully digested narrative, entitled *A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution*, in two volumes. This is a valuable work, and it has been pretty closely followed by Sir Walter Scott in his animated and picturesque survey of the events preceding the career of Napoleon. In 1796, Dr Moore produced a second novel, *Edward: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England.* As Zeluco was a model of villainy, Edward is a model of virtue. In the following year, Moore furnished a life of his friend Smollett for a collective edition of his works. In 1800 appeared his last production, *Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character, and Manners in Various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality.* In this novel our author, following the example of Richardson, and Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, threw his narrative into the form of letters, part being dated from the continent, and part from England. A tone of languor and insipidity pervades the story, and there is little of plot or incident to keep alive attention. Dr Moore died at Richmond on the 21st of January 1802. A complete edition of his works has been published in seven volumes, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings by Dr Robert Anderson. Of all the writings of Dr Moore, his novel of *Zeluco* is the most popular. Mr Dunlop has given the preference to *Edward.* The latter may boast of more variety of character, and is

distinguished by judicious observation and witty remark, but it is deficient in the strong interest and forcible painting of the first novel. Zeluco's murder of his child in a fit of frantic jealousy, and the discovery of the circumstance by means of the picture, is conceived with great originality, and has a striking effect. It is the poetry of romance. The attachment between Laura and Carlostein is also described with tenderness and delicacy, without degenerating into German sentimentalism or immorality. Of the lighter sketches, the scenes between the two Scotchmen, Targe and Buchanan, are perhaps the best; and their duel about Queen Mary is an inimitable piece of national caricature. There is no great aiming at moral effect in Moore's novels, unless it be in depicting the wretchedness of vice, and its tragic termination in the character of Zeluco. He was an observer rather than an inventor; he noted more than he felt. The same powers of observation displayed in his novels, and his extensive acquaintance with mankind, rendered him an admirable chronicler of the striking scenes of the French Revolution. Numerous as are the works since published on this great event, the journals and remarks of Dr Moore may still be read with pleasure and instruction. It may here be mentioned, that the distinguished Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, was the eldest son of the novelist.

Dispute and Duel between the Two Scotch Servants in Italy.—From 'Zeluco.'

Duncan Targe, a hot Highlander, who had been out in the Forty-five, and George Buchanan, born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, both serving-men in Italy, meet and dine together during the absence of their masters. After dinner, and the bottle having circulated freely, they disagree as to politics, Targe being a keen Jacobite, and the other a stanch Whig.

Buchanan filled a bumper, and gave for the toast, 'The Land of Cakes!'

This immediately dispersed the cloud which began to gather on the other's brow.

Targe drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying: 'May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish, Mr Buchanan, that I shall ever wish to that land.'

'It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,' replied Buchanan; 'it was fast improving when I left it, and I have been credibly informed since that it is now a perfect garden.'

'I am very happy to hear it,' said Targe.

'Indeed,' added Buchanan, 'it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union.'

'Confound the Union!' cried Targe; 'it would have improved much faster without it.'

'I am not quite clear on that point, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan.

'Depend upon it,' replied Targe, 'the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made.'

'I shall admit,' said Buchanan, 'that she might have made a better; but, bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it.'

'All the advantages are on the side of England.'

'What do you think, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan, 'of the increase of trade since the Union, and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?'

'Think!' cried Targe; 'why, I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland.'

'How so, my good friend?' said Buchanan.

'By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured,' continued Targe, 'by Sergeant Lewis Macneil, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders, in some parts of Scotland, are now very little better than so many English.'

'O fie!' cried Buchanan; 'things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr Targe: your friend the sergeant assuredly exaggerates.'

'I hope he does,' replied Targe. 'But you must acknowledge,' continued he, 'that, by the Union, Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England. Only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet, the English everything. They never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told, with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman; or, which happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland! But if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged, in one year, no remarks are made.'

'No,' said Buchanan; 'in that case it is passed over as a thing of course.'

The conversation then taking another turn, Targe, who was a great genealogist, descanted on the antiquity of certain gentlemen's families in the Highlands; which, he asserted, were far more honourable than most of the noble families either in Scotland or England. 'Is it not shameful,' added he, 'that a parcel of mushroom lords, mere sprouts from the dunghills of law or commerce, the grandsons of grocers and attorneys, should take the pass of gentlemen of the oldest families in Europe?'

'Why, as for that matter,' replied Buchanan, 'provided the grandsons of grocers or attorneys are deserving citizens, I do not perceive why they should be excluded from the king's favour more than other men.'

'But some of them never drew a sword in defence of either their king or country,' rejoined Targe.

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan, 'men may deserve honour and pre-eminence by other means than by drawing their swords.'

He then instances his celebrated namesake, George Buchanan, whom he praises warmly as having been the best Latin scholar in Europe; while Targe upbraids him for want of honesty.

'In what did he ever shew any want of honesty?' said Buchanan.

'In calumniating and endeavouring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots,' replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.'

'I have nothing to say either against her beauty or her accomplishments,' resumed Buchanan; 'but surely, Mr Targe, you must acknowledge that she was a ——?'

'Have a care what you say, sir!' interrupted Targe; 'I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen!'

'No man that ever wore either breeches or a philabeg,' replied Buchanan, 'shall prevent me from speaking the truth when I see occasion!'

'Speak as much truth as you please, sir,' rejoined Targe; 'but I declare that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess in my presence while I can wield a claymore.'

'If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a Papist!' said Buchanan.

'Well, sir,' cried Targe, 'what then? She was, like other people, of the religion in which she was bred.'

'I do not know where you may have been bred, Mr Targe,' said Buchanan; 'for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the scarlet lady yourself. Unless that is the case, you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary, Queen of Scots.'

'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear!' said Targe.

'I glory in the name; and should think myself greatly

obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other.

'He was nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe, 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which, I thank Heaven, are now fully detected!'

'You are thankful for a very small mercy,' resumed Buchanan; 'but since you provoke me to it, I will tell you, in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband!'

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than Targe flew at him like a tiger, and they were separated with difficulty by Mr N——'s groom, who was in the adjoining chamber, and had heard the altercation.

'I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland!' cried Targe.

'As for retracting what I have said,' replied Buchanan, 'that is no habit of mine; but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that to the best of my ability; for let me tell you, sir, though I am not a Highlandman, I am a Scotchman as well as yourself, and not entirely ignorant of the use of the claymore; so name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning.'

'Why not directly?' cried Targe; 'there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us.'

'I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you. I will step home for my sword and be with you directly,' said Buchanan.

The groom interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the two enraged Scots, but without success. Buchanan soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden. The groom next tried to persuade them to decide their difference by fair boxing. This was rejected by both the champions as a mode of fighting unbecoming gentlemen. The groom asserted that the best gentlemen in England sometimes fought in that manner, and gave as an instance a boxing-match, of which he himself had been a witness, between Lord G.'s gentleman and a gentleman-farmer at York races about the price of a mare.

'But our quarrel,' said Targe, 'is about the reputation of a queen.'

'That, for certain,' replied the groom, 'makes a difference.'

Buchanan unsheathed his sword

'Are you ready, sir?' cried Targe.

'That I am. Come on, sir,' said Buchanan; 'and the Lord be with the righteous.'

'Amen!' cried Targe; and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapon they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blows with such dexterity, that no blood was shed for some time. At length Targe, making a feint at Buchanan's head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

'I hope you are now sensible of your error?' said Targe, dropping his point.

'I am of the same opinion I was!' cried Buchanan; 'so keep your guard.' So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon Targe, who, after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. Buchanan, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat. But this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing with profusion into his eyes, he could no longer see distinctly, but was obliged to flourish his sword at random, without being able to perceive the movements of his adversary, who, closing with him, became master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground; and, standing over him, he said: 'This may convince you, Mr Buchanan, that yours is not the righteous cause! You are in my power; but I will act as the queen whose character I defend would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate princess.' He then assisted Buchanan to rise. Buchanan, made no immediate answer: but when he saw Targe assisting the groom to stop the blood which flowed from his wounds, he said: 'I must acknowledge, Mr Targe, that you behave like a gentleman.'

After the bleeding was in some degree diminished by the dry lint which the groom, who was an excellent farrier, applied to the wounds, they assisted him to his chamber, and then the groom rode away to inform Mr N—— of what had happened. But the wound becoming more painful, Targe proposed sending for a surgeon. Buchanan then said that the surgeon's mate belonging to one of the ships of the British squadron then in the bay, was, he believed, on shore, and as he was a Scotchman, he would like to employ him rather than a foreigner. Having mentioned where he lodged, one of Mr N——'s footmen went immediately for him. He returned soon after, saying that the surgeon's mate was not at his lodging, nor expected for some hours. 'But I will go and bring the French surgeon,' continued the footman.

'I thank you, Mr Thomas,' said Buchanan; 'but I will have patience till my own countryman returns.'

'He may not return for a long time,' said Thomas. 'You had best let me run for the French surgeon, who, they say, has a great deal of skill.'

'I am obliged to you, Mr Thomas,' added Buchanan; 'but neither Frenchman nor Spanishman shall dress my wounds when a Scottishman is to be found for love or money.'

'They are to be found, for the one or the other, as I am credibly informed, in most parts of the world,' said Thomas.

'As my countrymen,' replied Buchanan, 'are distinguished for letting slip no means of improvement, it would be very strange if many of them did not use that of travelling, Mr Thomas.'

'It would be very strange indeed, I own it,' said the footman.

'But are you certain of this young man's skill in his business when he does come?' said Targe.

'I confess I have had no opportunity to know anything of his skill,' answered Buchanan; 'but I know for certain that he is sprung from very respectable people. His father is a minister of the gospel, and it is not likely that his father's son will be deficient in the profession to which he was bred.'

'It would be still less likely had the son been bred to preaching!' said Targe.

'That is true,' replied Buchanan; 'but I have no doubt of the young man's skill: he seems to be a very douce [discreet] lad. It will be an encouragement to him to see that I prefer him to another, and also a comfort to me to be attended by my countryman.'

'Countryman or not countryman,' said Thomas, 'he will expect to be paid for his trouble as well as another.'

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan; 'but it was always a maxim with me, and shall be to my dying day, that we should give our own fish-guts to our own sea-mews.'

'Since you are so fond of your own sea-mews,' said Thomas, 'I am surprised you were so eager to destroy Mr Targe there.'

'That proceeded from a difference in politics, Mr Thomas,' replied Buchanan, 'in which the best of friends are apt to have a misunderstanding; but though I am a Whig, and he is a Tory, I hope we are both honest men; and as he behaved generously when my life was in his power, I have no scruple in saying that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom he has an esteem.'

'Mary, Queen of Scots, acquired the esteem of her very enemies,' resumed Targe. 'The elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy.'

'She is now in the hands of a Judge,' said Buchanan,

'who can neither be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud.'

'She is so, Mr Buchanan,' replied Targe; 'and her rival and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge.'

'We had best leave them all to His justice and mercy, then, and say no more on the subject,' added Buchanan; 'for if Queen Mary's conduct on earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded.'

'One thing more I will say,' rejoined Targe, 'and that is only to ask of you whether it is probable that a woman whose conscience was loaded with crimes imputed to her could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?'

'I always admired that last awful scene,' replied Buchanan, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; 'and I will freely acknowledge that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the queen of Scotland: she supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meekness of a Christian.'

'I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us!' said Targe affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation: 'and I am now willing to believe that your friend, Mr George Buchanan, was a very great poet, and understood Latin as well as any man alive!' Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

MRS INCHBALD.

MRS INCHBALD, the dramatist, attained deserved celebrity by her novels, *A Simple Story*, in four volumes, published in 1791, and *Nature and Art*, two volumes, 1796. As this lady affected plainness and precision in style, and aimed at drawing sketches from nature, she probably designated her first novel *simple*, without duly considering that the plot is intricate and involved, and that some of her characters—as Lord and Lady Elmwood—belong to the ranks of the aristocracy. There are many striking and passionate scenes in the novel, and notwithstanding the disadvantage attending a double plot, the interest is well sustained. The authoress's knowledge of dramatic rules and effect may be seen in the skilful grouping of her personages, and in the liveliness of the dialogue. Her second work is much simpler and coarser in texture. Its object may be gathered from the concluding maxim: 'Let the poor no more be their own persecutors, no longer pay homage to wealth—instantaneously the whole idolatrous worship will cease, the idol will be broken.' Mrs Inchbald illustrated this by her own practice; yet few of her readers can feel aught but mortification and disappointment at the *dénouement* of the tale, wherein the pure and noble-minded Henry, after the rich promise of his youth and his intellectual culture, finally settles down with his father to 'cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry to the next market-town.' The following is a brief but striking allusion to the miseries of low London service:

Service in London.

In romances, and in some plays, there are scenes of dark and unwholesome mines, wherein the labourer works during the brightest day by the aid of artificial light. There are, in London, kitchens equally dismal, though not quite so much exposed to damp and noxious vapours. In one of these under ground, hidden from the cheerful light of the sun, poor Agnes was doomed to toil from morning till night, subjected to the command of a dissatisfied mistress, who, not estimating as she ought the misery incurred by serving her, constantly threatened her servants with a dismission, at which the unthinking wretches would tremble merely from the sound of the words; for to have reflected—to have considered what their purport was—to be released from a dungeon, relieved from continual upbraidings and vile drudgery, must have been a subject of rejoicing; and yet, because these good tidings were delivered as a menace, custom had made the hearer fearful of the consequence. So, death being described to children as a disaster, even poverty and shame will start from it with affright; whereas, had it been pictured with its benign aspect, it would have been feared but by few, and many, many would welcome it with gladness.

Mr Rogers, in the notes to his poem of *Human Life*, quotes, as from 'an excellent writer,' the following sentence from Mrs Inchbald's *Nature and Art*:

Estimates of Happiness.

Some persons, I know, estimate happiness by fine houses, gardens, and parks—others by pictures, horses, money, and various things wholly remote from their own species; but when I wish to ascertain the real felicity of any rational man, I always inquire *whom he has to love.* If I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has—even in the midst of all his profusion of finery and grandeur, I pronounce him a being deep in adversity.

The Judge and the Victim.—From 'Nature and Art.'

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William! She who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out or returning home; who has walked miles to see his chariot pass; she now will behold him, and he will see her, by command of the laws of his country. Those laws, which will deal with rigour towards her, are in this one instance still indulgent.

The time of the assizes at the county town in which she is imprisoned is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire-hall—the jail-doors are opened—they go in sad procession. The trumpet sounds—it speaks the arrival of the judge, and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial, Agnes had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned judge before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she bore to him permitted her to taste, even on the brink of the grave! After-reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas! to her, earth and William were so closely united, that till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of love, of shame, and of despair, on the other.

Now fear took the place of her first immoderate joy; she feared that, although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*—yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea, shame overcame all her other sensations—for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that wretch she felt she was! Once a ray of hope beamed on her, that if he knew her—if he recognised her—he might possibly befriend her cause; and life bestowed through William's friendship seemed a precious object! But, again, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of

which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not, for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice.

In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William, imagination could not form two figures, or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity than the judge and the culprit; and yet, these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted! Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind—his thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office; nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner, once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others which she had assumed, his former youthful, lovely Agnes!

She heard herself arraigned, with trembling limbs and downcast looks, and many witnesses had appeared against her, before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge; she then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitying but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her: 'What defence have you to make?' It was William spoke to Agnes! The sound was sweet; the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging. It almost charmed her to a love of life! Not such a voice as when William last addressed her; when he left her undone and pregnant, vowing never to see or speak to her more. She would have hung upon the present word for ever. She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation; which, at times, is but a copy, by the unfeeling, of the benevolent brethren of the bench. In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for consolation of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors.

There were no spectators, Agnes, by your side when last he parted from you—if there had, the awful William would have been awed to marks of pity.

Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital power seemed suspended. Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered: 'Recollect yourself; have you no witnesses? no proof on your behalf?' A dead silence followed these questions. He then mildly but forcibly added: 'What have you to say?' Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated: 'Nothing, my lord.' After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone: 'Have you no one to speak to your character?' The prisoner answered: 'No.' A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted.

He summed up the evidence, and every time he was obliged to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrunk, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—writhed under the weight of his minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death. The jury consulted but a few minutes; the verdict was, 'Guilty.' She heard it with composure. But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce the fatal sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion, retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed: 'Oh, not from you!' The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience; and those who heard them thought little of their meaning, more than that they expressed her fear of dying. Serene and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the final speech ending with 'Dead, dead, dead.' She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon; while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

If, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still, this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her; yet it was self-love, rather than love of her, that gave rise to these thoughts. He felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness to soften the fatigue of studious labour, to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition—he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes.

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too, even on the child that Agnes bore him; but whether it were male or female, whether a beggar in the streets or dead, various and important public occupation forbade him to inquire. Yet the poor, the widow, and the orphan frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities, gave largely, and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy; for he delighted to load the poor with obligation, and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters, there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors; and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their own husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, self-denial, and honesty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dictates of charity, had he adopted private pity instead of public munificence, had he cast an eye at home before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from—*remorse*, the tortures of which he for the first time proved on reading a printed sheet of paper, accidentally thrown in his way a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

'*March* 10, 179-.

'The last dying Words, Speech, and Confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of Agnes Primrose, who was executed this morning between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.

'Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of ——' [William started at the name of the village and county]; 'but being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing man, she fell from the paths of virtue, and took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex, how they listen to the praises and courtship of young men, especially of those who are their betters; for they only court to deceive. But the said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury or given her sorrow, from the young man who first won her heart, to the jury who found her guilty, and the judge who condemned her to death.

'And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of her crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other heinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own helpless child; for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has

overtaken her, to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul.'

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

'So great was this unhappy woman's terror of death and the awful judgment that was to follow, that when sentence was pronounced upon her she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delirious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended her. She has left one child, a youth almost sixteen, who has never forsaken his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty; and no sooner was her final sentence passed than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death. During the loss of her senses, the said Agnes Primrose raved continually of her child; and, asking for pen, ink, and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy; but notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation when the fatal morning arrived in which she was to be launched into eternity. She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and seemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going. A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recollection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her.'

No sooner had the name of 'Anfield' struck William, than a thousand reflections and remembrances flashed on his mind to give him full conviction who it was he had judged and sentenced. He recollected the sad remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her; and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even suspicion who she was, either from her name or from her person, during the whole trial. But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation was absorbed by—*remorse*. It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one: it havocked on his firm inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—*remorse*.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The novels of MRS CHARLOTTE SMITH aimed more at delineating affections than manners, and they all evinced superior merit. The first, *Emmeline*, published in 1788, had an extensive sale. *Ethelinde* (1789) and *Celestina* (1791) were also received with favour and approbation. These were followed by *Desmond* (1792), *The Old English Manor-house* (1793), *The Wanderings of Warwick*, *The Banished Man*, *Montalbert*, *Marchmont*, *The Young Philosopher* (1798), &c. She wrote also *Rural Walks*, and other works. Her best is *The Old English Manor-house*, in which her descriptive powers are found united to an interesting plot and well-sustained *dramatis personæ*. She took a peculiar pleasure in caricaturing lawyers, having herself suffered deeply from the 'law's delay;' and as her husband had ruined himself and family by foolish schemes and projects, she is supposed to have drawn him in the projector who hoped to make a fortune by manuring his estate with old wigs! Sir Walter Scott, 'in acknowledgment of many pleasant hours derived from the perusal of Mrs Smith's works,' included her in his *British Novelists*, and prefixed an interesting criticism and memoir. He alludes to her defective narratives or plots, but considers her characters to be conceived with truth and force, though none bears the stamp of actual novelty. He adds: 'She is uniformly happy in supplying them with language fitted to their station in life; nor are there many dialogues to be found which are at once so entertaining, and approach so nearly to truth and reality.'

ANN RADCLIFFE.

MRS ANN RADCLIFFE—who may be denominated the Salvator Rosa of British novelists—was born in London, of respectable parents, on the 9th of July 1764. Her maiden name was Ward. In her twenty-third year she married Mr William Radcliffe, a student of law, but who afterwards became the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper, the *English Chronicle*. Two years after her marriage, in 1789, Mrs Radcliffe published her first novel, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*, the scene of which she laid in Scotland during the remote and warlike times of the feudal barons. This work gave but little indication of the power and fascination which the authoress afterwards evinced. She had made no attempt to portray national manners or historical events—in which, indeed, she never excelled—and the plot was wild and unnatural. Her next effort, made in the following year, was more successful. *The Sicilian Romance* attracted attention by its romantic and numerous adventures, and the copious descriptions of scenery it contained. These were depicted with the glow and richness of a poetical fancy. 'Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and even Walpole,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'though writing upon an imaginative subject, are decidedly prose authors. Mrs Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction; that is, if actual rhythm shall not be deemed essential to poetry.'* Actual rhythm was also at the command of the accomplished authoress. She has interspersed various copies of verses throughout her works, but they are less truly poetical than her prose. They have great sameness of style and diction, and are often tedious, because introduced in scenes already too protracted with description or sentiment. In 1791 appeared *The Romance of the Forest*, exhibiting the powers of the novelist in full maturity. To her wonderful talent in producing scenes of mystery and surprise, aided by external phenomena and striking description, she now added the powerful delineation of passion. Her painting of the character of La Motte, hurried on by an evil counsellor, amidst broken resolutions and efforts at recall, to the most dark and deliberate guilt and cruelty, approaches in some respects to the genius of Godwin. Delineation of character, however, was not the forte of Mrs Radcliffe: her strength lay in description and in the interest of her narrative. Like the great painter with whom she has been compared, she loved to sport with the romantic and the terrible

* This honour more properly belongs to Sir Philip Sidney: and does not even John Bunyan demand a share of it? In Smollett's novels there are many poetical conceptions and descriptions. Indeed, on this point Sir Walter partly contradicts himself, for he elsewhere states that Smollett expended in his novels many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry. Mrs Radcliffe gave a greater prominence to poetical description than any of her predecessors.

—with the striking imagery of the mountain-forest and the lake—the obscure solitude—the cloud and the storm—wild banditti—ruined castles—and with those half-discovered glimpses or visionary shadows of the invisible world which seem at times to cross our path, and which still haunt and thrill the imagination. This peculiar faculty was more strongly evinced in Mrs Radcliffe's next romance, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, published in 1794, which was the most popular of her performances, and is justly considered her best. Mrs Barbauld seems to prefer *The Romance of the Forest* as more complete in character and story; but in this opinion few will concur: it wants the sublimity and boldness of the later work. The interest, as Scott remarks, 'is of a more agitating and tremendous nature, the scenery of a wilder and more terrific description, the characters distinguished by fiercer and more gigantic features. Montoni, a lofty-souled desperado and captain of condottieri, stands beside La Motte and his marquis like one of Milton's fiends beside a witch's familiar. Adeline is confined within a ruined manor-house, but her sister-heroine, Emily, is imprisoned in a huge castle like those of feudal times; the one is attacked and defended by bands of armed banditti, the other only threatened by constables and thief-takers. The scale of the landscape is equally different; the quiet and limited woodland scenery of the one work forming a contrast with the splendid and high-wrought descriptions of Italian mountain grandeur which occur in the other.' This parallel applies very strikingly to the critic's own poems, the *Lay* and *Marmion*. The latter, like Mrs Radcliffe's second romance, has blemishes of construction and style from which the first is free; but it has the breadth and magnificence, and the careless freedom of a master's hand, in a greater degree than can be found in the first production. About this time Mrs Radcliffe made a journey through Holland and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine, of which she published an account in 1795, adding to it some observations during a tour to the lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. The picturesque fancy of the novelist is seen in these sketches, with her usual luxuriance and copiousness of style. In 1797, Mrs Radcliffe made her last appearance in fiction. *The Mysteries of Udolpho* had been purchased by her publisher for what was then considered an enormous sum, £500; but her new work brought her £800. It was entitled *The Italian*, and displayed her powers in undiminished strength and brilliancy. Having exhausted the characteristics of feudal pomp and tyranny in her former productions, she adopted a new machinery in *The Italian*, having selected a period when the Church of Rome was triumphant and unchecked. The grand Inquisition, the confessional, the cowled monk, the dungeon, and the rack, were agents as terrible and impressive as ever shone in romance. Mrs Radcliffe took up the popular notions on this subject without adhering to historical accuracy, and produced a work which, though very unequal in its execution, contains the most vivid and appalling of all her scenes and paintings. The opening of the story has been praised by all critics, for the exquisite art with which the authoress contrives to excite and prepare the mind of the reader. It is as follows:

English Travellers visit a Neapolitan Church.

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without further pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion and harsh features, and had an eye which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, was expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and through all the shade of the long aisles only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered.

When the party had viewed the different shrines, and whatever had been judged worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps passing towards a confessional on the left, and as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and inquired who he was. The friar, turning to look after him, did not immediately reply; but on the question being repeated, he inclined his head, as in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied: 'He is an assassin.'

'An assassin!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen; 'an assassin, and at liberty?'

An Italian gentleman who was of the party smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

'He has sought sanctuary here,' replied the friar; 'within these walls he may not be hurt.'

'Do your altars, then, protect a murderer?' said the Englishman.

'He could find shelter nowhere else,' answered the friar meekly. . . .

'But observe yonder confessional,' added the Italian, 'that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window. Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of a light, a shade over that part of the church, which perhaps prevents your distinguishing what I mean.'

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

'You observe it?' said the Italian.

'I do,' replied the Englishman; 'it is the same which the assassin had passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld: the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair.'

'We in Italy are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian smilingly.

'Well, but what of this confessional?' inquired the Englishman. 'The assassin entered it.'

'He has no relation with what I am about to mention,' said the Italian; 'but I wish you to mark the

place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

'What are they?' said the Englishman.

'It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that very confessional,' added the Italian; 'the view of it, and the sight of the assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel, I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter mode of engaging your time.'

'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice,' replied the Englishman, 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice.'

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes, and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman, soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows.

After such an introduction, who could fail to continue the perusal of the story? Scott has said that one of the fine scenes in *The Italian*, where Schedoni, the monk—an admirably drawn character—is 'in the act of raising his arm to murder his sleeping victim, and discovers her to be his own child, is of a new, grand, and powerful character; and the horrors of the wretch who, on the brink of murder, has just escaped from committing a crime of yet more exaggerated horror, constitute the strongest painting which has been produced by Mrs Radcliffe's pencil, and form a crisis well fitted to be actually embodied on canvas by some great master.' Most of this lady's novels abound in pictures and situations as striking and as well grouped as those of the artist and melodramatist. The latter years of Mrs Radcliffe were spent in retirement, partly induced by ill health. She had for a long period been afflicted with spasmodic asthma, and an attack proved fatal to her on the 7th of February 1823. She died in London, and was interred in a vault of the chapel-of-ease at Bayswater, belonging to St George's, Hanover Square. A posthumous romance by Mrs Radcliffe, entitled *Gaston de Blondeville*, was published under the editorial superintendence of Serjeant Talfourd; and her Poems were collected and published in 1834.

The success which crowned Mrs Radcliffe's romances led several writers to copy her peculiar manner, but none approached to the original either in art or genius. The style of which she may be considered the founder is powerfully attractive, and few are able to resist the fascinations of her narrative; but that style is obviously a secondary one. To delineate character in the many-coloured changes of life, to invent natural, lively, and witty dialogues and situations, and to combine the whole, as in *Tom Jones*, in a regular progressive story, complete in all its parts, is a greater intellectual effort than to construct a romantic plot where the author is not confined to probability or to the manners and institutions of any particular time or country. When Scott transports us back to early times and to Scottish life and character, we feel he is embodying history, animating its records with his powerful imagination, and introducing us to actual scenes and persons such as once existed. His portraits are not of one, but of various classes. There is none of this reality about Mrs Radcliffe's creations. Her scenes of mystery and gloom will not bear the light of sober investigation. Deeply as they affect the imagination at the time, after they have been once unfolded before the reader, they break up like dreams in his recollection. The remembrance of them is confused, though pleasant, and we have no desire to return to what enchanted us, unless it be for some passages of pure description. The want of moral interest and of character and dialogue, natural and truthful, is the cause of this evanescence of feeling. When the story is unravelled, the great charm is over—the talisman ceases to operate when we know the materials of which it is composed.

Mrs Radcliffe restricted her genius by an arbitrary rule of composition: she made the whole of her mysterious circumstances resolve into natural causes. The seemingly supernatural agencies are explained to be palpable and real: every mystery is cleared up, and often by means very trifling or disproportioned to the end. In one sense, this restriction increases our admiration of the writer, as evincing, in general, the marvellous ingenuity with which she prepares, invents, and arranges the incidents for immediate effect as well as subsequent explanation. Every feature in the surrounding landscape or objects described—every subordinate circumstance in the scene, however minute, is so disposed as to deepen the impression and keep alive curiosity. This prelude, as Mrs Barbauld has remarked, 'like the tuning of an instrument by a skilful hand, has the effect of producing at once in the mind a tone of feeling correspondent to the future story.' No writer has excelled, and few have approached, Mrs Radcliffe in this peculiar province. A higher genius, however, would have boldly seized upon supernatural agency as a proper element of romance. Mrs Radcliffe had never been in Italy when she wrote *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, yet her paintings of Italian scenery, and of the mountains of Switzerland, are conceived with equal truth and richness of colouring. And what poet or painter has ever surpassed (Byron has imitated) her account of the first view of Venice, as seen by her heroine Emily, 'with its islets, palaces, and terraces rising out of the sea; and as they glided on, the grander features of the city appearing more distinctly—its terraces crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched with the splendour of the setting sun, appearing as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter rather than reared by human hands!' Her pictures are innumerable, and they are always introduced with striking effect. The romantic colouring which Mrs Radcliffe could throw over actual objects, at the same time preserving their symmetry and appearance entire, is finely displayed in her English descriptions, one of which (Hardwick) is included among our extracts.

Description of the Castle of Udolpho.

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with

pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below.

'There,' said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, 'is Udolpho.'

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriages soon after began to ascend.

The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. Beyond these, all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

Hardwick, in Derbyshire.

Northward, beyond London, we may make one stop after a country not otherwise necessary to be noticed, to mention Hardwick, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom Elizabeth deputed the custody of the unfortunate Mary. It stands on an easy height, a few miles to the left of the road from Mansfield to Chesterfield, and is approached through shady lanes, which conceal the view of it till you are on the confines of the park. Three towers of hoary gray then rise with great majesty among old woods, and their summits appear to be covered with the lightly shivered fragments of battlements, which, however, are soon discovered to be perfectly carved open work, in which the letters E. S. frequently occur under a coronet, the initials and the memorials of the vanity of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who built the present edifice. Its tall features, of a most picturesque tint, were finely disclosed between the luxuriant woods and over the lawns of the park, which every now and then let in a glimpse of the Derbyshire hills.

In front of the great gates of the castle court, the ground, adorned by old oaks, suddenly sinks to a darkly shadowed glade, and the view opens over the vale of Scarsdale, bounded by the wild mountains of the Peak. Immediately to the left of the present residence, some ruined features of the ancient one, enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy, give an interest to the scene, which the later but more historical structure heightens and prolongs. We followed, not without emotion, the walk which Mary had so often trodden, to the folding-doors of the great hall, whose lofty grandeur, aided by silence, and seen under the influence of a lowering sky, suited the temper of the whole scene. The tall windows, which half subdue the light they admit, just allowed us to distinguish the large figures in the tapestry above the oak wainscoting, and shewed a colonnade of oak supporting a gallery along the bottom of the hall, with a pair of gigantic elk's horns flourishing between the windows opposite to the entrance. The scene of Mary's arrival, and her feelings upon entering this solemn shade, came involuntarily to the mind; the noise of horses' feet, and many voices from the court; her proud, yet gentle and melancholy look, as, led by my lord-keeper, she passed slowly up the hall; his somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air, while, awed by her dignity and beauty, he remembers the terrors of his own queen; the silence and anxiety of her maids, and the bustle of the surrounding attendants.

From the hall, a staircase ascends to the gallery of a small chapel, in which the chairs and cushions used by Mary still remain, and proceeds to the first story, where only one apartment bears memorials of her imprisonment—the bed, tapestry, and chairs having been worked by herself. This tapestry is richly embossed with emblematic figures, each with its title worked above it, and having been scrupulously preserved, is still entire and fresh.

Over the chimney of an adjoining dining-room, to which, as well as to other apartments on this floor, some modern furniture has been added, is this motto, carved in oak: 'There is only this: To fear God, and keep his commandments.' So much less valuable was timber than workmanship when this mansion was constructed, that where the staircases are not of stone, they are formed of solid oaken steps, instead of planks; such is that from the second or state story to the roof, whence, on clear days, York and Lincoln cathedrals are said to be included in the extensive prospect. This second floor is that which gives its chief interest to the edifice. Nearly all the apartments of it were allotted to Mary; some of them for state purposes; and the furniture is known, by other proof than its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or that of audience, is of uncommon loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise which its antiquities and the plainly told tale of the sufferings they witnessed excite.

An Italian Landscape.

These excursions sometimes led to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Pausilippo; and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlight bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed after the labour of the day on some pleasant promontory under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen on the margin of the

waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence than it is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasant-girls of Naples. Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whose rough foliage often spread down their steeps in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on some bold point peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance, and shewing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Among the most successful imitators of Mrs Radcliffe's peculiar manner and class of subjects, was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose wild romance, *The Monk*, published in 1796, was received with mingled astonishment, censure, and applause. The first edition was soon disposed of; and in preparing a second, Lewis threw out some indelicate passages which had given much offence. He might have carried his retrenchments further with benefit both to the story and its readers. *The Monk* was a youthful production, written, as the author states in his rhyming preface, when he 'scarce had seen his twentieth year.' It has all the marks of youth, except modesty. Lewis was the boldest of *hobgoblin* writers, and dashed away fearlessly among scenes of monks and nuns, church processions, Spanish cavaliers, maidens and duennas, sorcerers and enchantments, the Inquisition, the Wandering Jew, and even Satan himself, whom he brings in to execute justice visibly and without compunction. The hero, Ambrosio, is abbot of the Capuchins at Madrid, and from his reputed sanctity and humility, and his eloquent preaching, he is surnamed the Man of Holiness. Ambrosio conceives himself to be exempted from the failings of humanity, and is severe in his saintly judgments. He is full of religious enthusiasm and pride, and thinks himself proof against all temptation. The hint of this character was taken from a paper in the *Guardian*, and Lewis filled up the outline with considerable energy and skilful delineation. The imposing presence, strong passions, and wretched downfall of Ambrosio, are not easily forgotten by the readers of the novel. The haughty and susceptible monk is tempted by an infernal spirit—the Mephistopheles of the tale—who assumes the form of a young and beautiful woman, and, after various efforts, completely triumphs over the virtue and the resolutions of Ambrosio. He proceeds from crime to crime, till he is stained with the most atrocious deeds, his evil genius, Matilda, being still his prompter and associate, and aiding him by her powers of conjuration and sorcery. He is at length caught in the toils, detected in a deed of murder, and is tried, tortured, and convicted by the Inquisition. While trembling at the approaching *auto da fé*, at which he is sentenced to perish, Ambrosio is again visited by Matilda, who gives him a certain mysterious book, by reading which he is able to summon Lucifer to his presence. Ambrosio ventures on this desperate expedient. The Evil One appears—appropriately preceded by thunder and earthquake—and the wretched monk, having sold his hope of salvation to recover his liberty, is borne aloft far from his dungeon, but only to be dashed to pieces on a rock. Such is the outline of the monk's story, in which there is certainly no shrinking from the supernatural machinery that Mrs Radcliffe adopted only in semblance, without attempting to make it real. Lewis relieved his narrative by episodes and love-scenes, one of which—the Bleeding Nun—is told with great animation. He introduces us also to a robber's hut in a forest, in which a striking scene occurs, evidently suggested by a similar one in Smollett's *Count Fathom*. Besides his excessive use of conjurations and spirits to carry on his story, Lewis resorted to another class of horrors, which is simply disgusting—namely, loathsome images of mortal corruption and decay, the festering relics of death and the grave.

The only other tale by Lewis which has been reprinted is *The Bravo of Venice*, a short production, in which there is enough of banditti, disguises, plots, and mysterious adventures—the dagger and the bowl—but nothing equal to the best parts of *The Monk*. The style is more chaste and uniform, and some Venetian scenes are picturesquely described. The hero, Abellino, is at one time a beggar, at another a bandit, and ends by marrying the lovely niece of the Doge of Venice—a genuine character for the mock-heroic of romance. In none of his works does Lewis evince a talent for humour.

Scene of Conjuration by the Wandering Jew.

Raymond, in *The Monk*, is pursued by a spectre representing a bleeding nun, which appears at one o'clock in the morning, repeating a certain chant, and pressing her lips to his. Every succeeding visit inspires him with greater horror, and he becomes melancholy and deranged in health. His servant, Theodore, meets with a stranger, who tells him to bid his master wish for him when the clock strikes one, and the tale, as related by Raymond, proceeds. The ingenuity with which Lewis avails himself of the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, and the fine description of the conjuration, are worthy of note.

He was a man of majestic presence; his countenance was strongly marked, and his eyes were large, black, and sparkling; yet there was a something in his look which, the moment that I saw him, inspired me with a secret awe, not to say horror. He was dressed plainly, his hair was unpowdered, and a band of black velvet, which encircled his forehead, spread over his features an additional gloom. His countenance wore the marks of profound melancholy, his step was slow, and his manner grave, stately, and solemn. He saluted me with politeness, and having replied to the usual compliments of introduction, he motioned to Theodore to quit the chamber. The page instantly withdrew. 'I know your business,' said he, without giving me time to speak. 'I have the power of releasing you from your nightly visitor; but this cannot be done before Sunday. On the hour when the Sabbath morning breaks, spirits of darkness have least influence over mortals. After Saturday, the nun shall visit you no more.' 'May I not inquire,' said I, 'by what means you are in possession of a secret which I have carefully concealed from the knowledge of every one?' 'How can I be ignorant of your distresses, when their cause at this moment stands before you?' I started. The stranger continued:

'Though to you only visible for one hour in the twenty-four, neither day nor night does she ever quit you; nor will she ever quit you till you have granted her request.' 'And what is that request?' 'That she must herself explain; it lies not in my knowledge. Wait with patience for the night of Saturday; all shall be then cleared up.' I dared not press him further. He soon after changed the conversation, and talked of various matters. He named people who had ceased to exist for many centuries, and yet with whom he appeared to have been personally acquainted. I could not mention a country, however distant, which he had not visited; nor could I sufficiently admire the extent and variety of his information. I remarked to him, that having travelled, seen, and known so much, must have given him infinite pleasure. He shook his head mournfully. 'No one,' he replied, 'is adequate to comprehending the misery of my lot! Fate obliges me to be constantly in movement; I am not permitted to pass more than a fortnight in the same place. I have no friend in the world, and, from the restlessness of my destiny, I never can acquire one. Fain would I lay down my miserable life, for I envy those who enjoy the quiet of the grave; but death eludes me, and flies from my embrace. In vain do I throw myself in the way of danger. I plunge into the ocean—the waves throw me back with abhorrence upon the shore; I rush into fire—the flames recoil at my approach; I oppose myself to the fury of banditti—their swords become blunted, and break against my breast. The hungry tiger shudders at my approach, and the alligator flies from a monster more horrible than itself. God has set his seal upon me, and all his creatures respect this fatal mark.' He put his hand to the velvet which was bound round his forehead. There was in his eyes an expression of fury, despair, and malevolence, that struck horror to my very soul. An involuntary convulsion made me shudder. The stranger perceived it. 'Such is the curse imposed on me,' he continued; 'I am doomed to inspire all who look on me with terror and detestation. You already feel the influence of the charm, and with every succeeding moment will feel it more. I will not add to your sufferings by my presence. Farewell till Saturday. As soon as the clock strikes twelve, expect me at your chamber.'

Having said this, he departed, leaving me in astonishment at the mysterious turn of his manner and conversation. His assurances that I should soon be relieved from the apparition's visits produced a good effect upon my constitution. Theodore, whom I rather treated as an adopted child than a domestic, was surprised, at his return, to observe the amendment in my looks. He congratulated me on this symptom of returning health, and declared himself delighted at my having received so much benefit from my conference with the Great Mogul. Upon inquiry I found that the stranger had already passed eight days in Ratisbon. According to his own account, therefore, he was only to remain there six days longer. Saturday was still at a distance of three. Oh, with what impatience did I expect its arrival! In the interim, the bleeding nun continued her nocturnal visits; but hoping soon to be released from them altogether, the effects which they produced on me became less violent than before.

The wished-for night arrived. To avoid creating suspicion, I retired to bed at my usual hour; but as soon as my attendants had left me, I dressed myself again, and prepared for the stranger's reception. He entered my room upon the turn of midnight. A small chest was in his hand, which he placed near the stove. He saluted me without speaking; I returned the compliment, observing an equal silence. He then opened the chest. The first thing which he produced was a small wooden crucifix; he sunk upon his knees, gazed upon it mournfully, and cast his eyes towards heaven. He seemed to be praying devoutly. At length he bowed his head respectfully, kissed the crucifix thrice, and quitted his kneeling posture. He next drew from the chest a covered goblet; with the liquor which it contained, and which appeared to be blood, he sprinkled the floor; and then dipping in it one end of the crucifix, he described a circle in the middle of the room. Round about this he placed various reliques, skulls, thigh-bones, &c. I observed that he disposed them all in the form of crosses. Lastly, he took out a large Bible, and beckoned me to follow him into the circle. I obeyed.

'Be cautious not to utter a syllable!' whispered the stranger: 'step not out of the circle, and as you love yourself, dare not to look upon my face.' Holding the crucifix in one hand, the Bible in the other, he seemed to read with profound attention. The clock struck one; as usual, I heard the spectre's steps upon the staircase, but I was not seized with the accustomed shivering. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, drew near the circle, and stopped. The stranger muttered some words, to me unintelligible. Then raising his head from the book, and extending the crucifix towards the ghost, he pronounced in a voice distinct and solemn: 'Beatrice! Beatrice! Beatrice!' 'What wouldst thou?' replied the apparition in a hollow faltering tone. 'What disturbs thy sleep? Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit?' 'I dare not tell; I must not tell. Fain would I repose in my grave, but stern commands force me to prolong my punishment!' 'Knowest thou this blood? Knowest thou in whose veins it flowed? Beatrice! Beatrice! in his name I charge thee to answer me.' 'I dare not disobey my taskers.' 'Darest thou disobey me?' He spoke in a commanding tone, and drew the sable band from his forehead. In spite of his injunction to the contrary, curiosity would not suffer me to keep my eyes off his face: I raised them, and beheld a burning cross impressed upon his brow. For the horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal. My senses left me for some moments; a mysterious dread overcame my courage; and had not the exorciser caught my hand, I should have fallen out of the circle. When I recovered myself, I perceived that the burning cross had produced an effect no less violent upon the spectre. Her countenance expressed reverence and horror, and her visionary limbs were shaken by fear. 'Yes,' she said at length, 'I tremble at that mark! I respect it! I obey you! Know, then, that my bones lie still unburied—they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg-hole. None but this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave. His own lips have made over to me his body and his soul; never will I give back his promise; never shall he know a night devoid of terror unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposit them in the family vault of his Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble this world no more. Now let me depart; those flames are scorching.'

He let the hand drop slowly which held the crucifix, and which till then he had pointed towards her. The apparition bowed her head, and her form melted into air.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

WILLIAM GODWIN, author of *Caleb Williams*, was one of the most remarkable men of his times. The boldness of his speculations and opinions, and his apparent depth and ardour of feeling, were curiously contrasted with his plodding habits, his imperturbable temper, and the quiet obscure simplicity of his life and manners. The most startling and astounding theories were propounded by him with undoubting confidence; and sentiments that, if reduced to action, would have overturned the whole framework of society, were complacently dealt out by their author as if they had merely formed an ordinary portion of a

busy literary life. Godwin was born at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, on the 3d of March 1756. His father was a dissenting minister—a pious Nonconformist—and thus the future novelist may be said to have been nurtured in a love of religious and civil liberty, without perhaps much reverence for existing authority. He soon, however, far overstepped the pale of dissent. After receiving the necessary education at the dissenting college at Hoxton, Mr Godwin became minister of a congregation in the vicinity of London. He also officiated for some time at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. About the year 1782, having been five years a Nonconformist preacher, he settled in London, and applied himself wholly to literature. His first work was entitled *Sketches of History, in Six Sermons;* and he shortly afterwards became principal writer in the *New Annual Register*. He was a zealous political reformer; and his talents were so well known or recommended, that he obtained the large sum of £700 for his next publication. This was his famed *Inquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtue and Happiness*, published in 1793. Mr Godwin's work was a sincere advocacy of an intellectual republic—a splendid argument for universal philanthropy and benevolence, and for the omnipotence of mind over matter. His views of the perfectibility of man and the regeneration of society—all private affections and interests being merged in the public good—were clouded by no misgivings, and he wrote with the force of conviction, and with no ordinary powers of persuasion and eloquence. The *Inquiry* was highly successful, and went through several editions. In a twelvemonth afterwards appeared his novel of *Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams*. His object here was also to inculcate his peculiar doctrines, and to comprehend 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man.' His hero, Williams, tells his own tale of suffering and of wrong—of innocence persecuted and reduced to the brink of death and infamy by aristocratic power, and by tyrannical or partially administered laws; but his story is so fraught with interest and energy, that we lose sight of the political object or satire, and think only of the characters and incidents that pass in review before us. The imagination of the author overpowered his philosophy; he was a greater inventor than logician. His character of Falkland is one of the finest in the whole range of English fictitious composition. The opinions of Godwin were soon brought still more prominently forward. His friends, Holcroft, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and others, were thrown into the Tower, on a charge of high treason. The novelist had joined none of their societies, and however obnoxious to those in power, had not rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country.*

Godwin, however, was ready with his pen. Judge Eyre, in his charge to the grand jury, had laid down principles very different from those of our author, and the latter instantly published *Cursory Strictures* on the judge's charge, so ably written that the pamphlet is said to have mainly led to the acquittal of the accused parties. In 1796 Mr Godwin issued a series of essays on Education, Manners, and Literature, entitled *The Inquirer*. In the following year he married Mary Wollstonecraft, author of *The Vindication of the Rights of Women*, &c., a lady in many respects as remarkable as her husband, and who died after having given birth to a daughter (Mrs Shelley), still more justly distinguished. Godwin's contempt of the ordinary modes of thinking and acting in this country was displayed by this marriage. His wife brought with her a natural daughter, the fruit of a former connection. She had lived with Godwin for some time before their marriage; and 'the principal motive,' he says, 'for complying with the ceremony was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy.' Such an open disregard of the ties and principles that sweeten life and adorn society astonished even Godwin's philosophic and reforming friends. But whether acting in good or in bad taste, he seems always to have been fearless and sincere. He wrote *Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin*—who died in about half a year after her marriage, at the early age of thirty-eight—and in this curious work all the details of her life and conduct are minutely related. We are glad, after this mental pollution, to meet Godwin again as a novelist—

> He bears no token of the sabler streams,
> And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

In 1799 appeared his *St Leon*, a story of the 'miraculous class,' as he himself states, and designed to mix human feelings and passions with incredible situations. His hero attains the possession of the philosopher's stone, and secures exhaustless wealth by the art of transmuting metals into gold, and at the same time he learns the secret of the *elixir vitæ*, by which he has the power of renewing his youth. These are, indeed, 'incredible situations;' but the romance has many attractions—splendid description and true pathos. Its chief defect is an excess of the terrible and marvellous. In 1800 Mr Godwin produced his unlucky tragedy of *Antonio;* in 1801, *Thoughts on Dr Parr's Spital Sermon*, being a reply to some attacks made upon him, or rather on his code of morality, by Parr, Mackintosh, and others. In 1803 he brought out a voluminous *Life of Chaucer*, in two quarto volumes. With Mr Godwin the great business of this world was to write books, and whatever subject he selected, he treated it with a due sense of its importance, and pursued it into all its ramifications with intense ardour and application. The *Life of Chaucer* was ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Edinburgh Review*, in consequence of its

* If we may credit a curious entry in Sir Walter Scott's diary, Godwin must have been early mixed up with the English Jacobins. 'Canning's conversion from popular opinions,' says Scott, 'was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of the revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until ——. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house, of some ten pounds a year, to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's curule-chair.'—*Lockhart's Life of Scott*. This occurrence must have taken place before 1793, as in that year Canning was introduced by Pitt into parliament.

enormous bulk and its extraneous dissertations; but it is creditable to the author's taste and research. The student of our early literature will find in it many interesting facts connected with a chivalrous and romantic period of our history—much sound criticism, and a fine relish for true poetry. In 1804 Mr Godwin produced his novel of *Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling*. The title was unfortunate, as reminding the reader of the *old* Man of Feeling, by far the more interesting and amiable of the two. Mr Godwin's hero is self-willed and capricious, a morbid egotist, whose irritability and frantic outbursts of passion move contempt rather than sympathy. Byron has said:

> Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
> But only give a bust of marriages.

This cannot be said of Mr Godwin. Great part of *Fleetwood* is occupied with the hero's matrimonial troubles and afflictions; but they only exemplify the noble poet's further observation—'no one cares for matrimonial cooings.' The better parts of the novel consist of the episode of the Macneills, a tale of family pathos, and some detached descriptions of Welsh scenery. For some years Mr Godwin was little heard of. He had married again, and, as a more certain means of maintenance, had opened a bookseller's shop in London, under the assumed name of 'Edward Baldwin.' In this situation he sent forth a number of children's books, small histories and other compilations, some of them by himself. Charles Lamb mentions an English Grammar, in which Hazlitt assisted. He tried another tragedy, *Faulkner*, in 1807, but it was unsuccessful. Next year he published an *Essay on Sepulchres*, written in a fine meditative spirit, with great beauty of expression; and in 1815, *Lives of Edward and John Phillips, the Nephews of Milton*. The latter is also creditable to the taste and research of the author, and illustrates our poetical history about the time of the Restoration. In 1817 Mr Godwin again entered the arena of fiction. He had paid a visit to Scotland, and engaged with Constable for another novel, *Mandeville*, a tale of the times of Cromwell. The style of this work is measured and stately, and it abounds in that moral anatomy in which the author delighted, but often carried beyond truth and nature. The vindictive feelings delineated in *Mandeville* are pushed to a revolting extreme. Passages of energetic and beautiful composition—reflective and descriptive—are to be found in the novel; and we may remark, that as the author advanced in years, he seems to have cultivated more sedulously the graces of language and diction. The staple of his novels, however, was taken from the depths of his own mind—not from extensive surveys of mankind or the universe; and it was obvious that the oft-drawn-upon fountain began to dry up, notwithstanding the luxuriance of the foliage that shaded it. We next find Mr Godwin combating the opinions of Malthus upon Population (1820), and then setting about an elaborate *History of the Commonwealth*. The great men of that era were exactly suited to his taste. Their resolute energy of character, their overthrow of the monarchy, their republican enthusiasm, and strange notions of faith and the saints, were well adapted to fire his imagination and stimulate his research. The *History* extended to four large volumes, which were published at intervals between 1824 and 1828. It is evident that Mr Godwin tasked himself to produce authorities for all he advanced. He took up, as might be expected, strong opinions; but in striving to be accurate and minute, he became too specific and chronological for the interest of his narrative. It was truly said that the style of his *History* 'creeps and hitches in dates and authorities.' In 1830 Mr Godwin published *Cloudesley*, a tale in three volumes. Reverting to his first brilliant performance as a novelist, he made his new hero, like *Caleb Williams*, a person of humble origin, and he arrays him against his patron; but there the parallel ends. The elastic vigour, the verisimilitude, the crowding incidents, the absorbing interest, and the overwhelming catastrophe of the first novel, are not to be found in *Cloudesley*. There is even little delineation of character. Instead of these, we have fine English, 'clouds of reflections without any new occasion to call them forth; an expanded flow of words without a single pointed remark.' The next production of this veteran author was a metaphysical treatise, *Thoughts on Man*, &c.; and his last work (1834) a compilation, entitled *Lives of the Necromancers*. In his later years, Mr Godwin enjoyed a small government office, yeoman-usher of the Exchequer, which was conferred upon him by Earl Grey's ministry. In the residence attached to this appointment, in New Palace Yard, he terminated his long and laborious scholastic life on the 7th of April 1836. No man ever panted more ardently, or toiled more heroically, for literary fame; and we think that, before he closed his eyes, he must have been conscious that he had 'left something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.'

Caleb Williams is unquestionably the most interesting and original of Mr Godwin's novels, and is altogether a work of extraordinary art and power. It has the plainness of narrative and the apparent reality of the fictions of Defoe or Swift. A brief glance at the story will shew the materials with which Godwin 'framed his spell.' Caleb Williams, an intelligent young peasant, is taken into the house of Mr Falkland, the lord of the manor, in the capacity of amanuensis, or private secretary. His master is kind and compassionate, but stately and solemn in manner. An air of mystery hangs about him; his address is cold, and his sentiments impenetrable; and he breaks out occasionally into fits of causeless jealousy and tyrannical violence. One day Williams surprises him in a closet, where he heard a deep groan expressive of intolerable anguish, then the lid of a trunk hastily shut, and the noise of fastening a lock. Finding he was discovered, Falkland flies into a transport of rage, and threatens the intruder with instant death if he does not withdraw. The astonished youth retires, musing on this strange scene. His curiosity is awakened, and he learns part of Falkland's history from an old confidential steward—that his master was once the gayest of the gay, and had achieved honour and fame abroad, till on his return he was persecuted with a malignant destiny. His nearest neighbour, Tyrrel, a man of estate equal to his own, but of coarse and violent mind and temper, became jealous of Falkland's superior talents and accom—

plishments, and conceived a deadly enmity at him. The series of events detailing the progress of this mutual hatred—particularly the episode of Miss Melville—are developed with great skill, but all is creditable to the high-minded and chivalrous Falkland. The conduct of Tyrrel becomes at length so atrocious, that the country gentlemen shun his society. He intrudes himself, however, into a rural assembly, an altercation ensues, and Falkland indignantly upbraids him, and bids him begone. Amidst the hootings and reproaches of the assembly, Tyrrel retires, but soon returns inflamed with liquor, and with one blow of his muscular arm levels Falkland to the ground. His violence is repeated, till he is again forced to retreat. This complication of ignominy, base, humiliating, and public, stung the proud and sensitive Falkland to the soul: he left the room; but one other event closed the transactions of that memorable evening—Tyrrel was found dead in the street, having been murdered—stabbed with a knife—at the distance of a few yards from the assembly house. From this crisis in Falkland's history commenced his gloomy and unsociable melancholy—life became a burden to him. A private investigation was made into the circumstances of the murder; but Falkland, after a lofty and eloquent denial of all knowledge of the crime, was discharged with every circumstance of honour, and amidst the plaudits of the people. A few weeks afterwards, a peasant, named Hawkins, and his son were taken up on some slight suspicion, tried, condemned, and executed for the murder. Justice was satisfied, but a deepening gloom had settled on the solitary Falkland. Williams heard all this, and joined in pitying the noble sufferer; but the question occurred to him—was it possible, after all, that his master should be the murderer? The idea took entire possession of his mind. He determined to place himself as a watch upon Falkland—a perpetual stimulus urged him on. Circumstances, also, were constantly occurring to feed his morbid inquisitiveness. At length a fire broke out in the house during Falkland's absence, and Williams was led to the room containing the mysterious trunk. With the energy of uncontrollable passion he forced it open, and was in the act of lifting up the lid, when Falkland entered, wild, breathless, and distraction in his looks. The first act of the infuriated master was to present a pistol at the head of the youth, but he instantly changed his resolution, and ordered him to withdraw. Next day Falkland disclosed the secret. 'I am the blackest of villains; I am the murderer of Tyrrel; I am the assassin of the Hawkinses!' He made Williams swear never to disclose the secret, on pain of death or worse. 'I am,' said Falkland, 'as much the fool of fame as ever; I cling to it as my last breath: though I be the blackest of villains, I will leave behind me a spotless and illustrious name: there is no crime so malignant, no scene of blood so horrible, in which that object cannot engage me.' Williams took the oath and submitted. His spirit, however, revolted at the servile submission that was required of him, and in time he escaped from the house. He was speedily taken, and accused, at the instance of Falkland, of abstracting valuable property from the trunk he had forced open on the day of the fire. He was cast into prison. The interior of the prison, and its wretched inmates, are then described with great minuteness. Williams, to whom the confinement became intolerable, escaped. He is first robbed and then sheltered by a band of robbers—he is forced to flee for his life—assumes different disguises—is again in prison, and again escapes; but misery and injustice meet him at every step. He had innocently fastened on himself a second enemy, a villain named Gines, who from a highwayman had become a thief-taker; and the incessant exertions of this fellow, tracking him from place to place like a blood-hound, are related with uncommon spirit and effect. The whole of these adventures possess an enchaining interest, and cannot be perused without breathless anxiety. The innocence of Williams, and the manifestations of his character—artless, buoyant, and fast maturing under this stern discipline—irresistibly attract and carry forward the reader. The connection of Falkland and Williams is at last wound up in one scene of overpowering interest, in which the latter comes forward publicly as the accuser of his former master. The place is the hall of a magistrate of the metropolitan town of Falkland's county.

Concluding Scene of 'Caleb Williams.'

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard, ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in, in a chair, unable to stand, fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless; his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance, immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks, but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit; but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practicable expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began: 'Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word! I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice, falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr Falkland himself, forbid me. He

in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr Falkland well knows—I affirm it in his presence—how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have reverenced him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him, I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fullness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing that they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me: it was the extremest folly that led me unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence—why did you not continue in confidence? . . . I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr Falkland shewed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me: he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene. I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must ultimately have depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure, that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety—in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel, of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered, I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and the fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment; but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me, and imbitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting, I have been a murderer—a cool, deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!'

Such were the accents dictated by my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man! Before I began, he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression. When I mentioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on, he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity; he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

'Williams,' said he, 'you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now'—turning to the magistrate—'and now do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law.'

Sir Walter Scott has objected to what may be termed the master-incident in *Caleb Williams*, and calls it an instance of the author's coarseness and bad taste—namely, that a gentleman passionately addicted to the manners of ancient chivalry

should become a midnight assassin when an honourable revenge was in his power. Mr Godwin might have defended himself by citing the illustrious critic's own example: the forgery by Marmion is less consistent with the manners of chivalry than the assassination by Falkland. Without the latter, the novel could have had little interest—it is the key-stone of the arch. Nor does it appear so unsuited to the character of the hero, who, though smitten with a romantic love of fame and honour, is supposed to have lived in modern times, and has been wound up to a pitch of frenzy by the public brutality of Tyrrel. The deed was instantaneous—the knife, he says, fell in his way. There was no time for reflection, nor was Tyrrel a person whom he could think of meeting on equal terms in open combat. He was a noisome pest and nuisance, despatched in a moment of fury by one whom he had injured, insulted, and trampled upon, solely because of his worth and his intellectual superiority.

We have incidentally alluded to the other novels of Godwin. *St Leon* will probably descend to posterity in company with *Caleb Williams*, but we cannot conceive that a *torso* of any of the others will be preserved. They have all a strong family likeness. What Dugald Stewart supposed of human invention generally, that it was limited, like a barrel-organ, to a specific number of tunes, is strictly true of Mr Godwin's fictions. In *St Leon*, however, we have a romantic story with much fine writing. Setting aside the 'incredible' conception on which it proceeds, we find the subordinate incidents natural and justly proportioned. The possessor of the philosopher's stone is an interesting visionary—a French Falkland of the sixteenth century, and as unfortunate, for his miraculous gifts entail but misery on himself, and bring ruin to his family. Even exhaustless wealth is in itself no blessing; and this is the moral of the story. The adventures of the hero, both warlike and domestic, are related with much gorgeousness and amplitude. The character of the heroic Marguerite, the wife of Leon, is one of the author's finest delineations. Bethlem Gabor is also a vigorous and striking sketch, though introduced too late in the novel to relieve the flagging interest after the death of Marguerite. The thunder-storm which destroys the property of Leon is described with great power and vividness; and his early distresses and losses at the gaming-table are also in the author's best manner. The scene may be said to shift too often, and the want of fortitude and energy in the character of the hero lessens our sympathy for his reverses. At the same time his tenderness and affection as a husband and father are inexpressibly touching, when we see them, in consequence of his strange destiny, lead to the ruin of those for whom alone he wishes to live.

St Leon's Escape from the Auto da Fé.

St Leon is imprisoned by the Inquisition on suspicion of exercising the powers of necromancy, and is carried with other prisoners to feed the flames at an *auto d. fé* at Valladolid.

Our progress to Valladolid was slow and solemn, and occupied a space of no less than four days. On the evening of the fourth day we approached that city. The king and his court came out to meet us; he saluted the inquisitor-general with all the demonstrations of the deepest submission and humility; and then, having yielded him the place of honour, turned round his horse, and accompanied us back to Valladolid. The cavalcade that attended the king broke into two files, and received us in the midst of them. The whole city seemed to empty itself on this memorable occasion, and the multitudes that crowded along the road, and were scattered in the neighbouring fields, were innumerable. The day was now closed, and the procession went forward amidst the light of a thousand torches. We, the condemned of the Inquisition, had been conducted from the metropolis upon tumbrils; but as we arrived at the gates of Valladolid, we were commanded, for the greater humiliation, to alight and proceed on foot to the place of our confinement, as many as could not walk without assistance being supported by the attendants. We were neither chained nor bound; the practice of the Inquisition being to deliver the condemned upon such occasions into the hands of two sureties each, who placed their charge in the middle between them; and men of the most respectable characters were accustomed, from religious motives, to sue for this melancholy office.

Dejected and despairing, I entered the streets of the city, no object present to the eyes of my mind but that of my approaching execution. The crowd was vast, the confusion inexpressible. As we passed by the end of a narrow lane, the horse of one of the guards, who rode exactly in a line with me, plunged and reared in a violent manner, and at length threw his rider upon the pavement. Others of the horse-guards attempted to catch the bridle of the enraged animal; they rushed against each other; several of the crowd were thrown down, and trampled under the horses' feet. The shrieks of these, and the loud cries and exclamations of the by-standers, mingled in confused and discordant chorus; no sound, no object could be distinguished. From the excess of the tumult, a sudden thought darted into my mind, where all, an instant before, had been relaxation and despair. Two or three of the horses pushed forward in a particular direction; a moment after, they re-filed with equal violence, and left a wide but transitory gap. My project was no sooner conceived than executed. Weak as I had just now felt myself, a supernatural tide of strength seemed to come over me; I sprung away with all imaginable impetuosity, and rushed down the lane I have just mentioned. Every one amidst the confusion was attentive to his personal safety, and several minutes elapsed before I was missed.

In the lane everything was silent, and the darkness was extreme. Man, woman, and child, were gone out to view the procession. For some time I could scarcely distinguish a single object; the doors and windows were all closed. I now chanced to come to an open door; within I saw no one but an old man, who was busy over some metallic work at a chafing-dish of fire. I had no room for choice; I expected every moment to hear the myrmidons of the Inquisition at my heels. I rushed in; I impetuously closed the door, and bolted it; I then seized the old man by the collar of his shirt with a determined grasp, and swore vehemently that I would annihilate him that instant if he did not consent to afford me assistance. Though for some time I had perhaps been feebler than he, the terror that now drove me on rendered me comparatively a giant. He entreated me to permit him to breathe, and promised to do whatever I should desire. I looked round the apartment, and saw a rapier hanging against the wall, of which I instantly proceeded to make myself master. While I was doing this, my involuntary host, who was extremely terrified at my procedure, nimbly attempted to slip by me and rush into the street. With difficulty I caught hold of his arm, and pulling him back, put the point of my rapier to his breast, solemnly assuring him that no consideration on earth should save him from my fury if he attempted to escape a second time. He immediately dropped on his knees, and with the most piteous accents entreated me to spare his life. I told him that I was no robber, that I did not intend him the slightest harm; and that, if he would implicitly yield to my direction,

he might assure himself he never should have reason to repent his compliance. By this declaration the terrors of the old man were somewhat appeased. I took the opportunity of this calm to go to the street door, which I instantly locked, and put the key in my bosom. . . .

We were still engaged in discussing the topics I have mentioned, when I was suddenly alarmed by the noise of some one stirring in the inner apartment. I had looked into this room, and had perceived nothing but the bed upon which the old man nightly reposed himself. I sprung up, however, at the sound, and perceiving that the door had a bolt on the outside, I eagerly fastened it. I then turned to Mordecai—that was the name of my host: 'Wretch,' said I, 'did not you assure me that there was no one but yourself in the house?' 'Oh,' cried Mordecai, 'it is my child! it is my child! she went into the inner apartment, and has fallen asleep on the bed.' 'Beware,' I answered; 'the slightest falsehood more shall instantly be expiated in your blood.' 'I call Abraham to witness,' rejoined the once more terrified Jew, 'it is my child! only my child!' 'Tell me,' cried I, with severity of accent, 'how old is this child?' 'Only five years,' said Mordecai: 'my dear Leah died when she was a year old, and though we had several children, this single one has survived her.' 'Speak to your child: let me hear her voice!' He spoke to her; and she answered: 'Father, I want to come out.' I was satisfied it was the voice of a little girl. I turned to the Jew: 'Take care,' said I, 'how you deceive me now; is there no other person in that room?' He imprecated a curse on himself if there were. I opened the door with caution, and the little girl came forward. As soon as I saw her, I seized her with a rapid motion, and returned to my chair. 'Man,' said I, 'you have trifled with me too rashly; you have not considered what I am escaped from, and what I have to fear; from this moment this child shall be the pledge of my safety; I will not part with her an instant as long as I remain in your house; and with this rapier in my hand, I will pierce her to the heart the moment I am led to imagine that I am no longer in safety.' The Jew trembled at my resolution; the emotions of a father worked in his features and glistened in his eye. 'At least let me kiss her,' said he. 'Be it so,' replied I; 'one embrace, and then, till the dawn of the coming day, she remains with me.' I released my hold; the child rushed to her father, and he caught her in his arms. 'My dear Leah,' cried Mordecai, 'now a sainted spirit in the bosom of our father Abraham! I call God to witness between us, that, if all my caution and vigilance can prevent it, not a hair of this child shall be injured!—Stranger, you little know by how strong a motive you have now engaged me to your cause. We poor Jews, hunted on the face of the earth, the abhorrence and execration of mankind, have nothing but family affections to support us under our multiplied disgraces; and family affections are entwined with our existence, the fondest and best loved part of ourselves. —The God of Abraham bless you, my child!—Now, sir, speak! what is it you require of me?'

I told the Jew that I must have a suit of clothes conformable to the appearance of a Spanish cavalier, and certain medical ingredients that I named to him, together with his chafing-dish of coals to prepare them; and that done, I would then impose on him no further trouble. Having received his instructions, he immediately set out to procure what I demanded. He took with him the key of the house; and as soon as he was gone, I retired with the child into the inner apartment, and fastened the door. At first I applied myself to tranquillise the child, who had been somewhat alarmed at what she had heard and seen; this was no very difficult task. She presently left me, to amuse herself with some playthings that lay scattered in a corner of the apartment. My heart was now comparatively at ease; I saw the powerful hold I had on the fidelity of the Jew, and firmly persuaded myself that I had no treachery to fear on his part. Thus circumstanced, the exertion and activity with which I had lately been imbued left me, and I insensibly sunk into a sort of slumber.

Now for the first time I was at leisure to attend to the state of my strength and my health. My confinement in the Inquisition, and the treatment I had experienced, had before rendered me feeble and almost helpless; but these appeared to be circumstances scarcely worthy of attention in the situation in which I was then placed. The impulse I felt in the midst of the confusion in the grand street of Valladolid, produced in me an energy and power of exertion which nothing but the actual experience of the fact could have persuaded me was possible. This energy, once begun, appeared to have the faculty of prolonging itself, and I did not relapse into imbecility till the occasion seemed to be exhausted which called for my exertion. I examined myself by a mirror with which Mordecai furnished me; I found my hair as white as snow, and my face ploughed with a thousand furrows. I was now fifty-four, an age which, with moderate exercise and a vigorous constitution, often appears like the prime of human existence; but whoever had looked upon me in my present condition, would not have doubted to affirm that I had reached the eightieth year of my age. I examined with dispassionate remark the state of my intellect: I was persuaded that it had subsided into childishness. My mind had been as much cribbed and immured as my body. I was the mere shadow of a man, of no more power and worth than that which a magic lantern produces upon a wall. Let the reader judge of what I had passed through and known within those cursed walls by the effects; I have already refused, I continue to refuse, to tell how those effects were produced. Enough of compassion; enough of complaint; I will confine myself, as far as I am able, to simple history. . . .

I was now once again alone. The little girl, who had been unusually disturbed and roused at an unseasonable hour, sunk into a profound sleep. I heard the noise which Mordecai made in undressing himself, and composing his limbs upon a mattress which he had dragged for the present occasion into the front room, and spread before the hearth. I soon found by the hardness of his breathing that he also was asleep. I unfolded the papers he had brought me; they consisted of various medical ingredients I had directed him to procure; there were also two or three phials containing sirups and essences. I had near me a pair of scales with which to weigh my ingredients, a vessel of water, the chafing-dish of my host, in which the fire was nearly extinguished, and a small taper, with some charcoal to re-light the fire in case of necessity. While I was occupied in surveying these articles and arranging my materials, a sort of torpor came suddenly over me, so as to allow me no time for resistance. I sunk upon the bed. I remained thus for about half-an-hour, seemingly without the power of collecting my thoughts. At length I started, felt alarmed, and applied my utmost force of mind to rouse my exertions. While I drove, or attempted to drive, my animal spirits from limb to limb, and from part to part, as if to inquire into the general condition of my frame, I became convinced that I was dying. Let not the reader be surprised at this; twelve years' imprisonment in a narrow and unwholesome cell may well account for so sudden a catastrophe. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, I believe it will be found in the experiment, that the calm and security which succeed to great internal injuries are more dangerous than the pangs and hardships that went before. I was now thoroughly alarmed; I applied myself with all vigilance and expedition to the compounding my materials. The fire was gone out; the taper was glimmering in the socket: to swallow the julep, when I had prepared it, seemed to be the last effort of which my organs and muscles were capable. It was the elixir of immortality, exactly made up according to the prescription of the stranger.

Whether from the potency of the medicine or the effect of imagination, I felt revived the moment I had swallowed it. I placed myself deliberately in Mordecai's bed, and drew over me the bed-clothes. I fell asleep almost instantly.

My sleep was not long: in a few hours I awaked. With difficulty I recognised the objects about me, and recollected where I had been. It seemed to me that my heart had never beat so vigorously, nor my spirits flowed so gay. I was all elasticity and life; I could scarcely hold myself quiet; I felt impelled to bound and leap like a kid upon the mountains. I perceived that my little Jewess was still asleep; she had been unusually fatigued the night before. I know not whether Mordecai's hour of rising were come; if it were, he was careful not to disturb his guest. I put on the garments he had prepared; I gazed upon the mirror he had left in my apartment. I can recollect no sensation in the course of my life so unexpected and surprising as what I felt at that moment. The evening before, I had seen my hair white, and my face ploughed with furrows; I looked fourscore. What I beheld now was totally different, yet altogether familiar; it was myself—myself as I had appeared on the day of my marriage with Marguerite de Damville; the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the complexion, every circumstance, point by point, the same. I leaped a gulf of thirty-two years. I waked from a dream, troublesome and distressful beyond all description; but it vanished like the shades of night upon the burst of a glorious morning in July, and left not a trace behind. I knew not how to take away my eyes from the mirror before me.

I soon began to consider that, if it were astonishing to me that, through all the regions of my countenance, I could discover no trace of what I had been the night before, it would be still more astonishing to my host. This sort of sensation I had not the smallest ambition to produce: one of the advantages of the metamorphosis I had sustained consisted in its tendency, in the eyes of all that saw me, to cut off every species of connection between my present and my former self. It fortunately happened that the room in which I slept, being constructed upon the model of many others in Spain, had a stair at the further end, with a trap-door in the ceiling, for the purpose of enabling the inhabitant to ascend on the roof in the cool of the day. The roofs were flat, and so constructed that there was little difficulty in passing along them from house to house, from one end of the street to the other. I availed myself of the opportunity, and took leave of the residence of my kind host in a way perfectly unceremonious, determined, however, speedily to transmit to him the reward I had promised. It may easily be believed that Mordecai was not less rejoiced at the absence of a guest whom the vigilance of the Inquisition rendered an uncommonly dangerous one, than I was to quit his habitation. I closed the trap after me, and clambered from roof to roof to a considerable distance. At length I encountered the occasion of an open window, and fortunately descended, unseen by any human being, into the street.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

A successful imitator of the style of Godwin appeared in America. CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771–1810), a native of Philadelphia, was author of several novels, which were collected and republished in 1828 in seven volumes. He was also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of America, and author of a number of political pamphlets. His best novels are *Wieland* (1798), *Arthur Mervyn* (1800), *Edgar Huntly*, *Clara Howard*, and *Jane Talbot* (all in 1801). In romantic narrative, Brown was often successful, but he failed in the delineation of character.

MRS OPIE.

MRS AMELIA OPIE (1769–1853) (Miss Alderson of Norwich) commenced her literary career in 1801, when she published her domestic and pathetic tale of *The Father and Daughter*. Without venturing out of ordinary life, Mrs Opie invested her narrative with deep interest, by her genuine painting of nature and passion, her animated dialogue, and feminine delicacy of feeling. Her first novel went through eight editions, and is still popular. A long series of works of fiction proceeded from the pen of this lady. Her *Simple Tales*, in four volumes, 1806; *New Tales*, four volumes, 1818; *Temper, or Domestic Scenes*, a tale, in three volumes; *Tales of Real Life*, three volumes; *Tales of the Heart*, four volumes; *Madeline* (1822), are all marked by the same characteristics—the portraiture of domestic life, drawn with a view to regulate the heart and affections. In 1828 Mrs Opie published a moral treatise, entitled *Detraction Displayed*, in order to expose that 'most common of all vices,' which, she says justly, is found 'in every class or rank in society, from the peer to the peasant, from the master to the valet, from the mistress to the maid, from the most learned to the most ignorant, from the man of genius to the meanest capacity.' The tales of this lady have been thrown into the shade by the brilliant fictions of Scott, the stronger moral delineations of Miss Edgeworth, and the generally masculine character of our more modern literature. She is, like Mackenzie, too uniformly pathetic and tender. 'She can do nothing well,' says Jeffrey, 'that requires to be done with formality, and therefore has not succeeded in copying either the concentrated force of weighty and deliberate reason, or the severe and solemn dignity of majestic virtue. To make amends, however, she represents admirably everything that is amiable, generous, and gentle.' Perhaps we should add to this the power of exciting and harrowing the feelings in no ordinary degree. Some of her short tales are full of gloomy and terrific painting, alternately resembling those of Godwin and Mrs Radcliffe.

In Miss Sedgwick's *Letters from Abroad* (1841), we find the following notice of the then venerable novelist: 'I owed Mrs Opie a grudge for having made me in my youth cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits.'

Mrs Opie survived till 1853, and was in her eighty-fourth year at the time of her death. An interesting volume of *Memorials* of the accomplished authoress, selected from her letters, diaries, and other manuscripts, by Miss Brightwell, was published in 1854. After the death of her husband in 1807, Mrs Opie resided chiefly in her native town of Norwich, but often visited London, where her company was courted by the literary and fashionable circles. In 1825 she was formally admitted into the Society of Friends or Quakers, but her liveliness of character and goodness of heart were never diminished. Her old age was eminently cheerful and happy.

ANNA MARIA PORTER—JANE PORTER.

ANNA MARIA PORTER (1780–1832) was a daughter of an Irish officer, who died shortly after her birth, leaving a widow and several children, with but a small patrimony for their support. Mrs Porter took her family into Scotland while Anna Maria was still in her nurse-maid's arms, and there, with her only and elder sister Jane, and their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, she received the rudiments of her education. Sir Walter Scott, when a student at college, was intimate with the family, and, we are told, 'was very fond of either teasing the little female student when very gravely engaged with her book, or more often fondling her on his knees, and telling her stories of witches and warlocks, till both forgot their former playful merriment in the marvellous interest of the tale.' Mrs Porter removed to Ireland, and subsequently to London, chiefly with a view to the education of her children. Anna Maria became an authoress at the age of twelve. Her first work bore the appropriate title of *Artless Tales*, the first volume being published in 1793, and a second in 1795. In 1797 she came forward again with a tale entitled *Walsh Colville;* and in the following year a novel in three volumes, *Octavia*, was produced. A numerous series of works of fiction now proceeded from Miss Porter—*The Lake of Killarney*, 1804; *A Sailor's Friendship and a Soldier's Love*, 1805; *The Hungarian Brothers*, 1807; *Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza*, 1809; *Ballad Romances, and other Poems*, 1811; *The Recluse of Norway*, 1814; *The Village of Mariendorpt;* ;*The Fast of St Magdalen; Tales of Pity for Youth; The Knight of St John; Roche Blanche;* and *Honor O'Hara*. Altogether, the works of this lady amount to about fifty volumes. In private life Miss Porter was much beloved for her unostentatious piety and active benevolence. She died at Bristol while on a visit to her brother, Dr Porter of that city, on the 21st of June 1832, aged fifty-two. The most popular, and perhaps the best of Miss Porter's novels is her *Don Sebastian*. In all of them she portrays the domestic affections, and the charms of benevolence and virtue, with warmth and earnestness; but in *Don Sebastian* we have an interesting though melancholy plot, and characters finely discriminated and drawn.

MISS JANE PORTER, sister of Anna Maria, is authoress of two romances, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, 1803, and *The Scottish Chiefs*, 1810; both were highly popular. The first is the best, and contains a good plot and some impassioned scenes. The second fails entirely as a picture of national manners—the Scottish patriot Wallace, for example, being represented as a sort of drawing-room hero—but is written with great animation and picturesque effect. In appeals to the tender and heroic passions, and in vivid scene-painting, both these ladies have evinced genius, but their works want the permanent interest of real life, variety of character, and dialogue. A third novel by Miss Porter has been published, entitled *The Pastor's Fireside*. Late in life she wrote a work, *Sir Edward Seaward's Diary*, which has a good deal of the truthfulness of style and incident so remarkable in Defoe. Miss Jane Porter died at Bristol in 1850, aged seventy-four.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, one of our best painters of national manners, whose works stimulated the genius of Scott, and have delighted and instructed generations of readers, was born January 1, 1767, at Hare Hatch, near Reading, in Berkshire. She was of a respectable Irish family, long settled at Edgeworthstown, county of Longford, and it was on their property that Goldsmith was born. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744–1817), was himself a man attached to literary pursuits, and took great pleasure in exciting and directing the talents of his daughter.* Whenever the latter thought of writing any essay or story, she always submitted to him the first rough plans; and his ready invention and infinite resource, when she had run into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate her at her utmost need. 'It was the happy experience of this,' says Miss Edgeworth, 'and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and perfect truth, that relieved

*Mr Edgeworth wrote a work on *Professional Education*, one volume, quarto, 1808; also some papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, including an essay on Spring and Wheel Carriages, and an account of a telegraph which he invented. This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was afterwards sent to Oxford. Before he was twenty, he ran off with Miss Elers, a young lady of Oxford, to whom he was married at Gretna Green. He then embarked on a life of fashionable gaiety and dissipation, and in 1770 succeeded, by the death of his father, to his Irish property. During a visit to Lichfield, he became enamoured of Miss Honora Sneyd, a cousin of Anna Seward's, and married her shortly after the death of his wife. In six years this lady died of consumption, and he married her sister; a circumstance which exposed him to a good deal of observation and censure. After a matrimonial union of seventeen years, his third wife died of the same malady as her sister; and, although past fifty, Mr Edgeworth scarcely lost a year till he was united to an Irish lady, Miss Beaufort. His latter years were spent in active exertions to benefit Ireland, by reclaiming bog-land, introducing agricultural and mechanical improvements, and promoting education. Among his numerous schemes, was an attempt to educate his eldest son on the plan delineated in Rousseau's *Emile*. He dressed him in jacket and trousers, with arms and legs bare, and allowed him to run about wherever he pleased, and to do nothing but what was agreeable to himself. In a few years he found that the scheme had succeeded completely, so far as related to the body; the youth's health, strength, and agility were conspicuous; but the state of his mind induced some perplexity. He had all the virtues that are found in the hut of the savage; he was quick, fearless, generous; but he knew not what it was to *obey*. It was impossible to induce him to do anything that he did not please, or prevent him from doing anything that he did please. Under the former head, learning, even of the lowest description, was never included. In fine, this child of nature grew up perfectly ungovernable, and never could or would apply to anything; so that there remained no alternative but to allow him to follow his own inclination of going to sea! Maria Edgeworth was by her father's first marriage: she was twelve years old before she was taken to Ireland. The family were involved in the troubles of the Irish rebellion (1798), and were obliged to make a precipitate retreat from their house, and leave it in the hands of the rebels; but it was spared from being pillaged by one of the invaders, to whom Mr Edgeworth had previously done some kindness. Their return home, when the troubles were over, is thus described by Miss Edgeworth in her father's Memoirs. It serves to shew the affection which subsisted between the landlord and his dependents.

'When we came near Edgeworthstown, we saw many well-known faces at the cabin doors looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the roadside, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates we found all property safe; literally "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed." Within the house everything was as we had left it. A map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people (Mr Edgeworth's children by his second and third wife) had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream.'

me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was so much subject, that I am sure I should not have written or finished anything without his support. He inspired in my mind a degree of hope and confidence, essential, in the first instance, to the full exertion of the mental powers, and necessary to insure perseverance in any occupation.' A work on *Practical Education* (1798) was a joint production of Mr and Miss Edgeworth. In 1800 the latter published anonymously *Castle Rackrent*, an admirable Irish story; and in 1801, *Belinda*, a novel, and *Moral Tales*. Another joint production of father and daughter appeared in 1802, an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, in which the authors did justice to the better traits of the Irish character, and illustrated them by some interesting and pathetic stories. In 1803, Miss Edgeworth came forward with three volumes of *Popular Tales*, characterised by the features of her genius—'a genuine display of nature, and a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which was the more pleasing, because in a novel it was then new.' The practical cast of her father's mind probably assisted in directing Miss Edgeworth's talents into this useful and unromantic channel. It appeared strange at first, and one of the best of the authoress's critics, Francis Jeffrey, said at the time, 'that it required almost the same courage to get rid of the jargon of fashionable life, and the swarms of peers, foundlings, and seducers, as it did to sweep away the mythological persons of antiquity, and to introduce characters who spoke and acted like those who were to peruse their adventures.' In 1806 appeared *Leonora*, a novel, in two volumes. A moral purpose is here aimed at, and the same skill is displayed in working up ordinary incidents into the materials of powerful fiction; but the plot is painful and disagreeable. The seduction of an exemplary husband by an abandoned female, and his subsequent return to his injured but forgiving wife, is the groundwork of the story. Irish characters figure off in *Leonora* as in the *Popular Tales*. In 1809 Miss Edgeworth issued three volumes of *Tales of Fashionable Life*, more powerful and various than any of her previous productions. The history of Lord Glenthorn affords a striking picture of *ennui*, and contains some excellent delineation of character; while the story of Almeria represents the misery and heartlessness of a life of mere fashion. Three other volumes of *Fashionable Tales* were issued in 1812, and fully supported the authoress's reputation. The number of tales in this series was three—*Vivian*, illustrating the evils and perplexities arising from vacillation and infirmity of purpose; *Emilie de Coulanges*, depicting the life and manners of a fashionable French lady; and *The Absentee*—by far the best of the three stories—written to expose the evils and mortifications of the system which the authoress saw too many instances of in Ireland, of persons of fortune forsaking their country-seats and native vales for the frivolity, scorn, and expense of fashionable London society. In 1814, Miss Edgeworth entered still more extensively and sarcastically into the manners and characters in high-life, by her novel of *Patronage*, in four volumes. The miseries resulting from a dependence on the patronage of the great—a system which, she says, is 'twice accursed—once in giving, and once in receiving'—are drawn in vivid colours, and contrasted with the cheerfulness, the buoyancy of spirits, and the manly virtues arising from honest and independent exertion. In 1817 our authoress supplied the public with two other tales, *Harrington* and *Ormond*. The first was written to counteract the illiberal prejudice entertained by many against the Jews: the second is an Irish tale, equal to any of the former. The death of Mr Edgeworth in 1817 made a break in the literary exertion of his accomplished daughter, but she completed a Memoir which that gentleman had begun of himself, and which was published in two volumes in 1820. In 1822 she returned to her course of moral instruction, and published in that year, *Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons*, a work for juvenile readers, of which an earlier specimen had been published. A further continuation appeared in 1825, under the title of *Harriet and Lucy*, four volumes. These tales had been begun fifty years before by Mr Edgeworth, at a time 'when no one of any literary character, excepting Dr Watts and Mrs Barbauld, condescended to write for children.'

It is worthy of mention, that, in the autumn of 1823, Miss Edgeworth, accompanied by two of her sisters, made a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. She not only, he said, completely answered, but exceeded the expectations which he had formed, and he was particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humoured ardour of mind which she united with such formidable powers of acute observation. 'Never,' says Mr Lockhart, 'did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, "Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream." The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety.' Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford. Two years afterwards, she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworthstown, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome, and where he found 'neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about.' Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons, nor unfitted them for the common business and enjoyment of life. 'We shall never,' said Scott, 'learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.' 'Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes; her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched (for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest"); but she brushed them gaily aside, and said: "You see how it is; Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do."'*

In 1834 Miss Edgeworth reappeared as a novelist: her *Helen*, in three volumes, is fully equal to

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

her *Fashionable Tales*, and possesses more of ardour and pathos. The gradations of vice and folly, and the unhappiness attending falsehood and artifice, are strikingly depicted in this novel, in connection with characters—that of Lady Davenant, for example—drawn with great force, truth, and nature. In 1847 Miss Edgeworth wrote a tale called *Orlandino* for Chambers's Library for Young People. She died May 21, 1849, being then in her eighty-third year.

The good and evil of this world supplied Miss Edgeworth with materials sufficient for her purposes as a novelist. Of poetical or romantic feeling she exhibited scarcely a single instance. She was a strict utilitarian. Her knowledge of the world was extensive and correct, though in some of her representations of fashionable folly and dissipation she borders upon caricature. The plan of confining a tale to the exposure and correction of one particular vice, or one erroneous line of conduct, as Joanna Baillie confined her dramas each to the elucidation of one particular passion, would have been a hazardous experiment in common hands. Miss Edgeworth overcame it by the ease, spirit, and variety of her delineations, and the truly masculine freedom with which she exposes the crimes and follies of mankind. Her sentiments are so just and true, and her style so clear and forcible, that they compel an instant assent to her moral views and deductions, though sometimes, in winding up her tale, and distributing justice among her characters, she is not always very consistent or probable. Her delineations of her countrymen have obtained just praise. The highest compliment paid to them is the statement of Scott, that 'the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact' of these Irish portraits led him first to think that something might be attempted for his own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland. He excelled his model, because, with equal knowledge and practical sagacity, he possessed that higher order of imagination, and more extensive sympathy with man and nature, which is more powerful, even for moral uses and effects, than the most clear and irresistible reasoning. The object of Miss Edgeworth, to inculcate instruction, and the style of the preceptress, occasionally interfere with the cordial sympathies of the reader, even in her Irish descriptions; whereas in Scott this is never apparent. He deals more with passions and feelings than with mere manners and peculiarities, and by the aid of his poetical imagination, and careless yet happy eloquence of expression, imparts the air of romance to ordinary incidents and characters. It must be admitted, however, that in originality and in fertility of invention, Miss Edgeworth is inferior to none of her contemporary novelists. She never repeats her incidents, her characters, dialogues, or plots, and few novelists have written more. Her brief and rapid tales fill above twenty closely printed volumes, and may be read one after the other without any feeling of satiety or sense of repetition.

An Irish Landlord and Scotch Agent.

'I was quite angry,' says Lord Glenthorn, 'with Mr M'Leod, my agent, and considered him as a selfish, hard-hearted miser, because he did not seem to sympathise with me, or to applaud my generosity. I was so much irritated by his cold silence, that I could not forbear pressing him to say something. "I doubt, then," said he, "since you desire me to speak my mind, my lord—I doubt whether the best way of encouraging the industrious is to give premiums to the idle." But, idle or not, these poor wretches are so miserable, that I cannot refuse to give them something; and surely, when one can do it so easily, it is right to relieve misery, is it not? "Undoubtedly, my lord, but the difficulty is to relieve present misery, without creating more in future. Pity for one class of beings sometimes makes us cruel to others. I am told that there are some Indian Brahmins so very compassionate, that they hire beggars to let fleas feed upon them; I doubt whether it might not be better to let the fleas starve."

'I did not in the least understand what Mr M'Leod meant; but I was soon made to comprehend it by crowds of eloquent beggars who soon surrounded me; many who had been resolutely struggling with their difficulties, slackened their exertions, and left their labour for the easier trade of imposing upon my credulity. The money I had bestowed was wasted at the dram-shop, or it became the subject of family quarrels; and those whom I had relieved, returned to my *honour* with fresh and insatiable expectations. All this time my industrious tenants grumbled, because no encouragement was given to them; and looking upon me as a weak, good-natured fool, they combined in a resolution to ask me for long leases or a reduction of rent.

'The rhetoric of my tenants succeeded, in some instances; and again, I was mortified by Mr M'Leod's silence. I was too proud to ask his opinion. I ordered, and was obeyed. A few leases for long terms were signed and sealed; and when I had thus my own way completely, I could not refrain from recurring to Mr M'Leod's opinion. "I doubt, my lord," said he, "whether this measure may be as advantageous as you hope. These fellows, these middle-men, will underset the land, and live in idleness, whilst they *rack* a parcel of wretched under-tenants." But they said they would keep the land in their own hands and improve it; and that the reason why they could not afford to improve before was, that they had not long leases. "It may be doubted whether long leases alone will make improving tenants; for in the next county to us there are many farms of the Dowager-lady Ormsby's land, let at ten shillings an acre, and her tenantry are beggars: and the land now at the end of the leases is worn out, and worse than at their commencement."

'I was weary of listening to this cold reasoning, and resolved to apply no more for explanations to Mr M'Leod; yet I did not long keep this resolution: infirm of purpose, I wanted the support of his approbation, at the very time I was jealous of his interference.

'At one time I had a mind to raise the wages of labour; but Mr M'Leod said: "It might be doubted whether the people would not work less, when [illegible]ise, could with less work have money enough to sup[illegible]had them."

'I was puzzled, and then I had a mind to low[illegible] her wages of labour, to force them to work or starve. [illegible]isted provoking, Mr M'Leod said: "It might be d[illegible]known whether it would not be better to leave them alon[illegible] man.

'I gave marriage-portions to the daughters of my tenants, and rewards to those who had children; for I had always heard that legislators should encourage population. Still Mr M'Leod hesitated to approve: he observed "that my estate was so populous, that the complaint in each family was, that they had not land for the sons. It might be doubted whether, if a farm could support but ten people, it were wise to encourage the birth of twenty. It might be doubted whether it were not better for ten to live, and be well fed, than for twenty to be born, and to be half-starved."

'To encourage manufactures in my town of Glenthorn, I proposed putting a clause in my leases, compelling my tenants to buy stuffs and linens manufactured at

Glenthorn, and nowhere else. Stubborn M'Leod, as usual, began with: "I doubt whether that will not encourage the manufacturers at Glenthorn to make bad stuffs and bad linen, since they are sure of a sale, and without danger of competition."

'At all events I thought my tenants would grow rich and independent if they made everything at home that they wanted; yet Mr M'Leod perplexed me by his "doubt whether it would not be better for a man to buy shoes, if he could buy them cheaper than he could make them." He added something about the division of labour and Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. To which I could only answer, Smith 's a Scotchman. I cannot express how much I dreaded Mr M'Leod's *I doubt* and *it may be doubted*.'

An Irish Postillion.

From the inn-yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forward, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's-length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered coat, tied round his waist by a hay-rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat shewing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord: 'I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants.' The innkeeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postillion, both in the same instant exclaimed: '*Sorrow* better chaise in the county!' '*Sorrow!*' said I—'what do you mean by sorrow?' 'That there 's no better, plase your honour, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure; but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way, there 's no better can be seen than this same.' 'And these horses!' cried I: 'why, this horse is so lame he can hardly stand.' 'Oh, plase your honour, though he can't stand, he 'll *go* fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honour. He 's always that way at first setting out.' 'And that wretched animal with the galled breast!' 'He 's all the better for it when once he warms; it 's he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honour. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four year old at the same time?'

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman-like, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coach-box. 'Throw me the loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion,' said he. A frieze-coat was thrown up over the horses' heads. Paddy caught it. 'Where are you, Hosey?' cried he to a lad in charge of the leaders. 'Sure I 'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg,' replied Hosey. 'Throw me up,' added this paragon of postillions, turning to one of the crowd of idle by-standers. 'Arrah, push me up, can't ye?' A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse. He was in his seat in a trice. Then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet, reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants, 'secure in the last event of things.' In vain the Englishman, in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy. Necessity and wit were on Paddy's side. He parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country with invincible comic dexterity; till at last, both his adversaries, dumfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to *my* postillions, bidding them 'get on, and not be stopping the way any longer.'

One of the horses becomes restive:

'Never fear,' reiterated Paddy. 'I 'll engage I 'll be up wid him. Now for it, Knockecroghery! O the rogue, he thinks he has me at a *nonplush;* but I 'll shew him the *differ*.'

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knockecroghery kicked, and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

'Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? O the villain, to be browbating me! I 'm too 'cute for him yet. See there, now; he 's come to; and I 'll be his bail he 'll go *asy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own; but it 's I that can match him. 'Twould be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious.'

English Shyness, or 'Mauvaise Honte.'

Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by excessive timidity, to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others. Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was, as it were, snatched from himself. He was subject to that nightmare of the soul who seats himself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay which the sufferer combats in vain—that cruel enchantress who hurls her spell even upon childhood, and when she makes youth her victim, pronounces: Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character. Innocent, you shall look guilty; wise, you shall look silly; never shall you have the use of your natural faculties. That which you wish to say, you shall not say; that which you wish to do, you shall not do. You shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic—insensible, when your heart sinks into melting tenderness. In the presence of those whom you most wish to please, you shall be most awkward; and when approached by her you love, you shall become lifeless as a statue, and under the irresistible spell of 'mauvaise honte.' Strange that France should give name to that malady of mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilised globe!

MISS AUSTEN.

JANE AUSTEN, a truly English novelist, was born on the 16th December 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, of which parish her father was rector. Mr Austen is represented as a man of refined taste and acquirements, who guided, though he

did not live to witness the fruits of his daughter's talents. After the death of the rector, his widow and two daughters retired to Southampton, and subsequently to the village of Chawton, in the same county, where the novels of Jane Austen were written. Of these, four were published anonymously in her lifetime, the first in 1811, and the last in 1816—namely, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*. In May 1817, the health of the authoress rendered it necessary that she should remove to some place where constant medical aid could be procured. She went to Winchester, and in that city she expired, on the 24th of July 1817, aged forty-two. Her personal worth, beauty, and genius made her early death deeply lamented; while the public had to 'regret the failure not only of a source of innocent amusement, but also of that supply of practical good sense and instructive example which she would probably have continued to furnish better than any of her contemporaries.'* The insidious decay or consumption which carried off Miss Austen seemed only to increase the powers of her mind. She wrote while she could hold a pen or pencil; and, the day preceding her death, composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigour. Shortly after her death, her friends gave to the world two novels, entitled *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, the first being her earliest composition, and the least valuable of her productions, while the latter is a highly finished work, especially in the tender and pathetic passages. The great charm of Miss Austen's fictions lies in their truth and simplicity. She gives us plain representations of English society in the middle and higher classes—sets us down, as it were, in the country-house, the villa, and cottage, and introduces us to various classes of persons, whose characters are displayed in ordinary intercourse and most lifelike dialogues and conversation. There is no attempt to express *fine things*, nor any scenes of surprising daring or distress, to make us forget that we are among commonplace mortals and real existence. Such materials would seem to promise little for the novel-reader, yet Miss Austen's minute circumstances and common details are far from tiresome. They all aid in developing and discriminating her characters, in which her chief strength lies, and we become so intimately acquainted with each, that they appear as old friends or neighbours. She is quite at home in describing the mistakes in the education of young ladies—in delicate ridicule of female foibles and vanity—in family differences, obstinacy, and pride—in the distinctions between the different classes of society, and the nicer shades of feeling and conduct, as they ripen into love or friendship, or subside into indifference or dislike. Her love is not a blind passion, the offspring of romance; nor has she any of that morbid colouring of the darker passions in which other novelists excel. The clear daylight of nature, as reflected in domestic life, in scenes of variety and sorrowful truth, as well as of vivacity and humour, is her genial and inexhaustible element. Instruction is always blended with amusement. A finer moral lesson cannot anywhere be found than the distress of the Bertram family in *Mansfield Park*, arising from the vanity and callousness of the two daughters, who had been taught nothing but 'accomplishments,' without any regard to their dispositions and temper. These instructive examples are brought before us in action, not by lecture or preachment, and they tell with double force because they are not inculcated in a didactic style. The genuine but unobtrusive merits of Miss Austen have been but poorly rewarded by the public as respects fame and popularity, though her works are now rising in public esteem. Sir Walter Scott, after reading *Pride and Prejudice* for the third time, thus mentions the merits of Miss Austen in his private diary: 'That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!'

Dialogue on Constancy of Affection.—From 'Persuasion.'

'Your feelings may be the strongest,' replied Anne, 'but ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived, which exactly explains my views of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be hard upon you, if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends all quitted. Neither time, nor health, nor life to be called your own. It would be hard indeed' (with a faltering voice), 'if woman's feelings were to be added to all this.'

'We shall never agree upon this point,' Captain Harville said. 'No man and woman would, probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you, all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick, I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say these were all written by men.'

'Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in a much higher degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything.'

'But how shall we prove anything?'

'We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin probably with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favour of it which has occurred within our own circle: many of which circumstances (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or, in some respect, saying what should not be said.'

* Dr Whately, archbishop of Dublin (*Quarterly Review*, 1821). The same critic thus sums up his estimate of Miss Austen's works: 'They may be safely recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction with amusement, though without the direct effort at the former, of which we have complained as sometimes defeating its object. For those who cannot or will not *learn* anything from productions of this kind, she has provided entertainment which entitles her to thanks; for mere innocent amusement is in itself a good, when it interferes with no greater, especially as it may occupy the place of some other that may *not* be innocent. The eastern monarch who proclaimed a reward to him who should discover a new pleasure, would have deserved well of mankind had he stipulated that it should be blameless. Those, again, who delight in the study of human nature, may improve in the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions as those before us.'

'Ah!' cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, 'if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, "God knows whether we ever meet again!" And then if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again; when, coming back after a twelvemonth's absence, perhaps, and obliged to put in to another port, he calculates how soon it will be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, "They cannot be here till such a day," but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if Heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!'—pressing his own with emotion.

'Oh,' cried Anne eagerly, 'I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No, I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed the expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one, you need not covet it) is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone.'

She could not immediately have uttered another sentence. Her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

A Family Scene.—From 'Pride and Prejudice.'

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

'My dear Mr Bennet,' said his lady to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?'

Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it is,' returned she; 'for Mrs Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

Mr Bennet made no answer.

'Do you not want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'

This was invitation enough.

'Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.'

'What is his name?'

'Bingley.'

'Is he married or single?'

'Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

'How so? How can it affect them?'

'My dear Mr Bennet,' replied his wife, 'how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.'

'Is that his design in settling here?'

'Design! Nonsense; how can you talk so! But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

'I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr Bingley might like you the best of the party.'

'My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.'

'In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.'

'But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.'

'It is more than I engage for, I assure you.'

'But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for, in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not.'

'You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.'

'I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.'

'They have none of them much to recommend them,' replied he; 'they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.'

'Mr Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.'

'You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.'

'Ah! you do not know what I suffer.'

'But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.'

'It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.'

'Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.'

Mr Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

MRS BRUNTON.

MRS MARY BRUNTON, authoress of *Self-control* and *Discipline*, two novels of superior merit and moral tendency, was born on the 1st of November 1778. She was a native of Burray, in Orkney, a small island of about 600 inhabitants, no part of which is more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, and which is destitute of tree or shrub. In this remote and sea-surrounded region the parents of Mary Brunton occupied a leading station. Her father was Colonel Balfour of Elwick, and her mother, an accomplished woman,

niece of Field-marshal Lord Ligonier, in whose house she had resided previous to her marriage. Mary was carefully educated, and instructed by her mother in the French and Italian languages. She was also sent some time to Edinburgh; but while she was only sixteen, her mother died, and the whole cares and duties of the household devolved on her. With these she was incessantly occupied for four years, and at the expiration of that time she was married to the Rev. Mr Brunton, minister of Bolton, in Haddingtonshire. In 1803 Mr Brunton was called to one of the churches in Edinburgh, and his lady had thus an opportunity of meeting with persons of literary talent, and of cultivating her mind. 'Till I began *Self-control*,' she says in one of her letters, 'I had never in my life written anything but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to shew the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command, and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.' *Self-control* was published without the author's name in 1811. The first edition was sold in a month, and a second and third were called for. In 1814, her second work, *Discipline*, was given to the world, and was also well received. She began a third, *Emmeline*, but did not live to finish it. She died on the 7th of December 1818. The unfinished tale, with a memoir of its lamented authoress, was published in one volume by her husband, Dr Brunton.

Self-control bids fair to retain a permanent place among British novels, as a sort of Scottish *Cælebs*, recommended by its moral and religious tendency, no less than by the talent it displays. The acute observation of the authoress is seen in the development of little traits of character and conduct, which give individuality to her portraits, and a semblance of truth to the story. Thus the gradual decay, mental and bodily, of Montreville, the account of the De Courcys, and the courtship of Montague, are true to nature, and completely removed out of the beaten track of novels. The plot is very unskilfully managed. The heroine, Laura, is involved in a perpetual cloud of difficulties and dangers, some of which—as the futile abduction by Warren, and the arrest at Lady Pelham's—are unnecessary and improbable. The character of Hargrave seems to have been taken from that of Lovelace, and Laura is the Clarissa of the tale. Her high principle and purity, her devotion to her father, and the force and energy of her mind—without overstepping feminine softness—impart a strong interest to the narrative of her trials and adventures. She surrounds the whole, as it were, with an atmosphere of moral light and beauty, and melts into something like consistency and unity the discordant materials of the tale.

Sensations on returning to Scotland.

With tears in her eyes Laura took leave of her benevolent host; yet her heart bounded with joy as she saw the vessel cleaving the tide, and each object in the dreaded land of exile swiftly retiring from her view. In a few days that dreaded land disappeared. In a few more the mountains of Cape Breton sank behind the wave. The brisk gales of autumn wafted the vessel cheerfully on her way; and often did Laura compute her progress.

In a clear frosty morning towards the end of September she heard once more the cry of 'Land!' now music to her ear. Now with a beating breast she ran to gaze upon a ridge of mountains indenting the disk of the rising sun; but the tears of rapture dimmed her eyes when every voice at once shouted 'Scotland!'

All day Laura remained on deck, oft measuring with the light splinter the vessel's course through the deep. The winds favoured not her impatience. Towards evening they died away, and scarcely did the vessel steal along the liquid mirror. Another and another morning came, and Laura's ear was blessed with the first sounds of her native land. The tolling of a bell was borne along the water, now swelling loud, and now falling softly away. The humble village church was seen on the shore; and Laura could distinguish the gay colouring of her countrywomen's Sunday attire; the scarlet plaid, transmitted from generation to generation, pinned decently over the plain clean coif; the bright blue gown, the trophy of more recent housewifery. To her, every form in the well-known garb seemed the form of a friend. The blue mountains in the distance, the scattered woods, the fields yellow with the harvest, the river sparkling in the sun, seemed, to the wanderer returning from the land of strangers, fairer than the gardens of Paradise.

Land of my affections!—when 'I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning!' Blessed be thou among nations! Long may thy wanderers return to thee rejoicing, and their hearts throb with honest pride when they own themselves thy children!

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON (1758–1816), an amiable and accomplished miscellaneous writer, was authoress of one excellent little novel, or moral tale, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*, which has probably been as effective in promoting domestic improvement among the rural population of Scotland as Johnson's *Journey to the Hebrides* was in encouraging the planting of trees by the landed proprietors. In both cases there was some exaggeration of colouring, but the pictures were too provokingly true and sarcastic to be laughed away or denied. They constituted a national reproach, and the only way to wipe it off was by timely reformation. There is still much to accomplish, but a marked improvement in the dwellings and internal economy of Scottish farm-houses and villages may be dated from the publication of *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*. Elizabeth Hamilton was born in Belfast. Her father was a merchant, of a Scottish family, and died early, leaving a widow and three children. The latter were educated and brought up by reference in better circumstances, Elizabeth, the youngest, being sent to Mr Marshall, a farmer in Stirlingshire, married to her father's sister. Her brother obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and an elder sister was retained in Ireland. A feeling of strong affection seems to have existed among these scattered members of the unfortunate family. Elizabeth found in Mr and Mrs Marshall all that could have been desired. She was adopted and educated with a care and tenderness that has seldom been equalled. 'No child,' she says, 'ever spent so happy a life, nor have I ever met with anything

at all resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage.' A taste for literature soon appeared in Elizabeth Hamilton. Wallace was the first hero of her studies; but meeting with Ogilvie's translation of the *Iliad*, she idolised Achilles, and dreamed of Hector. She had opportunities of visiting Edinburgh and Glasgow, after which she carried on a learned correspondence with Dr Moyse, a philosophical lecturer. She wrote also many copies of verses—that ordinary outlet for the warm feelings and romantic sensibilities of youth. Her first appearance in print was accidental. Having accompanied a pleasure-party to the Highlands, she kept a journal for the gratification of her aunt, and the good woman shewing it to one of her neighbours, it was sent to a provincial magazine. Her retirement in Stirlingshire was, in 1773, gladdened by a visit from her brother, then about to sail for India. Mr Hamilton seems to have been an excellent and able young man; and his subsequent letters and conversations on Indian affairs stored the mind of his sister with the materials for her *Hindoo Rajah*, a work equally remarkable for good sense and sprightliness. Mr Hamilton was cut off by a premature death in 1792. Shortly after this period commenced the literary life of Elizabeth Hamilton, and her first work was that to which we have alluded, connected with the memory of her lamented brother, *The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah*, in two volumes, published in 1796. The success of the work stimulated her exertions. In 1800 she published *The Modern Philosophers*, in three volumes; and between that period and 1806, she gave to the world *Letters on Education*, *Memoirs of Agrippina*, and *Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman*. In 1808 appeared her most popular, original, and useful work, *The Cottagers of Glenburnie;* and she subsequently published *Popular Essays on the Human Mind*, and *Hints to the Directors of Public Schools*. For many years Miss Hamilton had fixed her residence in Edinburgh. She was enfeebled by ill health, but her cheerfulness and activity of mind continued unabated, and her society was courted by the most intellectual and influential of her fellow-citizens. The benevolence and correct judgment which animated her writings pervaded her conduct. Having gone to Harrogate for the benefit of her health, Miss Hamilton died at that place on the 23d of July 1816, aged fifty-eight.

The Cottagers of Glenburnie is in reality a tale of cottage-life. The scene is laid in a poor scattered Scottish hamlet, and the heroine is a retired English governess, middle-aged and lame, with £30 a year! This person, Mrs Mason, after being long in a noble family, is reduced from a state of ease and luxury to one of comparative indigence; and having learned that her cousin, her only surviving relative, was married to one of the small farmers in Glenburnie, she agreed to fix her residence in her house as a lodger. On her way, she called at Gowan-brae, the house of the factor or land-steward on the estate, to whom she had previously been known; and we have a graphic account of the family of this gentleman, one of whose daughters figures conspicuously in the after-part of the tale. Mr Stewart, the factor, his youngest daughter, and boys, accompany Mrs Mason to Glenburnie.

Picture of Glenburnie and Scottish Rural Life in the Last Century.

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other, that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced, the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and to delight them. But Mr Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. 'How little trouble would it cost,' said he, 'to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is not one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.'

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself.

At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming: 'Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now. Come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!'

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

'You have met with a sad accident,' said Mr Stewart; 'how did all this happen?' 'You may see how it

happened plain eneugh,' returned the boy; 'the brig brak, and the cart coupet.' 'And did you and the horse coup likewise?' said Mr Stewart. 'O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back.' 'And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?' 'Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we're takin' in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we're aye ahint the lave.'

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. 'Why, farmer,' said Mr Stewart, 'you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think' (pointing to where it had given way); 'if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired.'

'It is a' true,' said the farmer, moving his bonnet; 'but I thought it would do weel eneugh. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen.'

'But you must now mend it for your own sake,' said Mr Stewart, 'even though a' the folk in the glen should be the better for it.'

'Ay, sir,' said one of the men, 'that's spoken like yoursel'! Would everybody follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood.'

The interior arrangements and accommodation of the cottage visited by Mrs Mason are dirty and uncomfortable. The farmer is a good easy man, but his wife is obstinate and prejudiced, and the children self-willed and rebellious. Mrs Mason finds the family quite incorrigible, but she effects a wonderful change among their neighbours. She gets a school established on her own plan, and boys and girls exert themselves to effect a reformation in the cottages of their parents. The most sturdy sticklers for the *gude auld gaits* are at length convinced of the superiority of the new system, and the village undergoes a complete transformation. In the management of these humble scenes, and the gradual display of character among the people, the authoress evinces her knowledge of human nature, and her tact and discrimination as a novelist.

We subjoin a Scottish song by Miss Hamilton which has enjoyed great popularity.

My Ain Fireside.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I 've been,
When the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O cheery 's the blink o' my ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there 's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ane heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I 'm merry, and sigh when I 'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There 's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearthstane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken 't for my ain;
Care 's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee;
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

LADY MORGAN.

LADY MORGAN (Sydney Owenson, or Mac Owen, as the name was originally written), during the course of forty or fifty years, wrote in various departments of literature—in poetry, the drama, novels, biography, ethics, politics, and books of travels. Whether she has written any one book that will become a standard portion of our literature, is doubtful, but we are indebted to her pen for a number of clever lively national sketches and anecdotes. She had a masculine disregard of common opinion or censure, and a temperament, as she herself stated, 'as cheery and genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour—the Irish character.' Mr Owenson, the father of our authoress, was a respectable actor, a favourite in the society of Dublin, and author of some popular Irish songs. His daughter (who was born in 1783) inherited his predilection for national music and song. Very early in life she published a small volume of poetical effusions, and afterwards *The Lay of the Irish Harp*, and a selection of twelve Irish melodies, with music. One of these is the song of *Kate Kearney*, and we question whether this lyric will not outlive all Lady Morgan's other lucubrations. While still in her teens, Miss Owenson became a novelist. She published two tales long since forgotten, and in 1801 a third, *The Wild Irish Girl*, which was exceedingly popular. This success introduced the authoress into some of the higher circles of Irish and English society, in which she greatly delighted. In 1811, she married Sir Charles Morgan, a physician, and travelled with him to France and Italy. She continued her literary labours, and published *The Missionary, an Indian Tale* (1811); *O'Donnel, a National Tale* (1814); *Florence Macarthy, an Irish Tale* (1818); and *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys* (1827). In these works our authoress departed from the beaten track of sentimental novels, and ventured, like Miss Edgeworth, to portray national manners. We have the high authority of Sir Walter Scott for the opinion, that *O'Donnel*, though deficient as a story, has 'some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining.' Lady Morgan's sketches of Irish manners are not always pleasing. Her high-toned society is disfigured with grossness and profligacy, and her subordinate characters are often caricatured. The vivacity and variety of these delineations constitute one

of their attractions: if not always true, they are lively; for it was justly said, that 'whether it is a review of volunteers in the Phœnix Park, or a party at the Castle, or a masquerade, a meeting of United Irishmen, a riot in Dublin, or a jug-day at Bog-moy—in every change of scene and situation our authoress wields the pen of a ready writer.' One complaint against these Irish sketches was their personality, the authoress indicating that some of her portraits at the viceregal court, and those moving in the 'best society' of Dublin, were intended for well-known characters. Their conversation is often a sad jargon of prurient allusion, comments on dress, and quotations in French and Italian, with which almost every page is patched and disfigured. The unfashionable characters and descriptions—even the rapparees, and the lowest of the old Irish natives, are infinitely more entertaining than these offshoots of the aristocracy, as painted by Lady Morgan. Her strength lay in describing the broad characteristics of her nation, their boundless mirth, their old customs, their love of frolic, and their wild grief at scenes of death and calamity. The other works of our authoress are *France* and *Italy*, containing dissertations on the state of society, manners, literature, government, &c. of those nations. Lord Byron has borne testimony to the fidelity and excellence of *Italy;* and if the authoress had been 'less ambitious of being always fine and striking,' and less solicitous to display her reading and high company, she might have been one of the most agreeable of tourists and observers. Besides these works, Lady Morgan has given to the world *The Princess* (a tale founded on the revolution in Belgium); *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life* (very poor in matter, and affected in style); *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa; The Book of the Boudoir* (autobiographical sketches and reminiscences); *Woman and her Master* (a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman empire); and various other shorter publications. In 1841, Lady Morgan published, in conjunction with her husband, Sir T. C. Morgan (author of *Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals*, &c.), two volumes, collected from the portfolios of the writers, and stray sketches which had previously appeared in periodicals, entitling the collection *The Book without a Name.* In 1859, she published *Passages from my Autobiography*, containing reminiscences of high-life in London and Paris. A pension of £300 a year was conferred on her during the ministry of Earl Grey, and the latter years of Lady Morgan were spent in London. She died in April 1859. Her Correspondence was published by Mr Hepworth Dixon in 1862.

The Irish Hedge Schoolmaster.

From *Florence Macarthy.*

A bevy of rough-headed students, with books as ragged as their habiliments, rushed forth at the sound of the horse's feet, and with hands shading their uncovered faces from the sun, stood gazing in earnest surprise. Last of this singular group, followed O'Leary himself in learned dishabille! his customary suit, an old great-coat, fastened with a wooden skewer at his breast, the sleeves hanging unoccupied, *Spanish-wise*, as he termed it; his wig laid aside, the shaven crown of his head resembling the clerical tonsure; a tattered Homer in one hand, and a slip of sallow in the other, with which he had been distributing some well-earned *punities* to his pupils; thus exhibiting, in appearance, and in the important expression of his countenance, an epitome of that order of persons once so numerous, and still far from extinct in Ireland, the hedge schoolmaster. O'Leary was learned in the antiquities and genealogies of the great Irish families, as an ancient senachy, an order of which he believed himself to be the sole representative; credulous of her fables, and jealous of her ancient glory; ardent in his feelings, fixed in his prejudices; hating the Bodei Sassoni, or English churls, in proportion as he distrusted them; living only in the past, contemptuous of the present, and hopeless of the future, all his national learning and national vanity were employed in his history of the Macarthies More, to whom he deemed himself hereditary senachy; while all his early associations and affections were occupied with the Fitzadelin family; to an heir of which he had not only been foster-father, but, by a singular chain of occurrences, tutor and host. Thus there existed an incongruity between his prejudices and his affections, that added to the natural incoherence of his wild, unregulated, ideal character. He had as much Greek and Latin as generally falls to the lot of the inferior Irish priesthood, an order to which he had been originally destined; he spoke Irish, as his native tongue, with great fluency; and English, with little variation, as it might have been spoken in the days of James or Elizabeth; for English was with him acquired by study, at no early period of life, and principally obtained from such books as came within the black-letter plan of his antiquarian pursuits.

Words that wise Bacon and grave Raleigh spoke,

were familiarly uttered by O'Leary, conned out of old English tracts, chronicles, presidential instructions, copies of patents, memorials, discourses, and translated remonstrances from the Irish chiefs, of every date since the arrival of the English in the island; and a few French words, not unusually heard among the old Irish Catholics, the descendants of the faithful followers of the Stuarts, completed the stock of his philological riches.

O'Leary now advanced to meet his visitant, with a countenance radiant with the expression of complacency and satisfaction, not unmingled with pride and importance, as he threw his eyes round on his numerous disciples. To one of these the Commodore gave his horse; and drawing his hat over his eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, he placed himself under the shadow of the Saxon arch, observing:

'You see, Mr O'Leary, I very eagerly avail myself of your invitation; but I fear I have interrupted your learned avocation.'

'Not a taste, your honour, and am going to give my classes a holiday, in respect of the turf, sir.—What does yez all crowd the gentleman for? Did never yez see a raal gentleman afore? I'd trouble yez to consider yourselves as temporary.—There's great scholars among them ragged runagates, your honour, poor as they look; for though in these degendered times you won't get the children, as formerly, to talk the dead languages, afore they can spake, when, says Campion, they had Latin like a vulgar tongue, conning in their schools of teachcraft the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and the civil institutes of the faculties, yet there's as fine scholars, and as good philosophers still, sir, to be found in my seminary as in Trinity College, Dublin.—Now, step forward here, you Homers. "Kehlute meu Troes, kai Dardanoi, id epikouroi."'

Half a dozen overgrown boys, with bare heads and naked feet, hustled forward.

'There's my first class, plaze your honour; sorrow one of them gassoons but would throw you off a page of Homer into Irish while he'd be clamping a turf stack.—Come forward here, Padreen Mahony, you little mitcher, ye. Have you no better courtesy than that, Padreen? Fie upon your manners!—Then for all that, sir, he's my

head philosopher, and am getting him up for Maynooth. Och! then, I wouldn't ax better than to pit him against the provost of Trinity College this day, for all his ould small-clothes, sir, the cratur! Troth, he'd puzzle him, grate as he is, ay, and bate him too; that's at the humanities, sir.—Padreen, my man, if the pig's sould at Dunore market to-morrow, tell your daddy, dear, I'll expect the pintion. Is that your bow, Padreen, with your head under your arm, like a roasting hen? Upon my word, I take shame for your manners.—There, your honour, them's my *cordaries*, the little leprehauns, with their *cathah* heads, and their burned skins; I think your honour would be divarted to hear them *parsing* a chapter.—Well, now dismiss, lads, jewel—off with yez, *extemplo*, like a piper out of a tent; away with yez to the turf: and mind me well, ye Homers, ye, I'll expect Hector and Andromache to-morrow without fail; obsarve me well; I'll take no excuse for the *classics* barring the bog, in respect of the weather being dry; dismiss, I say.' The learned disciples of this Irish sage, pulling down the front lock of their hair to designate the bow they would have made if they had possessed hats to move, now scampered off; while O'Leary observed, shaking his head and looking after them: 'Not one of them but is sharp-witted and has a janius for poethry, if there was any encouragement for learning in these degendered times.'

MRS SHELLEY.

In the summer of 1816, Lord Byron and Mr and Mrs Shelley were residing on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. They were in habits of daily intercourse, and when the weather did not allow of their boating-excursions on the lake, the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati. 'During a week of rain at this time,' says Mr Moore, 'having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the *Vampire;* and having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening; but from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact was Mrs Shelley's wild and powerful romance of *Frankenstein*—one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever.' *Frankenstein* was published in 1817, and was instantly recognised as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife, and as, in fact, possessing some of the genius and peculiarities of both. It is formed on the model of *St Leon*, but the supernatural power of that romantic visionary produces nothing so striking or awful as the grand conception of *Frankenstein*—the discovery that he can, by his study of natural philosophy, create a living and sentient being. The hero, like Caleb Williams, tells his own story. A native of Geneva, Frankenstein, is sent to the university of Ingolstadt to pursue his studies. He had previously dabbled in the occult sciences, and the university afforded vastly extended facilities for prosecuting his abstruse researches. He pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits even the receptacles of the dead and the dissecting-room of the anatomist, and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, he succeeds in discovering the cause of generation and life; nay, more, he became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter! Full of his extraordinary discovery, he proceeds to create a man, and at length, after innumerable trials and revolting experiments to seize and infuse the principle of life into his image of clay, he constructs and animates a gigantic figure, eight feet in height. His feelings on completing the creation of this Monster are powerfully described:

The Monster created by Frankenstein.

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation, but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain; I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror, a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed, when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable Monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down-stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could

not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror I felt the bitterness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space, were now become a hell to me, and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although wetted by the rain, which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavouring, by bodily exercise, to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me—

> Like one who on a lonely road
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> And having once turned round, walks on,
> And turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread.*

The Monster ultimately becomes a terror to his creator, and haunts him like a spell. For two years he disappears, but at the end of that time he is presented as the murderer of Frankenstein's infant brother, and as waging war with all mankind, in consequence of the disgust and violence with which his appearance is regarded. The demon meets and confronts his maker, demanding that he should create him a helpmate, as a solace in his forced expatriation from society. Frankenstein retires and begins the hideous task, and while engaged in it during the secrecy of midnight, in one of the lonely islands of the Orcades, the Monster appears before him.

A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfilment of my promise. As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew.

A series of horrid and malignant events now mark the career of the demon. He murders the friend of Frankenstein, strangles his bride on her wedding-night, and causes the death of his father from grief. He eludes detection; but Frankenstein, in agony and despair, resolves to seek him out, and sacrifice him to his justice and revenge. The pursuit is protracted for a considerable time, and in various countries, and at length conducts us to the ice-bound shores and islands of the northern ocean. Frankenstein recognises the demon, but ere he can reach him, the ice gives way, and he is afterwards with difficulty rescued from the floating wreck by the crew of a vessel that had been embayed in that polar region. Thus saved from perishing, Frankenstein relates to the captain of the ship his 'wild and wondrous tale;' but the suffering and exhaustion had proved too much for his frame, and he expires before the vessel had sailed for Britain. The Monster visits the ship, and after mourning over the dead body of his victim, quits the vessel, resolved to seek the most northern extremity of the globe, and there to put a period to his wretched and unhallowed existence. The power of genius in clothing incidents the most improbable with strong interest and human sympathies, is evinced in this remarkable story. The creation of the demon is admirably told. The successive steps by which the solitary student arrives at his great secret, after two years of labour, and the first glimpse which he obtains of the hideous Monster, form a narrative that cannot be perused without sensations of awe and terror. While the demon is thus partially known and revealed, or seen only in the distance, gliding among cliffs and glaciers, appearing by moonlight to demand justice from his maker, or seated in his car among the tremendous solitudes of the northern ocean, the effect is striking and magnificent. The interest ceases when we are told of the self-education of the Monster, which is disgustingly minute in detail, and absurd in conception; and when we consider the improbability of his being able to commit so many crimes in different countries, conspicuous as he is in form, with impunity, and without detection. His malignity of disposition, and particularly his resentment towards Frankenstein, do not appear unnatural when we recollect how he has been repelled from society, and refused a companion by him who could alone create such another. In his wildest outbursts we partly sympathise with him, and his situation seems to justify his crimes. In depicting the internal workings of the mind and the various phases of the passions, Mrs Shelley evinces skill and acuteness. Like her father, she excels in mental analysis and in conceptions of the grand and the powerful, but fails in the management of her fable where probable incidents and familiar life are required or attempted.

After the death of her husband, Mrs Shelley—who was left with two children—devoted herself to literary pursuits, and produced several works—*Valperga*, *The Last Man*, *Lodore*, *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*, and other works of fiction. She contributed biographies of foreign artists and men of letters to the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, edited and wrote prefaces to Shelley's *Poetical Works*, and also edited Shelley's *Essays*, *Letters from Abroad*, *Translations and Fragments* (1840). In the writings of Mrs Shelley there is much of that plaintive tenderness and melancholy characteristic of her father's late romances, and her style is uniformly pure and graceful. She died in 1851, aged fifty-four.

* Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

REV. C. R. MATURIN.

The REV. C. R. MATURIN (1782–1824), curate of St Peter's, Dublin, came forward in 1807 as an imitator of the terrific and gloomy style of novel-writing, of which 'Monk' Lewis was the modern master. Its higher mysteries were known only to Mrs Radcliffe. The date of that style, as Maturin afterwards confessed, was out when he was a boy, and he had not powers to revive it. His youthful production was entitled *Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montorio.* The first part of this title was the invention of the publisher, and it proved a good bookselling appellation, for the novel was in high favour in the circulating libraries. It is undoubtedly a work of genius—full of imagination and energetic language, though both are carried to extravagance and bombast. Between 1807 and 1820 our author published a number of works of romantic fiction—*The Milesian Chief; The Wild Irish Boy; Women, or Pour et Contre;* and *Melmoth the Wanderer*—all works in three or four volumes each. *Women* was well received by the public; but none of its predecessors, as the author himself states, ever reached a second edition. In *Women* he aimed at depicting real life and manners, and we have some pictures of Calvinistic Methodists, an Irish Meg Merrilies, and an Irish hero, De Courcy, whose character is made up of contradictions and improbabilities. Two female characters, Eva Wentworth and Zaira, a brilliant Italian—who afterwards turns out to be the mother of Eva—are drawn with delicacy and fine effect. The former is educated in strict seclusion, and is purity itself. De Courcy is in love with both, and both are blighted by his inconstancy. Eva dies calmly and tranquilly, elevated by religious hope. Zaira meditates suicide, but desists from the attempt, and lives on, as if spell-bound to the death-place of her daughter and lover. De Courcy perishes of remorse. These scenes of deep passion and pathos are coloured with the lights of poetry and genius. Indeed, the gradual decay of Eva is the happiest of all Mr Maturin's delineations, and has rarely been surpassed. The simple *truthfulness* of the description may be seen in passages like the following:

An Autumn Evening.

The weather was unusually fine, though it was September, and the evenings mild and beautiful. Eva passed them almost entirely in the garden. She had always loved the fading light and delicious tints of an evening sky, and now they were endeared by that which endears even indifferent things—an internal consciousness that we have not long to behold them. Mrs Wentworth remonstrated against this indulgence, and mentioned it to the physician; but he 'answered neglectingly;' said anything that amused her mind could do her no harm, &c. Then Mrs Wentworth began to feel there was no hope; and Eva was suffered to muse life away unmolested. To the garden every evening she went, and brought her library with her: it consisted of but three books—the Bible, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Blair's *Grave*. One evening the unusual beauty of the sky made her involuntarily drop her book. She gazed upward, and felt as if a book was open in heaven, where all the lovely and varying phenomena presented in living characters to her view the name of the Divinity. There was a solemn congeniality between her feelings of her own state and the view of the declining day—the parting light and the approaching darkness. The glow of the western heaven was still resplendent and glorious; a little above, the blending hues of orange and azure were softening into a mellow and indefinite light; and in the upper region of the air, a delicious blue darkness invited the eye to repose in luxurious dimness: one star alone shewed its trembling head—another and another, like infant births of light; and in the dark east the half-moon, like a bark of pearl, came on through the deep still ocean of heaven. Eva gazed on; some tears came to her eyes; they were a luxury. Suddenly she felt as if she were quite well; a glow like that of health pervaded her whole frame—one of those indescribable sensations that seem to assure us of safety, while, in fact, they are announcing dissolution. She imagined herself suddenly restored to health and to happiness. She saw De Courcy once more, as in their early hours of love, when his face was to her as if it had been the face of an angel; thought after thought came back on her heart like gleams of paradise. She trembled at the felicity that filled her whole soul; it was one of those fatal illusions that disease, when it is connected with strong emotions of the mind, often flatters its victim with—that *mirage*, when the heart is a desert, which rises before the wanderer, to dazzle, to delude, and to destroy.

Melmoth is the wildest of Mr Maturin's romances. The hero 'gleams with demon light,' and owing to a compact with Satan, lives a century and a half, performing all manner of adventures, the most defensible of which is frightening an Irish miser to death. Some of the details in *Melmoth* are absolutely sickening and loathsome. They seem the last convulsive efforts and distortions of the 'Monk' Lewis school of romance. In 1824—the year of his premature death—Mr Maturin published *The Albigenses*, a romance in four volumes. This work was intended by the author as one of a series of romances illustrative of European feelings and manners in ancient, in middle, and in modern times. Laying the scene of his story in France, in the thirteenth century, the author connected it with the wars between the Catholics and the Albigenses, the latter being the earliest of the reformers of the faith. Such a time was well adapted for the purposes of romance; and Mr Maturin in this work presented some good pictures of the Crusaders, and of the Albigenses in their lonely worship among rocks and mountains. He had not, however, the power of delineating varieties of character, and his attempts at humour are wretched failures. In constructing a plot, he was also deficient; and hence *The Albigenses*, wanting the genuine features of an historical romance, and destitute of the supernatural machinery which had imparted a certain degree of wild interest to the author's former works, was universally pronounced to be tedious and uninteresting. Passages, as we have said, are carefully finished and well drawn, and we subjoin a brief specimen:

A Lady's Chamber in the Thirteenth Century.

'I am weary,' said the lady; 'disarray me for rest. But thou, Claudine, be near when I sleep; I love thee well, wench, though I have not shewn it hitherto. Wear this carkanet for my sake; but wear it not, I charge thee, in the presence of Sir Paladour. Now read me my riddle once more, my maidens.' As her head sunk on the silken pillow—'How may ladies sink most sweetly into their first slumber?'

'I ever sleep best,' said Blanche, 'when some withered crone is seated by the hearth fire to tell me tales of wizardry or goblins, till they are mingled with my dreams, and I start up, tell my beads, and pray her to go on, till I see that I am talking only to the dying embers or the fantastic forms shaped by their flashes on the dark tapestry or darker ceiling.'

'And I love,' said Germonda, 'to be lulled to rest by tales of knights met in forests by fairy damsels, and conducted to enchanted halls, where they are assailed by foul fiends, and do battle with strong giants; and are, in fine, rewarded with the hand of the fair dame, for whom they have perilled all that knight or Christian may hold precious for the safety of body and of soul.'

'Peace and good rest to you all, my dame and maidens,' said the lady, in whispering tones from her silken couch. 'None of you have read my riddle. She sleeps sweetest and deepest who sleeps to dream of her first love—her first—her last—her only. A fair goodnight to all. Stay thou with me, Claudine, and touch thy lute, wench, to the strain of some old ditty—old and melancholy—such as may so softly usher sleep that I feel not his downy fingers closing mine eyelids, or the stilly rush of his pinions as they sweep my brow.'

Claudine prepared to obey as the lady sunk to rest amid softened lights, subdued odours, and dying melodies. A silver lamp, richly fretted, suspended from the raftered roof, gleamed faintly on the splendid bed. The curtains were of silk, and the coverlet of velvet, faced with miniver; gilded coronals and tufts of plumage shed alternate gleam and shadow over every angle of the canopy; and tapestry of silk and silver covered every compartment of the walls, save where the uncouthly constructed doors and windows broke them into angles, irreconcilable alike to every rule of symmetry or purpose of accommodation. Near the ample hearth, stored with blazing wood, were placed a sculptured desk, furnished with a missal and breviary gorgeously illuminated, and a black marble tripod supporting a vase of holy-water: certain amulets, too, lay on the hearth, placed there by the care of Dame Marguerite, some in the shape of relics, and others in less consecrated forms, on which the lady was often observed by her attendants to look somewhat disregardfully. The great door of the chamber was closed by the departing damsels carefully; and the rich sheet of tapestry dropt over it, whose hushful sweeping on the floor seemed like the wish for a deep repose breathed from a thing inanimate. The castle was still, the silver lamp twinkled silently and dimly; the perfumes burning in small silver vases round the chamber, began to abate their gleams and odours; the scented waters, scattered on the rushes with which the floor was strewn, flagged and failed in their delicious tribute to the sense; the bright moon, pouring its glories through the uncurtained but richly tinted casement, shed its borrowed hues of crimson, amber, and purple on curtain and canopy, as in defiance of the artificial light that gleamed so feebly within the chamber.

Claudine tuned her lute, and murmured the rude song of a troubadour, such as follows:

Song.

Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who sleep in warded castles. If the Count de Monfort, the champion of the church, and the strongest lance in the chivalry of France, were your foe as he is your friend, one hundred of the arrows of his boldest archers at their best flight would fail to reach a loophole of your towers.

Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who are guarded by the valiant. Five hundred belted knights feast in your halls; they would not see your towers won, though to defend them they took the place of your vassals, who are tenfold that number; and, lady, I wish they were more, for your sake. Valiant knights, faithful vassals, watch well your lady's slumbers; see that they be never broken but by the matin-bell, or the sighs of lovers whispered between its tolls.

Sleep, noble lady! Your castle is strong, and the brave and the loyal are your guard.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We have already touched on the more remarkable and distinguishing features of the Waverley novels, and the influence which they exercised, not only on this country, but over the whole continent of Europe and the United States of North America. That long array of immortal fictions can only be compared with the dramas of Shakspeare, as presenting a vast variety of original characters, scenes, historical situations, and adventures. They are marked by the same universal and genial sympathies, allied to every form of humanity, and free from all selfish egotism or moral obliquity. In painting historical personages or events, these two great masters evinced a kindred taste, and not dissimilar powers. The highest intellectual traits and imagination of Shakspeare were, it is true, not approached by Scott: the dramatist looked inwardly upon man and nature with a more profound and searching philosophy. He could effect more with his five acts than Scott with his three volumes. The novelist only pictured to the eye what his great prototype stamped on the heart and feelings. Yet both were great moral teachers, without seeming to teach. They were brothers in character and in genius, and they poured out their imaginative treasures with a calm easy strength and conscious mastery, of which the world has seen no other examples.

So early as 1805, before his great poems were produced, Scott had entered on the composition of *Waverley*, the first of his illustrious progeny of tales. He wrote about seven chapters, evidently taking Fielding, in his grave descriptive and ironical vein, for his model; but, getting dissatisfied with his attempt, he threw it aside. Eight years afterwards he met accidentally with the fragment, and determined to finish the story.* In the interval between the commencement of the novel in 1805 and its resumption in 1813, Scott had acquired greater freedom and self-reliance as an author. In *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* he had struck out a path for himself, and the latter portion of *Waverley* partook of the new spirit and enthusiasm. A large part of its materials resembles those employed in *The Lady of the Lake*—Highland feudalism, military bravery and devotion, and the most easy and exquisite description of natural scenery. He added also a fine vein of humour, chaste yet ripened, and peculiarly his own, and a power of uniting history with fiction, that subsequently became one of the great sources of his strength. His portrait of Charles Edward, the noble old Baron of Bradwardine, the simple faithful clansman Evan Dhu, and the poor fool Davie Gellatley, with his fragments of song and scattered gleams of fancy and sensibility, were new triumphs of the author. The poetry had projected shadows and outlines of the Highland chief,

* He had put the chapters aside, as he tells us, in a writing-desk wherein he used to keep fishing-tackle. The desk—a substantial old mahogany cabinet—and part of the fishing-tackle are now in the possession of the family of Scott's friend, Mr William Laidlaw.

the gaiety and splendour of the court, and the agitation of the camp and battle-field; but the humorous contrasts, homely observation, and pathos displayed in *Waverley*, disclosed far deeper observation and more original powers. The work was published in July 1814, Constable giving £700 for the copyright. Scott did not prefix his name to it, afraid that he might compromise his poetical reputation by a doubtful experiment in a new style—particularly by his copious use of Scottish terms and expressions; but the unmingled applause with which the tale was received was, he says, like having the property of a hidden treasure, 'not less gratifying than if all the world knew it was his own.' Henceforward, Scott resolved, as a novelist, to preserve his mask, desirous to obviate all personal discussions respecting his own productions, and aware also of the interest and curiosity which his secrecy would impart to his subsequent productions.

In February 1815—seven months after *Waverley*—Scott published his second novel, *Guy Mannering*. It was the work of six weeks about Christmas, and marks of haste are visible in the construction of the plot and development of incidents. Yet what length of time or patience in revision could have added to the charm or hilarity of such portraits as that of Dandy Dinmont, or the shrewd and witty Counsellor Pleydell—the finished, desperate, sea-beaten villainy of Hatteraick—the simple, uncouth devotion of that gentlest of pedants, poor Dominie Sampson—or the wild savage virtues and crazed superstition of the gipsy-dweller in Derncleugh! The astrological agency and predictions so marvellously fulfilled are undoubtedly excrescences on the story, though suited to a winter's tale in Scotland. The love-scenes and female characters, and even Mannering himself, seem also allied to the Minerva Press family; but the Scotch characters are all admirably filled up. There is also a captivating youthful feeling and spirit in the description of the wanderings and dangers of Bertram, and the events, improbable as they appear, which restore him to his patrimony; while the gradual decay and death of the old Laird of Ellangowan—carried out to the green as his castle and effects are in the hands of the auctioneer—are inexpressibly touching and natural. The interest of the tale is sustained throughout with dramatic skill and effect.

In May 1816 came forth *The Antiquary*, less romantic and bustling in incidents than either of its predecessors, but infinitely richer in character, dialogue, and humour. In this work Scott displayed his thorough knowledge of the middle and lower ranks of Scottish life. He confined his story chiefly to a small fishing-town and one or two country mansions. His hero is a testy old Whig laird and bachelor, and his *dramatis personæ* are little better than this retired humorist—the family of a poor fisherman, a blue-gown mendicant, an old barber, and a few other humble 'landward and burrows-town' characters. The sentimental Lord Glenallan, and the pompous Sir Arthur Wardour, with Lovel the unknown, and the fiery Hector M'Intyre—the last a genuine Celtic portrait—are necessary to the plot and action of the piece, but they constitute only a small degree of the reader's pleasure or the author's fame. These rest on the inimitable delineation of Oldbuck, that model of black-letter and Roman-camp antiquaries, whose oddities and conversation are rich and racy as any of the old crusted port that John of the Girnel might have held in his monastic cellars—on the restless, garrulous, kind-hearted *gaberlunzie*, Edie Ochiltree, who delighted to *daunder* down the burn-sides and green shaws—on the cottage of the Mucklebackits, and the death and burial of Steenie—and on that scene of storm and tempest by the seaside, which is described with such vivid reality and appalling magnificence. The amount of curious reading, knowledge of local history and antiquities, power of description, and breadth of humour in *The Antiquary*, render it one of the most perfect of the author's novels. If Cervantes and Fielding really excelled Scott in the novel (he is unapproached in romance), it must be admitted that *The Antiquary* ranks only second to *Don Quixote* and *Tom Jones*. In none of his works has Scott shewn greater power in developing the nicer shades of feeling and character, or greater felicity of phrase and illustration. A healthy moral tone also pervades the whole—a clear and bracing atmosphere of real life; and what more striking lesson in practical benevolence was ever inculcated than those words of the rough old fisherman, ejaculated while he was mending his boat after his son Steenie's funeral—'What would you have me do, unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned? It 's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a freend, but the like of us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.'

In December of the same year, Scott was ready with two other novels, *The Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*. These formed the first series of Tales of My Landlord, and were represented, by a somewhat forced and clumsy prologue, as the composition of a certain Mr Peter Pattieson, assistant-teacher at Gandercleugh, and published after his death by his pedagogue superior, Jedediah Cleishbotham. The new disguise—to heighten which a different publisher had been selected for the tales—was as unavailing as it was superfluous. The universal voice assigned the works to the author of *Waverley*, and the second of the collection, *Old Mortality*, was pronounced to be the greatest of his performances. It was another foray into the regions of history, which was rewarded with the most brilliant spoil. Happy as he had been in depicting the era of the Forty-five, he shone still more in the gloomy and troublous times of the Covenanters. 'To reproduce a departed age,' says Mr Lockhart, 'with such minute and lifelike accuracy as this tale exhibits, demanded a vigour more energetic sympathy of imagination than had been called for in any effort of his serious verse. It is indeed most curiously instructive for any student of art to compare the Roundheads of *Rokeby* with the Blue-bonnets of *Old Mortality*. For the rest, the story is framed with a deeper skill than any of the preceding novels; the canvas is a broader one; the characters are contrasted and projected with a power and felicity which neither he nor any other master ever surpassed; and notwithstanding all that has been urged against him as a disparager of the Covenanters, it is to me very doubtful whether the inspiration

of chivalry ever prompted him to nobler emotions than he has lavished on the reanimation of their stern and solemn enthusiasm. This work has always appeared to me the *Marmion* of his novels.' He never surpassed it either for force or variety of character, or in the interest and magnificence of the train of events described. The contrasts are also managed with consummate art. In the early scenes, Morton (the best of all his young heroes) serves as a foil to the fanatical and gloomy Burley, and the change effected in the character and feelings of the youth by the changing current of events, is traced with perfect skill and knowledge of human nature. The two classes of actors—the brave and dissolute cavaliers, and the resolute oppressed Covenanters—are not only drawn in their strong distinguishing features in bold relief, but are separated from each other by individual traits and peculiarities, the result of native or acquired habits. The intermingling of domestic scenes and low rustic humour with the stormy events of the warlike struggle, gives vast additional effect to the sterner passages of the tale, and to the prominence of its principal actors. How admirably, for example, is the reader prepared, by contrast, to appreciate that terrible encounter with Burley in his rocky fastness, by the previous description of the blind and aged widow, intrusted with the secret of his retreat, and who dwelt alone, 'like the widow of Zarephath,' in her poor and solitary cottage! The dejection and anxiety of Morton on his return from Holland are no less strikingly contrasted with the scene of rural peace and comfort which he witnesses on the banks of the Clyde, where Cuddie Headrigg's cottage sends up its thin blue smoke among the trees, 'shewing that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready,' and his little daughter fetches water in a pitcher from the fountain at the root of an old oak-tree! The humanity of Scott is exquisitely illustrated by the circumstance of the pathetic verses, wrapping a lock of hair, which are found on the slain body of Bothwell—as to shew that in the darkest and most dissolute characters some portion of our higher nature still lingers to attest its divine origin. In the same sympathetic and relenting spirit, Dirk Hatteraick, in *Guy Mannering*, is redeemed from utter sordidness and villainy by his one virtue of integrity to his employers. 'I was always faithful to my ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver.' The image of God is never wholly blotted out of the human mind.

The year 1818 witnessed two other coinages from the Waverley mint, *Rob Roy*, and *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, the latter forming a second series of the Tales of My Landlord. The first of these works revived the public enthusiasm, excited by *The Lady of the Lake* and *Waverley*, with respect to Highland scenery and manners. The sketches in the novel are bold and striking—hit off with the careless freedom of a master, and possessing perhaps more witchery of romantic interest than elaborate and finished pictures. The character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie was one of the author's happiest conceptions; and the idea of carrying him to the wild rugged mountains, among outlaws and desperadoes—at the same time that he retained a keen relish of the comforts of the Saltmarket of Glasgow, and a due sense of his dignity as a magistrate—completed the ludicrous effect of the picture. None of Scott's novels was more popular than *Rob Roy*, yet, as a story, it is the worst concocted and most defective of the whole series. Its success was owing to its characters alone. Among these, however, cannot be reckoned its nominal hero, Osbaldiston, who, like Waverley, is merely a walking-gentleman. Scott's heroes, as agents in the piece, are generally inferior to his heroines. *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* is as essentially national in spirit, language, and actors as *Rob Roy*, but it is the nationality of the Lowlands. No other author but Scott—Galt, his best imitator in this department, would have failed—could have dwelt so long and with such circumstantial minuteness on the daily life and occurrences of a family like that of Davie Deans, the cowfeeder, without disgusting his high-bred readers with what must have seemed vulgar and uninteresting. Like Burns, he made 'rustic life and poverty'

> Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Duchesses, in their halls and saloons, traced with interest and delight the pages that recorded the pious firmness and humble heroism of Jeanie Deans, and the sufferings and disgrace of her unfortunate sister; and who shall say that, in thus uniting different ranks in one bond of fellow-feeling, and exhibiting to the high and wealthy the virtues that often dwell with the lowly and obscure, Scott was not fulfilling one of the loftiest and most sacred missions upon earth!

A story of still more sustained and overwhelming pathos is *The Bride of Lammermoor*, published in 1819 in conjunction with *The Legend of Montrose*, and both forming a third series of Tales of My Landlord. *The Bride* is one of the most finished of Scott's tales, presenting a unity and entireness of plot and action, as if the whole were bound together by that dreadful destiny which hangs over the principal actors, and impels them irresistibly to destruction. 'In this tale,' says Macaulay, 'above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism—that spirit which breathes in the writings of the Greek tragedians when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who shewed to us Macbeth: and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken round us; and the fated course moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.' If Shakspeare was unconscious of the classic fatalism he depicted with such unrivalled power, Scott was probably as ignorant of any such premeditation and design. Both followed the received traditions of their country, and the novelist, we know, composed his work in intervals of such acute suffering, allayed only by the most violent remedies, that on his recovery, after the novel had been printed, he recollected nothing but the mere outline of his story, with which he had been

familiar from his youth. He had entirely forgotten what he dictated from his sick-bed. The main incident, however, was of a nature likely to make a strong impression on his mind, and to this we must impute the grand simplicity and seeming completeness of art in the management of the fable. The character of the old butler, Caleb Balderston, has been condemned as a ridiculous and incongruous exaggeration. We are not sure that it does not materially heighten the effect of the tragic portion of the tale, by that force of contrast which we have mentioned as one of Scott's highest attributes as a novelist. There is, however, too much of the butler, and some of his inventions are mere tricks of farce. As Shakspeare descended to quibbles and conceits, Scott loved to harp upon certain phrases—as in Dominie Sampson, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the dowager-lady of Tillietudlem—and to make his lower characters indulge in practical jokes, like those of old Caleb and Edie Ochiltree. The proverbs of Sancho, in *Don Quixote*, may be thought to come under the same class of inferior resources, to be shunned rather than copied by the novelist who aims at truth and originality; but Sancho's sayings are too rich and apposite to be felt as mere surplusage. *The Legend of Montrose* is a brief imperfect historical novel, yet contains one of the author's most lively and amusing characters, worthy of being ranked with Bailie Jarvie—namely, the redoubted Ritt-master, Dugald Dalgetty. The union of the *soldado* with the pedantic student of Marischal College is a conception as original as the Uncle Toby of Sterne.

The historical romance of *Ivanhoe* appeared in 1820. The scene being laid in England, and in the England of Richard I., the author had to draw largely on his fancy and invention, and was debarred those attractive auxiliaries of everyday life, speech, and manners, which had lent such a charm to his Scottish novels. Here we had the remoteness of antiquity, the old Saxon halls and feasts, the resuscitation of chivalry in all its pomp and picturesqueness, the realisation of our boyish dreams about Cœur-de-Lion, Robin Hood, and Sherwood Forest, with its grassy glades, and silvan sports, and impenetrable foliage. We were presented with a series of the most splendid pictures, the canvas crowded with life and action—with the dark shades of cruelty, vice, and treason, and the brightness of heroic courage, dauntless fortitude, and uncorrupted faith and purity. The thrilling interest of the story is another of the merits of *Ivanhoe*. In the hall of Cedric, at the tournament or siege, we never cease to watch over the fate of Rowena and the Disinherited Knight; and the steps of the gentle Rebecca—the meek yet high-souled Jewess—are traced with still deeper and holier feeling.* The whole is a grand picturesque pageant, yet full of a gentle nobleness and proud simplicity.

The next works of Scott were of a tamer cast, though his foot was on Scottish ground. *The Monastery* and *The Abbot*, both published in 1820, are defective in plot, and the first disfigured by absurd supernatural machinery. The character of Queen Mary in *The Abbot* is, however, a correct and beautiful historical portrait; and the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Tweed—haunted glens and woods—is described with the author's accustomed felicity. A counterpart to Queen Mary, still more highly finished, was soon afforded in the delineation of her great rival, Elizabeth, in the romance of *Kenilworth*. This work appeared in January 1821, and was ranked next to *Ivanhoe*. There was a profusion of rich picturesque scenes and objects, dramatic situations, and a well-arranged, involved, yet interesting plot. None of the plots in the Waverley novels are without blemish. 'None,' as Macaulay remarks, 'have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's *Tom Jones:* there is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion; they are usually languid in the commencement, and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up.' The spirit and fidelity of the delineations, the variety of scenes, and the interest of particular passages bearing upon the principal characters, blind the reader to these defects, at least on a first perusal. This was eminently the case with *Kenilworth;* nor did this romance, amidst all its courtly gaieties, ambition, and splendour, fail to touch the heart: the fate of Amy Robsart has perhaps drawn as many tears as the story of Rebecca. The close of the same year witnessed another romantic, though less powerful tale—*The Pirate.* In this work Scott painted the wild sea-scenery of Shetland, and gave a beautiful copy of primitive manners in the person and household of the old Udaller, Magnus Troil, and his fair daughters, Minna and Brenda. The latter are flowers too delicate for such a cold and stormy clime, but they are creations of great loveliness, and are exquisitely discriminated in their individual characters. The novel altogether opened a new world to the general reader, and was welcomed with all the zest of novelty.

Another genuine English historical romance made its appearance in May 1822. *The Fortunes of Nigel* afforded a complete panorama of the times of James I., executed with wonderful vigour and truth. The fullness and variety of the details shew how closely Scott had studied the annals of this period, particularly all relating to the city and the court of London. His account of Alsatia surpasses even the scenes of Ben Jonson, and the dramatic contemporaries of Ben, descriptive of similar objects; and none of his historical likenesses are more faithful, more justly drawn, or more richly coloured, than his portrait of the poor, and proud, and pedantic King James. Scott's political predilections certainly did not in this case betray him into any undue reverence for sovereignty.

In 1823, no less than three separate works of fiction were issued—*Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward*, and *St Ronan's Well.* The first was a

* Rebecca was considered by Scott himself, as well as by the public, to be his finest female character. Mr Laidlaw, to whom part of the novel was dictated, used to speak of the strong interest which Sir Walter evinced in filling up his outline. 'Well, I think I shall make something of my Jewess,' said he one day. Laidlaw on another occasion said to Sir Walter that he 'found even his friend Miss Edgeworth had not such power in engaging attention. His novels had the power, beyond any other writings, of arousing the better passions and finer feelings: and the moral effect of all this, I added, when one looks forward to several generations—every one acting upon another—must be immense. I well recollect the place where we were walking at this time—on the road returning from the hill towards Abbotsford. Sir Walter was silent for a minute or two, but I observed his eyes filled with tears.'—*Abbotsford Notanda* (Chambers, 1871).

work longer than any of its predecessors, and was more than proportionally heavy in style, though evincing in parts undiminished strength and talent. *Quentin Durward* was a bold and successful raid into French history. The delineations of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold may stand comparison with any in the whole range of fiction or history for force and discrimination. They seemed literally called up to a new existence, to play their part in another drama of life, as natural and spirit-stirring as any in which they had been actors. The French nation exulted in this new proof of the genius of Scott, and led the way in enthusiastic admiration of the work. *St Ronan's Well* is altogether a secondary performance of the author, though it furnishes one of his best low comic characters, Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn. *Redgauntlet* (1824) must be held to belong to the same class as *St Ronan's Well*, in spite of much vigorous writing, humorous as well as pathetic—for the career of Peter Peebles supplies both—and notwithstanding that it embodies a great deal of Scott's own personal history and experiences. The Tales of the Crusaders, published in 1825, comprised two short stories, *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman*, the second a highly animated and splendid Eastern romance. Shortly after this period came the calamitous wreck of Scott's fortunes—the shivering of his household gods—amidst declining health and the rapid advances of age. His novel of *Woodstock* (1826) was hastily completed, but is not unworthy of his fame. The secret of the paternity of the novels was now divulged—how could it ever have been doubted?—and there was some satisfaction in having the acknowledgment from his own lips, and under his own hand, ere death had broken the wand of the Magician. *The Life of Napoleon*, in nine volumes, was the great work of 1827; but at the commencement of the following year, Scott published The Chronicles of the Canongate, first series, containing *The Two Drovers*, *The Highland Widow*, and *The Surgeon's Daughter*. The second of these short tales is the most valuable, and is pregnant with strong pathetic interest and Celtic imagination. The preliminary introductions to the stories are all finely executed, and constitute some of the most pleasing of the author's minor contributions to the elucidation of past manners and society. A number of literary tasks now engaged the attention of Scott, the most important of which were his *Tales of a Grandfather*, a *History of Scotland* for Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, *Letters on Demonology*, and new introductions and notes to the collected edition of the novels. A second series of the Chronicles of the Canongate appeared in 1828, with only one tale, but that conceived and executed with great spirit, and in his best artistic style—*The Fair Maid of Perth*. Another romance was ready by May 1829, and was entitled *Anne of Geierstein*. It was less energetic than the former—more like an attempt to revive old forms and images than as evincing the power to create new ones; yet there are in its pages, as Mr Lockhart justly observes, 'occasional outbreaks of the old poetic spirit, more than sufficient to remove the work to an immeasurable distance from any of its order produced in this country in our own age. Indeed, the various play of fancy in the combination of persons and events, and the airy liveliness of both imagery and diction, may well justify us in applying to the author what he beautifully says of his King René:

> A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
> Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
> Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
> With such wild visions as the setting sun
> Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
> Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.'

The gaiety of Scott was the natural concomitant of kindly and gentle affections, a sound judgment, and uninterrupted industry. The minds of poets, it is said, never grow old, and Scott was hopeful to the last. Disease, however, was fast undermining his strength. His last work of fiction, published in 1831, was a fourth series of Tales of My Landlord, containing *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*. They were written after repeated shocks of paralysis and apoplexy, and are mere shadows of his former greatness. And with this effort closed the noble mind that had so long swayed the sceptre of romance. The public received the imperfect volumes with tenderness and indulgence, as the farewell offering of the greatest of their contemporaries—the last feeble gleams of a light soon to be extinguished:

> A wandering witch-note of the distant spell;
> And now 'tis silent all! Enchanter, fare-thee-well!

Quotation from works so well known, and printed in so many cheap forms, seems almost unnecessary. But we may note the wonderful success of the novels as a mercantile speculation. When Sir Walter died in 1832, and his life insurances were realised, there was still a balance due of £30,000. This debt, the publisher of Scott's works, Mr Robert Cadell, ultimately took on himself, receiving in return the copyright of the works; and before his death in 1849, Mr Cadell had set the estate of Abbotsford free from encumbrance, had purchased for himself a small estate (Ratho, near Edinburgh), and was able to leave to his family a fortune of about £100,000. Within the comparatively short period of twenty-two years, he had been able, as was remarked by a writer in the *Athenæum*, to make as large a fortune through the works of one author alone as old Jacob Tonson succeeded in scraping together after fifty years' dealings with at least fifty authors, and with patent rights for government printing, which Mr Cadell never had. Shortly before his death, Mr Cadell sold the remainder of his copyrights to their latest possessors, Messrs Adam Black and Co., for a sum of £17,000. The remission of the paper-duty enabled the publishers to issue the novels at a greatly reduced rate, and the sale, both in this country and in America, has been immense. Millions of the sixpenny edition have been sold. The poetry of Scott, too, seems equally popular, and there has been a keen rivalry among London publishers to reproduce editions in various forms.

Sherwood Forest in the Time of Richard I.

From *Ivanhoe*.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed, perhaps, the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with

beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long, sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself; while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees; and there they illuminated, in brilliant patches, the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space in the midst of this glade seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and, in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing. There was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore, even at this early period, the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty, dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains; but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: 'Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.'

Beside the swine-herd—for such was Gurth's occupation—was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials and a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half-way down his thigh. It was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or, at his pleasure, draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription: 'Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.' This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion; but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work resembling a coronet; while a prolonged bag arose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder, like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached, which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt; but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to intrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf or bondsman was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependents of the great feudal nobles.

The Fisherman's Funeral.—From 'The Antiquary.'

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine and the season favourable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting 'till the body

was lifted.' As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets, as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature which characterises his enchanting productions. The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. 'Ye'll be a braw fellow, an ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try.' And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitations of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear, nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus, she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits were offered round to the guests. . . . At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. . . He had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech: 'Yes, sir, yes!—Ye 're very gude—ye 're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt! It 's our duty to submit! But, O dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there! and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!'

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces and spoke apart with each other. . . .

Mr Oldbuck observed to the clergyman, that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to countenance the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very

presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as themselves.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father, to support the head as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, 'would carry his head to the grave.' In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Ailison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, 'His honour Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season [of which fish he was understood to be fond], if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersel, in the foulest wind that ever blew.' And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief-mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it, nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the church-yard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions—the body was consigned to its parent earth—and when the labour of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

A Stormy Sunset by the Seaside.—From 'The Antiquary.'

The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the live-long day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of the unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and shipmasters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter to unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard some time, and its effect became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline.

From *The Heart of Mid-Lothian.*

The queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought 'her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,' in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

'Stand up, young woman,' said the queen, but in a kind tone, 'and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours.'

'If your leddyship pleases,' answered Jeanie, 'there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood.'

It must be observed that the disputes between George II. and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character, first at Jeanie, and then at the duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, 'My unlucky *protégée* has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.'

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly and skilfully interposed in this awkward crisis. 'You should tell this

lady,' she said to Jeanie, 'the particular causes which render this crime common in your country.'

'Some thinks it 's the Kirk-session—that is—it 's the—it 's the cutty-stool, if your leddyship pleases,' said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

'The what?' said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

'That 's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship,' answered Jeanie, 'for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.' Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of 'her good Suffolk.' She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, 'The Scotch are a rigidly moral people.' Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she travelled up from Scotland.

'Upon my foot mostly, madam,' was the reply.

'What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?'

'Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock.'

'And a what?' said the queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

'And about five miles more,' replied the duke.

'I thought I was a good walker,' said the queen, 'but this shames me sadly.'

'May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,' said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the duke; it 's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

'And I didna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and, I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements,' said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

'With all these accommodations,' answered the queen, 'you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the king were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.'

She will sink herself now outright, thought the duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

'She was confident,' she said, 'that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.'

'His majesty has not found it so in a late instance,' said the queen; 'but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?'

'No, madam,' said the duke, 'but I would advise his majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.'

'Well, my lord,' said her majesty, 'all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon shewing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognised? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depositary of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?'

'No, madam,' answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

'But I suppose,' continued the queen, 'if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?'

'I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,' answered Jeanie.

'Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,' replied her majesty.

'If it like you, madam,' said Jeanie, 'I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the king's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—Oh, my leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

'This is eloquence,' said her majesty to the Duke of Argyle. 'Young woman,' she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his majesty. Take this housewife case,' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; 'do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.'

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she

should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

'Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke,' said the queen, 'and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good-morning.'

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

'And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk,' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.'

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

'What dost thou see, Rebecca?' again demanded the wounded knight.

'Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.'

'That cannot endure,' said Ivanhoe; 'if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.'

'I see him not,' said Rebecca.

'Foul craven!' exclaimed Ivanhoe; 'does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?'

'He blenches not! he blenches not!' said Rebecca; 'I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!'

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

'Look forth again, Rebecca,' said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; 'the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger.'

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: 'Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!' She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed: 'He is down!—he is down!'

'Who is down?' cried Ivanhoe; 'for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?'

'The Black Knight,' answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness: 'But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!'

'Front-de-Bœuf?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'Front-de-Bœuf!' answered the Jewess; 'his men rush to the ruscue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.'

'The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?' said Ivanhoe.

'They have—they have!' exclaimed Rebecca—'and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!'

'Think not of that,' said Ivanhoe; 'this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?'

'The ladders are thrown down,' replied Rebecca, shuddering; 'the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better.'

'Saint George strike for us!' exclaimed the knight; 'do the false yeomen give way?'

'No!' exclaimed Rebecca; 'they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!'

'By Saint John of Acre,' said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, 'methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!'

'The postern gate shakes,' continued Rebecca; 'it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won. O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!'

'The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'No,' replied Rebecca; 'the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.'

JOHN GALT.

JOHN GALT, author of *The Annals of the Parish* and other novels which are valuable as reflecting the peculiarities of Scottish life and manners 'sixty years since,' was a native of Irvine, in Ayrshire. He was born on the 2d of May 1779. His father commanded a West India vessel; and when the embryo novelist was in his eleventh year, the family went to live permanently at Greenock. Here Galt resided fourteen or fifteen years, displaying no marked proficiency at school, but evincing a predilection for poetry, music, and mechanics. He was placed in the custom-house at Greenock, and continued at the desk till about the year 1804, when, without any fixed pursuit, he went to London to 'push his fortune.' He had written a sort of epic poem on the Battle of Largs, and this he committed to the press; but conscious of its imperfections, he did not prefix his name to the work, and he almost immediately suppressed it. Galt then formed an unfortunate commercial connection, which lasted three years, on the termination of which he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, with the view of being in due time called to the bar. Happening to visit Oxford in

company with some friends, he conceived, while standing with them in the quadrangle of Christchurch, the design of writing a Life of Cardinal Wolsey. He set about the task with ardour; but his health failing, he went abroad. At Gibraltar, Galt met with Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse, then embarked on their tour for Greece, and the three sailed in the same packet. Galt resided some time in Sicily, then repaired to Malta, and afterwards proceeded to Greece, where he again met with Byron, and also had an interview with Ali Pacha. After rambling for some time among the classic scenes of Greece, Galt proceeded to Constantinople, thence to Nicomedia, and northwards to Kirpe, on the shores of the Black Sea. Some commercial speculations as to the practicability of landing British goods in defiance of the Berlin and Milan decrees, prompted these unusual wanderings. At one time, when detained by quarantine, Galt wrote or sketched six dramas, which were afterwards published in a volume, constituting, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'the worst tragedies ever seen.' On his return he published his *Voyages and Travels*, and *Letters from the Levant*, which were well received. Galt next repaired to Gibraltar, to conduct a commercial business which it was proposed to establish there, but the design was defeated by the success of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. He explored France to see if an opening could be found there, but no prospect appeared, and returning to England, he contributed some dramatic pieces to the New British Theatre. One of these, *The Appeal*, was brought out at the Edinburgh theatre in 1818, and performed four nights, Sir Walter Scott having written an epilogue for the play. Among Galt's more elaborate compositions may be mentioned a *Life of Benjamin West*, the artist, *Historical Pictures*, *The Wandering Jew*, and *The Earthquake*, a novel in three volumes. He wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1820, *The Ayrshire Legatees*, a series of letters containing an amusing Scottish narrative. His next work was *The Annals of the Parish* (1821), which instantly became popular. It is worthy of remark that *The Annals* had been written some ten or twelve years before the date of its publication, and anterior to the appearance of *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*, and that it was rejected by the publishers of those works, with the assurance that a novel or work of fiction entirely Scottish would not take with the public! Galt went on with his usual ardour in the composition of Scotch novels. He had now found where his strength lay, and *Sir Andrew Wylie*, *The Entail*, *The Steam-boat*, and *The Provost*, were successively published—the first two with decided success. These were followed at no long intervals by *Ringan Gilhaize*, a story of the Scottish Covenanters; by *The Spaewife*, a tale of the times of James I. of Scotland; and *Rothelan*, a novel partly historical, founded on the work by Barnes on the Life and Reign of Edward I. Galt also published anonymously, in 1824, an interesting imaginative little tale, *The Omen*, which was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in *Blackwood's Magazine*. In fertility, Galt was only surpassed by Scott. His genius was unequal, and he does not seem to have been able to discriminate between the good and the bad. We next find Galt engaged in the formation and establishment of the Canada Company, which involved him in a long labyrinth of troubles; but previous to his departure, Galt composed his novel, *The Last of the Lairds*, also descriptive of Scottish life. He set out for America in 1826, his mission being limited to inquiry, for accomplishing which eight months were allowed. His duties, however, were increased, and his stay prolonged, by the numerous offers to purchase lots of land, and for determining on the system of management to be pursued by the Company. A million of capital had been intrusted to his management. On the 23d of April (St George's Day) 1827, Galt proceeded to found the town of Guelph, in the Upper Province of Canada, which he did with due ceremony. The site selected for the town having been pointed out, 'a large maple-tree,' he says, 'was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen, I struck the first stroke. To me, at least, the moment was impressive; and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.' The city soon prospered: in three months upwards of 160 building-lots were engaged, and houses rising as fast as building materials could be prepared. Before the end of the year, however, the founder of the city was embroiled in difficulties. Some secret enemies had misrepresented him—he was accused of lowering the Company's stock—his expenditure was complained of; and the Company sent out an accountant to act not only in that capacity but as cashier. Matters came to a crisis, and Galt determined to return to England. Ample testimony has been borne to the skill and energy with which he conducted the operations of this Company; but his fortune and his prospects had fled. Thwarted and depressed, he was resolved to battle with his fate, and he set himself down in England to build a new scheme of life, 'in which the secondary condition of authorship was made primary.' In six months Galt had six volumes ready. His first work was another novel in three volumes, *Lawrie Todd*, which is equal to *The Annals of the Parish* or *The Entail*. It was well received; and he soon after produced another, descriptive of the customs and manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary, and entitled *Southennan*. For a short time in the same year (1830) Galt conducted the *Courier* newspaper, but this new employment did not suit him, and he gladly left the daily drudgery to complete a *Life of Byron*. The comparative brevity of this memoir (one small volume), the name of Galt as its author, and the interesting nature of the subject, soon sold three or four editions of the work; but it was sharply assailed by the critics. Some of the positions taken up by the author (as that, 'had Byron not been possessed of genius, he might have been a better man'), and some quaintness and affectation of expression, exposed him to ridicule. Galt next executed a series of *Lives of the Players*, an amusing compilation; and *Bogle Corbet*, another novel, the object of which, he said, was to give a view of society generally, as *The Provost* was of burgh incidents simply, and of the sort of *genteel* persons who are sometimes found among the emigrants to the United States. Disease now invaded the robust frame of the novelist; but he wrote on, and in a short time four other works of fiction issued from his pen—*Stanley Buxton*, *The Member*, *The Radical*, and

Eben Erskine. In 1832, an affection of the spine and an attack resembling paralysis, greatly reduced Galt, and subjected him to acute pain. Next year, however, he was again at the press. His work was a tale, entitled *The Lost Child.* He also composed a Memoir of his own life in two volumes —a curious ill-digested melange, but worthy of perusal. In 1834 he published *Literary Miscellanies*, in three volumes, dedicated to King William IV., who generously sent a sum of £200 to the author. He returned to his native country a perfect wreck, the victim of repeated attacks of paralysis; yet he wrote several pieces for periodical works, and edited the productions of others. After severe and protracted sufferings, borne with great firmness and patience, Galt died at Greenock on the 11th of April 1839.

Of the long list of our author's works, the greater part are already forgotten. Not a few of his novels, however, bid fair to be permanent, and *The Annals of the Parish* will probably be read as long as *Waverley* or *Guy Mannering.* This inimitable little tale is the simple record of a country minister during the fifty years of his incumbency. Besides many amusing and touching incidents, the work presents us with a picture of the rise and progress of a Scottish rural village, and its transition to a manufacturing town, as witnessed by the minister, a man as simple as Abraham Adams, imbued with all old-fashioned national feelings and prejudices, but thoroughly sincere, kind-hearted, and pious. This Presbyterian worthy, the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, is a fine representative of the primitive Scottish pastor; diligent, blameless, loyal, and exemplary in his life, but without the fiery zeal and 'kirk-filling eloquence' of the supporters of the Covenant. Micah is easy, garrulous, fond of a quiet joke, and perfectly ignorant of the world. Little things are great to him in his retirement and his simplicity; and thus we find him chronicling, among his memorable events, the arrival of a dancing-master, the planting of a pear-tree, the getting a new bell for the kirk, the first appearance of Punch's Opera in the country-side, and other incidents of a like nature, which he mixes up indiscriminately with the breaking out of the American war, the establishment of manufactures, or the spread of French revolutionary principles. Amidst the quaint humour and shrewd observation of honest Micah are some striking and pathetic incidents. Mrs Malcolm, the widow of a Clyde shipmaster, comes to settle in his village; and being 'a genty body, calm, and methodical,' she brought up her children in a superior manner, and they all get on in the world. One of them becomes a sailor; and there are few more touching narratives in the language than the account of this cheerful, gallant-hearted lad, from his first setting off to sea, to his death as a midshipman in an engagement with the French. Taken altogether, this work of Galt's is invaluable for its truth and nature, its quiet unforced humour and pathos, its genuine nationality as a faithful record of Scottish feeling and manners, and its rich felicity of homely antique Scottish phrase and expression, which to his countrymen is perhaps the crowning excellence of the author.

In the following passage, the placing of Mr Balwhidder as minister of Dalmailing is admirably described:

Placing of a Scottish Minister.

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a-doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest: 'This will do well enough—timber to timber;' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me; but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers: 'Here's the feckless Mess-John;' and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said: 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and—who would have thought it!—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock night-cap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner: 'Come in, sir, and ease yoursel'; this will never do: the clergy are God's corbies, and for their Master's sake it behoves us to

respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. 'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I 'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye 'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family.'

The Ayrshire Legatees is a story of the same cast as *The Annals*, and describes (chiefly by means of correspondence) the adventures of another country minister and his family on a journey to London to obtain a rich legacy left him by a cousin in India. *The Provost* is another portraiture of Scottish life, illustrative of the jealousies, contentions, local improvements, and *jobbery* of a small burgh in the olden time. Some of the descriptions in this work are very powerfully written. *Sir Andrew Wylie* and *The Entail* are more regular and ambitious performances, treble the length of the others, but not so carefully finished. The *pawkie* Ayrshire baronet is humorous, but not very natural. The character of Leddy Grippy in *The Entail* was a prodigious favourite with Byron. Both Scott and Byron, it is said, read this novel three times—no slight testimony to its merits. We should be disposed, however, to give the preference to another of Galt's three-volume fictions, *Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers*, a work which seems to have no parallel, since Defoe, for apparent reality, knowledge of human nature, and fertility of invention. The history of a real individual, a man named Grant Thorburn, supplied the author with part of his incidents, as the story of Alexander Selkirk did Defoe; but the mind and the experience of Galt are stamped on almost every page. In his former productions our author wrought with his recollections of the Scotland of his youth; the mingled worth, simplicity, *pawkiness*, and enthusiasm which he had seen or heard of as he loitered about Irvine or Greenock, or conversed with the country sires and matrons; but in *Lawrie Todd* we have the fruit of his observations in the New World, presenting an entirely different and original phase of the Scottish character. Lawrie is by trade a nailmaker, who emigrates with his brother to America; and their stock of worldly goods and riches, on arriving at New York, consisted of about five shillings in money, and an old chest containing some articles of dress and other necessaries. Lawrie works hard at the nailmaking, marries a pious and industrious maiden—who soon dies—and in time becomes master of a grocer's shop, which he exchanges for the business of a seedsman. The latter is a bad affair, and Lawrie is compelled to sell all off, and begin the world again. He removes with his family to the backwoods, and once more is prosperous. He clears, builds, purchases land, and speculates to great advantage, till he is at length enabled to return to Scotland in some style, and visit the place of his nativity. This Scottish jaunt is a blemish in the work, for the incidents and descriptions are ridiculously exaggerated. But nothing can be better than the account of the early struggles of this humble hero—the American sketches of character with which the work abounds—the view it gives of life in the backwoods—or the peculiar *freshness* and vigour that seem to accompany every scene and every movement of the story. In perception of character and motive, within a certain sphere, Galt stands unsurpassed; and he has energy as well as quickness. His taste, however, was very defective; and this, combined with the hurry and uncertainty of his latter days, led him to waste his original powers on subjects unfitted for his pen, and injurious to his reputation. The story of his life is a melancholy one; his genius was an honour to his country, and merited a better reward.

The Windy Yule, or Christmas.—From 'The Provost.'

In the morning, the weather was blasty and sleety, waxing more and more tempestuous, till about mid-day, when the wind checked suddenly round from the nor-east to the sou-west, and blew a gale, as if the Prince of the powers of the air was doing his utmost to work mischief. The rain blattered, the windows clattered, the shop shutters flapped, pigs from the lum-heads came rattling down like thunder-claps, and the skies were dismal both with cloud and carry. Yet, for all that, there was in the streets a stir and a busy visitation between neighbours, and every one went to their high windows, to look at the five poor barks, that were warsling against the strong arm of the elements of the storm and the ocean.

Still the lift gloomed, and the wind roared; and it was as doleful a sight as ever was seen in any town afflicted with calamity, to see the sailors' wives, with their red cloaks about their heads, followed by their hirpling and disconsolate bairns, going one after another to the kirkyard, to look at the vessels where their helpless breadwinners were battling with the tempest. My heart was really sorrowful, and full of a sore anxiety to think of what might happen to the town, whereof so many were in peril, and to whom no human magistracy could extend the arm of protection. Seeing no abatement of the wrath of heaven, that howled and roared around us, I put on my big coat, and taking my staff in my hand, having tied down my hat with a silk handkerchief, towards gloaming I walked likewise to the kirkyard, where I beheld such an assemblage of sorrow, as few men in situation have ever been put to the trial to witness.

In the lee of the kirk many hundreds of the town were gathered together; but there was no discourse among them. The major part were sailors' wives and weans, and at every new thud of the blast, a sob rose, and the mothers drew their bairns closer in about them, as if they saw the visible hand of a foe raised to smite them. Apart from the multitude, I observed three or four young lasses, standing behind the Whinnyhill families' tomb, and I jaloused that they had joes in the ships, for they often looked to the bay, with long necks and sad faces, from behind the monument. But of all the piteous objects there, on that doleful evening, none troubled my thoughts more than three motherless children, that belonged to the mate of one of the vessels in the jeopardy. He was an Englishman that had been settled some years in the town, where his family had neither kith nor kin; and his wife having died about a month before, the bairns, of whom the eldest was but nine or so, were friendless enough, though both my gudewife, and other well-disposed ladies, paid them all manner of attention, till their father would come home. The three poor little things, knowing that he was in one

of the ships, had been often out and anxious, and they were then sitting under the lee of a headstone, near their mother's grave, chittering and creeping closer and closer at every squall! Never was such an orphan-like sight seen.

When it began to be so dark that the vessels could no longer be discerned from the churchyard, many went down to the shore, and I took the three babies home with me, and Mrs Pawkie made tea for them, and they soon began to play with our own younger children, in blithe forgetfulness of the storm; every now and then, however, the eldest of them, when the shutters rattled, and the lum-head roared, would pause in his innocent daffing, and cower in towards Mrs Pawkie, as if he was daunted and dismayed by something he knew not what.

Many a one that night walked the sounding shore in sorrow, and fires were lighted along it to a great extent, but the darkness and the noise of the raging deep, and the howling wind, never intermitted till about midnight; at which time a message was brought to me, that it might be needful to send a guard of soldiers to the beach, for that broken masts and tackle had come in, and that surely some of the barks had perished. I lost no time in obeying this suggestion, which was made to me by one of the owners of the *Louping Meg;* and to shew that I sincerely sympathised with all those in affliction, I rose and dressed myself, and went down to the shore, where I directed several old boats to be drawn up by the fires, and blankets to be brought, and cordials prepared, for them that might be spared with life to reach the land; and I walked the beach with the mourners till the morning.

As the day dawned, the wind began to abate in its violence, and to wear away from the sou-west into the norit; but it was soon discovered that some of the vessels with the corn had perished; for the first thing seen was a long fringe of tangle and grain, along the line of the high-water mark, and every one strained with greedy and grieved eyes, as the daylight brightened, to discover which had suffered. But I can proceed no further with the dismal recital of that doleful morning. Let it suffice here to be known, that, through the haze, we at last saw three of the vessels lying on their beam-ends, with their masts broken, and the waves riding like the furious horses of destruction over them. What had become of the other two, was never known; but it was supposed that they had foundered at their anchors, and that all on board perished.

The day being now Sabbath, and the whole town idle, everybody in a manner was down on the beach, to help and mourn, as the bodies, one after another, were cast out by the waves. Alas! few were the better of my provident preparation; and it was a thing not to be described, to see, for more than a mile along the coast, the new-made widows and fatherless bairns mourning and weeping over the corpses of those they loved. Seventeen bodies were, before ten o'clock, carried to the desolated dwellings of their families; and when old Thomas Pull, the betherell, went to ring the bell for public worship, such was the universal sorrow of the town, that Nanse Donsie, an idiot natural, ran up the street to stop him, crying, in the voice of a pardonable desperation: 'Wha, in sic a time, can praise the Lord!'

THOMAS HOPE.

THOMAS HOPE (1770–1831), the author of *Anastasius*, was one of the merchant-princes whom commerce led to opulence, and who repaid the compliment by ennobling his origin and pursuits with taste, munificence, and genius. He was one of three brothers, wealthy merchants in Amsterdam. When a young man, he spent some years in foreign travel, visiting the principal places in Europe, Asia, and Africa. On his return he settled in London, purchased a large house and a country mansion (Deepdene, near Dorking), and embellished both with drawings, picture-galleries, sculpture, amphitheatres for antiques, and all other rare and costly appliances. His appearances as an author arose out of these favourite occupations and studies. In 1805, he published a folio volume of drawings and descriptions, entitled *Household Furniture and Decorations.* The ambitious style of this work, and the author's devotion to the forms of chairs, sofas, couches, and tables, provoked a witty piece of ridicule in the *Edinburgh Review;* but the man of taste and virtù triumphed. A more classical and appropriate style of furniture and domestic utensils gained ground; and with Mr Hope rests the honour of having achieved the improvement. Two other splendid publications proceeded from Mr Hope, *The Costume of the Ancients* (1809), and *Designs of Modern Costumes* (1812), both works evincing extensive knowledge and curious research. In 1819, Mr Hope burst forth as a novelist of the first order. He had studied human nature as well as architecture and costume, and his early travels had exhibited to him men of various creeds and countries. The result was *Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century*, in three volumes. The author's name was not prefixed to the work—as it was given forth as a veritable history—but the secret soon became known, and Mr Hope, from being reputed as something like a learned upholsterer or clever draughtsman, was at once elevated into a rivalry with Byron as a glowing painter of foreign scenery and manners, and with Le Sage and the other masters of the novel, in the art of conducting a fable and delineating character. The author turned from fiction to metaphysics, and composed a work *On the Origin and Prospects of Man*, which he did not live to see through the press, but which was published after his decease. His cosmogony is strange and unorthodox; but amidst his paradoxes, conceits, and abstruse speculations, are many ingenious views and eloquent disquisitions. He was author also of an *Essay on Architecture*, not published till 1835—an ingenious work, which went through several editions. Mr Hope died on the 3d of February 1831, and probate was granted for £180,000 personal property. Mr Beckford and *Vathek* are the only parallels to Mr Hope and *Anastasius* in oriental wealth and imagination.

Anastasius is one of the most original and dazzling of modern romances. The hero is, like Zeluco, a villain spoiled by early indulgence; he becomes a renegade to his faith, a mercenary, a robber, and an assassin; but the elements of a better nature are sown in his composition, and break forth at times. He is a native of Chios, the son of Greek parents. To avoid the consequences of an amour with Helena, the consul's daughter, he runs off to sea in a Venetian vessel, which is boarded by pirates and captured. The pirates are in turn taken by a Turkish frigate, and carried before Hassan Pasha. Anastasius is released, fights with the Turks in the war against the Araonoots, and accompanies the Greek dragoman to Constantinople. Disgrace and beggary reduce him to various shifts and adventures. He follows a Jew quack-doctor selling nostrums—is thrown into the Bagnio, or state-prison — afterwards

embraces the Turkish faith—revisits Greece—proceeds to Egypt—and subsequently ranges over Arabia, and visits Malta, Sicily, and Italy. His intrigues, adventures, sufferings, &c. are innumerable. Every aspect of Greek and Turkish society is depicted—sarcasm, piquant allusion, pathos and passion, and descriptions of scenery, are strangely intermingled in the narrative. Wit, epigram, and the glitter of rhetorical amplification, occupy too much space; but the scene is constantly shifting, and the work possesses the truth and accuracy of a book of travels joined to those of a romance. The traveller, too, is a thorough man of the world, has a keen insight into human weaknesses and foibles, and describes his adventures and impressions without hypocrisy or reserve. The most powerful passages are those in which pathos is predominant—such as the scenes with Euphrosyne, whom Anastasius has basely violated—his sensations on revisiting Greece and the tomb of Helena—his reflections on witnessing the dead Araonoot soldier whom he had slain—the horrors of the plague and famine—and, above all, the account of the death of Alexis, the child of Anastasius, and in whom were centred the only remains of his human affection, his love and hope. The gradual decay of this youth, and the intense anxiety and watchfulness of his father, constitute a scene of genuine grief and tenderness. We forget the craft and villainy of Anastasius, thus humbled and prostrate. His wild gaiety and heartless jests, his degeneracy and sensualism, have passed away. They had palled upon himself, but one spring of pure affection remained to redeem his nature; and it is not without the strongest pity and kindred commiseration that we see the desperate adventurer reduced to loneliness and heart-broken despair. The scene is introduced by an account of his recovering his lost son in Egypt, and carrying him off to Europe:

The Death of Anastasius's Son.

My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and—what was better—my own pockets insured me a decent competence. The refinements of a European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and, having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! what was there in it so heinous to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds?

In the midst of my dream of happiness, my eye fell upon the darling object in which centred all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale; his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning, still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement: but, though playthings were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take anything except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally doting father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm; but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of woe. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main. How, then, did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters! My anguish baffled all expression.

In truth, I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid; for, while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us, on rising, in the same place where it had left us on setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled unchanging deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half-closed; and when, roused by my address, the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful inquiries of mine, he only shewed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts, indeed, of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheeks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and, no longer taking note of the passing hour, he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bed-time and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother on behalf of his father. If—wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonised to think that I alone had been the cause—I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished; but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour, and day after day, rolled on, without any progress in our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks, trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. 'Oh, for those days,' I now thought, 'when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly or delayed some scheme of vice!'

At last one afternoon, when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in one and all—for even they had felt my agony, and doted on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up! The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed

on minute, the motion of the ship became swifter; and presently, as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse, we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes: at last we descried Trieste itself! Another half-hour, and every separate house became visible, and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came alongside.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray until we reached the quay.

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two bayonets crossed upon my breast, forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jetty, there to wait his coming, and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach, while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. Oh, how I cursed his unfeeling delay! how I would have paved his way with gold to have hastened his coming! and yet a something whispered continually in my ear that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last earthly endearments! but, tranquil, composed, and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features, and, hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short, however, was the joy: soon vanished the deceitful symptom! On a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew I no longer should reck. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eyes, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognising his father, and—putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794–1854), the biographer of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, and editor of the *Quarterly Review* from 1826 till 1852, was author of four novels—*Valerius, a Roman Story*, three volumes, 1821; *Adam Blair*, one volume, 1822; *Reginald Dalton*, three volumes, 1823; and *Matthew Wald*, one volume, 1824.

The first of Mr Lockhart's productions is the best. It is a tale of the times of Trajan, when that emperor, disregarding the example of his predecessor Nerva, persecuted the small Christian community which had found shelter in the bosom of the Eternal City, and were calmly pursuing their pure worship and peaceful lives. As the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, the Christians were extending their numbers, though condemned to meet in caves and sepulchres, and forced to renounce the honours and ambition of the world. The hero of the tale visits Rome for the first time at this interesting period. He is the son of a Roman commander, who had settled in Britain, and is summoned to Rome after the death of his parents to take possession of an estate to which, as the heir of the Valerii, he had become entitled. His kinsman Licinius, an eminent lawyer, receives him with affection, and introduces him to his friends and acquaintances. We are thus presented with sketches of the domestic society of the Romans, with pictures of the Forum, the baths, temples, and other marvels of Rome, which are briefly, but distinctly and picturesquely delineated. At the villa of Capito, an Epicurean philosopher, Valerius meets with the two fair nieces of his host, Sempronia and Athanasia. The latter is the heroine of the tale—a pure intellectual creation, in which we see united the Roman grace and feminine sweetness of the patrician lady, with the high-souled fortitude and elevation of the Christian. Athanasia has embraced the new faith, and is in close communion with its professors. Her charms overcome Valerius, who soon obtains possession of her secret; and after various adventures, in which he succours the persecuted maiden, and aids in her wonderful escape, he is at length admitted by baptism into the fellowship of the Christians, and embarks with Athanasia for Britain. One of the most striking scenes in the novel is a grand display at the Flavian amphitheatre, given by the emperor on the anniversary of the day on which he was adopted by Nerva. On this occasion a Christian prisoner is brought forward, either to renounce his faith in the face of the assembly, or to die in the arena. Eighty thousand persons, 'from the lordly senators on their silken couches, along the parapet of the arena, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads which skirted the horizon, above the topmost wall of the amphitheatre itself,' were there met. The description concludes with the execution of the Christian. In another scene there is great classic grace, united with delicacy of feeling. It describes Athanasia in prison, and visited there by Valerius through the connivance of Silo, the jailer, who belongs to the Christian party:

Athanasia in Prison.

Alas! said I to myself, of what tidings am I doomed ever to be the messenger! but she was alone; and how

could I shrink from any pain that might perhaps alleviate hers? I took the key, glided along the corridors, and stood once more at the door of the chamber in which I had parted from Athanasia. No voice answered to my knock; I repeated it three times, and then, agitated with indistinct apprehension, hesitated no longer to open it. No lamp was burning within the chamber, but from without there entered a wavering glare of deep saffron-coloured light, which shewed me Athanasia extended on her couch. Its ominous and troubled hue had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. I hung over her for a moment, and was about to disturb that slumber—perhaps the last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber walls were visited with a yet deeper glare. 'Caius,' she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch, 'why do you leave me? Stay, Valerius.' I looked back, but her eyelids were still closed; the same calm smile was upon her dreaming lips. The light streamed redder and more red. All in an instant became as quiet without as within. I approached the window, and saw Cotilius standing in the midst of the court, Sabinus and Silo near him; the horsemen drawn up on either side, and a soldier close behind resting upon an unsheathed sword. I saw the keen blue eye as fierce as ever. I saw that the blood was still fervid in his cheeks; for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and florid brightness, so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the pictures of Sylla; and even the blaze of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its natural scarlet. The soldier had lifted his sword, and my eye was fixed, as by fascination, when suddenly a deep voice was heard amidst the deadly silence: 'Cotilius!—look up, Cotilius!'

Aurelius, the Christian priest, standing at an open window not far distant from that at which I was placed, stretched forth his fettered hand as he spake: 'Cotilius! I charge thee, look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was cast upon thy head. I charge thee, look upon me, and say, ere yet the blow be given, upon what hope thy thoughts are fixed? Is this sword bared against the rebel of Cæsar, or a martyr of Jesus? I charge thee, speak; and for thy soul's sake speak truly.'

A bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Prætorian. Instinctively I turned me from the spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The clap with which the corpse fell upon the stones had perhaps reached the sleeping ear, and we know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started at the very moment when the blow was given; and she whispered—for it was still but a deep whisper: 'Spare me, Trajan, Cæsar, Prince—have pity on my youth—strengthen, strengthen me, good Lord! Fie! Fie! we must not lie to save life. Felix—Valerius—come close to me, Caius—Fie! let us remember we are Romans—'Tis the trumpet'——

The Prætorian trumpet sounded the march in the court below, and Athanasia, starting from her sleep, gazed wildly around the reddened chamber. The blast of the trumpet was indeed in her ear—and Valerius hung over her; but after a moment the cloud of the broken dream passed away, and the maiden smiled as she extended her hand to me from the couch, and began to gather up the ringlets that floated all down upon her shoulder. She blushed and smiled mournfully, and asked me hastily whence I came, and for what purpose I had come; but before I could answer, the glare that was yet in the chamber seemed anew to be perplexing her, and she gazed from me to the red walls, and from them to me again; and then once more the trumpet was blown, and Athanasia sprung from her couch. I know not in what terms I was essaying to tell her what was the truth; but I know, that ere I had said many words, she discovered my meaning. For a moment she looked deadly pale, in spite of all the glare of the torch beams; but she recovered herself, and said in a voice that sounded almost as if it came from a light heart: 'But, Caius, I must not go to Cæsar without having at least a garland on my head. Stay here, Valerius, and I shall be ready anon—quite ready.'

It seemed to me as if she were less hasty than she had promised; yet many minutes elapsed not ere she returned. She plucked a blossom from her hair as she drew near me, and said: 'Take it: you must not refuse one token more; this also is a sacred gift. Caius, you must learn never to look upon it without kissing these red streaks—these blessed streaks of the Christian flower.'

I took the flower from her hand and pressed it to my lips, and I remembered that the very first day I saw Athanasia she had plucked such a one when apart from all the rest in the gardens of Capito. I told her what I remembered, and it seemed as if the little circumstance had called up all the image of peaceful days, for once more sorrowfulness gathered upon her countenance. If the tear was ready, however, it was not permitted to drop; and Athanasia returned again to her flower.

'Do you think there are any of them in Britain?' said she; 'or do you think that they would grow there? You must go to my dear uncle, and he will not deny you when you tell him that it is for my sake he is to give you some of his. They call it the passion-flower—'tis an emblem of an awful thing. Caius, these purple streaks are like trickling drops; and here, look ye, they are all round the flower. Is it not very like a bloody crown upon a pale brow? I will take one of them in my hand, too, Caius; and methinks I shall not disgrace myself when I look upon it, even though Trajan should be frowning upon me.'

I had not the heart to interrupt her; but heard silently all she said, and I thought she said the words quickly and eagerly, as if she feared to be interrupted.

The old priest came into the chamber, while she was yet speaking so, and said very composedly: 'Come, my dear child, our friend has sent again for us, and the soldiers have been waiting already some space, who are to convey us to the Palatine. Come, children, we must part for a moment—perhaps it may be but for a moment—and Valerius may remain here till we return to him. Here, at least, dear Caius, you shall have the earliest tidings and the surest.'

The good man took Athanasia by the hand, and she, smiling now at length more serenely than ever, said only: 'Farewell then, Caius, for a little moment!' And so, drawing her veil over her face, she passed away from before me, giving, I think, more support to the ancient Aurelius than in her turn she received from him. I began to follow them, but the priest waved his hand as if to forbid me. The door closed after them, and I was alone.

Adam Blair, or, as the title runs, *Some Passages in the Life of Mr Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle*, is a narrative of the fall of a Scottish minister from the purity and dignity of the pastoral character, and his restoration, after a season of deep penitence and contrition, to the duties of his sacred profession, in the same place which had formerly witnessed his worth and usefulness. The unpleasant nature of the story, and a certain tone of exaggeration and sentimentalism in parts of it, render the perusal of the work somewhat painful and disagreeable, and of doubtful morality. But *Adam Blair* is powerfully written, with an accurate conception of Scottish feeling and character, and passages of description equal to any in the author's other works. The tender-hearted enthusiastic minister of Cross-Meikle is hurried on to his downfall 'by fate and

metaphysical aid,' and never appears in the light of a guilty person; while his faithful elder, John Maxwell, and his kind friends at Semplehaugh, are just and honourable representatives of the good old Scotch rural classes.

Reginald Dalton is the most extended of Mr Lockhart's fictions, and gives us more of the 'general form and pressure' of humankind and society than his two previous works. The scene is laid in England, and we have a full account of college-life in Oxford, where Reginald, the hero, is educated, and where he learns to imbibe port, if not prejudice. The dissipation and extravagance of the son almost ruin his father, an English clergyman; and some scenes of distress and suffering consequent on this misconduct are related with true and manly feeling.

Description of an Old English Mansion.

They halted to bait their horses at a little village on the main coast of the Palatinate, and then pursued their course leisurely through a rich and level country, until the groves of Grypherwast received them amidst all the breathless splendour of a noble sunset. It would be difficult to express the emotions with which young Reginald regarded, for the first time, the ancient demesne of his race. The scene was one which a stranger, of years and experience very superior to his, might have been pardoned for contemplating with some enthusiasm, but to him the first glimpse of the venerable front, embosomed amidst its

'Old contemporary trees,'

was the more than realisation of cherished dreams. Involuntarily he drew in his rein, and the whole party as involuntarily following the motion, they approached the gateway together at the slowest pace.

The gateway is almost in the heart of the village, for the hall of Grypherwast had been reared long before English gentlemen conceived it to be a point of dignity to have no humble roofs near their own. A beautiful stream runs hard by, and the hamlet is almost within the arms of the princely forest, whose ancient oaks, and beeches, and gigantic pine-trees darken and ennoble the aspect of the whole surrounding region. The peasantry, who watch the flocks and herds in those deep and grassy glades—the fishermen, who draw their subsistence from the clear waters of the river—and the woodmen, whose axes resound all day long among the inexhaustible thickets, are the sole inhabitants of the simple place. Over their cottages the hall of Grypherwast has predominated for many long centuries, a true old northern manor-house, not devoid of a certain magnificence in its general aspect, though making slender pretensions to anything like elegance in its details. The central tower, square, massy, rude, and almost destitute of windows, recalls the knightly and troubled period of the old Border wars; while the overshadowing roofs, carved balconies, and multifarious chimneys scattered over the rest of the building, attest the successive influence of many more or less tasteful generations. Excepting in the original baronial tower, the upper parts of the house are all formed of oak, but this with such an air of strength and solidity as might well shame many modern structures raised of better materials. Nothing could be more perfectly in harmony with the whole character of the place than the autumnal brownness of the stately trees around. The same descending rays were tinging with rich lustre the outlines of their bare trunks, and the projecting edges of the old-fashioned bay-windows which they sheltered; and some rooks of very old family were cawing overhead almost in the midst of the hospitable smoke-wreaths. Within a couple of yards from the door of the house an eminently respectable-looking old man, in a powdered wig and very rich livery of blue and scarlet, was sitting on a garden-chair with a pipe in his mouth, and a cool tankard within his reach upon the ground.

The tale of *Matthew Wald* is related in the first person, and the hero experiences a great variety of fortune. There is much worldly shrewdness and observation evinced in the delineation of some of the scenes and characters; but, on the whole, it is the poorest of Mr Lockhart's novels. Its author, we suspect, like Sheridan, required time and patient revision to bring out fully his conceptions, and nevertheless was often tempted or impelled to hurry to a close.

Mr Lockhart was born on the 14th of June 1794 in the manse or parsonage of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark. His father was minister of that parish, but being presented to the College Church, Glasgow, he removed thither, and his son was educated at Glasgow University. He was selected as one of the two students whom Glasgow College sends annually to Oxford, in virtue of an endowment named 'Snell's Foundation.' Having taken his degree, Mr Lockhart repaired to Edinburgh, and in 1816 became an advocate at the Scottish bar. He was unsuccessful, and devoted himself chiefly to literature. He was a regular contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and imparted to that work a large portion of the spirit, originality, and determined political character which it has long maintained. In 1820 he was married to Sophia, the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, a lady who possessed much of the conversational talent, the unaffected good-humour, and liveliness of her father. Mrs Lockhart died on the 17th of May 1837, in London, whither Mr Lockhart had gone to reside as successor to Mr Gifford in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*.

In 1843 Mr Lockhart received from Sir Robert Peel the sinecure appointment of Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, to which was attached a salary of £400 per annum. In point of fortune and connections, therefore, Mr Lockhart was more successful than most authors who have elevated themselves by their talents; but ill health and private calamities darkened his latter days. He survived all the family of Sir Walter Scott, and his own two sons. He had another child, a daughter, married to Mr Hope Scott of Abbotsford, who died in 1858: her daughter, Mary Monica, born in 1852, married in 1874 to the Hon. Joseph Constable-Maxwell, third son of Lord Herries, is now the only descendant of Sir Walter Scott. Mr Lockhart died at Abbotsford on the 25th of November 1854, and was interred near Scott in Dryburgh Abbey.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON (1785–1854) carried the peculiar features and characteristics of his poetry into his prose compositions. The same amiable gentleness, tenderness, love of nature, pictures of solitary life, humble affections and pious hopes, expressed in an elaborate but rich structure of language, which fixed upon the author of the *Isle of Palms* the title of a Lake Poet, may be seen in all his tales. The first of these appeared in 1822, under the name of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; a Selection from the Papers of the late*

Arthur Austin. This volume consists of twenty-four short tales, three of which—The Elder's Funeral, The Snow-storm, and The Forgers—had previously been published in *Blackwood's Magazine.* Most of them are tender and pathetic, and relate to Scottish rural and pastoral life. The innocence, simplicity, and strict piety of ancient manners are described as still lingering in our vales; but, with a fine spirit of homely truth and antique Scriptural phraseology, the author's scenes and characters are too Arcadian to be real. His second work, *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay* (one volume, 1823), is more regular in construction and varied in incident. The heroine is a maiden in humble life, whose father imbibes the opinions of Paine, and is imprisoned on a charge of sedition, but afterwards released. He becomes irreligious and profane as well as disaffected, and elopes with the mistress of a brother-reformer. The gradual ruin and deepening distress of this man's innocent family are related with much pathos. In many parts of the tale we are reminded of the affecting pictures of Crabbe. Of this kind is the description of the removal of the Lyndsays from their rural dwelling to one of the close lanes of the city, which is as natural and as truly pathetic as any scene in modern fiction:

The 'Flitting' or Removal of the Lyndsays.

The twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary, and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the robin redbreast, that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone-seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. 'There,' said she, 'is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'.' The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers, with their children in their arms, had given the 'God bless you, Alice—God bless you, Margaret, and the lave,' and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot-travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better—others with woebegone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. . . .

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbours—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people—came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said: 'Ay, ay, here's the flitting, I'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs Lyndsay? Hech, sers, but you've gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye, o' your gudeman since he gaed aff wi' that limmer? Dool be wi' her and a' siclike.' Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down—the room decently arranged—one and all of the neighbours said 'Gude-night,' and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor:

> Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
> He, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
> Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

A Snow-Storm.

From *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Achindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide, over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiriting in the labour with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm, and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth, to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. As the momentary cessation of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation; and the barking of a dog attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigour into my limbs, telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled

with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fireside—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother, making 'auld claes look amaist as weel's the new'—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden—the old traditionary tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbours, on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover undeterred by the snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks. But above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of Psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted—and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it, as cheerfully as ever I walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half-an-hour's walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipt it with fire—and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed shepherd in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

In 1824, Mr Wilson published another but inferior story, *The Foresters*. It certainly is a singular and interesting feature in the genius of an author known as an active man of the world, who spent most of his time in the higher social circles of his native country and in England, and whose scholastic and political tastes would seem to point to a different result, that, instead of portraying the manners with which he was familiar—instead of indulging in witty dialogue or humorous illustration—he should have selected homely Scottish subjects for his works of fiction, and appeared never so happy or so enthusiastic as when expatiating on the joys and sorrows of his humble countrymen in the sequestered and unambitious walks of life. A memoir of Mr Wilson ('Christopher North') by his daughter, Mrs Gordon, was published in 1862.

Various other novels issued about this time from the Edinburgh press. MRS JOHNSTONE (1781–1857) published anonymously *Clan Albyn* (1815), a tale written before the appearance of *Waverley*, and approaching that work in the romantic glow which it casts over Highland character and scenery. A second novel, *Elizabeth de Bruce*, was published by Mrs Johnstone in 1827. This lady was also authoress of some interesting tales for children—*The Diversions of Hollycot*, *The Nights of the Round Table*, &c.—and was also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of the day. She was some years editor of *Tait's Magazine*, with a salary of £250 a year. Mrs Johnstone died in 1857. Her style is easy and elegant, and her writings are marked by good sense and a cultivated mind.

SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, Bart. (1784–1848), wrote two novels connected with Scottish life and history, *Lochandhu*, 1825, and *The Wolf of Badenoch*, 1827. In 1830, Sir Thomas wrote an interesting *Account of the Great Floods in Morayshire*, which happened in the autumn of 1829. He was then a resident among the romantic scenes of this unexampled inundation, and has described its effects with great picturesqueness and beauty, and with many homely and pathetic episodes relative to the suffering people. Sir Thomas also published a series of *Highland Rambles*, much inferior to his early novels, though abounding like them, in striking descriptions of natural scenery. He edited Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, and Sir Uvedale Price's *Essays on the Picturesque*, adding much new matter to each; and he was commissioned to write a memorial of her Majesty Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in 1842. His latest work was a descriptive account of *Scottish Rivers*, the Tweed and other streams, which he left incomplete. An edition of this work, with a preface by Dr John Brown, was published in 1874. A complete knowledge of his native country, its scenery, people, history, and antiquities—a talent for picturesque delineation—and a taste for architecture, landscape-gardening, and its attendant rural and elegant pursuits, distinguished this author. Sir Thomas was of an old Scottish family, representing lineally the houses of Lauder and Bass, and, through a female, Dick of Braid and Grange.

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton, 1827, was hailed as one of the most vigorous and interesting fictions of the day. It contained sketches of college-life, military campaigns, and other bustling scenes and adventures. Some of the foreign scenes are very vividly drawn. It was the production of the late THOMAS HAMILTON (brother of the distinguished philosopher, Sir William Hamilton), captain in the 29th Regiment, who died in 1842, aged fifty-three. He visited America, and wrote a lively ingenious work on the New World, entitled *Men and Manners in America*, 1833. Captain Hamilton was one of the many travellers who disliked the peculiar customs, the democratic government, and social habits of the Americans; and he spoke his mind freely, but apparently in a spirit of truth and candour. Captain Hamilton was also author of *Annals of the Peninsular War*.

Among the other writers of fiction who at this time published anonymously in Edinburgh was an English divine, DR JAMES HOOK (1771–1828), the only brother of Theodore Hook, and who was dean of Worcester and archdeacon of Huntingdon. To indulge his native wit and humour, and perhaps to spread those loyal Tory principles which, like his brother, he carried to their utmost extent, Dr Hook wrote two novels, *Pen Owen*, 1822, and *Percy Mallory*, 1823. They are clever, irregular works, touching on modern events and living characters, and discussing various political questions. *Pen Owen* is the superior novel, and contains some good-humour and satire on Welsh genealogy and antiquities. Dr Hook wrote several political pamphlets, sermons, and charges.

ANDREW PICKEN (1788–1833) was a native of Paisley, son of a manufacturer, and brought up to a mercantile life. He was engaged in business for some time in the West Indies, afterwards in a bank in Ireland, in Glasgow, and in Liverpool. At the latter place he established himself as a

bookseller, but was unsuccessful, and went to London to pursue literature as a profession. His first work, *Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland*, gave offence by some satirical portraits, but was generally esteemed for its local fidelity and natural painting. His novel of *The Sectarian; or the Church and the Meeting-house*, three volumes, 1829, displayed more vigorous and concentrated powers; but the subject was unhappy and the pictures which the author drew of the Dissenters, representing them as selfish, hypocritical, and sordid, irritated a great body of readers. Next year Mr Picken made a more successful appearance. *The Dominie's Legacy*, three volumes, was warmly welcomed by novel-readers, and a second edition was called for by the end of the year. This work consists of a number of Scottish stories—like Mr Carleton's Irish tales—some humorous and some pathetic. Minister Tam and Mary Ogilvy approach near to the happiest efforts of Galt. The same year our author conciliated the evangelical Dissenters by an interesting religious compilation—*Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries; including a Historical Sketch of the Progress and Present State of the Principal Protestant Missions of late years.* In 1831 Mr Picken issued *The Club-Book*, a collection of original tales by different authors. Mr James Tyrone Power, Galt, Mr Moir, James Hogg, Mr Jerdan, and Allan Cunningham, contributed each a story, and the editor himself added two—The Deer-stalkers, and the Three Kearneys. His next work was *Traditionary Stories of Old Families*, the first part of a series which was to embrace the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Such a work might be rendered highly interesting and popular, for almost every old family has some traditionary lore—some tale of love, or war, or superstition—that is handed down from generation to generation. Mr Picken now applied himself to another Scottish novel, *The Black Watch* (the original name of the gallant 42d Regiment); and he had just completed this work when he was struck with an attack of apoplexy, which in a fortnight proved fatal. He died on the 23d of November 1833. Mr Picken, according to one of his friends, 'was the dominie of his own tales—simple, affectionate, retiring; dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind.'

SUSAN EDMONSTOUNE FERRIER.

This lady was authoress of *Marriage*, published in 1818, *The Inheritance*, 1824, and *Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter*, 1831—all novels in three volumes each. She was daughter of James Ferrier, Esq., 'one of Sir Walter's brethren of the clerk's table;' and the great novelist, at the conclusion of the Tales of My Landlord, alluded to his 'sister shadow,' the author of 'the very lively work entitled *Marriage*,' as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction.* In his private diary he has also mentioned Miss Ferrier as 'a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom he had ever seen among the long list he had encountered with; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking.' This is high praise; but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once recognise it as characteristic, and exactly what they would have anticipated. This lady was a Scottish Miss Edgeworth—of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind; skilful in depicting character and seizing upon national peculiarities; caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous; and desirous of inculcating sound morality and attention to the courtesies and charities of life. In some passages, indeed, she evinces a deep religious feeling, approaching to the evangelical views of Hannah More; but the general strain of her writing relates to the foibles and oddities of mankind, and no one has drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often resemble the style of our best old comedies, and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original characters to the stock of our comic literature. Her first work is a complete gallery of this kind. There is a shade of caricature in some of the female portraits, notwithstanding the explanation of the authoress that they lived at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now—when female education was little attended to even in families of the highest rank; and consequently the ladies of those days possessed a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement. This fact is further illustrated by Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Own Times.* It is not only, however, in satirising the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier displays such original talent and humour. Dr Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner-out, is a gourmand of the first class, who looks upon bad dinners to be the source of much of the misery we hear of in the married life, and who compares a woman's reputation to a beef-steak—'if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing.' Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work. In one of Miss Grizzy's letters we hear of a Major MacTavish of the militia, who, independent of his rank, which Grizzy thought was very high, distinguished himself, and shewed the greatest bravery once when there was a very serious riot about the raising the potatoes a penny a peck, when there was no occasion for it, in the town of Dunoon. We are told also

* In describing the melancholy situation of Sir Walter the year before his death, Mr Lockhart introduces Miss Ferrier in a very amiable light, and paints a charming little picture. 'To assist them (the family of Scott) in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might be tempted to make those hours more frequent, his daughters had invited his friend the authoress of *Marriage* to come out to Abbotsford; and her coming was serviceable; for she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gaily as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect, but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way; he paused, and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes pained him sadly by giving him the catch-word abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking; and she affected to be also troubled with deafness, and would say: "Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so," being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.'

that country visits should seldom exceed three days—the *rest* day, the *dressed* day, and the *pressed* day. There is a great shrewdness and knowledge of human nature in the manner in which the aunts got over their sorrow for the death of their father, the old laird. 'They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life: dressing crape; reviving black silk; converting narrow hems into broad hems; and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?' The most striking picture in the book is that of Mrs Violet Macshake, who is introduced as living in a lofty lodging in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where she is visited by her grand-nephew Mr Douglas, and his niece Mary. In person she is tall and hard-favoured, and dressed in an antiquated style:

A Scotch Lady of the Old School.

As soon as she recognised Mr Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction; and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

'And wha thought o' seein' ye enoo?' said she, in a quick gabbling voice; 'what 's brought you to the toon? Are you come to spend your honest faither's siller ere he 's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?'

Mr Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health.

'Health!' repeated she with a sardonic smile; 'it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that 's made aboot young fowk's health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye 're a' made o',' grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand —'a wheen puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa' to Ingland for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o' the lasses i' my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sud like to ken, 'll e'er leive to see ninety-sax, like me. Health! he, he!'

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

'Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an' let me see your face; wha can tell what like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on your head?' Then after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse: 'Weel, it 's ae mercy I see ye hae neither the red head nor the muckle cuits o' the Douglasses. I kenna whuther your faither has them or no. I ne'er set een on him: neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me; but I was at nae loss, by a' accounts.'

'You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends,' said Mr Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

'Time eneugh—wull ye let me draw my breath, man —fowk canna say awthing at ance. An' ye bute to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wadna ser' ye. An' yer wean, I 'se warran' it 's ane o' the warld's wonders—it 's been unca lang o' comin'—he, he!'

'He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!' said Mr Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

'An' wha's faut was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o 't, to hae the bairn kirsened an' its grandfaither deein'! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to du—awthing 's changed.'

'You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes?' observed Mr Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

'Changes!—weel a wat I sometimes wunder if it 's the same warld, an' if it 's my ain heed that 's upon my shoothers.'

'But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?' said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

'Impruvements!' turning sharply round upon her; 'what ken ye about impruvements, bairn? A bonny impruvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great glowerin' New Toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'whar I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnies rowin' and tumlin', an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs—what see I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit oot madams prancin'. Impruvements, indeed!'

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

'Mainers!' repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh; 'what ca ye' mainers noo, for I dinna ken? ilk ane gangs bang intill their neebor's hoos, an' bang oot o 't, as it war a chynge-hoos; an' as for the maister o 't, he 's no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunky ahint his chyre. I' my grandfaither's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sate in his ain hoos; ay! an' sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish, an' was ay helpit first, an' keepit up his owthority as a man sude du. Paurents war paurents than—bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife an' servants, reteeners an' childer, a' trummelt i' the presence o' their heed.'

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. Mr Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

'Oo, what 's takin' ye awa', Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there,' laying her hand upon his arm, 'an' rest ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit breed; or maybe,' turning to Mary, 'ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blae, bairn? I 'm sure it 's no cauld; but ye 're just like the lave; ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half naked, an' than ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame.'

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

'Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you feared for! it 'll no bite ye. Here 's t' ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' your wean; puir tead, it 's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat.'

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

'Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo 's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky?—aye workin' awa' at the peels an' the drogs —he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an ony o' them 'll rin a race wi' me whan they 're naur fivescore.'

Mr Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

'Gin your roebuck 's nae better than your last, atweel it 's no worth the sendin': poor dry fissinless dirt, no

worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on 't. Your muirfowl war nae that ill, but they 're no worth the carryin'; they 're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it 's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a cauler sawmont, there would hae been some sense in 't; but ye 're ane o' the fowk that 'll ne'er harry yoursel' wi' your presents; it 's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I 'se warran' ye 're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick whan ye 're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts.'

Mr Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back: 'So I see ye 're just the auld man, Archie—aye ready to tak the strums an' ye dinna get a' thing your ain wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye was a callant. Do ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye an' a tanker o' tippenny ae night to your fowerhoors afore some leddies —he, he, he! Weel a wat yere wife maun hae her ain adoos to manage ye, for ye 're a cumstairy chield, Archie.'

Mr Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bedchamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond earrings. 'Hae, bairn,' said she, as she stuffed them into Mary's hand; 'they belanged to your faither's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-an'-twenty sons an' dochters, an' I wuss ye nae waur fortin than just to hae as mony. But mind ye,' with a shake of her bony finger, 'they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', fient haed wad ye hae gotten frae me. Noo had your tongue, and dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlour again; 'and sin ye 're gawn awa' the morn, I 'll see nae mair o' ye enoo—so fare-ye-weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I hae muckle to say to you; but ye mauna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite as they shook hands and parted.

'Well, how do you like Mrs Macshake, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home.

'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she with a smile. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them.'

'That is always the case with those whom Mrs Macshake has obliged,' returned Mr Douglas: 'she does many liberal things, but in so ungracious a manner, that people are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could anything equal her impertinence about my roebuck?—Faith, I 've a good mind never to enter her door again!'

Mary could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked, that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her countrywomen for her.

'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs Gawffaw or Mrs Macshake,' said she, laughing.

'I hope you won't carry away the impression that these two *lusus naturæ* are specimens of Scotchwomen?' said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil—the latter, to be sure, is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field, or genial clime. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rank; consequently, the ladies of those days possess a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement.'

Aware, perhaps, of the defective outline or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier bestowed much more pains on the construction of *The Inheritance*. It is too complicated for an analysis in this place; but we may mention that it is connected with high-life and a wide range of characters, the heroine being a young lady born in France, and heiress to a splendid estate and peerage in Scotland, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds. The tale is well arranged and developed. Its chief attraction, however, consists in the delineation of characters. Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt—the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable old maids—are among the best of the portraits. *Destiny* is connected with Highland scenery and Highland manners, but is far from romantic. Miss Ferrier is as practical and as discerning in her tastes and researches as Miss Edgeworth. The chief, Glenroy, is proud and irascible, spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness, and profuse without benevolence. The Highland minister, Mr Duncan MacDow, is an admirable character, though no very prepossessing specimen of the country pastor. Edith, the heroine, is a sweet and gentle creation, and there are strong feeling and passion in some of the scenes. In the case of masculine intellects, like those of the authoress of *Marriage* and the great Irish novelist, the progress of years seems to impart greater softness and sensibility, and call forth the gentler affections. Miss Ferrier died in 1854, aged seventy-two.

JAMES MORIER.

JAMES MORIER (1780–1849), author of a *Journey through Persia*, and sometime secretary of embassy to the court of Persia, embodied his knowledge of the East in a series of novels—*The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan*, three volumes, 1824 (with a second part published in two volumes in 1828); *Zohrab, the Hostage*, three volumes, 1832; *Ayesha, the Maid of Kars*, three volumes, 1834; and *The Mirza*, three volumes, 1841. The object of his first work was, he says, the single idea of illustrating Eastern manners by contrast with those of England, and the author evinces a minute and familiar acquaintance with the habits and customs of the Persians. The truth of his satirical descriptions and allusions was felt even by the court of Persia; for Mr Morier published a letter from a minister of state in that country, expressing the displeasure which the king felt at the 'very foolish business' of the book. It is probable, however, as the author supposes, that this irritation may lead to reflection, and reflection to amendment, as he conceived the Persians to be, in talent and natural capacity, equal to any nation

in the world, and would be no less on a level with them in feeling, honesty, and the higher moral qualities, were their education favourable. The hero of Mr Morier's tale is an adventurer like Gil Blas, and as much buffeted about in the world. He is the son of a barber of Ispahan, and is successively one of a band of Turkomans, a menial servant, a pupil of the physician-royal of Persia, an attendant on the chief-executioner, a religious devotee, and a seller of tobacco-pipes in Constantinople. Having by stratagem espoused a rich Turkish widow, he becomes an official to the Shah; and on his further distinguishing himself for his knowledge of the Europeans, he is appointed secretary to the misson of Mirzah Firouz, and accompanies the Persian ambassador to the court of England. In the course of his multiplied adventures, misfortunes, and escapes, the volatile unprincipled Hajji mixes with all classes, and is much in Teheran, Koordistan, Georgia, Bagdad, Constantinople, &c. The work soon became popular. 'The novelty of the style,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'which was at once perceived to be genuine oriental by such internal evidence as establishes the value of real old China —the gay and glowing descriptions of Eastern state and pageantry—the character of the poetry occasionally introduced—secured a merited welcome for the Persian picaroon. The oriental scenes are the most valuable and original portions of *Hajji Baba*, and possess the attraction of novelty to ordinary readers, yet the account of the constant embarrassment and surprise of the Persians at English manners and customs is highly amusing. The ceremonial of the dinner-table, that seemed to them "absolutely bristling with instruments of offence," blades of all sizes and descriptions, sufficient to have ornamented the girdles of the Shah's household, could not but puzzle those who had been accustomed simply to take everything up in their fingers. The mail-coach, the variety of our furniture and accommodation, and other domestic observances, were equally astonishing; but, above all, the want of ceremonial among our statesmen and public officers surprised the embassy. The following burst of oriental wonder and extravagance succeeds to an account of a visit paid them by the chairman and deputy-chairman of the East India Company, who came in a hackney-coach, and after the interview, walked away upon their own legs.

"When they were well off, we all sat mute, only occasionally saying: 'Allah! Allah! there is but one Allah!' so wonderfully astonished were we. What! India? that great, that magnificent empire! —that scene of Persian conquest and Persian glory!—the land of elephants and precious stones, the seat of shawls and kincobs!—that paradise sung by poets, celebrated by historians more ancient than Irân itself!—at whose boundaries the sun is permitted to rise, and around whose majestic mountains, some clad in eternal snows, others in eternal verdure, the stars and the moon are allowed to gambol and carouse! What! is it so fallen, so degraded, as to be swayed by two obscure mortals, living in regions that know not the warmth of the sun? Two swine-eating infidels, shaven, impure walkers on foot, and who, by way of state, travel in dirty coaches filled with straw! This seemed to us a greater miracle in government than even that of Beg Ian, the plaiter of whips, who governed the Turkomans and the countries of Samarcand and Bokhara, leading a life more like a beggar than a potentate."'

Zohrab is a historical novel, of the time of Aga Mohammed Shah, a famous Persian prince, described by Sir John Malcolm as having taught the Russians to beat the French by making a desert before the line of the invader's march, and thus leaving the enemy master of only so much ground as his cannon could command. In concluding *Mirza*, Mr Morier says: 'I may venture to assert that the East, as we have known it in oriental tales, is now fast on the change—"*C'est le commencement de la fin.*" Perhaps we have gleaned the last of the beards, and obtained an expiring glimpse of the heavy caoûk and the ample shalwar ere they are exchanged for the hat and the spruce pantaloon. How wonderful is it—how full of serious contemplation is the fact, that the whole fabric of Mohammedanism should have been assailed, almost suddenly as well as simultaneously, by events which nothing human could have foreseen. Barbary, Egypt, Syria, the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, the Red Sea, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Persia, and Afghanistan, all more or less have felt the influence of European or anti-Mohammedan agencies. Perhaps the present generation may not see a new structure erected, but true it is they have seen its foundations laid.'

In 1838 appeared *The Banished*, a novel, edited by Mr Morier. The work is a translation from the German, a tale of the Swabian league in the sixteenth century. Mr Morier died at Brighton.

The Barber of Bagdad.—From 'Hajji Baba.'

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers, with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad; and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop, and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words: '*For all the wood that was upon the ass.*' The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. 'You have not given me all the wood yet,' said the barber; 'I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain: that was our agreement.' 'How!' said the other, in great amazement; 'who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible.' In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the cadi, and stated his griefs: the cadi was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter went to a higher judge; he also patronised Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the mufti himself, who, having pondered over the question, at length settled, that it was too difficult a case for him

to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran; and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. 'Friend,' said the caliph, 'the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood'—— Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied. . . .

The wood-cutter having made his obeisances, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he, and a companion of his from the country, might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. 'He is just standing without here,' said the other, 'and he shall come in presently.' Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. 'This is my companion,' said he, 'and you must shave him.' 'Shave him!' exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise; 'it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you, or I'll send you both to *Jehanum*;' and forthwith drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. 'Tis well,' said the commander of the faithful: 'bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant,' he exclaimed to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. 'Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?' said the caliph to the barber; 'was not that your agreement?' Ali, kissing the ground, answered: 'Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever before thought of treating it like a true believer?' 'You may say right,' said the caliph; 'but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences.' The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the caliph, and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.

JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

JAMES BAILLIE FRASER (1783–1856), like Mr Morier, described the life and manners of the Persians by fictitious as well as true narratives. In 1828 he published *The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan*, three volumes, to which he afterwards added a continuation under the name of *The Persian Adventurer*, the title of his first work not being generally understood: it was often taken, he says, for a cookery book! The term Kuzzilbash, which is Turkish, signifies Red-head, and was an appellation originally given by Shah Ismael I. to seven tribes bound to defend their king. These tribes wore a red cap as a distinguishing mark, which afterwards became the military head-dress of the Persian troops; hence the word Kuzzilbash is used to express a Persian soldier; and often, particularly among the Toorkomans and Oozbeks, is applied as a national designation to the people in general. Mr Fraser's hero relates his own adventures, which begin almost from his birth; for he is carried off while a child by a band of Toorkoman robbers, who plunder his father's lands and village, situated in Khorasan, on the borders of the great desert which stretches from the banks of the Caspian Sea to those of the river Oxus. The infant bravery of Ismael, the Kuzzilbash, interests Omer Khan, head of a tribe or camp of the plunderers, and he spares the child, and keeps him to attend on his own son Selim. In the camp of his master is a beautiful girl, daughter of a Persian captive; and with this young beauty, 'lovely as a child of the Peris,' Ismael forms an attachment that increases with their years. These early scenes are finely described; and the misfortunes of the fair Shireen are related with much pathos. The consequences of Ismael's passion force him to flee. He assumes the dress of the Kuzzilbash, and crossing the desert, joins the army of the victorious Nadir Shah, and assists in recovering the holy city of Mushed, the capital of Khorasan. His bravery is rewarded with honours and dignities; and after various scenes of love and war, the Kuzzilbash is united to his Shireen.

A brief but characteristic scene—a meeting of two warriors in the desert—is strikingly described, though the reader is impressed with the idea that European thoughts and expressions mingle too largely with the narrative:

Meeting of Eastern Warriors in the Desert.

By the time I reached the banks of this stream the sun had set, and it was necessary to seek some retreat where I might pass the night and refresh myself and my horse without fear of discovery. Ascending the river-bed, therefore, with this intention, I soon found a recess where I could repose myself, surrounded by green pasture, in which my horse might feed; but as it would have been dangerous to let him go at large all night, I employed myself for a while in cutting the longest and thickest of the grass which grew on the banks of the stream for his night's repast, permitting him to pasture at will until dark; and securing him then close to the spot I meant to occupy, after a moderate meal, I commended myself to Allah, and lay down to rest.

The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as the first light of dawn broke in the east. Quickly springing on my feet, and grasping my spear and scimitar, which lay under my head, I looked around for the cause of alarm. Nor did it long remain doubtful; for, at the distance of scarce two hundred yards, I saw a single horseman advancing. To tighten my girdle round my loins, to string my bow, and prepare two or three arrows for use, was but the work of a few moments; before these preparations, however, were completed, the stranger was close at hand. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame; his countenance hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick

black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good-humour and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tashed and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound around a red cloth cap that rose in four peaks high above the head. His oemah, or riding-coat, of crimson cloth, much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, shewed the links of a coat-of-mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding-trousers, of thick fawn-coloured Kerman woollen stuff, fell in folds over the large red leather boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols—weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far.

When the striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country: 'Whoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow from my bow!' 'Why, boy,' returned the stranger in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, 'thou art a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm.' 'Nay,' rejoined I, 'I am on foot, and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions. Either retire at once, or shew thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me: dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy designs. Beware!' And so saying, I drew my arrow to the head, and pointed it towards him. 'By the head of my father!' cried the stranger, 'thou art an absolute youth! but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See,' continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again—'see, I yield my advantage; as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not.' With that, he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me.

Taught from my youth to suspect and to guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm composed step.

'Youth,' said he, 'had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares. I have travelled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before I proceed on my journey; thou meanest not,' added he with a smile, 'to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What! still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence.' With that he unbuckled his sword, and threw it, with his matchlock, upon the turf a little way from him. 'See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?' Who could have doubted longer? I threw down my bow and arrows: 'Pardon,' cried I, 'my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils, fears even their shadow: here,' continued I, 'are bread and salt, eat thou of them; thou art then my guest, and that sacred tie secures the faith of both.' The stranger, with another smile, took the offered food.

The following passage, describing the Kuzzilbash's return to his native village, affects us both by the view which it gives of the desolation caused in half-barbarous countries by war and rapine, and the beautiful train of sentiment which the author puts into the mouth of his hero:

Desolation of War.

We continued for some time longer, riding over a track once fertile and well cultivated, but now returned to its original desolation. The wild pomegranate, the thorn, and the thistle, grew high in the fields, and overran the walls that formerly inclosed them. At length we reached an open space, occupied by the ruins of a large walled village, among which a square building, with walls of greater height, and towers at each corner, rose particularly conspicuous.

As we approached this place I felt my heart stirred within me, and my whole frame agitated with a secret and indescribable emotion; visions of past events seemed hovering dimly in my memory, but my sensations were too indistinct and too confused to be intelligible to myself. At last a vague idea shot through my brain, and thrilled like a fiery arrow in my heart; with burning cheeks and eager eyes I looked towards my companion, and saw his own bent keenly upon me.

'Knowest thou this spot, young man?' said he, after a pause: 'if thy memory does not serve thee, cannot thy heart tell thee what walls are these?' I gasped for breath, but could not speak. 'Yes, Ismael,' continued he, 'these are the ruined walls of thy father's house; there passed the first days of thy childhood; within that broken tower thy eyes first saw the light! But its courts are now strewed with the unburied dust of thy kindred, and the foxes and wolves of the desert rear their young among its roofless chambers. These are the acts of that tribe to which thou hast so long been in bondage—such is the debt of blood which cries out for thy vengeance!'

I checked my horse to gaze on the scene of my infant years, and my companion seemed willing to indulge me. Is it indeed true, as some sages have taught, that man's good angel hovers over the place of his birth, and dwells with peculiar fondness on the innocent days of his childhood, and that in after-years of sorrow and of crime she pours the recollection of those pure and peaceful days like balm over the heart, to soften and improve it by their influence? How could it be, without some agency like this, that, gazing thus unexpectedly on the desolate home of my fathers, the violent passions, the bustle, and the misery of later years, vanished from my mind like a dream; and the scenes and feelings of my childhood came fresh as yesterday to my remembrance? I heard the joyous clamour of my little brothers and sisters; our games, our quarrels, and our reconciliations, were once more present to me; the grave smile of my father, the kind but eternal gabble of my good old nurse; and, above all, the mild sweet voice of my beloved mother, as she adjusted our little disputes, or soothed our childish sorrows—all rushed upon my mind, and for a while quite overpowered me: I covered my face with my hands and wept in silence.

Besides his Eastern tales, Mr Fraser wrote a story of his native country, *The Highland Smugglers*, in which he displays the same talent for description, with much inferior powers in constructing a probable or interesting narrative. He died at his seat, Moniack, in Inverness-shire, a picturesque Highland spot.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, a fashionable and copious novelist, was born in London, September 22, 1788. He was the son of a distinguished

musical composer; and at the early age of sixteen —after an imperfect course of education at Harrow School—he became a sort of partner in his father's business of music and song. In 1805 he composed a comic opera, *The Soldier's Return*, the overture and music, as well as the dialogues and songs, entirely by himself. The opera was highly successful, and young Theodore was ready next year with another after-piece, *Catch Him Who Can*, which exhibited the talents of Liston and Mathews in a popular and effective light, and had a great run of success. Several musical operas were then produced in rapid succession by Hook, as *The Invisible Girl*, *Music Mad*, *Darkness Visible*, *Trial by Jury*, *The Fortress*, *Tekeli*, *Exchange no Robbery*, and *Killing no Murder*. Some of these still keep possession of the stage, and evince wonderful knowledge of dramatic art, musical skill, and literary powers in so young an author. They were followed (1808) by a novel which has been described as a mere farce in a narrative shape. The remarkable conversational talents of Theodore Hook, and his popularity as a writer for the stage, led him much into society. Flushed with success, full of the gaiety and impetuosity of youth, and conscious of his power to please and even fascinate in company, he surrendered himself up to the enjoyment of the passing hour, and became noted for his 'boisterous buffooneries,' his wild sallies of wit and drollery, and his practical *hoaxes*.

Amongst his various talents was one which, though familiar in some other countries, whose language affords it facilities, has hitherto been rare, if not unknown in ours—namely, the power of *improvisatising*, or extemporaneous composition of songs and music. Hook would at table turn the whole conversation of the evening into a song, sparkling with puns or witty allusions, and perfect in its rhymes. 'He accompanied himself,' says Lockhart, in the *Quarterly Review*, 'on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad measures; but one favourite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt.' This power of extempore verse seems to have been the wonder of all Hook's associates; it astonished Sheridan, Coleridge, and the most illustrious of his contemporaries, who used to hang delighted over such rare and unequivocal manifestations of genius. Hook had been introduced to the prince-regent, afterwards George IV., and in 1812 he received the appointment of accomptant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of about £2000 per annum. This handsome provision he enjoyed for five years. The duties of the office were, however, neglected, and an examination being made into the books of the accomptant, various irregularities, omissions, and discrepancies were detected. There was a deficiency of a large amount, and Hook was ordered home under the charge of a detachment of military. Thus a dark cloud hung over him for the remainder of his life; but it is believed that he was in reality innocent of all but gross negligence. On reaching London in 1819, he was subjected to a scrutiny by the Audit Board, and ultimately was pronounced liable to the crown for £12,000. In the meantime he laboured assiduously at literature as a profession. He became, in 1820, editor of the *John Bull* newspaper, which he made conspicuous for its advocacy of high aristocratic principles, keen virulent personalities, and much wit and humour. His political songs were generally admired for their point and brilliancy of fancy. In 1823, after the award had been given finding him a debtor to the crown in the sum mentioned, Hook was arrested, and continued nearly two years in confinement. His literary labours went on, however, without interruption, and in 1824, appeared the first series of his tales, entitled *Sayings and Doings*, which were so well received that the author was made £2000 richer by the production. In 1825, he issued a second series, and shortly after that publication he was released from custody; with an intimation, however, that the crown abandoned nothing of its claim for the Mauritius debt. The popular novelist now pursued his literary career with unabated diligence and spirit. In 1828, he published a third series of *Sayings and Doings;* in 1830, *Maxwell;* in 1832, *The Life of Sir David Baird;* in 1833, *The Parson's Daughter*, and *Love and Pride*. In 1836, he became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and contributed to its pages, in chapters, *Gilbert Gurney*, and the far inferior sequel, *Gurney Married*, each afterwards collected into a set of three volumes. In 1837, appeared *Jack Brag;* in 1839, *Births, Deaths, and Marriages; Precepts and Practice;* and *Fathers and Sons*. His last avowed work, *Peregrine Bunce*, supposed not to have been wholly written by him, appeared some months after his death. The production of thirty-eight volumes within sixteen years—the author being all the while editor, and almost sole writer, of a newspaper, and for several years the efficient conductor of a magazine—certainly affords, as Mr Lockhart remarks, sufficient proof that he never sank into idleness. At the same time Theodore Hook was the idol of the fashionable circles, and ran a heedless round of dissipation. Though in the receipt of a large income—probably not less than £3000 per annum—by his writings, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments; and an unhappy connection which he had formed, yet dared not avow, entailed upon him the anxieties and responsibilities of a family. Parts of a diary which he kept have been published, and there are passages in it disclosing his struggles, his alternations of hope and despair, and his ever-deepening distresses and difficulties, which are inexpressibly touching as well as instructive. At length, overwhelmed with difficulties, his children unprovided for, and himself a victim to disease and exhaustion before he had completed his fifty-third year, he died at Fulham on the 24th of August 1841. His *Life and Remains*, by the Rev. Mr Barham, appeared in 1848.

The works of Theodore Hook are very unequal, and none of them perhaps display the rich and varied powers of his conversation. He was thoroughly acquainted with English life in the higher and middle ranks, and his early familiarity with the stage had taught him the effect of dramatic situations and pointed dialogue. The theatre, however, is not always a good school for taste in composition, and Hook's witty and tragic

scenes and contrasts of character are often too violent in tone, and too little discriminated.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN—MR T. H. LISTER—MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN (1796–1864) was born in Dublin, and commenced his literary career with a poetical romance, entitled *Philibert* (1819), which was smoothly versified, but possessed no great merit. In 1823 appeared his *Highways and Byways*, tales of continental wandering and adventure, written in a light, picturesque, and pleasing manner. These were so well received that the author wrote a second series, published in 1824, and a third in 1827. In 1830 he came forth with a novel in four volumes, *The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred.* The plot of this work is connected with the attempts made by the Flemish to emancipate themselves from the foreign sway of Spain, in which they were assisted by the Dutch, under Prince Maurice. Mr Grattan was author also of *Tales of Travel*, and histories of the Netherlands and of Switzerland. As a writer of fiction, a power of vivid description and observation of nature was Mr Grattan's principal merit. His style is often diffuse and careless; and he does not seem to have laboured successfully in constructing his stories. His pictures of ordinary life in the French provinces, as he wandered among the highways and byways of that country with a cheerful observant spirit, noting the peculiarities of the people, are his happiest and most original efforts.

MR THOMAS HENRY LISTER (1801–1842), a gentleman of rank and aristocratic connections, was author of three novels, descriptive of the manners of the higher classes—namely, *Granby*, 1826; *Herbert Lacy*, 1827; and *Arlington*, 1832. These works are pleasingly written, and may be considered as affording correct pictures of domestic society, but they possessed no features of novelty or originality to preserve them for another generation. A strain of graceful reflection, in the style of the essays in the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, is mingled with the tale, and shews the author to have been a man of cultivated taste and feeling. In 1838 Mr Lister published a *Memoir of the Life and Administration of the Earl of Clarendon*, in three volumes, a work of considerable talent and research, in preparing which the author had access to documents and papers unknown to his predecessors. Mr Lister at the time of his death held the government appointment of Registrar-general of births, marriages, and deaths. The following brief description in *Granby* may be compared with Mr Wordsworth's noble sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge:

London at Sunrise.

Granby followed them with his eyes; and now, too full of happiness to be accessible to any feelings of jealousy or repining, after a short reverie of the purest satisfaction, he left the ball, and sallied out into the fresh cool air of a summer morning—suddenly passing from the red glare of lamplight to the clear sober brightness of returning day. He walked cheerfully onward, refreshed and exhilarated by the air of morning, and interested with the scene around him. It was broad daylight, and he viewed the town under an aspect in which it is alike presented to the late-retiring votary of pleasure, and to the early-rising sons of business. He stopped on the pavement of Oxford Street to contemplate the effect. The whole extent of that long vista, unclouded by the mid-day smoke, was distinctly visible to his eye at once. The houses shrunk to half their span, while the few visible spires of the adjacent churches seemed to rise less distant than before, gaily tipped with early sunshine, and much diminished in apparent size, but heightened in distinctness and in beauty. Had it not been for the cool gray tint which slightly mingled with every object, the brightness was almost that of noon. But the life, the bustle, the bustle, the flowing tide of human existence, were all wanting to complete the similitude. All was hushed and silent; and this mighty receptacle of human beings, which a few short hours would wake into active energy and motion, seemed like a city of the dead.

There was little to break this solemn illusion. Around were the monuments of human exertion, but the hands which formed them were no longer there. Few, if any, were the symptoms of life. No sounds were heard but the heavy creaking of a solitary wagon, the twittering of an occasional sparrow, the monotonous tone of the drowsy watchman, and the distant rattle of the retiring carriage, fading on the ear till it melted into silence: and the eye that searched for living objects fell on nothing but the grim greatcoated guardian of the night, muffled up into an appearance of doubtful character between bear and man, and scarcely distinguishable, by the colour of his dress, from the brown flags along which he sauntered.

Two novels of the same class with those of Mr Lister were written by the first MARQUIS OF NORMANBY (1797–1863)—namely, *Matilda*, published in 1825, and *Yes and No, a Tale of the Day*, 1827. They were well received by the public, being superior to the ordinary run of fashionable novels, but deficient in originality and vigour. Lord Normanby was the English ambassador at Paris in 1848, and some years afterwards (in 1857) he published *A Year of Revolution*, from the journal he had kept at that stormy period. The work was poorly written, and in bad taste.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB—LADY DACRE—COUNTESS OF MORLEY—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB (1785–1828) was the authoress of three works of fiction, utterly worthless in a literary point of view, but which, from extrinsic circumstances, were highly popular in their day. The first, *Glenarvon*, was published in 1816, and the hero was understood to 'body forth' the character and sentiments of Lord Byron. It was a representation of the dangers attending a life of fashion. The second, *Graham Hamilton*, depicted the difficulties and dangers inseparable, even in the most amiable minds, from weakness and irresolution of character. The third, *Ada Reis* (1823), is a wild Eastern tale, the hero being introduced as the Don Juan of his day, a Georgian by birth, who, like Othello, is 'sold to slavery,' but rises to honours and distinctions. In the end Ada is condemned, for various misdeeds, to eternal punishment! The history of Lady Caroline Lamb is painful. She was united, before the age of twenty, to the Hon. William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), and was long the delight of the fashionable circles, from the singularity as well as the grace of her manners, her literary

accomplishments, and personal attractions. On meeting with Lord Byron, she contracted at first sight an unfortunate attachment for the noble poet, which continued three years, and was the theme of much remark. The poet is said to have trifled with her feelings, and a rupture took place. 'For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Brocket Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding with Mr Lamb, she met, just by the park-gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded.' A romantic susceptibility of temperament and character (ultimately ending in mental alienation) seems to have been the lot of this unfortunate lady. Her fate illustrates the wisdom of Thomson's advice:

> Then keep each passion down, however dear;
> Trust me, the tender are the most severe.

The Recollections of a Chaperon, 1833, by LADY DACRE, are a series of tales written with taste, feeling, and passion. This lady is, we believe, also authoress of *Trevelyan*, 1833, a work which, at the time of its publication, was considered as, in many respects, the best novel, by a female writer, that had appeared since Miss Edgeworth's *Vivian*.—Among other works of this class may be mentioned the tale of *Dacre*, 1834, by the COUNTESS OF MORLEY; and several fashionable novels —*The Divorced*, *Family Records*, *Love*, *The Courtier's Daughter*, &c.—by LADY CHARLOTTE BURY. This lady is the supposed authoress of a *Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV.*, a scandalous chronicle, published in 1838. It appears that her Ladyship—then Lady Charlotte Campbell—had held an appointment in the household of the Princess of Wales, and during this time she kept a Diary, in which she recorded the foibles and failings of the unfortunate princess and other members of the court. The work was strongly condemned by the leading critical journals, and was received generally with disapprobation.

R. PLUMER WARD.

MR R. PLUMER WARD (1765–1846) published in 1825 a singular metaphysical and religious romance, entitled *Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement*. The author's name was not prefixed to his work; and as he alluded to his intimacy with English statesmen and political events, and seemed to belong to the Evangelical party in the Church, much speculation took place as to the paternity of the novel. The prolixity of some of the dissertations and dialogues, where the story stood still for half a volume, that the parties might converse and dispute, rendered *Tremaine* somewhat heavy and tedious, in spite of the vigour and originality of talent it displayed. In a subsequent work, *De Vere, or the Man of Independence*, 1827, the public dwelt with keen interest on a portraiture of Mr Canning, whose career was then about to close in his premature death. The contention in the mind of this illustrious statesman between literary tastes and the pursuits of ambition, is beautifully delineated in one passage which has been often quoted. It represents a conversation between Wentworth (Canning), Sir George Deloraine, a reserved and sentimental man, and Dr Herbert. The occasion of the conversation was Wentworth's having observed Deloraine coming out of Westminster Abbey by the door at Poets' Corner. Meeting at dinner, Sir George is rallied by Wentworth on his taste for the monuments of departed genius; which he defends; and he goes on to add:

Power of Literary Genius.

'It would do all you men of power good if you were to visit them too; for it would shew you how little more than upon a level is often the reputation of the greatest statesman with the fame of those who, by their genius, their philosophy, or love of letters, improve and gladden life even after they are gone.' The whole company saw the force of this remark, and Wentworth not the least among them. 'You have touched a theme,' said he, 'which has often engaged me, and others before me, with the keenest interest. I know nothing so calculated as this very reflection to cure us poor political slaves—especially when we feel the tugs we are obliged to sustain—of being dazzled by meteors.' 'Meteors do you call them?' said Dr Herbert. 'What poet, I had almost said what philosopher, can stand in competition with the founder or defender of his country?' 'Ask your own Homer, your own Shakspeare,' answered Wentworth, forgetting his ambition for a moment in his love of letters. 'You take me in my weak part,' said Herbert, 'and the subject would carry us too far. I would remark, however, that but for the Solons, the Romuluses, the Charlemagnes, and Alfreds, we should have no Homer or Shakspeare to charm us.' 'I know this is your favourite theme,' said the minister, 'and you know how much I agree with you. But this is not precisely the question raised by Sir George; which is, the superiority in the temple of fame enjoyed by men distinguished for their efforts in song or history—but who might have been mere beggars when alive—over those who flaunted it superciliously over them in a pomp and pride which are now absolutely forgotten.' 'I will have nothing to do with supercilious flaunters,' replied Herbert; 'I speak of the liberal, the patriotic, who seek power for the true uses of power, in order to diffuse blessing and protection all around them. These can never fail to be deservedly applauded; and I honour such ambition as of infinitely more real consequence to the world than those whose works—however I may love them in private—can, from the mere nature of things, be comparatively known only to a few.' 'All that is most true,' said Mr Wentworth; 'and for a while public men of the description you mention fill a larger space in the eye of mankind; that is, of contemporary mankind. But extinguish their power, no matter by what means, whether by losing favour at court, or being turned out by the country, to both which they are alike subject; let death forcibly remove them, or a queen die, and their light, like Bolingbroke's, goes out of itself; their influence is certainly gone, and where is even their reputation? It may glimmer for a minute, like the dying flame of a taper, after which they soon cease to be mentioned, perhaps even remembered.' 'Surely,' said the doctor, 'this is too much in extremes.' 'And yet,' continued Wentworth, 'have we not all heard of a maxim appalling to all lovers of political fame, "that nobody is missed?" Alas! then, are we not compelled to burst out with the poet:

> Alas, what boots it with incessant care
> To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?'

Both Sir George and De Vere kindled at this; and the doctor himself smiled, when the minister proceeded.

'In short,' said he, 'when a statesman, or even a conqueror, is departed, it depends upon the happier poet or philosophic historian to make even his name known to posterity; while the historian or poet acquires immortality for himself in conferring upon his heroes an inferior existence.' 'Inferior existence!' exclaimed Herbert. 'Yes; for look at Plutarch, and ask which are most esteemed, himself or those he records? Look at the old Claudii and Manlii of Livy; or the characters in Tacitus; or Mæcenas, Agrippa, or Augustus himself—princes, emperors, ministers, esteemed by contemporaries as gods! Fancy their splendour in the eye of the multitude while the multitude followed them! Look at them now! Spite even of their beautiful historians, we have often difficulty in rummaging out their old names; while those who wrote or sang of them live before our eyes. The benefits they conferred passed in a minute, while the compositions that record them last for ever.' Mr Wentworth's energy moved his hearers, and even Herbert, who was too classical not to be shaken by these arguments. 'Still, however,' said the latter, 'we admire, and even wish to emulate Camillus and Miltiades, and Alexander; a Sully and a Clarendon.' 'Add a Lord Burleigh,' replied the minister, 'who, in reference to Spenser, thought a hundred pounds an immense sum for a song! Which is now most thought of, or most loved?—the calculating minister or the poor poet? the puissant treasurer or he who was left "in suing long to bide?"' Sir George and De Vere, considering the quarter whence it came, were delighted with this question. The doctor was silent, and seemed to wish his great friend to go on. He proceeded thus: 'I might make the same question as to Horace and Mæcenas; and yet, I daresay, Horace was as proud of being taken in Mæcenas's coach to the Capitol, as the Dean of St Patrick's in Oxford's or Bolingbroke's to Windsor. Yet Oxford is even now chiefly remembered through that very dean, and so perhaps would Bolingbroke, but that he is an author, and a very considerable one himself. We may recollect,' continued he, 'the manner in which Whitelocke mentions Milton—that "*one* Milton, a blind man," was made secretary to Cromwell. Whitelocke was then the first subject in the state, and lived in all the pomp of the seals, and all the splendour of Bulstrode; while the blind man waked at early morn to listen to the lark bidding him good-morrow at his cottage-window. Where is the lord-keeper now?—where the blind man? What is known of Addison as secretary of state? and how can His Excellency compare with the man who charms us so exquisitely in his writings? When I have visited his interesting house at Bilton, in Warwickshire, sat in his very study, and read his very books, no words can describe my emotions. I breathe his official atmosphere here, but without thinking of him at all. In short, there is this delightful superiority in literary over political fame, that the one, to say the best of it, stalks in cold grandeur upon stilts, like a French tragedy actor, while the other winds itself into our warm hearts, and is hugged there with all the affection of a friend and all the admiration of a lover.' 'Hear! hear!' cried Sir George, which was echoed by De Vere and Herbert himself.

De Clifford, or the Constant Man, produced in 1841, is also a tale of actual life; and as the hero is at one time secretary to a cabinet minister, Mr Ward revels in official details, rivalries, and intrigue. In 1844 our author produced *Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week*. Mr Ward wrote some legal, historical, and political works now forgotten, and held office under government in the Admiralty and other departments for twenty-five years. Canning said sarcastically that Ward's law-books were as pleasant as novels, and his novels as dull as law-books.

JOHN BANIM—EYRE EVANS CROWE—CÆSAR OTWAY.

JOHN BANIM (1800–1842), author of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, seemed to unite the truth and circumstantiality of Crabbe with the dark and gloomy power of Godwin; and in knowledge of Irish character, habits, customs, and feeling, he was superior even to Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan. The story of the Nowlans, and that of Croohore of the Bill-hook, can never be forgotten by those who have once perused them. The force of the passions, and the effects of crime, turbulence, and misery, have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest. The probability of his incidents was not much attended to by the author, and he indulged largely in scenes of horror and violence—in murders, abductions, pursuits, and escapes—but the whole was related with such spirit, raciness, and truth of costume and colouring, that the reader had neither time nor inclination to note defects. The very peculiarities of the Irish dialect and pronunciation—though constituting at first a difficulty in perusal, and always too much persisted in by Mr Banim—heightened the wild native flavour of the stories, and enriched them with many new and picturesque words and phrases. His *Tales of the O'Hara Family* were produced in 1825 and 1826. They were followed, in 1828, by another Irish story, *The Croppy*, connected with the insurrection in 1798. 'We paint,' said the author, 'from the people of a land amongst whom, for the last six hundred years, national provocations have never ceased to keep alive the strongest and often the worst passions of our nature; whose pauses, during that long lapse of a country's existence, from actual conflict in the field, have been but so many changes into mental strife, and who to this day are held prepared, should the war-cry be given, to rush at each other's throats, and enact scenes that, in the columns of a newspaper, would shew more terribly vivid than any selected by us from former facts, for the purposes of candid, though slight illustration.' There was too much of this 'strong writing' in *The Croppy*, and worse faults were found in the prolixity of some of the dialogues and descriptions, and a too palpable imitation of the style of Scott in his historical romances. The scenes peculiarly Irish are, however, written with Mr Banim's characteristic vigour: he describes the burning of a cabin till we seem to witness the spectacle; and the massacre at Vinegar Hill is portrayed with the distinctness of dramatic action. Nanny the knitter is also one of his happiest Irish likenesses. The experiment made by the author to depict the manners and frivolities of the higher classes—to draw a sprightly heroine, a maiden aunt, or the ordinary characters and traits of genteel society—was decidedly a failure. His strength lay in the cabin and the wild heath, not in the drawing-room. In 1830 Mr Banim published *The Denounced*, in three volumes, a work consisting of two tales—The Last Baron of Crana, and The Conformists. The same beauties and defects which characterise *The Croppy* are seen in *The Denounced;* but The Conformists is a deeply interesting story, and calls forth Mr Banim's peculiarities of description and knowledge of character in a very striking light. His object is to

depict the evils of that system of anti-Catholic tyranny when the penal laws were in full force, by which home education was denied to Catholic families unless by a Protestant teacher. The more rigid of the Catholics abjured all instruction thus administered; and Mr Banim describes the effects of ignorance and neglect on the second son of a Catholic gentleman, haughty, sensitive, and painfully alive to the disadvantages and degradation of his condition. The whole account of this family, the D'Arcys, is written with great skill and effect. In 1838 Mr Banim collected several of his contributions to periodical works, and published them under the title of *The Bit o' Writin', and other Tales.* In 1842 he sent forth an original and excellent novel, in three volumes, *Father Connell*, the hero being an aged and benevolent Catholic priest, not unworthy of association with the Protestant Vicar of Wakefield. This primitive pastor becomes the patron of a poor vagrant boy, Neddy Fennell, whose adventures furnish the incidents for the story. This was destined to be the last work of the author. He died in August 1842, in the prime of life, in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, which also was his birthplace. 'Mr Banim began life as a miniature-painter; but, seduced from his profession by promptings too strong to be resisted, and by the success of a tragedy, *Damon and Pythias*, he early abandoned art, and adopted literature as a profession; and he will be long remembered as the writer of that powerful and painful series of novels, *Tales of the O'Hara Family.* Some years previous, the general sympathy was attracted to Mr Banim's struggle against the suffering and privation which came in the train of disease that precluded all literary exertion; and on that occasion Sir Robert Peel came to the aid of the distressed author, whose latter years were restored to his native country, and made easy by a yearly pension of £150 from the civil list, to which an addition of £40 a year was afterwards made for the education of his daughter, an only child.' Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr Banim wrote *Boyne Water*, and other poetical pieces; and he contributed largely to the different magazines and annuals. The *Tales of the O'Hara Family* had given him a name that carried general attraction to all lovers of light literature; and there are few of these short and hasty tales that do not contain some traces of his unrivalled Irish power and fidelity of delineation. In some respects Mr Banim was a mannerist: his knowledge extended over a wide surface of Irish history and of character, under all its modifications; but his style and imagination were confined chiefly to the same class of subjects, and to a peculiar mode of treating them. A Life of Banim, with extracts from his correspondence—unfolding a life of constant struggle and exertion—was published in 1857, written by Mr P. J. Murray.

Description of the Burning of a Croppy's House.

The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence; his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places within and without; and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapour from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-gray smoke.

Sky and earth appeared reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hillside seemed portions of fire; and Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

His distended eye fixed, too, upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now rendered fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, bickering redly in the glow, as, at a command from their captain, they sent up the hillside three shouts over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent; and little Peter now feared to address a word to him. And other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford. Rising to a pitch of shrillness that overmastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated, they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybreehoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head, and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime-tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which, in summer weather, the gossipers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly against the glowing objects beyond it; and three or four yeomen, their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black, seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling with their hands lifted above their heads. Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them, and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch, and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax, for the present, to his emotions, and at length caused some expressions of his pent-up feelings. A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hillside; a gloomy red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After everything that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old house that now fell in.

'By the ashes o' my cabin, burnt down before me this night—an' I stannin' a houseless beggar on the hillside lookin' at id—while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I'll burn ten houses for that one!'

And so asseverating, he recrossed the summit of the hill, and, followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge.

The national character of Ireland was further illustrated by two collections of tales published anonymously, entitled *To-day in Ireland*, 1825; and *Yesterday in Ireland*, 1829. Though imperfectly acquainted with the art of a novelist, this

writer is often correct and happy in his descriptions and historical summaries. Like Banim, he has ventured on the stormy period of 1798, and has been more minute than his great rival in sketching the circumstances of the rebellion.—MR EYRE EVANS CROWE, author of a *History of France*, and of *The English in Italy and France*, a work of superior merit, was the author of these tales.—The REV. CÆSAR OTWAY, of Dublin, in his *Sketches of Ireland*, and his *Tour in Connaught*, &c., has displayed many of the most valuable qualities of a novelist, without attempting the construction of a regular story. His lively style and humorous illustrations of the manners of the people render his topographical works very pleasant as well as instructive reading. Mr Otway was a keen theologian, a determined anti-Catholic, but full of Irish feeling and universal kindliness. He died in March 1842.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

GERALD GRIFFIN, author of some excellent Irish tales, was born at Limerick on the 12th of December 1803. His first schoolmaster appears to have been a true Milesian pedant and original, for one of his advertisements begins, 'When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers!'—and he boasted of being one of *three* persons in Ireland who knew how to read correctly; namely, the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and himself, Mr MacEligot! Gerald was afterwards placed under a private tutor, whence he was removed to attend a school at Limerick. While a mere youth, he became connected with the *Limerick Advertiser* newspaper; but having written a tragedy, he migrated to London in his twentieth year, with the hope of distinguishing himself in literature and the drama. Disappointment very naturally followed, and Gerald betook himself to reporting for the daily press and contributing to the magazines. In 1825 he succeeded in getting an operatic melodrama brought out at the English Opera House; and in 1827 appeared his *Holland-tide, or Munster Popular Tales*, a series of short stories, thoroughly Irish, and evincing powers of observation and description from which much might be anticipated. This fortunate beginning was followed the same year by *Tales of the Munster Festivals, containing Card-drawing, the Half-sir, and Suil Dhuv the Coiner*, three volumes. The nationality of these tales, and the talent of the author in depicting the mingled levity and pathos of the Irish character, rendered them exceedingly popular. His reputation was still further increased by the publication, in 1829, of *The Collegians; a Second Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals*, three volumes, which proved to be the most popular of all his works, and was thought by many to place Griffin as an Irish novelist above Banim and Carleton. Some of the scenes possess a deep and melancholy interest; for, in awakening terror, and painting the sterner passions and their results, Griffin displayed the art and power of a master. '*The Collegians*,' says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is a very interesting and well-constructed tale, full of incident and passion. It is a history of the clandestine union of a young man of good birth and fortune with a girl of far inferior rank, and of the consequences which too naturally result. The gradual decay of an attachment which was scarcely based on anything better than sensual love—the irksomeness of concealment—the goadings of wounded pride—the suggestions of self-interest, which had been hastily neglected for an object which proves inadequate when gained—all these combining to produce, first, neglect, and lastly, aversion, are interestingly and vividly described.' In 1830 Mr Griffin was again in the field with his Irish sketches. Two tales, *The Rivals*, and *Tracey's Ambition*, were well received, though improbable in plot and ill arranged in incident. The author continued his miscellaneous labours for the press, and published, besides a number of contributions to periodicals, another series of stories, entitled *Tales of the Five Senses*. These are not equal to his *Munster Tales*, but are, nevertheless, full of fine Irish description and character, and of that 'dark and touching power' which Mr Carleton assigns as the distinguishing excellence of his brother-novelist.

Notwithstanding the early success and growing reputation of Mr Griffin, he soon became tired of the world, and anxious to retreat from its toils and its pleasures. He had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and one of his sisters had, about the year 1830, taken the veil. This circumstance awakened the poetical and devotional feelings and desires that formed part of his character, and he grew daily more anxious to quit the busy world for a life of religious duty and service. The following verses, written at this time, are expressive of his new enthusiasm:

Seven dreary winters gone and spent,
Seven blooming summers vanished too,
Since, on an eager mission bent,
I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years, I will not say;
They cannot be by words renewed—
God wash their sinful parts away!
And blest be He for all their good.

With even mind and tranquil breast
I left my youthful sister then,
And now in sweet religious rest
I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
How pleasing is a sight like this!
To see that bark with canvas furled
Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart that still,
By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids its owner feel
The warmth of nature and of God!

Still be his care in future years
To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from foundless hopes or fears,
Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,
And life's vain shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister heard at last,
When her pure hands are raised for him!

Christmas, 1830.

His mind, fixed on this subject, still retained its youthful buoyancy and cheerfulness. He retired from the world in the autumn of 1838, and joined the Christian Brotherhood—whose duty it is to

instruct the poor—in the monastery at Cork. In the second year of his novitiate he was attacked with typhus fever, and died on the 12th of June 1840.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

WILLIAM CARLETON, author of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, was born at Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, and county of Tyrone, in the year 1798. His father was a person in lowly station—a peasant—but highly and singularly gifted. His memory was unusually retentive, and as a teller of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes, he was unrivalled; and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. His mother was skilled in the native music of the country, and possessed the sweetest and most exquisite of human voices.* She was celebrated for the effect she gave to the Irish cry or 'keene.' 'I have often been present,' says her son, 'when she has "raised the keene" over the corpse of some relative or neighbour, and my readers may judge of the melancholy charm which accompanied this expression of her sympathy, when I assure them that the general clamour of violent grief was gradually diminished, from admiration, until it became ultimately hushed, and no voice was heard but her own—wailing in sorrowful but solitary beauty.' With such parents Carleton could not fail to imbibe the peculiar feelings and superstitions of his country. His humble home was a fitting nursery for Irish genius. His first schoolmaster was a Connaught man, named Pat Frayne, the prototype of Mat Kavanagh in *The Hedge School*. He also received some instruction from a classical teacher, a 'tyrannical blockhead' who settled in the neighbourhood; and it was afterwards agreed to send him to Munster, as a poor scholar, to complete his education. In some cases a collection is made to provide an outfit for the youth thus leaving home; but Carleton's own family supplied the funds supposed to be necessary. The circumstances attending his departure, Carleton has related in his fine tale, *The Poor Scholar*. As he journeyed slowly along the road, his superstitious fears got the better of his ambition to be a scholar, and stopping for the night at a small inn by the way, a disagreeable dream determined the home-sick lad to return to his father's cottage. His affectionate parents were equally joyed to receive him; and Carleton seems to have done little for some years but join in the sports and pastimes of the people, and attend every wake, dance, fair, and merrymaking in the neighbourhood. In his seventeenth year he went to assist a distant relative, a priest, who had opened a classical school near Glasslough, county of Monaghan, where he remained two years. A pilgrimage to the far-famed Lough Derg, or St Patrick's Purgatory, excited his imagination; and the description of that performance, some years afterwards, 'not only,' he says, 'constituted my *début* in literature, but was also the means of preventing me from being a pleasant, strong-bodied parish priest at this day; indeed it was the cause of changing the whole destiny of my subsequent life.' About this time chance threw a copy of *Gil Blas* in his way, and his love of adventure was so stimulated by its perusal, that he left his native place, and set off on a visit to a Catholic clergyman in the county of Louth. He stopped with him a fortnight, and succeeded in procuring a tuition in the house of a farmer near Corcreagh. This, however, was a tame life and a hard one, and Carleton resolved on precipitating himself on the Irish metropolis, with no other guide than a certain strong feeling of vague and shapeless ambition. He entered Dublin with only 2s. 9d. in his pocket. From this period we suppose we must date the commencement of Mr Carleton's literary career. In 1830 appeared his *Traits and Stories*, two volumes, published in Dublin, but without the author's name. The critics were unanimous in favour of the Irish sketcher. His account of the northern Irish—the Ulster creachts—was new to the reading public; and the 'dark mountains and green vales' of his native Tyrone, of Donegal, and Derry, had been left untouched by the previous writers on Ireland. A Second Series of these tales was published by Mr Carleton in 1832, and was equally well received. In 1839 he sent forth a powerful Irish story, *Fardorougha the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona*, in which the passion of avarice is strikingly depicted, without its victim being wholly dead to natural tenderness and affection. Scenes of broad humour and comic extravagance are interspersed throughout the work. Two years afterwards (1841) appeared *The Fawn of Spring Vale, the Clarionet, and other Tales*, three volumes. There is more of pathetic composition in this collection than in the former; but one genial, light-hearted, humorous story, *The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan*, was a prodigious favourite. In 1845 Mr Carleton published another Irish novel, *Valentine M'Clutchy;* in 1846, *Rody the Rover;* in 1847, *The Black Prophet;* in 1849, *The Tithe Proctor;* in 1855, *Willy Reilly;* and in 1860, *The Evil Eye*. A pension of £200 was settled upon the Irish novelist. He died January 30, 1869. The great merit of Mr Carleton is the truth of his delineations and the apparent artlessness of his stories. If he has not the passionate energy—or, as he himself has termed it, 'the melancholy but indignant reclamations'—of John Banim, he has not his party prejudices or bitterness. He seems to have formed a fair and just estimate of the character of his countrymen, and to have drawn it as it actually appeared to him at home and abroad—in feud and in festival—in the various scenes which passed before him in his native district and during his subsequent rambles. The lower Irish, he justly remarks, were, until a comparatively recent period, treated with apathy and gross neglect by the only class to whom they could or ought to look up for sympathy or protection. Hence those deep-rooted prejudices and fearful crimes which stain the history of a people remarkable for their social and domestic virtues. 'In domestic life,' says Mr Carleton, 'there is no man so exquisitely affectionate and humanised as the Irishman. The national imagination is active, and the national heart warm, and it follows very naturally that he should be, and is, tender and strong in all his domestic relations. Unlike the people of other nations, his grief is loud but lasting; vehement, but deep; and whilst its shadow has

* These particulars concerning the personal history of the novelist are contained in his introduction to the last edition of the *Traits and Stories*.

been chequered by the laughter and mirth of a cheerful disposition, still, in the moments of seclusion, at his bed-side prayer, or over the grave of those he loved, it will put itself forth, after half a life, with a vivid power of recollection which is sometimes almost beyond belief.' A people thus cast in extremes—melancholy and humorous—passionate in affection and in hatred—cherishing the old language, traditions, and recollections of their country—their wild music, poetry, and customs—ready either for good or for evil—such a people certainly affords the novelist abundant materials for his fictions. The field is ample, and it has been richly cultivated.

Picture of an Irish Village and School-house.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes inclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud-shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play-ground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering-ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water-flagons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen* [little road] which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker-creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green, rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb—for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand—closely, but not knowingly applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice—if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation—in every sink, as you pass along, a 'slip of a pig' stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau-idéal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half-a-dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short-cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dust of the road, lest 'the gintleman's horse might ride over it;' and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frieze, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two upon yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gorsoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door, you may observe a toilworn man without coat or waistcoat, his red muscular sunburnt shoulder peering through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterise an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described—far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farmhouse with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard with five or six large stacks of corn, well trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weather-beaten old hay-rick, half-cut—not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the good-wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village, you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and, to the right, a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains peering decently into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park, well wooded and

stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town which lies immediately behind that white church with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling-house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well whitewashed; then, to the right, you observe a door apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gorsoon, with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as 'the pass' of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an inkhorn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frieze jacket—his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink—his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear—his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue—on each heel a kibe—his 'leather crackers'—*videlicet*, breeches—shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you:

'You a gintleman!—no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief you!'

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half-a-dozen of those seated next it notice you.

'Oh, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse!—masther, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us.'

'Silence!' exclaims the master; 'back from the door—boys, rehearse—every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gintleman goes past!'

'I want to go out, if you plase, sir.'

'No, you don't, Phelim.'

'I do indeed, sir.'

'What! is it afther conthradictin' me you'd be? Don't you see the "porter's" out, and you can't go.'

'Well, 'tis Mat Meehan has it, sir; and he's out this half-hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir!'

'You want to be idling your time looking at the gintleman, Phelim.'

'No, indeed, sir.'

'Phelim, I know you of ould—go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you'll die promoting it.'

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a 'half-bend'—a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity—and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge schoolmaster.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, the painter of English rural life in its happiest and most genial aspects, was born in 1786 at Alresford, in Hampshire. Reminiscences of her early boarding-school days are scattered through her works, and she appears to have been always an enthusiastic reader. Her father, Dr Mitford, was at one time possessed of a considerable fortune—on one occasion he won a lottery-prize of £20,000—but he squandered it in folly and extravagance, and was latterly supported by the pen of his daughter. When very young, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, and a metrical tale in the style of Scott, entitled *Christine, the Maid of the South Seas*, founded on the discovery of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. In 1823 was produced her effective and striking tragedy of *Julian*, dedicated to Mr Macready the actor, 'for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than embodied its principal character.' Next year Miss Mitford published the first volume of *Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery*, to which four other volumes were subsequently added, the fifth and last in 1832. 'Every one,' says a lively writer,* 'now knows *Our Village*, and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses so delightfully described in its pages, will be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile Cross, a cluster of cottages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which our authoress resided for many years. But so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that, after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier publication than the *Lady's Magazine*. But the series of rural pictures grew, and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style, so fresh, yet so finished—to enjoy the delicate humour and the simple pathos of the tales; and the result was, that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the works of loftier order proceeding from the same pen; that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration; and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.' Extending her observation from the country village to the market town, Miss Mitford published another interesting volume of descriptions, entitled *Belford Regis* (1835). She also gleaned from the New World three volumes of *Stories of American Life, by American Writers*, of which she remarks: 'The scenes described and the personages introduced are as various as the authors, extending in geographical space from Canada to Mexico, and including almost every degree of civilisation, from the wild Indian, and the almost equally wild hunter of the forest and prairies, to the cultivated inhabitant of the city and plain.' Besides her tragedies—which are little inferior to those of Miss Baillie as intellectual productions, while one of them, *Rienzi*, has been highly successful on the stage—Miss Mitford contributed numerous tales to the annuals and magazines, shewing that her industry was equal to her talents. It is to her English tales, however, that she must chiefly trust her fame with posterity; and there is so much truth and obser-

* Mr Chorley—*The Authors of England*. HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, a pleasing miscellaneous writer and musical critic, died February 15, 1872.

vation, as well as beauty, in these rural delineations, that we cannot conceive their ever being considered obsolete or uninteresting. In them she has treasured not only the results of long and familiar observation, but the feelings and conceptions of a truly poetical mind. She is a prose Cowper, without his gloom or bitterness. In 1838, Miss Mitford's name was added to the pension-list—a well-earned tribute to one whose genius had been devoted to the honour and embellishment of her country. Though suffering almost constantly for many years from debility or acute pain, she continued her literary pursuits. In 1852, she published *Recollections of a Literary Life*, three volumes—a work consisting chiefly of extracts—and in 1854, *Atherston, and other Tales*, three volumes. The same year she published a collected edition of her *Dramatic Works*. She died at her residence near Reading in January 1855, aged sixty-nine.

Tom Cordery, the Poacher.

This human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country; a country of heath, and hill, and forest, partly reclaimed, inclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised, a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would, undoubtedly, have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one 'who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards.' Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M—— Common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow Street.

Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see, by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good-humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too.

Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind; the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. Even May, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would as soon listen to Tom sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

Behind those sallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand—almost sublime, and, above all, eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one, in a picture, would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation; yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants—pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half-a-dozen little hurdled inclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave token that it was but a forced and hollow truce; and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated, which is so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions—the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife—for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg, as he himself was minus an arm—now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend, the keeper, would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say: the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kittened. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted—a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms; but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of his new; complained of children and other bad company; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock-pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hillside, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1788–1866) was born at Weymouth, the son of a London merchant. He was an accomplished classical scholar, though self-taught from the age of thirteen. He was long connected with the East India Company, and in 1816 came to be Chief Examiner of Indian correspondence, as successor to James Mill, the historian. On Peacock's retirement in 1856, John Stuart Mill took his place. Peacock was the author of some lively, natural, and descriptive novels, with little plot or story, but containing witty and sarcastic dialogues, with copies of verses above mediocrity, and sketches of eccentric character. *Headlong Hall* was produced in 1816; *Nightmare Abbey* in 1818; *Maid Marian* in 1822; *Misfortunes of Elphin* in 1829; *Crotchet Castle* in 1831; and *Gryll Grange* in 1860—the last, though written when its author was seventy-two, is as full of humour and clever dialogue as his earlier tales. Besides these works of fiction, Peacock wrote several poetical satires and other poems, and contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* Memoirs of Shelley, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. Conjointly with Byron, he was named as Shelley's executor, with a legacy of £1000. To Peacock we owe a clear and authentic account of the most interesting passages of Shelley's life and domestic history. In 1875 the collected works of Peacock were published in three volumes, with a Preface by Lord Houghton, and a biographical notice by Peacock's granddaughter, Edith Nicolls.

Freebooter Life in the Forest—From 'Maid Marian.'

The baron, with some of his retainers, and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

'Now, Lord Fitzwater,' said the chief forester, 'recognise your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood.'

'Ay, ay,' said the baron, 'I have recognised you long ago.'

'And recognise your young friend Gamwell,' said the second, 'in the outlaw Scarlet.'

'And Little John, the page,' said the third, 'in Little John the outlaw.'

'And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey,' said the friar, 'in Friar Tuck of Sherwood Forest. Truly I have a chapel here hard by in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travellers, and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying.'

'I am in fine company,' said the baron.

'In the very best of company,' said the friar; 'in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace; the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars, are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the Mayflower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed; but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multitude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are "tyrants and usurpers, to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place," we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they, withal, my blessing?—my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not or cannot help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest?—lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and, by 'r Lady! when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass!—we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again, but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we, then, to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art, and we are true men, and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves.'

'Well preached, friar,' said Robin Hood; 'yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen.—And now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these silvan shades, where we so often have roused the stag from his ferny covert. The rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wildwood coronal, and hail you Queen of the Forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?'

Matilda smiled assent.

'Not Matilda,' said the friar: 'the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have excepted in favour of Little John, because he is Great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptise thee MARIAN.'

Winter Scenery: Waterfalls in Frost.

From *Letter written in Wales.*

I wish I could find language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an idea of the sublime magnificence of the waterfalls in the frost, when the old, overhanging oaks are spangled with icicles; the rocks sheeted with frozen foam, formed by the flying spray; and the water that oozes from their sides congealed into innumerable pillars of crystal. Every season has its charms. The picturesque tourists—those birds of summer—see not half the beauties of nature.

Truth to Nature essential in Poetry.

From *Gryll Grange.*

Miss Ilex. Few may perceive an inaccuracy, but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in perusal. Shakspeare never makes a flower blossom out of season! Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are true to nature in this and in all other respects, even in their wildest imaginings.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. Yet here is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season:

> Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
> The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
> The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
> With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
> Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
> To deck the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
> [MILTON'S *Lycidas.*]

And at the same time he plucks the berries of the myrtle and the ivy.

Miss Ilex. Very beautiful, if not true to English seasons; but Milton might have thought himself justified in making this combination in Arcadia. Generally, he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale:

> Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
> I woo, to hear thy even song,
> And missing thee, I walk unseen
> On the dry smooth-shaven green.

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the grass is mown.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. The old Greek poetry is always true to nature, and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say I take no pleasure in poetry that will not.

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. No poet is truer to nature than Burns, and no one less so than Moore. His imagery is almost always false. Here is a highly applauded stanza, and very taking at first sight:

> The night-dew of heaven, though in silence it weeps,
> Shall brighten with verdure the sod where he sleeps;
> And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
> Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

But it will not bear analysis. The dew is the cause of the verdure, but the tear is not the cause of the memory: the memory is the cause of the tear.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. There are inaccuracies more offensive to me than even false imagery. Here is one in a song which I have often heard with displeasure. A young man goes up a mountain, and as he goes higher and higher, he repeats *Excelsior!* but *excelsior* is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher as a detached object in the air. Jack's bean-stalk was *excelsior* the higher it grew, but Jack himself was no more *celsus* at the top than he had been at the bottom.

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. I am afraid, doctor, if you look for profound knowledge in popular poetry, you will often be disappointed.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. I do not look for profound knowledge; but I do expect that poets should understand what they talk of. Burns was not a scholar, but he was always master of his subject. All the scholarship of the world would not have produced *Tam o' Shanter*, but in the whole of that poem there is not a false image nor a misused word. What do you suppose these lines represent?

> I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
> One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled—
> A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
> Brow-bound with burning gold.
> [TENNYSON'S *Dream of Fair Women.*]

Mr Mac-Borrowdale. I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo.

The Rev. Dr Opimian. Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous grinning Ethiop! Moore led the way to this perversion by demonstrating that the Egyptian women must have been beautiful because they were 'the countrywomen of Cleopatra.' Here we have a sort of counter-demonstration that Cleopatra must have been a fright because she was the countrywoman of the Egyptians. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their genealogy, their coins, and their medals, will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who, Dio says—and all antiquity confirms him—was 'the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see, and delightful to hear.' For she was eminently accomplished; she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty.

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

In depth of research and critical investigation, the historical works of this period are honourable to our literature. Access has been readily obtained to all public documents, and private collections have been thrown open with a spirit of enlightened liberality. Certain departments of history—as the Anglo-Saxon period, and the progress generally of the English constitution—have also been cultivated with superior learning and diligence. The great works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, still maintain their literary pre-eminence, but the historical value of the first two has been materially diminished by subsequent inquiry and new information.

WILLIAM MITFORD.

The most elaborate and comprehensive work we have here to notice is *The History of Greece from the Earliest Period*, by WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq. (1744–1827). The first volume of Mr Mitford's History came before the public in 1784, a second was published in 1790, and a third in 1797. It was not, however, till 1810 that the work was completed. Mr Mitford, descended from an ancient family in Northumberland, was born in London on the 10th of February 1744, and was educated first at Cheam School, Surrey, and afterwards at Queen's College, Oxford. He studied the law, but abandoned it on obtaining a commission in the South Hampshire Militia, of which regiment he was afterwards lieutenant-colonel. In 1761, he succeeded to the family estate in Hampshire, and was thus enabled to pursue those classical and historical studies to which he was ardently devoted. His first publication was an *Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language*, 1774, which afterwards reached a second edition. While in the militia, he published a *Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom.* This subject seems to have engrossed much of his attention, for at a subsequent period of his life, when a member of the House of Commons, Mr Mitford advocated the cause of the militia with

much fervour, and recommended a salutary jealousy relative to a standing army in this country. He was nevertheless a general supporter of ministers, and held the government appointment of Verdurer of the New Forest. Mr Mitford was twice elected member of parliament for the borough of Beer-Alston, in Devonshire, and afterwards for New Romney, in Kent. The *History of Greece* has passed through several editions. Byron says of Mr Mitford as an historian: 'His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern History of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins,' adds the noble poet, 'it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.' The earnestness of Mr Mitford is too often directed against what he terms 'the inherent weakness and the indelible barbarism of democratical government.' He was a warm admirer of the English constitution and of the monarchical form of government, and this bias led him to be unjust to the Athenian people, whom he on one occasion terms 'the sovereign beggars of Athens.' His fidelity as a reporter of facts has also been questioned. 'He contracts the strongest individual partialities, and according as these lead, he is credulous or mistrustful—he exaggerates or he qualifies—he expands or he cuts down the documents on which he has to proceed. With regard to the bright side of almost every king whom he has to describe, Mr Mitford is more than credulous; for a credulous man believes all that he is told: Mr Mitford believes more than he is told. With regard to the dark side of the same individuals, his habits of estimating evidence are precisely in the opposite extreme. In treating of the democracies or of the democratical leaders, his statements are not less partial and exaggerated.'* It is undeniable that Mr Mitford over-coloured the evils of popular government; but there is so much acuteness and spirit in his political disquisitions, and his narrative of events is so animated, full, and distinct, that he is always read with pleasure. His qualifications were great, and his very defects constitute a sort of individuality that is not without its attraction in so long a History. A more democratic but also more comprehensive view of Grecian history was afterwards taken by Mr Grote.

Condemnation and Death of Socrates.

We are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a Sophist; for in that description of men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was directed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most eminent, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when he was six or seven and forty years of age, that, after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the stage by his own name, as one of the persons of the drama, in the comedy of Aristophanes called *The Clouds*, which is yet extant.

Two or three and twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of *The Clouds;* the storms of conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and of four revolutions in the civil government of the country, had passed; nearly three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasybulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed, when a young man named Melitus went to the king-archon, and in the usual form delivered an information against Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute. The information ran thus: 'Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece: Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.'

Xenophon begins his Memorials of his revered master with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to condemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence and exalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the solution. 'Socrates,' he says, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' But though the political circumstances of the times made it necessary for contemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both Xenophon and Plato have declared enough to shew that the assertion of Ælian was well founded; and further proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly contemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orator Æschines. Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy; and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the appointment to magistracy by lot. 'Thus,' they said, 'he taught his numerous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established government, and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success had been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent, Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratical principles.'

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny his disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as it is reported by Plato, contains matter on which to found an accusation against him of disaffection to the sovereignty of the people, such as, under the jealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy, would sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. 'You well know,' he says, 'Athenians, that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you: it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people is sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.'

Without this proof, indeed, we might reasonably believe, that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and would promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for wholesome changes by gentle means; and it seems even to have been a principal object of the labours to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about the desirable change insensibly.

Melitus, who stood forward as his principal accuser, was, as Plato informs us, noway a man of any great consideration. His legal description gives some probability to the conjecture, that his father was one of the commissioners sent to Lacedæmon from the moderate party, who opposed the ten successors of the thirty

* *Westminster Review* for 1826.

tyrants, while Thrasybulus held Piræus, and Pausanias was encamped before Athens. He was a poet, and stood forward as in a common cause of the poets, who esteemed the doctrine of Socrates injurious to their interest. Unsupported, his accusation would have been little formidable; but he seems to have been a mere instrument in the business. He was soon joined by Lycon, one of the most powerful speakers of his time. Lycon was the avowed patron of the rhetoricians, who, as well as the poets, thought their interest injured by the moral philosopher's doctrine. I know not that on any other occasion in Grecian history we have any account of this kind of party-interest operating; but from circumstances nearly analogous in our own country —if we substitute for poets the clergy, and for rhetoricians the lawyers—we may gather what might be the party-spirit, and what the weight of influence of the rhetoricians and poets in Athens. With Lycon, Anytus, a man scarcely second to any in the commonwealth in rank and general estimation, who had held high command with reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus in the war against the thirty, and the restoration of the democracy, declared himself a supporter of the prosecution. Nothing in the accusation could, by any known law of Athens, affect the life of the accused. In England, no man would be put upon trial on so vague a charge—no grand jury would listen to it. But in Athens, if the party was strong enough, it signified little what was the law. When Lycon and Anytus came forward, Socrates saw that his condemnation was already decided.

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years, he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age a fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an all-good Deity, whose favour he had always been assiduously endeavouring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys were in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason, regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune —though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or entreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to bewail their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favour, and, by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavour to excite pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this; however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his, that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his innocence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not, according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. 'But,' in conclusion he said, 'it is time to depart—I to die, you to live; but which for the greater good, God only knows.'

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation—commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus, the death of Socrates was respited thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly condemned—he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

Writers who, after Xenophon and Plato, have related the death of Socrates, seem to have held themselves bound to vie with those who preceded them in giving pathos to the story. The purpose here has been rather to render it intelligible—to shew its connection with the political history of Athens—to derive from it illustration of the political history. The magnanimity of Socrates, the principal efficient of the pathos, surely deserves admiration; yet it is not that in which he has most outshone other men. The circumstances of Lord Russell's fate were far more trying. Socrates, we may reasonably suppose, would have borne Lord Russell's trial; but with Bishop Burnet for his eulogist, instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would not have had his present splendid fame. The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation; the clearness with which he saw, and the steadiness with which he practised, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties; the disinterestedness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others; and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in doing good. The purity of Christian morality, little enough, indeed, seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory, that it passes almost for obvious, and even congenial to the human mind. Those only will justly estimate the merit of that near approach to it which Socrates made, who will take the pains to gather —as they may from the writings of his contemporaries and predecessors—how little conception was entertained of it before his time; how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been: how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed; and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them by proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine, enforced by his practice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to highest advantage in the incomparable writings of disciples such as Xenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man.

DR JOHN GILLIES—SHARON TURNER—WILLIAM COXE—GEORGE CHALMERS—C. J. FOX.

While the first volume of Mitford's History was before the public, and experiencing that degree of favour which induced the author to continue his work, DR JOHN GILLIES (1747-1836), who

succeeded Robertson as Historiographer to His Majesty for Scotland, published *The History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests*, two volumes, quarto, 1786. The monarchical spirit of the new historian was scarcely less decided than that of Mr Mitford, though expressed with less zeal and idiomatic plainness. 'The history of Greece,' says Dr Gillies, 'exposes the dangerous turbulence of democracy, and arraigns the despotism of tyrants. By describing the incurable evils inherent in every republican policy, it evinces the inestimable benefits resulting to liberty itself from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings, and the steady operation of well-regulated monarchy.' The History of Dr Gillies was executed with considerable ability and care; a sixth edition of the work (London, 1820, four volumes, 8vo) was published, and it may still be consulted with advantage. Dr Gillies also wrote a *View of the Reign of Frederick II. of Prussia*, a *History of the World from the Reign of Alexander to Augustus* (1807–10), a translation of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* (1823), &c.

In 1799, MR SHARON TURNER, a London solicitor, commenced the publication of a series of works on English history. The first was a *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (1799–1805); the second, a *History of England during the Middle Ages* (1814–15). In subsequent publications he continued the series to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; the whole being comprised in twelve volumes, and containing much new and interesting information on the government, laws, literature, and manners, as well as on the civil and ecclesiastical history of the country. From an ambitious attempt to rival Gibbon in loftiness of style and diction, Mr Turner has disfigured his History by a pomp of expression and involved intricacy of style, that often border on the ludicrous, and mar the effect of his narrative. This defect is more conspicuous in his latter volumes. The early part of his History, devoted to the Anglo-Saxons, and the labour, as he informs us, of sixteen years, is by far the most valuable. Mr Turner also published a *Sacred History of the World*, in two volumes. So late as 1845, Mr Turner published an historical poem, *Richard III.* He latterly enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum, and died at his residence in London, February 13, 1847, aged seventy-nine.

History has been largely indebted to the persevering labours of the REV. WILLIAM COXE, Archdeacon of Wilts (1747–1828). In the capacity of tutor to young noblemen, Mr Coxe travelled over various countries, and published *Travels in Switzerland* (1778–1801), and *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark* (1778–84). Settling at home, and obtaining church preferment, he entered on those historical works, derived from family papers and other authentic sources, which form his most valuable publications. In 1798 appeared his *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole;* in 1802, *Memoirs of Lord Walpole;* in 1807, *History of the House of Austria;* in 1813, *Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon;* in 1816–19, *Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough;* in 1821, *Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury;* and in 1829, *Memoirs of the Pelham Administration.* The last was a posthumous publication. The *Memoirs* of Walpole and Marlborough are valuable works, containing letters, private, official, and diplomatic, with other details drawn from manuscript collections. As a biographer, Coxe was apt to fall into the common error of magnifying the merits and sinking the defects of his hero; but the service he rendered to history by the collection of such a mass of materials can hardly be overestimated.

Resembling Turner and Coxe in the vastness of his undertakings, but inferior as a writer, was GEORGE CHALMERS (1742–1825), a native of Fochabers, county of Elgin, and originally a barrister in one of the American colonies before their disjunction from Britain. His first composition, *A History of the United Colonies, from their Settlement till the Peace of* 1763, appeared in 1780; and from time to time he gave to the world many works connected with history, politics, and literature. Among these was a *Life of Sir David Lyndsay*, with an edition of his works; a *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the State Papers*, &c. In 1807, he commenced the publication of his *Caledonia*, of which three large volumes had appeared, when his death precluded the hope of its being completed. It contains a laborious antiquarian detail of the earlier periods of Scottish history, with minute topographical and historical accounts of the various provinces of the country.

CHARLES JAMES FOX (1749–1806), the celebrated statesman and orator, during his intervals of relaxation from public life, among other literary studies and occupations, commenced a History of the Reign of King James II., intending to continue it to the settlement at the Revolution of 1688. An Introductory Chapter, giving a rapid view of our constitutional history from the time of Henry VII., he completed. He wrote also some chapters of his History; but at the time of his death he had made but little progress in his work. Public affairs, and a strong partiality and attachment to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry, were constantly drawing him off from historical researches; added to which, he was fastidiously scrupulous as to all the niceties of language, and wished to form his plan exclusively on the model of ancient writers, without note, digression, or dissertation. 'He once assured me,' says his nephew, Lord Holland, 'that he would admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden.' We need not therefore wonder that Mr Fox died before completing his History. Such minute attention to style, joined to equal regard for facts and circumstances, must have weighed down any writer even of active habits and uninterrupted application. In 1808, the unfinished composition was given to the world by Lord Holland, under the title of *A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II., with an Introductory Chapter.* An Appendix of original papers was also added. The History is plainly written, without the slightest approach to pedantry or pretence; but the style of the great statesman, with all the care bestowed upon it, is far from being perfect. It wants force and vivacity, as if, in the process of elaboration, the graphic clearness of narrative and distinct perception of events and characters necessary to the historian, had evaporated. The sentiments and principles of the author are, however, worthy of his liberal and capacious mind.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

As a philosophical historian, critic, and politician, SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH deserves honourable mention. He was also one of the last of the Scottish metaphysicians, and one of the most brilliant conversers of his times—qualifications apparently very dissimilar. His candour, benevolence, and liberality gave a grace and dignity to his literary speculations and to his daily life. Mackintosh was a native of Inverness-shire, and was born at Aldourie-house, on the banks of Loch Ness, October 24, 1765. His father was a brave Highland officer, who possessed a small estate, called Kylachy, in his native county, which Sir James afterwards sold for £9000. From his earliest days James Mackintosh had a passion for books; and though all his relatives were Jacobites, he was a staunch Whig. After studying at Aberdeen—where he had as a college-companion and friend the pious and eloquent Robert Hall—Mackintosh went to Edinburgh, and studied medicine. In 1788, he repaired to London, wrote for the press, and afterwards applied himself to the study of law. In 1791, he published his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, a defence of the French Revolution, in reply to Burke, which, for cogency of argument, historical knowledge, and logical precision, is a remarkable work to be written by a careless and irregular young man of twenty-six. Though his bearing to his great antagonist was chivalrous and polite, Mackintosh attacked his opinions with the ardour and impetuosity of youth; and his work was received with great applause. Four years afterwards he acknowledged to Burke that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm, and that a 'melancholy experience' had undeceived him. The excesses of the French Revolution had no doubt contributed to this change, which, though it afterwards was made the cause of obloquy and derision to Mackintosh, seems to have been adopted with perfect sincerity and singleness of purpose. He afterwards delivered and published a series of lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, which greatly extended his reputation. In 1795, he was called to the bar, and in his capacity of barrister, in 1803, he made a brilliant defence of M. Peltier, an emigrant royalist of France, who had been indicted for a libel on Napoleon, then First Consul. The forensic display of Mackintosh is too much like an elaborate essay or dissertation, but it marked him out for legal promotion, and he received the appointment—to which his poverty, not his will, consented—of Recorder of Bombay. He was knighted; sailed from England in the beginning of 1804; and after discharging faithfully his high official duties, returned at the end of seven years, the earliest period that entitled him to his retiring pension of £1200 per annum. Mackintosh now obtained a seat in parliament, and stuck faithfully by his old friends the Whigs, without one glimpse of favour, till, in 1827, his friend Mr Canning, on the formation of his administration, made him a privy-councillor. On the accession of the Whig ministry in 1830, he was appointed a commissioner for the affairs of India. On questions of criminal law and national policy Mackintosh spoke forcibly, but he cannot be said to have been a successful parliamentary orator. Amid the bustle of public business he did not neglect literature, though he wanted resolution for continuous and severe study. The charms of society, the interruptions of public business, and the debilitating effects of his residence in India, also co-operated with his constitutional indolence in preventing the realisation of the ambitious dreams of his youth. He contributed, however, various articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, and wrote a masterly *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy* for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He wrote three volumes of a compendious and popular *History of England* for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which, though deficient in the graces of narrative and style, contains some admirable views of constitutional history and antiquarian research. His learning was abundant; he wanted only method and elegance. He also contributed a short but valuable Life of Sir Thomas More—which sprung out of his researches into the reign of Henry VIII., and was otherwise a subject congenial to his taste—to the same miscellany; and he was engaged on a *History of the Revolution of* 1688, when his life was somewhat suddenly terminated on the 30th of May 1832. The portion of his *History of the Revolution* which he had written and corrected—amounting to about 350 pages—was published in 1834, with a continuation by some writer who was opposed to Sir James in many essential points. In the works of Mackintosh we have only the fragments of a capacious mind; but in all of them his learning, his candour, his strong love of truth, his justness of thinking and clearness in perceiving, and his genuine philanthropy, are conspicuous. It is to be regretted that he had no Boswell to record his conversation.

Chivalry and Modern Manners.

From the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.

The collision of armed multitudes [in Paris] terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government—a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. 'The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever!' He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted. A caviller might remark, that ages much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr Burke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette, was, by 'a nation of men of honour and cavaliers,' permitted to languish in captivity, and expire on a scaffold; and he might add, that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign, than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. He might remark, that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated and almost barbarised Europe, might perhaps resist the shock of one day's excesses committed by a delirious populace.

But the subject itself is, to an enlarged thinker, fertile in reflections of a different nature. That system of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Europe, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most peculiar and interesting appearances in human affairs. The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success. But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarkable effects of this system of manners. Candour must confess that this singular institution is not *alone* admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished. It contributed to polish and soften Europe. It paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that 'feudal and chivalrous' system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar circumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the admission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry; but the sentiments peculiar to that institution could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared, gathered strength from its weakness, and flourished in its decay. Commerce and diffused knowledge have, in fact, so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations, that it will be difficult to discover any relics of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe; but their indirect influence, through the medium of those causes, which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, compulsory. Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gallant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism. But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men's interests, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficent manners.

Mr Burke, indeed, forebodes the most fatal consequences to literature, from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth—*that diffused knowledge immortalises itself*. A literature which is confined to a few may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilised part of mankind.

Extract from Speech in Defence of Mr Peltier, for a Libel on Napoleon Bonaparte, February 1803.

Gentlemen—There is one point of view in which this case seems to merit your most serious attention. The real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the civilised world ever saw—the defendant is a defenceless proscribed exile. I consider this case, therefore, as the first of a long series of conflicts between the greatest power in the world and the ONLY FREE PRESS remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English press is new—it is a proud and a melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French Revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the continent, we enjoyed that privilege, indeed, more fully than others, but we did not enjoy it exclusively. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns of Germany, the press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent states by one dash of the pen. Three or four still preserve a precarious and trembling existence. I will not say by what compliances they must purchase its continuance. I will not insult the feebleness of states whose unmerited fall I do most bitterly deplore.

These governments were, in many respects, one of the most interesting parts of the ancient system of Europe. The perfect security of such inconsiderable and feeble states, their undisturbed tranquillity amidst the wars and conquests that surrounded them, attested, beyond any other part of the European system, the moderation, the justice, the civilisation, to which Christian Europe had reached in modern times. Their weakness was protected only by the habitual reverence for justice which, during a long series of ages, had grown up in Christendom. This was the only fortification which defended them against those mighty monarchs to whom they offered so easy a prey. And, till the French Revolution, this was sufficient. Consider, for instance, the republic of Geneva; think of her defenceless position in the very jaws of France; but think also of her undisturbed security, of her profound quiet, of the brilliant success with which she applied to industry and literature, while Louis XIV. was pouring his myriads into Italy before her gates; call to mind, if ages crowded into years have not effaced them from your memory, that happy period when we scarcely dreamed more of the subjugation of the feeblest republic in Europe than of the conquest of her mightiest empire, and tell me if you can imagine a spectacle more beautiful to the moral eye, or a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of civilisation. These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature—the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth—have perished with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed, and gone for ever! One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society, where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen, and I trust I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire. It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire—but it stands alone, and it stands in ruins! Believing, then, as I do, that we are on the eve of a great struggle, that this is only the first battle between reason and power—that you have now in your hands, committed to your trust, the only remains of free discussion in Europe, now confined to this kingdom; addressing you, therefore, as the guardians of the most important interests of mankind; convinced that the unfettered exercise of reason depends more on your present verdict than on any other that was ever delivered by a jury, I trust I may rely with confidence on the issue—I trust that you will consider yourselves as the advanced-guard of liberty—as having this day to fight the first battle of free discussion against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered!

DR JOHN LINGARD—GEORGE BRODIE—WILLIAM GODWIN.

DR JOHN LINGARD, a Roman Catholic priest, published in 1819 three volumes of a *History of England from the Invasion by the Romans.* He subsequently continued his work in five more volumes, bringing his narrative down to the abdication of James II. To talents of a high order, both as respects acuteness of analysis and powers of description and narrative, Dr Lingard added unconquerable industry, and access to sources of information new and important. He is generally as impartial as Hume, or even Robertson; but it is undeniable that his religious opinions have in some cases perverted the fidelity of his History, leading him to palliate the atrocities of the Bartholomew Massacre, and to darken the shades in the characters of Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Anne Boleyn, and others connected with the reformation in the church. His work was subjected to a rigid scrutiny by Dr John Allen, in two elaborate articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, by the Rev. Mr Todd—who published a defence of the character of Cranmer—and by other zealous Protestant writers. To these antagonists Dr Lingard replied in 1826 by a vindication of his fidelity as an historian, which affords an excellent specimen of calm controversial writing. His work has now taken its place among the most valuable of our national histories. It has gone through three editions, and has been received with equal favour on the continent. The most able of his critics (though condemning his account of the English Reformation, and other passages evincing a peculiar bias) admits that Dr Lingard possesses, what he claims, the rare merit of having collected his materials from original historians and records, by which his narrative receives a freshness of character, and a stamp of originality, not to be found in any general History of England in common use. We give a specimen of the narrative style of the author.

Cromwell's Expulsion of the Parliament in 1653.

At length Cromwell fixed on his plan to procure the dissolution of the parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the parliament—his resolution to effect it by open force, if such votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members at the lodgings of the Lord-general in Whitehall. St John and a few others gave their assent; the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and Widrington, declared that the dissolution would be dangerous, and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the meantime the House resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted, to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the 'admission of members,' a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the Presbyterian interest. 'Never,' said Cromwell, 'shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause be admitted to power.' On the last meeting, held on the 19th of April, all these points were long and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the parliament must be dissolved 'one way or other;' but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy, and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and, after a short time, interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the House to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake; the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison 'most strictly and humbly' conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the Lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, 'This is the time; I must do it;' and rising, put off his hat to address the House. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolising the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatised from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform His work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed: 'Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating.' For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added: 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in.' Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. 'This,' cried Sir Henry Vane, 'is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty.' 'Sir Henry Vane,' replied Cromwell; 'O Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!' From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, 'There,' he cried, 'sits a drunkard;' next to Marten and Wentworth, 'There are two whoremasters;' and afterwards selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House. At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. 'It is you,' he exclaimed, 'that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and

night that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.' Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, 'What,' said he, 'shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away.' Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. 'Sir,' replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, 'we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that.' After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans, if partisans they had, reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the king; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall, with the Lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the fifth monarchy, the reign of Christ might be established on earth.

It would, however, be unjust to the memory of those who exercised the supreme power after the death of the king, not to acknowledge that there existed among them men capable of wielding with energy the destinies of a great empire. They governed only four years; yet, under their auspices, the conquests of Ireland and Scotland were achieved, and a navy was created, the rival of that of Holland, and the terror of the rest of Europe. But there existed an essential error in their form of government. Deliberative assemblies are always slow in their proceedings; yet the pleasure of parliament, as the supreme power, was to be taken on every subject connected with the foreign relations or the internal administration of the country; and hence it happened that, among the immense variety of questions which came before it, those commanded immediate attention which were deemed of immediate necessity; while the others, though often of the highest importance to the national welfare, were first postponed, then neglected, and ultimately forgotten. To this habit of procrastination was perhaps owing the extinction of its authority. It disappointed the hopes of the country, and supplied Cromwell with the most plausible arguments in defence of his conduct.

Besides his elaborate *History of England*, Dr Lingard was author of a work evincing great erudition and research, on the *Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, published in 1809. Dr Lingard died at Hornby, near Lancaster, his birthplace, in July 1851, aged eighty.

The great epoch of the English Commonwealth, and the struggle by which it was preceded, has been illustrated by MR GEORGE BRODIE'S *History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration*, four volumes, 1822, and by MR WILLIAM GODWIN'S *History of the Commonwealth of England*, four volumes, 1824–1827. The former work is chiefly devoted to an exposure of the errors and misrepresentations of Hume; while Mr Godwin writes too much in the spirit of a partisan, without the calmness and dignity of the historian. Both works, however, afford new and important facts and illustrations of the momentous period of which they treat. Mr Brodie was Historiographer Royal of Scotland; he died January 2, 1867.

W. ROSCOE—M. LAING—JOHN PINKERTON.

WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753–1831), as the author of the *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, and the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, may be more properly classed with our historians than biographers. The two works contain an account of the revival of letters, and fill up the blank between Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and Robertson's *Charles V.* Mr Roscoe was a native of Liverpool, the son of humble parents, and while engaged as clerk to an attorney, he devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of his taste for poetry and elegant literature. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. After the completion of his clerkship, Mr Roscoe entered into business in Liverpool, and took an active part in every scheme of improvement, local and national. He wrote a poem on the *Wrongs of Africa*, to illustrate the evils of slavery, and also a pamphlet on the same subject, which was translated into French by Madame Necker. The stirring times in which he lived called forth several short political dissertations from his pen; but about the year 1789, he applied himself to the great task he had long meditated, a biographical account of Lorenzo de' Medici. He procured much new and valuable information, and in 1796 published the result of his labours in two quarto volumes, entitled *The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent.* The work was highly successful, and at once elevated Mr Roscoe into the proud situation of one of the most popular authors of the day. A second edition was soon called for, and Messrs Cadell and Davies purchased the copyright for £1200. About the same time he relinquished the practice of an attorney, and studied for the bar, but ultimately settled as a banker in Liverpool. His next literary appearance was as the translator of *The Nurse*, a poem from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo. In 1805 was published his second great work, *The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, four volumes quarto, which, though carefully prepared, and also enriched with new information, did not experience the same success as his *Life of Lorenzo.* 'The history of the reformation of religion,' it has been justly remarked, 'involved many questions of subtle disputation, as well as many topics of character and conduct; and, for a writer of great candour and discernment, it was scarcely possible to satisfy either the Papists or the Protestants.' The liberal sentiments and accomplishments of Mr Roscoe recommended him to his townsmen as a fit person to represent them in parliament, and he was accordingly elected in 1806. He spoke in favour of the abolition of the slave-trade, and of the

civil disabilities of the Catholics, which excited against him a powerful and violent opposition. Inclined to quiet and retirement, and disgusted with the conduct of his opponents, Mr Roscoe withdrew from parliament at the next dissolution, and resolutely declined offering himself as a candidate. He still, however, took a warm interest in passing events, and published several pamphlets on the topics of the day. He projected a History of Art and Literature, a task well suited to his talents and attainments, but did not proceed with the work. Pecuniary embarrassments also came to cloud his latter days. The banking establishment of which he was a partner was forced in 1816 to suspend payment, and Mr Roscoe had to sell his library, pictures, and other works of art. His love of literature continued undiminished. He gave valuable assistance in the establishment of the Royal Institution of Liverpool, and on its opening, delivered an inaugural address on the Origin and Vicissitudes of Literature, Science, and Art, and their Influence on the present State of Society. In 1827 Mr Roscoe received the great gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature for his merits as an historian. He had previously edited an edition of Pope, in which he evinced but little research or discrimination.

MALCOLM LAING, a zealous Scottish historian, was born in the year 1762 at Stryndia, his paternal estate, in Orkney. He was educated for the Scottish bar, and passed advocate in 1785. He appeared as an author in 1793, having completed Dr Henry's *History of Great Britain* after that author's death. The sturdy Whig opinions of Laing formed a contrast to the tame moderatism of Henry; but his attainments and research were far superior to those of his predecessor. In 1800 he published *The History of Scotland from the Union of the Crowns on the Accession of King James VI. to the Throne of England, to the Union of the Kingdoms in the Reign of Queen Anne; with two Dissertations, Historical and Critical, on the Gowrie Conspiracy, and on the supposed Authenticity of Ossian's Poems.* This is an able work, marked by strong prejudices and predilections, but valuable to the historical student for its acute reasoning and analysis. Laing attacked the translator of *Ossian* with unmerciful and almost ludicrous severity; in revenge for which, the Highland admirers of the Celtic Muse attributed his sentiments to the prejudice natural to an Orkney man, caused by the severe checks given by the ancient Caledonians to their predatory Scandinavian predecessors! Laing replied by another publication—*The Poems of Ossian, &c., containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq., in Prose and Rhyme, with Notes and Illustrations.* In 1804, he published another edition of his *History of Scotland*, to which he prefixed a *Preliminary Dissertation on the Participation of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the Murder of Darnley.* The latter is a very ingenious historical argument, the ablest of Mr Laing's productions, uniting the practised skill and acumen of the Scottish lawyer with the knowledge of the antiquary and historian. The latter portion of Mr Laing's life was spent on his paternal estate in Orkney, where he entered upon a course of local and agricultural improvement with the same ardour that he devoted to his literary pursuits. He died in the year 1818. 'Mr Laing's merit,' says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'as a critical inquirer into history, an enlightened collector of materials, and a sagacious judge of evidence, has never been surpassed. In spite of his ardent love of liberty, no man has yet presumed to charge him with the slightest sacrifice of historical integrity to his zeal. That he never perfectly attained the art of full, clear, and easy narrative, was owing to the peculiar style of those writers who were popular in his youth, and may be mentioned as a remarkable instance of the disproportion of particular talents to a general vigour of mind.'

JOHN PINKERTON (1758–1826) distinguished himself by the fierce controversial tone of his historical writings, and by the violence of his prejudices, yet was a learned and industrious collector of forgotten fragments of ancient history and of national antiquities. He was a native of Edinburgh, and bred to the law. The latter, however, he soon forsook for literary pursuits. He commenced by writing imperfect verses, which, in his peculiar antique orthography, he styled *Rimes*, from which he diverged to collecting *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, and inditing an *Essay on Medals*, 1784. Under the name of Heron, he published some *Letters on Literature*, and was recommended by Gibbon to the booksellers as a fit person to translate the modish historians. He afterwards (1786) published *Ancient Scottish Poems*, being the writings of Sir Richard Maitland and others, extracted from a manuscript in the Pepys Library at Cambridge. But Pinkerton was an unfaithful editor. His first historical work was *A Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians, or Goths*, in which he laid down that theory which he maintained through life, that the Celts of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland are savages, and have been savages since the world began! His next important work was an *Inquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III., or* 1056, in which he debates at great length, and, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, with much display of learning, on the history of the Goths, and the conquests which he states them to have obtained over the Celts in their progress through all Europe. In 1796, he published a *History of Scotland during the Reign of the Stuarts*, the most laborious and valuable of his works. He also compiled a *Modern Geography*, edited a *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, was some time editor of the *Critical Review*, wrote a *Treatise on Rocks*, and was engaged on various other literary tasks. Pinkerton died in want and obscurity in Paris.

SIR JOHN FENN, MR GAIRDNER, AND THE PASTON LETTERS.

JOHN FENN (1739–1794), a country gentleman residing at East Dereham in Norfolk, described by Horace Walpole as 'a smatterer in antiquity, and a very good sort of man,' conferred an invaluable boon on all historical readers, and on all students of the English language and English social life in former times, by editing and publishing the series of family archives known as *The Paston Letters*. The first publication of the Letters took place in 1787, when two quarto volumes were issued from the press, containing original letters written 'by various persons of rank and conse-

quence during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III.' In 1789 a third and fourth volume were published; and in 1823 a fifth and concluding volume appeared, bringing down the correspondence to the end of Henry VII.'s reign.

A very complete edition of these Letters was published in 1872-75, containing upwards of five hundred letters previously unpublished, and edited by MR JAMES GAIRDNER of the Public Record Office: vol. i. comprising the reign of Henry VI.; vols. ii. and iii. Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., and Henry VII.* Mr Gairdner prefixed a valuable Introduction to this new edition, and added illustrative notes. The genuineness of the letters is undoubted. It appears that, in the village of Paston, about twenty miles north of Norwich, lived for several centuries a family which took its surname from the place, the head of which, in the reign of Henry VI., was William Paston, a justice of the Common Pleas, celebrated as 'the good judge.' The last representative of the family was William, Baron Paston and Earl of Yarmouth (second baron and earl), who died in 1732. The correspondence of this family supplies a blank in English history during the Wars of the Roses, but is chiefly interesting and curious for the light it throws on the social life of England at that period—the round of domestic duties and employments, dress, food, entertainments, &c. pertaining to a good county family.

As a specimen, we quote a paper of instructions addressed by Mrs Agnes Paston to some member of her household in London:

Erands to London of Augnes Paston the xxviii day of Jenure, the yer of Kyng Henry the Sext, xxxvi (1458).

To prey Grenefeld to send me feythfully word, by wrytyn, who Clement Paston hath do his dever in lernyng. And if he hathe nought do well, nor wyll nought amend, prey hym that he wyll trewly belassch hym, tyl he wyll amend; and so ded the last maystr, and the best that ever he had, att Caumbrage. And sey Grenefeld that if he wyll take up on hym to brynge hym in to good rewyll and lernyng, that I may verily know he doth hys dever, I wyll geve hym x marcs for hys labor; for I had lever he wer fayr beryed than lost for defaute.

Item, to se who many gownys Clement hathe; and the that be bar, late hem be reysyd. He hath achort grene gowne, and achort musterdevelers gowne, wer never reysyd; and achort blew gowne that was reysyd, and mad of a syde gowne, whan I was last in London; and a syde russet gowne, furryd with bevyr, was mad this tyme ii yer; and a syde murry gowne was mad this tyme twelmonth.

Item, to do make me vi sponys, of viii ounce of troy wyght, well facyond, and dubbyl gylt.

And say Elyzabet Paston that she must use hyr selfe to werke redyly, as other jentylwomen done, and sumwhat to help hyr selfe ther with.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole xxvis. viiid. for hyr bord.

And if Grenefeld have do wel hys dever to Clement, or wyll do hys dever, geffe hym the nobyll.

AGNES PASTON.

[To pray Greenfield to send me faithfully word, by writing, how Clement Paston hath done his devoir (or duty) in learning. And if he hath not done well, nor will not amend, pray him that he will truly be-lash him till he will amend; and so did the last master, and the best he ever had, at Cambridge. And say (to) Greenfield that if he will take upon him to bring him into good rule and learning, that I may verily know he doth his duty, I will give him ten marks for his labour; for I had liefer he were fair buried than lost for default.

Item, to see how many gowns Clement hath; and they that be bare, let them be raised.[1] He hath a short green gown, and a short musterdevelus[2] gown, were never raised; and a short blue gown that was raised, and made of a syde[3] gown, when I was last at London; and a syde russet gown, furred with beaver, was made this time two-year; and a syde murry[4] gown was made this time twelvemonth.

Item, to do make me (get me made) six spoons, of eight ounce of Troy weight, well fashioned, and double gilt.

And say (to) Elizabeth Paston that she must use herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen (hath) done, and somewhat to help herself therewith.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole 26s. 8d. for her board.

And if Greenfield have done well his duty to Clement, or will do his duty, give him the noble.[5]

AGNES PASTON.

The following affecting farewell letter (the spelling modernised) possesses historical interest:

The Duke of Suffolk to his Son, April 30, 1450.

MY DEAR AND ONLY WELL-BELOVED SON—I beseech our Lord in heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him and to dread Him; to the which as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall with His great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that also, wittingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease Him. And thus as any frailty maketh you to fall, beseecheth His mercy soon to call you to Him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend Him.

Secondly, next Him, above all earthly thing, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare or prosperity of his most royal person, but that, as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his Highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway, as ye be bounden by the commandment of God, to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dreaded not, but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body would stir you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the

* The publisher of this work, Mr Edward Arber, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, deserves the thanks of all lovers of our early literature, for his series of cheap and correct reprints of works previously scarce or only attainable at high prices. By his enterprise and literary taste, many of the choice and rare Elizabethan poems and tracts are now within the reach of all classes of readers.

[1] A new nap or pile raised on the bare cloth. Thus in Shakspeare: 'Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.'—*Hen. VI.* Part II.

[2] A kind of mixed gray woollen cloth, which continued in use to Elizabeth's reign.—HALLIWELL.

[3] Syde gown—a low-hanging gown. See Sir David Lindsay, *ante*, vol. i. page 49.

[4] Murry or Murray colour was a dark red.

[5] The noble, a gold coin, value 6s. 8d.

more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power. And to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived, nor repent you of. Moreover, never follow your own wit in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above, asketh your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of His infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living. And that your blood may, by His grace, from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to His service, in such wise as, after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally among His angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand the day of my departing from this land. Your true and loving father,

SUFFOLK.*

HENRY HALLAM.

The greatest historical name in this period, and one of the most learned of our constitutional writers and critics, was MR HENRY HALLAM, son of Dr Hallam, Dean of Wells. He was born in 1778, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the bar by the Inner Temple. He was early appointed a Commissioner of Audit, an office which at once afforded him leisure and a competency, and enabled him to prosecute those studies on which his fame rests. Mr Hallam was one of the early contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. Scott's edition of Dryden was criticised by Mr Hallam in the Review for October 1808, with great ability and candour. His first important work was a *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, two volumes quarto, 1818, being an account of the progress of Europe from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century. To this work he afterwards added a volume of *Supplemental Notes*. In 1827 he published *The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.*, also in two volumes; and in 1837–38 an *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, in four volumes. With vast stores of knowledge, and indefatigable application, Mr Hallam possessed a clear and independent judgment, and a style grave and impressive, yet enriched with occasional imagery and rhetorical graces. His *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* is a great monument of his erudition. His knowledge of the language and literature of each nation was critical, if not profound, and his opinions were conveyed in a style remarkable for its succinctness and perspicuity. In his first two works, the historian's views of political questions are those generally adopted by the Whig party, but are stated with calmness and moderation. He was peculiarly a supporter of *principles*, not of *men*. Mr Hallam, like Burke, in his latter years 'lived in an inverted order: they who ought to have succeeded him had gone before him; they who should have been to him as posterity were in the place of ancestors.' His eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam—the subject of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—died in 1833; and another son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him, shortly after he had been called to the bar, in 1850. The afflicted father collected and printed for private circulation the *Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam* (1834), and some friend added memorials of the second son. Both were eminently accomplished, amiable, and promising young men. The historian died January 21, 1859, having reached the age of eighty-one.

Effects of the Feudal System.

From the *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.*

It is the previous state of society, under the grandchildren of Charlemagne, which we must always keep in mind, if we would appreciate the effects of the feudal system upon the welfare of mankind. The institutions of the eleventh century must be compared with those of the ninth, not with the advanced civilisation of modern times. The state of anarchy which we usually term feudal was the natural result of a vast and barbarous empire feebly administered, and the cause, rather than the effect, of the general establishment of feudal tenures. These, by preserving the mutual relations of the whole, kept alive the feeling of a common country and common duties; and settled, after the lapse of ages, into the free constitution of England, the firm monarchy of France, and the federal union of Germany.

The utility of any form of policy may be estimated by its effects upon national greatness and security, upon civil liberty and private rights, upon the tranquillity and order of society, upon the increase and diffusion of wealth, or upon the general tone of moral sentiment and energy. The feudal constitution was little adapted for the defence of a mighty kingdom, far less for schemes of conquest. But as it prevailed alike in several adjacent countries, none had anything to fear from the military superiority of its neighbours. It was this inefficiency of the feudal militia, perhaps, that saved Europe, during the middle ages, from the danger of universal monarchy. In times when princes had little notions of confederacies for mutual protection, it is hard to say what might not have been the successes of an Otho, a Frederic, or a Philip Augustus, if they could have wielded the whole force of their subjects whenever their ambition required. If an empire equally extensive with that of Charlemagne, and supported by military despotism, had been formed about the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, the seeds of commerce and liberty, just then beginning to shoot, would have perished; and Europe, reduced to a barbarous servitude, might have fallen before the free barbarians of Tartary.

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of

* The duke embarked on Thursday the 30th April 1450, having been sentenced to five years' banishment from England. He was accused of having, in his communications with the French, been invariably opposed to the interests of England, and in particular that he had been bribed to deliver up Anjou and Maine to France. The pinnace in which he sailed was boarded off Dover by a ship called *Nicholas of the Tower*, the master of which saluted him with the words, 'Welcome, traitor;' and he was barbarously murdered, his body brought to land, and thrown upon the sands at Dover.

customs; the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even—we may in this sense say—in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

But, as the school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity; where, if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood, treachery, and ingratitude. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling, as well as readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.

The Houses and Furniture of the Nobles in the Middle Ages.—From the same.

It is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately, or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance-passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above; and on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings, but, as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves—sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration, more often converted into farm-houses, or distinct tenements. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates during the reigns of Henry IV. and Edward IV.; but very few can be traced higher; and such has been the effect of time, still more through the advance or decline of families, and the progress of architectural improvement, than the natural decay of these buildings, that I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman, and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few.

The two most essential improvements in architecture during this period, one of which had been missed by the sagacity of Greece and Rome, were chimneys and glass windows. Nothing apparently can be more simple than the former; yet the wisdom of ancient times had been content to let the smoke escape by an aperture in the centre of the roof; and a discovery, of which Vitruvius had not a glimpse, was made, perhaps, by some forgotten semi-barbarian! About the middle of the fourteenth century the use of chimneys is distinctly mentioned in England and in Italy; but they are found in several of our castles which bear a much older date. This country seems to have lost very early the art of making glass, which was preserved in France, whence artificers were brought into England to furnish the windows in some new churches in the seventh century. It is said that, in the reign of Henry III., a few ecclesiastical buildings had glazed windows. Suger, however, a century before, had adorned his great work, the Abbey of St Denis, with windows, not only glazed but painted; and I presume that other churches of the same class, both in France and England, especially after the lancet-shaped window had yielded to one of ampler dimensions, were generally decorated in a similar manner. Yet glass is said not to have been employed in the domestic architecture of France before the fourteenth century; and its introduction into England was probably by no means earlier. Nor, indeed, did it come into general use during the period of the middle ages. Glazed windows were considered as movable furniture, and probably bore a high price. When the Earls of Northumberland, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, left Alnwick Castle, the windows were taken out of their frames and carefully laid by.

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add, that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver-plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St Botolph's Lane, A.D. 1481. There appear to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are especially noted as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses. If we compare his account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honour of the Earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the north, not at the same period—for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient—but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense, probably, that we must understand Æneas Sylvius, if he meant anything more than to express a traveller's discontent, when he declares that the kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg. Few burghers of that town had mansions, I presume, equal to the palaces of Dunfermline or Stirling; but it is not unlikely that they were better furnished.

It has been justly remarked, that in Mr Hallam's *Literature of Europe* there is more of sentiment

than could have been anticipated from the calm, unimpassioned tenor of his historic style. We may illustrate this by two short extracts.

Shakspeare's Self-retrospection.

There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world and his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstances, peculiarly teaches: these, as they sank into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of *Lear* and *Timon*, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of *Measure for Measure*. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In *Hamlet* this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In *Lear*, it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in *Timon*, it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: *As You Like It* being usually referred to 1600, *Timon* to the same year, *Measure for Measure* to 1603, and *Lear* to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in *Macbeth* and the *Tempest*, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages.

Milton's Blindness and Remembrance of his Early Reading.

In the numerous imitations, and still more numerous traces of older poetry which we perceive in *Paradise Lost*, it is always to be kept in mind that he had only his recollection to rely upon. His blindness seems to have been complete before 1654;* and I scarcely think he had begun his poem before the anxiety and trouble into which the public strife of the Commonwealth and Restoration had thrown him, gave leisure for immortal occupations. Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour, than that it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life.

* Todd publishes a letter addressed by Milton to Andrew Marvell, dated February 21, 1652-3, and assumes that the poet 'had still the use of one eye, which could direct his hand.' The editor of this work has inspected the letter to Marvell in the State Paper Office, and ascertained that it is not in Milton's handwriting. It is in a fine current, clerk-like hand.

P. F. TYTLER—SIR W. NAPIER—LIEUT.-COL. GURWOOD—JAMES MILL.

The History of Scotland, by PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, is an attempt to 'build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments.' The author professed to have anxiously endeavoured to examine the most authentic sources of information, and to convey a true picture of the times, without prepossession or partiality. He commences with the accession of Alexander III., because it is at that period that our national annals become particularly interesting to the general reader. The first volume of Mr Tytler's History was published in 1828, and a continuation appeared at intervals, conducting the narrative to the year 1603, when James VI. ascended the throne of England. The style of the History is plain and perspicuous, with just sufficient animation to keep alive the attention of the reader. Mr Tytler added considerably to the amount and correctness of our knowledge of Scottish history. He took up a few doubtful or erroneous opinions on questions of fact (such as that John Knox was accessory to the murder of Rizzio, of which he failed to give any satisfactory proof); but the industry and talent he evinced entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen. A second edition of this work, up to the period already mentioned, extends to nine volumes. Mr Tytler was author of the *Lives of Scottish Worthies* and a *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, and he edited two volumes of Letters illustrative of the history of England under Edward VI. and Mary. This gentleman was grandson of Mr William Tytler, whom Burns has characterised as

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart;

and his father, Lord Woodhouselee, a Scottish judge, wrote a popular *Universal History*. Latterly, Mr Patrick F. Tytler enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum. He died at Malvern, December 24, 1849. A Life of Mr Tytler was published (1859) by the Rev. John Burgon, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. It represents the historian in a very prepossessing light, as affectionate, pious, and cheerful, beloved by all who knew him.

The History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year 1807 *to the year* 1814, in six volumes, 1828–40, by COLONEL SIR W. F. P. NAPIER, is acknowledged to be the most valuable record of that war which England waged against the power of Napoleon. Southey had previously written a History of this period, but it was heavy and uninteresting, and is now rarely met with. Sir W. Napier was an actor in the great struggle he records, and peculiarly conversant with the art of war. The most ample testimony has been borne to the accuracy of the historian's statements, and to the diligence and acuteness with which he has collected his materials. Sir William Napier was a son of Colonel the Hon. George Napier, by Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. He was born at Castletown, in Ireland, in 1785. Besides his important History, he was author of an account of *The Conquest of Scinde*, of *The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier*, the cele-

brated military commander, and conqueror of Scinde. In defending his brother, Sir William breaks out into the following eloquent reference to the great poet of his generation:

Eulogium on Lord Byron.

But while the Lord High Commissioner, Adam, could only see in the military resident of Cephalonia a person to be crushed by the leaden weight of power without equity, there was another observer in that island who appreciated, and manfully proclaimed the great qualities of the future conqueror of Scinde. This man, himself a butt for the rancour of envious dullness, was one whose youthful genius pervaded the world while he lived, and covered it with a pall when he died. For to him mountain and plain, torrent and lake, the seas, the skies, the earth, light and darkness, and even the depths of the human heart, gave up their poetic secrets; and he told them again, with such harmonious melody, that listening nations marvelled at the sound; and when it ceased, they sorrowed. Lord Byron noted, and generously proclaimed the merits which Sir Frederick Adam marked as defects.

Sir William Napier died February 12, 1860.

Assault of Badajos.

From *The History of the War in the Peninsula.*

Dry but clouded was the night, the air was thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights flitted here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels proclaimed from time to time that all was well in Badajos. The French, confiding in Phillipon's direful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted and ruined from the walls. The British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down, and either were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

Former failures there were to avenge on one side; on both, leaders who furnished no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial, and the possession of Badajos was become a point of personal honour with the soldiers of each nation; but the desire for glory on the British part was dashed with a hatred of the citizens from an old grudge, and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage; for these things, which render the noble-minded averse to cruelty, harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers also, like Cæsar's centurion, who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every passion found a cause of excitement, the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and in the pride of arms none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury.

At ten o'clock, the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, the distant bastion of San Vincente, and the bridge-head on the other side of the Guadiana, were to be simultaneously assailed. It was hoped the strength of the enemy would quickly shrivel within that fiery girdle, but many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division, and a lighted carcass, thrown from the castle, falling close to the third division, exposed its columns, and forced it to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Thus everything was suddenly disturbed, yet the double columns of the fourth and light divisions moved silently and swiftly against the breaches, and the guard of the trenches, rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made.

Soon, however, a sudden blaze of light and the rattling of musketry indicated the commencement of a more vehement combat at the castle. There Kempt—for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present—there Kempt, I say, led the third division. He passed the Rivillas in single files by a narrow bridge under a terrible musketry, re-formed and ran up the rugged hill, to fall at the foot of the castle severely wounded. Being carried back to the trenches, he met Picton at the bridge hastening to take the command, but meanwhile the troops, spreading along the front, had reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks musketry was plied with fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, the leading assailants were stabbed and the ladders pushed from the walls: and all this was attended with deafening shouts, the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the fallen weights.

Still swarming round the remaining ladders, those undaunted veterans strove who should first climb; but all were overturned, the French shouted victory, while the British, baffled, yet untamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. There the broken ranks being re-formed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, raised it against the castle, to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower, and where an embrasure offered some facility: a second ladder was placed alongside of his by the grenadier officer, Canch, and the next instant he and Ridge were on the rampart, the shouting troops pressed after them, and the garrison, amazed and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town: the castle was won. Soon a reinforcement from the French reserve came to the gate, through which both sides fired, and the enemy retired; but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory.

All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, shewed them the French were ready; yet no stir followed, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn-hopes and storming-parties of the light division, five hundred in all, descended into the ditch without opposition; but then a bright flame, shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were on one side; on the other, the red columns of the British, deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava; it was the touch of the magician's wand; a crash of thunder followed, and the storming-parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

For an instant the light division soldiers stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, they flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in to descend with a like fury. There were only five ladders for both columns, which were close together, and the deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation; into this miry snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said above a hundred of the Fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered. Those who followed, checked not, but, as if the disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and

thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men; a wide and deep chasm was, however, still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire, wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, having their flank confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division had been destined to storm.

Great was the confusion; the ravelin was crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counterguard of the Trinidad; the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible; and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind: but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged, immovably fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks slipped, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of wooden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

Once and again the assailants rushed up the breaches, but the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, always stopped the charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had now fallen, hundreds more were dropping, yet the heroic officers still called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies; the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down, yet men fell so fast from the shot, it was hard to say who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades; for a finished trench and parapet were behind the breach, where the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter have continued.

At the beginning of this dreadful conflict, Andrew Barnard had with prodigious efforts separated his division from the other, and preserved some degree of military array; but now the tumult was such, no command could be heard distinctly except by those close at hand, while the mutilated carcases heaped on each other, and the wounded, struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations: order was impossible! Nevertheless, officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod of the 43d, whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered, and with such strong resolution did he lead them up the ruins, that when one, falling behind him, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, but continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades. There was, however, no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers, until two hours passed in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack, which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fireballs which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, *Why they did not come into Badajos?*

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless shower above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas of the Engineers was observed, by Lieutenant Shaw of the 43d, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria. Collecting fifty soldiers of all regiments, he joined him, and passing a deep cut along the foot of this breach, these two young officers, at the head of their band, rushed up the slope of the ruins; but ere they gained two-thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth: Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw* stood alone! After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for many of the riflemen on the glacis, leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault; and the rest, raked by a cross-fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, had entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and reform for a second assault; he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was not effected without further carnage and confusion; for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders. Then the groans and lamentations of the wounded, who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased; and many officers who did not hear of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back; some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

All this time the third division lay close in the castle, and either from fear of risking the loss of a point which insured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge; thus the town was girdled with fire; for Walker's brigade had, during the feint on the Pardaleras, escaladed the distant

* Now Major-general Shaw Kennedy. Captain Nicholas, when dying, told the story of this effort, adding that he saw Shaw, while thus standing alone, deliberately pull out his watch, and repeating the hour aloud, declare that the breach could not be carried that night.

bastion of San Vincente. Moving up the bank of the river, he reached a French guard-house at the barrier-gate undiscovered, the ripple of the waters smothering the sound of the footsteps; but then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the column, fired. The British soldiers, springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way; but the Portuguese, panic-stricken, threw down the scaling-ladders; the others snatched them up, and forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch; but there the guiding engineer was killed, there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost men succeeded in rearing the ladders, they were found too short, for the walls were generally above thirty feet high. The fire of the French was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

Fortunately, some of the defenders were called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned, and the assailants, having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders under an embrasure which had no gun, and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, but the first man, being pushed up by his comrades, drew others after him, until many had gained the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks and from a house in front, they thickened and could not be driven back. Half the 4th Regiment then entered the town itself, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions. In the last, General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand, just as a French cannoneer discharged a gun, fell with so many wounds, it was wonderful how he survived; and his soldiers, seeing a lighted match on the ground, cried out, "A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising; and in that disorder a French reserve under General Veillande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, pitching some over the walls, killing others outright, and cleansing the ramparts even to the San Vincente: but there Leith had placed a battalion of the 38th, and when the French came up shouting and slaying all before them, it arose, and with one close volley destroyed them. Then the panic ceased, and in compact order the soldiers once more charged along the walls towards the breaches; yet the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, would not yield.

Meanwhile the detachment of the 4th Regiment which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated; for the streets, though empty, were brilliantly illuminated, no person was seen, yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards, while the regiment, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town. In its progress, several mules going with ammunition to the breaches were taken; but the square was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps. A terrible enchantment seemed to prevail; nothing to be seen but light, and only low whispers heard, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing thunder: there the fight raged; and quitting the square, the regiment attempted to take the enemy in reverse, but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets.

At last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered the place, desultory combats took place in various parts, and finally Veillande and Phillipon, both wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Christoval. Early next morning they surrendered upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who with great readiness had pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere the French had time to organise further resistance; yet even at the moment of ruin, this noble governor had sent horsemen out from the fort in the night to carry the news to Soult's army, which they reached in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness, which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All indeed were not alike, hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but madness generally prevailed, and the worst men being leaders, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled: the wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of.

Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege, including seven hundred Portuguese; three thousand five hundred were stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than seven hundred men slain on the spot. Five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first three severely; six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches: each division there lost twelve hundred! But how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this: the 43d and 52d Regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let it be remembered that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square; that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and the town was won at last: these things considered, it must be admitted that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble men; the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, of O'Hare of the Rifles, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed, the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate rifleman, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson of the 43d, who, having at Rodrigo received two deep wounds, was here, with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded! Nor are these selected as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what

they saw: but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos.

When the havoc of the night was told to Wellington, the pride of conquest sunk into a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

Further light has been thrown on the Spanish war, as well as on the whole of our other military operations at the period, by the publication of *The Despatches of Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington*, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GURWOOD, twelve volumes, 1836-38. The skill, moderation, and energy of the Duke of Wellington are strikingly illustrated by this compilation. 'No man ever before,' says a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'had the gratification of himself witnessing the formation of such a monument to his glory. His despatches will continue to furnish, through every age, lessons of practical wisdom which cannot be too highly prized by public men of every station; whilst they will supply to military commanders, in particular, examples for their guidance which they cannot too carefully study, nor too anxiously endeavour to emulate.' The son of the Great Captain, the present Duke of Wellington, has published several additional volumes of his illustrious father's correspondence.

The *History of British India*, by JAMES MILL (1773-1836), is by far the ablest work on our Indian empire. It was published in 1817-18, in five volumes. This work led to the author being employed in conducting the correspondence of the East India Company. Mr Mill was a man of acute and vigorous mind. He was a native of Logie Pert, near Montrose, and soon rose above his originally humble station by the force of his talents. He contributed to the leading reviews, co-operated with Jeremy Bentham and other zealous reformers, and also took a high position as an original thinker and metaphysician. He had early abandoned the creed of his youth, and become a sceptic as hard and confirmed as David Hume; and he taught his son, John Stuart Mill, to be equally unbelieving and equally decided in his unbelief. In fame and talent, however, the son eclipsed his father. Mr Mill's History has been continued to the close of the government of Lord W. Bentinck in 1835, by Mr Horace H. Wilson, the work then forming nine volumes, 1848.

JAMES BOSWELL.

A great number of biographical works were published during this period. The French have cultivated biography with more diligence than the English; but much has been done of late years to remedy this defect in our national literature. Individual specimens of great value we have long possessed. The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, by Izaak Walton, are entitled to the highest praise for the fullness of their domestic details, no less than for the fine simplicity and originality of their style. The *Lives of the Poets*, by Johnson, and the occasional Memoirs by Goldsmith, Mallet, and other authors, are either too general or too critical to satisfy the reader as representations of the daily life, habits, and opinions of those whom we venerate or admire. Mason's Life of Gray was a vast improvement on former biographies, as the interesting and characteristic correspondence of the poet, and his literary diary and journals, bring him personally before us, pursuing the silent course of his studies, or mingling occasionally as a retired scholar in the busy world around him. The success of Mason's bold and wise experiment prompted another and more complete work—*The Life of Dr Johnson*, by Boswell.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795) was by birth and education a gentleman of rank and station—the son of a Scottish judge, and heir to an ancient family and estate. He had studied for the bar; but being strongly impressed with admiration of the writings and character of Dr Johnson, he attached himself to the rugged moralist, soothed and flattered his irritability, submitted to his literary despotism and caprice; and sedulously cultivating his acquaintance and society whenever his engagements permitted, he took faithful and copious notes of his conversation. In 1773 Boswell accompanied Johnson to the Hebrides; and after the death of the latter, he published, in 1785, his Journal of the Tour, being a record of each day's occurrences, and of the more striking parts of Johnson's conversation. The work was eminently successful. And in 1791 Boswell gave to the world his full-length portrait of his friend, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, in two volumes quarto. A second edition was published in 1794; and the author was engaged in preparing a third when he died. A great number of editions have since been printed, the latest of which was edited by Mr J. W. Croker. Anecdotes and recollections of Johnson were also published by Mrs Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Malone, Miss Reynolds, &c. Boswell had awakened public curiosity, and shewn how much wit, wisdom, and sagacity, joined to real worth and benevolence, were concealed under the personal oddities and ungainly exterior of Johnson. Never was there so complete a portraiture of any single individual. The whole time spent by Boswell in the society of his illustrious friend did not amount to more than nine months; yet so diligent was he in writing and inquiring—so thoroughly did he devote himself to his subject, that notwithstanding his limited opportunities, and the claims of society, he was able to produce what all mankind have agreed in considering the best biography in existence. Though vain, dissipated, and conceited, Boswell had taste enough to discern the racy vigour and richness of Johnson's conversation, and he was observant enough to trace the peculiarities of his character and temperament. He forced himself into society, and neglected his family and his profession, to meet his friend; and he was content to be ridiculed and slighted, so that he could thereby add one page to his journal, or one scrap of writing to his collection. He sometimes sat up three nights in a week to fulfil his task, and hence there is a freshness and truth in his notes and impressions which attest their fidelity. Boswell must have possessed considerable dramatic power to have rendered his portraits and dialogues so animated and varied. His work introduces us to a great variety of living characters, who speak, walk, and think, as it were, in our presence; and besides furnishing us with useful, affecting, and ennobling lessons of morality, live over again the past for the delight and entertainment of countless generations of readers. Boswell's convivial habits hastened his death. In 1856 a volume of Letters addressed by

Boswell to his friend the Rev. Mr Temple, was published, and painfully illustrated the weakness and vanity of his character.

The talents and character of Boswell have been successfully vindicated by Carlyle from the strictures of Macaulay and others, who insist so strongly on the biographer's imputed meanness of spirit, egregious vanity, folly, and sensuality, scarcely allowing him a single redeeming good quality. His *bad qualities*, as Carlyle says, lay open to the general eye; his *good qualities* belonged not to the time he lived in, were far from common then, and indeed, in such a degree, were almost unexampled. 'Towards Johnson his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest, of human feelings.' 'Consider, too, with what force, diligence, and vivacity he has rendered back all which, in Johnson's neighbourhood, his open sense had so eagerly and freely taken in. That loose-flowing, careless-looking work of his is as a picture by one of nature's own artists; the best possible resemblance of a reality; like the very image thereof in a clear mirror—which, indeed, it was. Let but the mirror be clear, this is the great point; the picture must and will be genuine. How the babbling Bozzy, inspired only by love, and the recognition and vision which love can lend, epitomises nightly the words of wisdom, and so, by little and little, unconsciously works together for us a whole *Johnsoniad;* a more free, perfect, sunlit, and spirit-speaking likeness, than for many centuries had been drawn by man of man! Scarcely since the days of Homer has the feat been equalled.'

GIBBON—LORD SHEFFIELD—DR CURRIE.

With a pardonable and engaging egotism, which forms an interesting feature in his character, the historian GIBBON had made several sketches of his own life and studies. From these materials, and embodying *verbatim* the most valuable portions, LORD SHEFFIELD compiled a Memoir, which was published, with the miscellaneous works of Gibbon, in 1795. A number of the historian's letters were also included in this collection; but the most important and interesting part of the work is his Journal and Diary, giving an account of his literary occupations. The calm unshrinking perseverance and untiring energy of Gibbon form a noble example to all literary students; and where he writes of his own personal history and opinions, his lofty philosophical style never forsakes him. Thus he opens his slight Memoir in the following strain:

'A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers: it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.'

Gibbon states, that before entering upon the perusal of a book, he wrote down or considered what he knew of the subject, and afterwards examined how much the author had added to his stock of knowledge. A severe test for some authors! From habits like this sprung the *Decline and Fall.*

In 1800, DR JAMES CURRIE (1756–1805) published his edition of the Works of Burns for the benefit of the poet's family, and enriched it with an excellent Memoir, that has served for the groundwork of many subsequent Lives of Burns. It has been found that he tampered rather too freely with the poet's MSS., but generally to their advantage. The candour and ability displayed by Currie have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. Such a task was new to him, and was beset with difficulties. He believed that Burns's misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors—he lived at a time when this impression was strongly prevalent—yet he touched on the subject of the poet's frailties with delicacy and tenderness. He estimated his genius highly as a great poet, without reference to his personal position, and thus in some measure anticipated the unequivocal award of posterity. His remarks on Scottish poetry and on the condition of the Scottish peasantry, appear now somewhat prolix and affected; but at the time they were written, they tended to interest and inform the English reader, and to forward the author's benevolent object, in extending the sale of the poet's works. By his generous, disinterested labours, Dr Currie materially benefited the poet's family.

WILLIAM HAYLEY—LORD HOLLAND.

After the death of Cowper in 1800, every poetical reader was anxious to learn the personal history and misfortunes of a poet who had afforded such exquisite glimpses of his own life and habits, and the amiable traits of whose character shone so conspicuously in his verse. His letters and manuscripts were placed at the disposal of MR WILLIAM HAYLEY, whose talents as a poet were then greatly overrated, but who had personally known Cowper. Accordingly, in 1803–4, appeared *The Life and Posthumous Works of William Cowper*, three volumes quarto. The work was a valuable contribution to English biography. The inimitable letters of Cowper were themselves a treasure beyond price; and Hayley's prose, though often poor enough, was better than his poetry. What the 'hermit of Eartham' left undone has since been supplied by Southey, who in 1835 gave the world an edition of Cowper in fifteen volumes, about three of which are filled with a life of the poet, and notes. The Lives of both Hayley and Southey are written in the style of Mason's Memoir, letters being freely interspersed throughout the narrative. Of a similar description, but not to be compared with these in point of interest or execution, is the Life of Dr Beattie, by Sir William Forbes, published in 1806, in two volumes.

In the same year LORD HOLLAND published an *Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix*

de Vega, the celebrated Spanish dramatist. De Vega was one of the most fertile writers upon record: his miscellaneous works fill twenty-two quarto volumes, and his dramas twenty-five volumes. He died in 1635, aged seventy-three. His fame has been eclipsed by abler Spanish writers; but De Vega gave a great impulse to the literature of his nation, and is considered the parent of the continental drama. The amiable and accomplished nobleman who recorded the life of this Spanish prodigy, died at Holland House, October 22, 1840, aged sixty-seven. Lord Holland was a generous patron of literature and art. Holland House was but another name for refined hospitality and social freedom, in which men of all shades of opinion participated. As a literary man, the noble lord left few or no memorials that will survive; but he will long be remembered as a generous-hearted English nobleman, who, with princely munificence and varied accomplishments, ever felt a strong interest in the welfare of the great mass of the people; who was an intrepid advocate of popular rights in the most difficult and trying times; and who, amidst all his courtesy and hospitality, held fast his political integrity and consistency to the last.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The *Life of Nelson*, by SOUTHEY, published in two small volumes—since compressed into one—in 1813, rose into instant and universal favour, and may be considered as one of our standard popular biographies. Its merit consists in the clearness and beautiful simplicity of its style, and its lucid arrangement of facts, omitting all that is unimportant or strictly technical. The substance of this *Life* was originally an article in the *Quarterly Review;* Mr Murray, the publisher, gave Southey £100 to enlarge the essay, and publish it in a separate form with his name; and this sum he handsomely doubled. Southey afterwards published a *Life of John Wesley*, the celebrated founder of the Methodists, in which he evinces a minute acquaintance with the religious controversies and publications of that period, joined to the art of the biographer, in giving prominence and effect to his delineations. His sketches of field-preaching and lay-preachers present some curious and interesting pictures of human nature under strong excitement. The same author contributed a series of Lives of British Admirals to the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, edited by Dr Lardner.

The Death of Nelson.—From Southey's 'Life of Nelson.'

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he. 'I hope not,' cried Hardy. 'Yes,' he replied; 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; 'for,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.' All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed; he is surely dead!' An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?' 'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and shew an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' 'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he; 'I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'O no,' he replied; 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: 'You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,' putting his hand on his left side, 'which tells me so.' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, 'So great that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!' And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That 's well,' cried Nelson; 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said: 'Anchor, Hardy; anchor.'

Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: 'do you anchor.' His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shewn how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard;' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy.' And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;' and after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney-corner' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

Wesley's Old Age and Death.

From *Southey's Life of John Wesley.*

'Leisure and I,' said Wesley, 'have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me.' This resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed. 'Lord, let me not live to be useless!' was the prayer which he uttered after seeing one whom he had long known as an active and useful magistrate, reduced by age to be 'a picture of human nature in disgrace, feeble in body and mind, slow of speech and understanding.' He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular felicity of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds, he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind, than ten thousand hairs were to his head. But in truth his only cares were those of superintending the work of his ambition, which continually prospered under his hands. Real cares he had none; no anxieties, no sorrows, no griefs which touched him to the quick. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity; he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion; and frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life. . . .

Upon his eighty-sixth birth-day, he says, 'I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed; so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities. But thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!' His strength now diminished so much, that he found it difficult to preach more than twice a day; and for many weeks he abstained from his five o'clock morning sermons, because a slow and settled fever parched his mouth. Finding himself a little better, he resumed the practice, and hoped to hold on a little longer; but, at the beginning of the year 1790, he writes: 'I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labours: I can preach and write still.' In the middle of the same year, he closed his cash account-book with the following words, written with a tremulous hand, so as to be scarcely legible: 'For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly: I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have.' His strength was now quite

gone, and no glasses would help his sight. 'But I feel no pain,' he says, 'from head to foot; only, it seems, nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

The weary springs of life stand still at last.

On the 1st of February 1791, he wrote his last letter to America. It shews how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body. 'See,' said he, 'that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men, that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue.' He expressed, also, a sense that his hour was almost come. 'Those that desire to write,' said he, 'or say anything to me, have no time to lose; for *Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is not far behind:*' words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. On the 17th of that month, he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2d of March, he died in peace; being in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

During his illness he said: 'Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' Some years before, he had prepared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London. In his will he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave; 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.' At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*,' his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father;* and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

DR THOMAS M'CRIE.

The most valuable historical biography of this period is the *Life of John Knox*, by DR THOMAS M'CRIE (1772–1835), a Scottish clergyman. Dr M'Crie had a warm sympathy with the sentiments and opinions of his hero; and on every point of his history he possessed the most complete information. He devoted himself to his task as to a great Christian duty, and not only gave a complete account of the principal events of Knox's life, 'his sentiments, writings, and exertions in the cause of religion and liberty,' but illustrated, with masterly ability, the whole contemporaneous history of Scotland. Men may differ as to the views taken by Dr M'Crie of some of those subjects, but there can be no variety of opinion as to the talents and learning he displayed. His *Life of Knox* was first published in 1813, and has passed through six editions. Following up his historical and theological retrospect, the same author afterwards published a *Life of Andrew Melville* (1819), but the subject is less interesting than that of his first biography. He wrote also Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson—Scottish clergymen and supporters of the Covenant—and Histories of the Reformation in Italy and in Spain. Dr M'Crie published, in 1817, a series of papers in the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, containing a vindication of the Covenanters from the distorted view which he believed Sir Walter Scott to have given of them in his tale of *Old Mortality*. Sir Walter replied anonymously, by reviewing his own work in the *Quarterly Review!* There were faults and absurdities on the side both of the Covenanters and the Royalists, but the cavalier predilections of the great novelist certainly led him to look with more regard on the latter—heartless and cruel as they were—than on the poor persecuted peasants.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The general demand for biographical composition tempted some of our most popular original writers to embark in this delightful department of literature. Southey, as we have seen, was early in the field; and his more distinguished poetical contemporaries, Scott, Moore, and Campbell, also joined. The first, besides his copious Memoirs of Dryden and Swift, prefixed to their works, contributed a series of Lives of the English Novelists to an edition of their works published by Ballantyne, which he executed with great taste, candour, and discrimination. He afterwards undertook a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, which was at first intended as a counterpart to Southey's *Life of Nelson*, but ultimately swelled out into nine volumes. The hurried composition of this work, and the habits of the author, accustomed to the dazzling creations of fiction, rather than the sober plodding of historical inquiry and calm investigation, led to many errors and imperfections. It abounds in striking and eloquent passages; the battles of Napoleon are described with great clearness and animation; and the view taken of his character and talents is, on the whole, just and impartial, very different from the manner in which Scott had alluded to Napoleon in his *Vision of Don Roderick*. The great diffuseness of the style, however, and the want of philosophical analysis, render the *Life of Napoleon* more a brilliant chronicle of scenes and events than an historical memoir worthy the genius of its author. It was at first full of errors, but afterwards carefully corrected by its author. The friends of Sir Walter attributed his mental disease in great measure to the labour entailed upon him by this *Life of Napoleon*. A *Life of Napoleon*, in four volumes, 1828, was published by WILLIAM HAZLITT, the essayist and critic (1778–1830), but it is a partial and prejudiced work.

THOMAS MOORE.

MR MOORE published a *Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, 1825; *Notices of the Life of Lord Byron*, 1830; and *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*,

1831. The last has little interest. The *Life of Byron*, by its intimate connection with recent events and living persons, was a duty of very delicate and difficult performance. This was further increased by the freedom and licentiousness of the poet's opinions and conduct, and by the versatility or *mobility* of his mind, which changed with every passing impulse and impression. 'As well,' says Moore, 'from the precipitance with which he gave way to every impulse, as from the passion he had for recording his own impressions, all those heterogeneous thoughts, fantasies, and desires that, in other men's minds, "come like shadows, so depart," were by him fixed and embodied as they presented themselves, and at once taking a shape cognisable by public opinion, either in his actions or his words, in the hasty letter of the moment, or the poem for all time, laid open such a range of vulnerable points before his judges, as no one individual ever before, of himself, presented.' Byron left ample materials for his biographer. His absence from England, and his desire 'to keep the minds of the English public for ever occupied about him—if not with his merits, with his faults; if not in applauding, in blaming him'—led him to maintain a regular correspondence with Moore and his publisher Mr Murray. Byron also kept a journal, and recorded memoranda of his opinions, his reading, &c.; something in the style of Burns. He was a master of prose as of verse, unsurpassed in brilliant sketches of life, passion, and adventure, whether serious or comic, and also an acute literary critic. Byron had written Memoirs of his own life, which he presented to Moore, who sold the manuscript to Murray the publisher for 2000 guineas. The friends of the noble poet became alarmed on account of the disclosures said to have been made in the Memoir, and offered to advance the money paid for the manuscript, in order that Lady Byron and the rest of the family might have an opportunity of deciding whether the work should be published or suppressed. The result was, that the manuscript was destroyed by Mr Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs Leigh, Byron's half-sister. Moore repaid the 2000 guineas to Murray, and the latter engaged him to write the *Life of Byron*, contributing a great mass of materials, and ultimately giving no less than £4870 for the *Life* (*Quarterly Review*, 1853). Moore was, strictly speaking, not justified in destroying the manuscript which Byron had intrusted him with as a vindication of his name and honour. He might have expunged the objectionable passages. But it is urged in his defence, that while part of the work never could have been published, all that was valuable or interesting to the public was included in the noble poet's journals and memorandum-books. Moore's *Notices* are written with taste and modesty, and in very pure and unaffected English. As an editor, he preserved too much of what was worthless and unimportant; as a biographer, he was too indulgent to the faults of his hero; yet who could have wished a friend to dwell on the errors of Byron?

Character and Personal Appearance of Lord Byron.

From Moore's *Notices of the Life of Lord Byron.*

The distinctive properties of Lord Byron's character, as well moral as literary, arose mainly from those two great sources—the unexampled versatility of his powers and feelings, and the facility with which he gave way to the impulses of both. 'No men,' says Cowper, in speaking of persons of a versatile turn of mind, 'are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either.' It would not be difficult to shew that to this readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or the lights of our variegated existence, Lord Byron owed not only the great range of his influence as a poet, but those powers of fascination which he possessed as a man. This susceptibility, indeed, of immediate impressions, which in him was so active, lent a charm, of all others the most attractive, to his social intercourse, by giving to those who were, at the moment, present, such ascendant influence, that they alone for the time occupied all his thoughts and feelings, and brought whatever was most agreeable in his nature into play. So much did this extreme mobility—this readiness to be strongly acted on by what was nearest—abound in his disposition, that, even with the casual acquaintance of the hour his heart was upon his lips, and it depended wholly upon themselves whether they might not become at once the depositaries of every secret, if it might be so called, of his whole life. . . .

The same facility of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them. His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness, from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. But it was in the mouth and chin that the great beauty as well as expression of his fine countenance lay. 'Many pictures have been painted of him,' says a fair critic of his features, 'with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether pale with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love.' His head was remarkably small—so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so from his having his hair (to preserve it, as he said) shaved over the temples, while the glossy dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added, that his nose, though handsomely, was rather too thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features. In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MR CAMPBELL, besides the biographies in his *Specimens of the Poets*, published a *Life of Mrs Siddons*, the distinguished actress, and a *Life of Petrarch*. The latter is homely and earnest, though on a romantic and fanciful subject. There is a *reality* about Campbell's biographies quite distinct from what might be expected to emanate from the imaginative poet, but he was too little of a student, and generally too careless and indolent to be exact.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM, T. H. LISTER, P. FRASER TYTLER, ETC.

Amongst other additions to our standard biography may be mentioned the *Life of Lord Clive*, by SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1836); and the *Life of Lord Clarendon*, by MR T. H. LISTER (1838). The *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, by MR PATRICK FRASER TYTLER (published in one volume in the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, 1833), is also valuable for its able defence of that adventurous and interesting personage, and for its careful digest of state-papers and contemporaneous events. Free access to all public documents and libraries is now easily obtained, and there is no lack of desire on the part of authors to prosecute, or of the public to reward these researches. A *Life of Lord William Russell*, by LORD JOHN RUSSELL (1819), is enriched with information from the family papers at Woburn Abbey; and from a similarly authentic private source, LORD NUGENT wrote *Memoirs of Hampden* (1831). The Diaries and Journals of Evelyn and Pepys, so illustrative of the court and society during the seventeenth century, have already been noticed. To these we may add the *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, written by his wife, Mrs Lucy Hutchinson, and first published in 1806. Colonel Hutchinson was governor of Nottingham Castle during the period of the Civil War. He was one of the best of the Puritans, and his devoted wife has done ample justice to his character and memory in her charming domestic narrative. Another work of the same description, published from family papers in 1822, is *Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Hon. George Baillie of Jerviswood, and of Lady Grisell Baillie*, written by their daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope. These Memoirs refer to a later period than that of the Commonwealth, and illustrate Scottish history. George Baillie—whose father had fallen a victim to the vindictive tyranny of the government of Charles II.—was a Presbyterian and Covenanter, but neither gloomy nor morose. He held office under Queen Anne and George I., and died in 1738, aged seventy-five. His daughter, Lady Murray, who portrays the character of her parents with a skilful yet tender hand, and relates many interesting incidents of the times in which they lived, was distinguished in the society of the court of Queen Anne, and has been commemorated by Gay, as one of the friends of Pope, and as 'the sweet-tongued Murray.'

While the most careful investigation is directed towards our classic authors—Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Chaucer, &c. forming each the subject of numerous Memoirs—scarcely a person of the least note has been suffered to depart without the honours of biography. The present century has amply atoned for any want of curiosity on the part of former generations, and there is some danger that this taste or passion may be carried too far. Memoirs of 'persons of quality'—of wits, dramatists, artists, and actors, appear every season. Authors have become as familiar to us as our personal associates. Shy, retired men like Charles Lamb, and studious recluses like Wordsworth, have been portrayed in all their strength and weakness. We have Lives of Shelley, of Keats, Hazlitt, Hannah More, Mrs Hemans, Mrs Maclean (L. E. L.), of James Smith (one of the authors of *The Rejected Addresses*), of Monk Lewis, Hayley, and many authors of less distinction. In this influx of biographies worthless materials are often elevated for a day, and the gratification of a prurient curiosity or idle love of gossip is more aimed at than literary excellence or sound instruction. The error, however, is one on the right side. 'Better,' says the traditional maxim of English law, 'that nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer'—and better, perhaps, that nine useless lives should be written than that one valuable one should be neglected. The chaff is easily winnowed from the wheat; and even in the Memoirs of comparatively insignificant persons, some precious truth, some lesson of dear-bought experience, may be found treasured up for 'a life beyond life.' In what may be termed professional biography, facts and principles not known to the general reader are often conveyed. In Lives like those of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr Wilberforce, Mr Francis Horner, and Jeremy Bentham, new light is thrown on the characters of public men, and on the motives and sources of public events. Statesmen, lawyers, and philosophers both act and are acted upon by the age in which they live, and, to be useful, their biography should be copious. In the Life of Sir Humphry Davy by his brother, and of James Watt by M. Arago, we have many interesting facts connected with the progress of scientific discovery and improvement; and in the Lives of Curran, Grattan, and Sir James Mackintosh (each in two volumes), by their sons, the public history of the country is illustrated. Sir John Barrow's Lives of Howe and Anson are excellent specimens of naval biography; and we have also lengthy Memoirs of Lord St Vincent, Lord Collingwood, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Moore, Sir David Baird, Lord Exmouth, Lord Keppel, &c. On the subject of biography in general, we quote with pleasure an observation by Mr Carlyle:

'If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without—how did he modify these from within? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them? with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him? what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many lives will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read, and forgotten, which are not in this sense biographies.'

We have enumerated the most original biographical works of this period; but a complete list of all the Memoirs, historical and literary, that have appeared would fill pages. Two general Biographical Dictionaries have also been published: one in ten volumes quarto, published between the

years 1799 and 1815 by Dr Aikin; and another in thirty-two volumes octavo, re-edited, with great additions, between 1812 and 1816 by Mr Alexander Chalmers. An excellent epitome was published in 1828, in two large volumes, by John Gorton. A general Biographical Dictionary, or *Cyclopædia of Biography*, conducted by Charles Knight (1858), with *Supplement* (1872), has been published in seven volumes. In Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, Murray's *Family Library*, and the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, are some valuable short biographies by authors of established reputation. The *Lives of the Scottish Poets* have been published by David Irving (1804-1810); and a *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, by Robert Chambers, in four volumes octavo (1837), to which a supplemental volume has been added. A more extended and complete general biographical dictionary is still a desideratum.

THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Critical and biblical literature have made great progress within the last century, but the number of illustrious divines is not great. The early Fathers of the Protestant Church had indeed done so much in general theology and practical divinity, that comparatively little was left to their successors.

DR PALEY.

The greatest divine of the period is DR WILLIAM PALEY, a man of remarkable vigour and clearness of intellect, and originality of character. His acquirements as a scholar and churchman were grafted on a homely, shrewd, and benevolent nature, which no circumstances could materially alter. There was no doubt or obscurity either about the man or his works: he stands out in bold relief among his brother-divines, like a sturdy oak on a lawn or parterre—a little hard and cross-grained, but sound, fresh, and massive—dwarfing his neighbours with his weight and bulk, and his intrinsic excellence.

> He shall be like a tree that grows
> Near planted by a river,
> Which in his season yields his fruit,
> And his leaf fadeth never.

So says our old version of the Psalms with respect to the fate of a righteous man, and Paley was a righteous man whose mind yielded precious fruit, and whose leaves will never fade. This excellent author was born at Peterborough in 1743. His father was afterwards curate of Giggleswick, Yorkshire, and teacher of the grammar-school there. At the age of fifteen he was entered as sizar at Christ's College, Cambridge, and after completing his academical course, he became tutor in an academy at Greenwich. As soon as he was of sufficient age, he was ordained to be assistant curate of Greenwich. He was afterwards elected a Fellow of his college, and went thither to reside, engaging first as tutor. He next lectured in the university on Moral Philosophy and the Greek Testament. Paley's college-friend, Dr Law, Bishop of Carlisle, presented him with the rectory of Musgrave, in Westmoreland, and he removed to his country charge, worth only £80 per annum. He was soon inducted into the vicarage of Dalston, in Cumberland, to a prebend's stall in Carlisle Cathedral, and also to the archdeaconry of Carlisle. In 1785, appeared his long-meditated *Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy;* in 1790 his *Horæ Paulinæ;* and in 1794 his *View of the Evidences of Christianity*. Friends and preferment now crowded in on him. The Bishop of London (Porteus) made Paley a prebend of St Paul's; the Bishop of Lincoln presented him with the sub-deanery of Lincoln; and the Bishop of Durham gave him the rectory of Bishop-Wearmouth, worth about a thousand pounds per annum—and all these within six months, the luckiest half-year of his life. The boldness and freedom of some of Paley's disquisitions on government, and perhaps a deficiency, real or supposed, in personal dignity, and some laxness, as well as an inveterate provincial homeliness, in conversation, prevented his rising to the bench of bishops. When his name was once mentioned to George III., the monarch is reported to have said: 'Paley! what, *pigeon Paley?*'—an allusion to a famous sentence in the *Moral and Political Philosophy* on property. As a specimen of his style of reasoning, and the liveliness of his illustrations, we subjoin this passage, which is part of an estimate of the relative duties of men in society:

Of Property.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool—getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.

The principal of these advantages are the following:

I. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals.

Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil; and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half-starved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otaheite; but in less-favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible, unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilised over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than any are in places where most things remain in common.

The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess.

Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

From the same work we give another short extract:

Distinctions of Civil Life lost in Church.

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much, and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities, that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church: if ever the rich man views him with respect, it is there: and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation, in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.

In 1802 Paley published his *Natural Theology*, his last work. He enjoyed himself in the country with his duties and recreations: he was particularly fond of angling; and he mixed familiarly with his neighbours in all their plans of utility, sociality, and even conviviality. He disposed of his time with great regularity: in his garden he limited himself to one hour at a time, twice a day; in reading books of amusement, one hour at breakfast and another in the evening, and one for dinner and his newspaper. By thus dividing and husbanding his pleasures, they remained with him to the last. He died on the 25th of May 1805.

No works of a theological or philosophical nature have been so extensively popular among the educated classes of England as those of Paley. His perspicacity of intellect and simplicity of style are almost unrivalled. Though plain and homely, and often inelegant, he has such vigour and discrimination, and such a happy vein of illustration, that he is always read with pleasure and instruction. No reader is ever at a loss for his meaning, or finds him too difficult for comprehension. He had the rare art of popularising the most recondite knowledge, and blending the business of life with philosophy. The principles inculcated in some of his works have been disputed, particularly his doctrine of expediency as a rule of morals, which has been considered as trenching on the authority of revealed religion, and also lowering the standard of public duty. The system of Paley certainly would not tend to foster the great and heroic virtues. In his early life he is reported to have said, with respect to his subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, that he was 'too poor to keep a conscience;' and something of the same laxness of moral feeling pervades his ethical system. His abhorrence of all hypocrisy and pretence was probably at the root of this error. Like Dr Johnson, he was a practical moralist, and looked with distrust on any high-strained virtue or enthusiastic devotion. Paley did not write for philosophers or metaphysicians, but for the great body of the people anxious to acquire knowledge, and to be able to give 'a reason for the hope that is in them.' He considered the art of life to consist in properly '*setting our habits*,' and for this no subtle distinctions or profound theories were necessary. His *Moral and Political Philosophy* is framed on this basis of utility, directed by strong sense, a discerning judgment, and a sincere regard for the true end of all knowledge—the well-being of mankind here and hereafter. Of Paley's other works, Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced the following opinion: 'The most original and ingenious of his writings is the *Horæ Paulinæ*. The *Evidences of Christianity* are formed out of an admirable translation of Butler's *Analogy*, and a most skilful abridgment of Lardner's *Credibility of the Gospel History*. He may be said to have thus given value to two works, of which the first was scarcely

intelligible to most of those who were most desirous of profiting by it; and the second soon wearies out the greater part of readers, though the few who are more patient have almost always been gradually won over to feel pleasure in a display of knowledge, probity, charity, and meekness unmatched by an avowed advocate in a cause deeply interesting his warmest feelings. His *Natural Theology* is the wonderful work of a man who, after sixty, had studied anatomy in order to write it.' This is not quite correct. Paley was all his life a student of natural history, taking notes from the works of Ray, Derham, Nieuwentyt, and others; and to these he added his own original observations, clear expression, and arrangement.

The World was made with a Benevolent Design.

From *Natural Theology*.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes; their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it—which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement—all conduce to shew their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run—which precedes walking—although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking-hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, 'perception of ease.' Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

A new and illustrated edition of Paley's *Natural Theology* was published in 1835, with scientific illustrations by Sir Charles Bell, and a Preliminary Discourse by Henry, Lord Brougham.

Character of St Paul.—From the 'Horæ Paulinæ.'

Here, then, we have a man of liberal attainments, and, in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment, sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of per-

verseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death. Such was Paul. We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and that of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry, the ocular witnesses, or pretending to be such, of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find this same person referring in his letters to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances, if all or any of them be true, render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles, strictly and properly so called, in support of the mission which he executed; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion. The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books; but is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonment, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and what, if false, he must have known to be so?

DR WATSON—DR HORSLEY—DR PORTEUS—GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

DR RICHARD WATSON, Bishop of Llandaff (1737–1816), did good service to the cause of revealed religion and social order by his replies to Gibbon the historian, and Thomas Paine. To the former, he addressed a series of letters, entitled *An Apology for Christianity*, in answer to Gibbon's celebrated chapters on the Rise and Progress of Christianity; and when Paine published his *Age of Reason*, the bishop met it with a vigorous and conclusive reply, which he termed *An Apology for the Bible*. Dr Watson also published a few Sermons, and a collection of Theological Tracts, selected from various authors, in six volumes. His Whig principles stood in the way of his church preferment, and he had not magnanimity enough to conceal his disappointment, which is strongly expressed in an autobiographical Memoir published after his death by his son. Dr Watson, however, was a man of forcible intellect and of various knowledge. His controversial works are highly honourable to him, both for the manly and candid spirit in which they are written, and the logical clearness and strength of his reasoning.

DR SAMUEL HORSLEY, Bishop of St Asaph (1733–1806), was one of the most conspicuous churchmen of his day. He belonged to the High Church party, and strenuously resisted all political or ecclesiastical change. He was learned and eloquent, but prone to controversy, and deficient in charity and the milder virtues. His character was not unlike that of one of his patrons, Chancellor Thurlow, stern and unbending, but cast in a manly mould. He was an indefatigable student. His first public appearance was in the character of a man of science. He was some time secretary of the Royal Society—wrote various short treatises on scientific subjects, and published an edition of Sir Isaac Newton's works. As a critic and scholar, he had few equals; and his disquisitions on the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, his translation of the Psalms, and his *Biblical Criticisms* (in four volumes), justly entitled him to the honour of the mitre. His Sermons, in three volumes, are about the best in the language: clear, nervous, and profound, he entered undauntedly upon the most difficult subjects, and dispelled, by research and argument, the doubt that hung over several passages of Scripture. He was for many years engaged in a controversy with Dr Priestley on the subject of the Divinity of Christ. Both of the combatants lost their temper; but when Priestley resorted to a charge of 'incompetency and ignorance,' it was evident that he felt himself sinking in the struggle. In intellect and scholarship, Dr Horsley was vastly superior to his antagonist. The political opinions and intolerance of the bishop were more successfully attacked by Robert Hall, in his *Apology for the Freedom of the Press*.

DR BEILBY PORTEUS, Bishop of London (1731–1808), was a popular dignitary of the Church, author of a variety of sermons and tracts connected with church-discipline. He distinguished himself at college by a prize poem *On Death*, which has been often reprinted: it is but a feeble transcript of Blair's *Grave*. Dr Porteus warmly befriended Beattie the poet (whom he wished to take orders in the Church of England), and he is said to have assisted Hannah More in her novel of *Cœlebs*.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD (1756–1801) enjoyed celebrity both as a writer on controversial divinity and as a classical critic. He left the Church in consequence of his embracing Unitarian opinions, and afterwards left also the dissenting establishment at Hackney to which he had attached himself. He published translations of some of the epistles in the New Testament, and an entire translation of the same sacred volume, with notes. He was also author of a work on Christian Evidence, in reply to Paine. The Bishop of Llandaff having, in 1798, written an address against the principles of the French Revolution, Wakefield replied to it, and was subjected to a crown prosecution for libel; he was found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. 'The sentence passed upon him was infamous,' said Samuel Rogers: 'what rulers we had in those days!' (*Table Talk*.) Wakefield published editions of Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, &c., which ranked him among the scholars of his time, though Porson thought little of his learning, and subsequent critics have been of the same opinion. Wakefield was an honest, precipitate, and simple-minded man; a Pythagorean in his diet, and eccentric in many of his habits and opinions. 'He was,' says one of his biographers, 'as violent against Greek accents as he was against the Trinity, and anathematised the final N as strongly as episcopacy.'

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

The infidel principles which abounded at the period of the French Revolution, and continued to agitate both France and England for some years, induced a disregard of vital piety long afterwards in the higher circles of British society.

To counteract this, MR WILBERFORCE, then member of parliament for the county of York, published in 1797 *A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, contrasted with Real Christianity.* Five editions of the work were sold within six months, and it still continues, in various languages, to form a popular religious treatise. The author attested by his daily life the sincerity of his opinions. William Wilberforce was the son of a wealthy merchant, and born at Hull in 1759. He was educated at Cambridge, and on completing his twenty-first year, was returned to parliament for his native town. He soon distinguished himself by his talents, and became the idol of the fashionable world, dancing at Almack's, and singing before the Prince of Wales. In 1784, while pursuing a continental tour with some relations, in company with Dean Milner, the latter so impressed him with the truths of Christianity, that Wilberforce entered upon a new life, and abandoned all his former gaieties. In parliament, he pursued a strictly independent course. For twenty years he laboured for the abolition of the slave-trade, a question with which his name is inseparably entwined. His time, his talents, influence, and *prayers*, were directed towards the consummation of this object, and at length, in 1807, he had the high gratification of seeing it accomplished. The religion of Wilberforce was mild and cheerful, unmixed with austerity or gloom. He closed his long and illustrious life on the 29th July 1833, one of those men who, by their virtues, talents, and energy, impress their own character on the age in which they live. His latter years realised his own beautiful description—

Effects of Religion in Old Age and Adversity.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion'; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us—when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us—then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasp! To such a one, gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at hand; that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, 'to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' What striking lessons have we had of the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth, and power, and prosperity, how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendour, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

DR SAMUEL PARR.

DR SAMUEL PARR (1747–1825) was better known as a classical scholar than as a theologian. His sermons on Education (1780) are, however, marked with cogency of argument and liberality of feeling. His celebrated Spital sermon (1800), when printed, presented the singular anomaly of fifty-one pages of text and two hundred and twelve of notes. Sydney Smith humorously compared the sermon to Dr Parr's wig, which, 'while it trespassed a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, scorned even episcopal limits behind, and swelled out into boundless convexity of frizz.' Mr Godwin attacked some of the principles laid down in this discourse, as not sufficiently democratic for his taste; for, though a stanch Whig, Parr was no revolutionist or leveller. His object was to extend education among the poor, and to ameliorate their condition by gradual and constitutional means. Dr Parr was long head-master of Norwich School; and in knowledge of Greek literature was not surpassed by any scholar of his day. His uncompromising support of Whig principles, his extensive learning, and a certain pedantry and oddity of character, rendered him always conspicuous among his brother-churchmen. He died at Hatton, in Warwickshire, the perpetual curacy of which he had enjoyed for above forty years, and where he had faithfully discharged his duties as a parish pastor.

DR EDWARD MALTBY.

EDWARD MALTBY (1770–1859), successively Bishop of Chichester and Durham, was a native of Norwich. In his eighth year he became a pupil of Dr Parr, who was afterwards his warm friend and constant correspondent. In 1785 Dr Parr retired from the school at Norwich, and as his pupil was too young to go to the university, Parr said to him: 'Ned, you have got Greek and Latin enough. You must go to Dr Warton at Winchester, and from him acquire taste and the art of composition.' In 1788 Mr Maltby commenced his residence at Pembroke Hall, in the university of Cambridge, where he became a distinguished scholar, carrying off the highest academical honours. Having entered the Church, he received in 1794 the living of Buckden in Huntingdonshire, and Holbeach in Lincolnshire. In 1823, he was elected preacher of Lincoln's Inn; in 1831, he was promoted to the see of Chichester; and in 1836, was translated to that of Durham. After holding the see of Durham for about twenty years, his sight began to fail, with other infirmities of age, and he obtained permission to resign the

see in the year 1856. Bishop Maltby is author of *Illustrations of the Truth of the Christian Religion* (1802), several volumes of *Sermons*, an improved edition of Morell's *Thesaurus*—a work of great research and value—and several detached sermons, charges, &c. While Bishop of Durham, Dr Maltby was of eminent service to the university there, and was distinguished no less for his scholastic tastes and acquirements than for his liberality towards all other sects and churches.

DR THOMAS H. HORNE—DR HERBERT MARSH.

One of the most useful of modern Biblical works is the *Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures*, by THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, D.D. (born in 1780, and one of the scholars of Christ's Hospital). The first edition of the *Introduction* appeared in 1818, in three volumes, and it was afterwards enlarged into five volumes: the tenth edition appeared in 1856. The most competent critical authorities have concurred in eulogising this work as the most valuable introduction to the sacred writings which has ever been published. The venerable author officiated as rector of a London parish, and had a prebend in St Paul's Cathedral. He was author of a vast number of theological treatises and of contributions to periodical works, and died January 27, 1862.

DR HERBERT MARSH, Bishop of Peterborough, who died in May 1839 at the age of eighty-one, obtained distinction as the translator and commentator of Michaelis's *Introduction to the New Testament* (in six vols. 1793–1801), one of the most valuable of modern works on divinity. In 1807 this divine was appointed Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge, in 1816 he was made Bishop of Llandaff, and in 1819 he succeeded to the see of Peterborough. Besides his edition of Michaelis, Dr Marsh published *Lectures on Divinity*, and a *Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome*. He was author also of some controversial tracts on the Catholic question, the Bible Society, &c., in which he evinced great acuteness, tinctured with asperity. In early life, during a residence in Germany, Dr Marsh published, in the German language, various tracts in defence of the policy of his own country in the continental wars; and more particularly a very elaborate *History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the Time of the Conference at Pilnitz to the Declaration of War* (1800), a work which is said to have produced a marked impression on the state of public opinion in Germany, and for which he received a very considerable pension, on the recommendation of Mr Pitt. As a bishop, Dr Marsh had 'a very bad opinion of the practical effects of high Calvinistic doctrines upon the common people; and he thought it his duty to exclude those clergymen who professed them from his diocese. He accordingly devised no fewer than eighty-seven interrogatories, by which he thought he could detect the smallest taint of Calvinism that might lurk in the creed of the candidate.' His conduct upon the points in dispute, though his intentions might have been good, was considered by Sydney Smith (*Edinburgh Review*) and other critics as singularly injudicious and oppressive. Dr Marsh's Lectures on Biblical Interpretation and Criticism are valuable to theological students.

ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOP SUMNER—DR D'OYLY —REV. C. BENSON—DR TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

The brothers, DRS SUMNER, earned marked distinction and high preferment in the Church. The Primate of England, DR JOHN BIRD SUMNER, Lord-archbishop of Canterbury (born in 1780 at Kenilworth, in Warwickshire), in 1816 published an *Examination of St Paul's Epistles;* in 1821, *Sermons on the Christian Faith and Character;* in 1822, *Treatise on the Records of Creation* (appealed to by Sir Charles Lyell as a proof that revelation and geology are not discordant); in 1824, *Evidences of Christianity*, &c. These works have all been very popular, and have gone through a great number of editions. Archbishop Sumner died in 1862.—DR CHARLES RICHARD SUMNER (born in 1790) in 1822 published a treatise on the *Ministerial Character of Christ*. In 1823 he was intrusted with the editing and translating Milton's long-lost treatise on *Christian Doctrine;* and Macaulay and others have warmly praised the manner in which he executed his task. The charges and public appearances of this prelate have all been of a liberal evangelical character.

DR GEORGE D'OYLY (1778–1846), in conjunction with DR RICHARD MANT—afterwards Bishop of Down and Connor—prepared an annotated edition of the Bible, 1813–14, to be published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. This work has been frequently reprinted at Oxford and Cambridge, and is held in high repute as a popular library of divinity. Dr D'Oyly published various volumes of Sermons and other theological treatises, and was a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. Dr Mant was also a popular writer of sermons.—The REV. CHRISTOPHER BENSON, prebendary of Worcester, is author of the *Chronology of our Saviour's Life*, 1819; *Twenty Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge*, 1820; the Hulsean Lectures for 1822, *On Scripture Difficulties*, &c.—The Sermons of the REV. CHARLES WEBB LE BAS, Professor in the East India College, Hertfordshire (1828), have also been well received.

An American divine, DR TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752–1817), is author of a comprehensive work, *Theology Explained and Defended*, which has long been popular in this country as well as in the United States. It consists of a series of 173 sermons, developing a scheme of didactic theology, founded upon moderate Calvinism. The work has gone through six or eight editions in England, besides almost innumerable editions in America. Dr Dwight was President of Yale College from 1795 until his death, and was a voluminous writer in poetry, history, philosophy, and divinity. His latest work, *Travels in New England and New York*, four volumes, gives an interesting and faithful account of the author's native country, its progress, and condition.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

The REV. ROBERT HALL, A.M., is justly regarded as one of the most distinguished ornaments of the body of English dissenters. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and born at Arnesby, near Leicester, on the 2d of May 1764. He

studied divinity at an academy in Bristol for the education of young men preparing for the ministerial office among the Baptists, and was admitted a preacher in 1780, but next year attended King's College, Aberdeen. Sir James Mackintosh was at the same time a student of the university, and the congenial tastes and pursuits of the young men led to an intimate friendship between them. From their partiality to Greek literature, they were named by their class-fellows 'Plato and Herodotus.' Both were also attached to the study of morals and metaphysics, which they cherished through life. Mr Hall entered the church as assistant to a Baptist minister at Bristol, whence he removed in 1790 to Cambridge. He first appeared as an author in 1791, by publishing a controversial pamphlet entitled *Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom;* in 1793 appeared his eloquent and powerful treatise, *An Apology for the Freedom of the Press;* and in 1799 his sermon, *Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society.* The last was designed to stem the torrent of infidelity which had set in with the French Revolution, and is no less remarkable for profound thought than for the elegance of its style and the splendour of its imagery. His celebrity as a writer was further extended by his *Reflections on War,* a sermon published in 1802; and *The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis,* another sermon preached in 1803. The latter is highly eloquent and spirit-stirring—possessing, indeed, the fire and energy of a martial lyric or war-song. In November 1804 the noble intellect of Mr Hall was deranged, in consequence of severe study operating on an ardent and susceptible temperament. His friends set on foot a subscription for pecuniary assistance, and a life-annuity of £100 was procured for him. He shortly afterwards resumed his ministerial functions; but in about twelve months he had another attack. This also was speedily removed; but Mr Hall resigned his church at Cambridge. On his complete recovery, he became pastor of a congregation at Leicester, where he resided for about twenty years. During this time he published a few sermons and criticisms in the *Eclectic Review.* The labour of writing for the press was opposed to his habits and feelings. He was fastidious as to style, and he suffered under a disease in the spine which entailed upon him acute pain. A sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte in 1817 was justly considered one of the most impressive, touching, and lofty of his discourses. In 1826 he removed from Leicester to Bristol, where he officiated in charge of the Baptist congregation till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 21st of February 1831. The masculine intellect and extensive acquirements of Mr Hall have seldom been found united to so much rhetorical and even poetical brilliancy of imagination. Those who listened to his pulpit ministrations were entranced by his fervid eloquence, which truly disclosed the 'beauty of holiness,' and melted by the awe and fervour with which he dwelt on the mysteries of death and eternity. His published writings give but a brief and inadequate picture of his varied talents. A complete edition of his Works has been published, with a Life, by Dr Olinthus Gregory, in six volumes.

On Wisdom.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease—when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter—when to speak, and when to keep silence—when to give, and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

Influence of Great and Splendid Actions.

Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their production. They are important both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life. Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pens of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species—the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant; a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic irruptions of anarchy and crime.

Preparation for Heaven.

If there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The

wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; everything presses on towards eternity: from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature—is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city 'which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' Let us obey the voice that calls us thither; let us 'seek the things that are above,' and no longer cleave to a world which must shortly perish, and which we must shortly quit, while we neglect to prepare for that in which we are invited to dwell for ever. Let us follow in the track of those holy men, who have taught us by their voice, and encouraged us by their example, 'that, laying aside every weight, and the sin that most easily besets us, we may run with patience the race that is set before us.' While everything within us and around us reminds us of the approach of death, and concurs to teach us that this is not our rest, let us hasten our preparations for another world, and earnestly implore that grace which alone can put an end to that fatal war which our desires have too long waged with our destiny. When these move in the same direction, and that which the will of Heaven renders unavoidable shall become our choice, all things will be ours—life will be divested of its vanity, and death disarmed of its terrors.

From the Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales (1817).

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed (what is not always the privilege of that rank) the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of such a princess; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose that in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral-pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! O the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! —the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows; 'to seize' with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands; to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.

REV. JOHN FOSTER.

The REV. JOHN FOSTER (1770–1843) was author of a volume of *Essays, in a Series of Letters*, published in 1805, which was ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day. The essays are four in number—On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself; On Decision of Character; On the Application of the Epithet Romantic; and On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste. Mr Foster's essays are excellent models of vigorous thought and expression, uniting metaphysical nicety and acuteness with practical sagacity and common-sense. He also wrote a volume *On the Evils of Popular Ignorance*, 1819, and *Contributions to the Eclectic Review*, two volumes, 1844. His *Lectures* delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, were collected and published 1844–47. Like Hall, Mr Foster was pastor of a Baptist congregation. He died at Stapleton, near Bristol.

In the essay On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself, Mr Foster speculates on the various phases of a changeable character, and on the contempt which we entertain at an advanced period of life for what we were at an earlier period.

Changes in Life and Opinions.

Though in memoirs intended for publication a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers; as, for instance, that of a thinking man remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravansera of opinions, entertained a while, and then sent on pilgrimage; a man who has admired and dismissed systems with the same facility with which John

Buncle found, adored, married, and interred his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis, by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dying pangs which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has a while inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next, for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything in ultimately believing nothing. Even then—unless he is very old, or feels more pride in being a sceptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one—even then it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapour of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those which he trod before. You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion after his changes have been multiplied, as no party expect him to remain with them, nor deem him much of an acquisition if he should. One, or perhaps two considerable changes will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore the party to which his first or his second intellectual conversion may assign him will receive him gladly. But he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them; and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigour may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true, and which imitates sincerely the perverseness which Petruchio only affected, declaring that which was yesterday to a certainty the sun, to be to-day as certainly the moon.

It would be curious to observe in a man who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind, the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it, as in the rest who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No; in him it was no debility of reason; it was at the utmost but a merge of it; and probably he is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar circumstances as might warp even a very strong and liberal mind, attended his consideration of the subject, and misled him to admit the belief of what others prove themselves fools by believing.

Another thing apparent in a record of changed opinions would be, what I have noticed before, that there is scarcely any such thing in the world as simple conviction. It would be amusing to observe how reason had, in one instance, been overruled into acquiescence by the admiration of a celebrated name, or in another into opposition by the envy of it; how most opportunely reason discovered the truth just at the time that interest could be essentially served by avowing it; how easily the impartial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions, after that other had zealously approved some favourite, especially if unpopular part of his, as the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ at the moment that he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a professed respect for a man's character and talents, and concern for his interests, might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into illiberal invective against him or his intellectual performances; and yet the railer, though actuated solely by petty revenge, account himself the model of equity and candour all the while. It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom, while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction; and how the vicinity or society of the rich, and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps melt a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of early Rome, into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed—'The right divine of kings to govern wrong,' with the pious inference that justice was outraged when virtuous Tarquin was expelled. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should itself be able in its review to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and doomed to slavery. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of life I suppose all reflecting men look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with the mingling wish that some of its enthusiasm of feeling could be recovered—I mean the period between proper childhood and maturity. They will allow that their reason was then feeble, and they are prompted to exclaim: 'What fools we have been!' while they recollect how sincerely they entertained and advanced the most ridiculous speculations on the interests of life and the questions of truth; how regretfully astonished they were to find the mature sense of some of those around them so completely wrong; yet in other instances, what veneration they felt for authorities for which they have since lost all their respect; what a fantastic importance they attached to some most trivial things; what complaints against their fate were uttered on account of disappointments which they have since recollected with gaiety or self-congratulation; what happiness of Elysium they expected from sources which would soon have failed to impart even common satisfaction; and how certain they were that the feelings and opinions then predominant would continue through life.

If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity, under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.

DR ADAM CLARKE.

Another distinguished dissenter was DR ADAM CLARKE (1760–1832), a profound oriental scholar, author of a *Commentary on the Bible* (1810–26)—a very valuable work—of various religious treatises, a *Bibliographical Dictionary* (1802–4), &c. He was also editor of a collection of state-papers supplementary to Rymer's *Fœdera* (1818). Dr Clarke was a native of Moybeg, a village in Londonderry, Ireland, where his father was a schoolmaster. He was educated at Kingswood School, an establishment of Wesley's projecting for the instruction of itinerant preachers. In due time he himself became a preacher; and so indefatigable was he in propagating the doctrines of the Wesleyan persuasion, that he twice visited Shetland, and established there a Methodist mission. In the midst of his various journeys and active duties,

Dr Clarke continued those researches which do honour to his name. He fell a victim to the cholera when that fatal pestilence visited our shores.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757–1839) was senior minister of St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh. After a careful education at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford—where he took his degree of B.C.L. in 1784—Mr Alison entered into sacred orders, and was presented to different livings by Sir William Pulteney, Lord Loughborough, and Dr Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury. Having, in 1784, married the daughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh, Mr Alison looked forward to a residence in Scotland; but it was not till the close of the last century that he was able to realise his wishes. In 1790 he published his *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste;* and in 1814 two volumes of Sermons, justly admired for the elegance and beauty of their language, and their gentle, persuasive inculcation of Christian duty. On points of doctrine and controversy the author is wholly silent: his writings, as one of his critics remarked, were designed for those who 'want to be roused to a sense of the beauty and the good that exist in the universe around them, and who are only indifferent to the feelings of their fellow-creatures and negligent of the duties they impose, for want of some persuasive monitor to awake the dormant capacities of their nature, and to make them see and feel the delights which providence has attached to their exercise.' A selection from the Sermons of Mr Alison, consisting of those on the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, was afterwards printed in a small volume.

From the Sermon on Autumn.

There is an eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil; and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second which naturally follows it: in the day we are living with men, in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are 'yet greater things than these.'

There is, in the second place, an 'eventide' in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more 'blossoms like the rose;' the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge 'of the wayfaring man in the wilderness,' and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have 'disquieted ourselves in vain.'

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, 'will cease from troubling,' and the weary, wherever suffering, 'will be at rest.' Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all—we anticipate the graves of those we hate as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surround us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

REV. JOHN BROWN—DR JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, of Haddington (1722–1787), was a learned and distinguished divine of the Associate Secession Church of Scotland, and author of various theological works. He was born at Carpow, Perthshire, of poor parents, both of whom died before he was eleven years of age. 'I was left,' he says, 'a poor orphan, and had nothing to depend on but the providence of God.' He was first employed as a shepherd, and afterwards undertook the occupation of a pedler or travelling merchant—the nearest approach, perhaps, ever made to the ideal pedler in Wordsworth's *Excursion:*

> Vigorous of health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
> By worldly-mindedness or anxious care,
> Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
> By knowledge gathered up from day to day.

Before he was twenty years of age, John Brown had taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to which he afterwards added the modern and oriental languages. He was for some time schoolmaster of Kinross, and in 1748 entered on the study of philosophy and divinity in connection with the Associate Synod—a dissenting body subsequently merged in the United Presbyterian Church. In 1750 he was ordained pastor of the Secession Church at Haddington, and in 1768 was elected Professor of Divinity under the Associate Synod, which appointment he held for twenty years. Mr Brown's principal works are his *Dictionary of the Holy Bible* (1769), his *Self-interpreting Bible* (1778)—so called from its very copious marginal references—his *General History of the Christian Church* (1771), *A Compendious View of Natural and Revealed Religion* (1782), *Harmony of Scripture Prophecies* (1784), and a great number of short religious treatises and devotional works. Mr Brown's most valuable and popular work is the *Self-interpreting Bible*, which is still highly prized both in this country and in America, and is invaluable to Biblical students.

A grandson of the foregoing divine, DR JOHN BROWN (1784–1858), was also an eminent minister and professor in the Scottish Secession Church, and celebrated as a Biblical expositor. In 1806 he was ordained pastor of a church at Biggar, and in 1822 transferred to Edinburgh, where he became Professor of Pastoral and Exegetical Theology in connection with the Associate Synod. Both as a preacher and lecturer, Dr Brown is described as a divine of the highest order, 'vigorous, pure, fervent, manly, and profoundly pathetic.' He was considered the ripest Biblical scholar of his age. He was also an extensive theological writer, and among his works are *Expository Discourses on the Epistles of St Peter*, the *Epistle to the Galatians*, and the *Epistle to the Romans*. In 1860 a Life of Dr Brown was published by Dr John Cairns, to which Dr Brown's son, John Brown, M.D.—a distinguished littérateur and medical practitioner in Edinburgh—made some interesting additions, published in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, 1861. We subjoin a brief extract:

Anecdote of the Early Life of John Brown.

For the 'heroic' old man of Haddington my father had a peculiar reverence, as indeed we all have—as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty; we dated from him, and he was hedged accordingly by a certain sacredness or divinity. I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife, in a remote hamlet among the hop-gardens of Kent, if I was 'the son of the Self-interpreting Bible.' I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd-laddie, got from the professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it if he could read a verse; and he has, in his beautiful small hand, written in it what follows: 'He (John Brown of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which classical learning could confer on him, the capacity of reading in the original tongue the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles. He reached his destination in the morning, and went to the bookseller's shop, asking for a copy of the Greek New Testament. The master of the shop, surprised at such a request from a shepherd boy, was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the bookseller to bring the volume. He did so, and, drawing it down, said: "Boy, read this and you shall have it for nothing." The boy did so, acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his Testament, and when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock on the braes of Abernethy.'

I doubt not my father regarded this little worn old book, the sword of the Spirit which his ancestor so nobly won, and wore, and warred with, with not less honest veneration and pride than does his dear friend James Douglas of Cavers the Percy pennon, borne away at Otterbourne. When I read his own simple story of his life—his loss of father and mother before he was eleven, his discovering (as true a *discovery* as Dr Young's of the characters of the Rosetta stone, or Rawlinson's of the cuneiform letters) the Greek characters, his defence of himself against the astonishing and base charge of getting his learning from the devil (that shrewd personage would not have employed him on the Greek Testament), his eager indomitable study, his running miles to and back again to hear a sermon, after folding his sheep at noon, his keeping his family creditably on never more than £50, and for long on £40 a year, giving largely in charity, and never wanting, as he said, 'lying money'—when I think of all this, I feel what a strong, independent, manly nature he must have had.*

DR ANDREW THOMSON—DR CHALMERS.

DR ANDREW THOMSON (1779–1831), an active and able minister of the Scottish Church, was author of various sermons and lectures, and editor of the *Scottish Christian Instructor*, a periodical which exercised no small influence in Scotland on ecclesiastical questions. Dr Thomson was successively minister of Sprouston, in the presbytery of Kelso; of the East Church, Perth; and of St George's Church, Edinburgh. In the annual meetings of the General Assembly he displayed great ardour and eloquence as a debater, and was the recognised leader of one of the church-parties. He waged a long and keen warfare with the British and Foreign Bible Society for circulating the books of the Apocrypha along with the Bible, and his speeches on this subject, though exaggerated in tone and manner, produced a powerful effect. There was, in truth, always more of the debater than the divine in his public addresses. The life of this ardent, impetuous, and independent-minded man was brought suddenly to a close—in the prime of health and vigour, he fell down dead at the threshold of his own door.

The most distinguished and able of Scottish divines during this period was THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. and LL.D., one of the first Presbyterian ministers who obtained an honorary degree from the university of Oxford, and one of the few Scotsmen who have been elected corresponding members of the Royal Institute of France. He was a native of Anstruther, in the county of Fife, and born March 17, 1780. His father was a shipowner and general merchant in the town, and

* *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, p. 264.

Thomas, when not twelve years of age, was sent to college at St Andrews. The Scottish universities have been too much regarded as elementary seminaries, and efforts are now making to elevate their character by instituting some preliminary test of admission, and improving the professorial chairs. Chalmers had little preparation, and never attained to critical proficiency as a scholar, but he had a strong predilection for mathematical studies, which he afterwards pursued in Edinburgh under Professor Playfair. He was also assistant mathematical teacher at St Andrews. Having studied for the Church, he was, in 1803, ordained minister of Kilmany, a rural parish in his native county. Here the activity of his mind was strikingly displayed. In addition to his parochial labours, he 'lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; he became an officer of a Volunteer corps; and he wrote a book on the Resources of the Country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and when the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* was projected, he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article "Christianity," which he afterwards completed with so much ability.' At Kilmany, Dr Chalmers received more serious and solemn impressions as to his clerical duties, and in an address to the inhabitants of the parish, there is the following remarkable passage:

Inefficacy of mere Moral Preaching.

And here I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years amongst you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villainy of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny—in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and the disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil-speaker his censoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten his ultimate object. It never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet every soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established, in the bosom of one who stole, such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unturned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to Him, as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honourable man, I might have left him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind to God, while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation; while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought near to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of, or spoken of in such a way as stripped him of all the importance of his character and his offices, even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity among my people; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God; it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions; it was not till I took the Scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and the zealous, but, I am afraid, at the same time the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations. Ye servants, whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from your masters, what mischief you would have done had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the sloth and the remissness, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable purloining of your earlier days! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to bear upon you; and while you are thus striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, you may, poor as you are, reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the faith. You have at least taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches; and out of your humble cottages have I gathered a lesson, which I pray God I may be enabled to carry with all its simplicity into a wider theatre, and to bring with all the power of its subduing efficacy upon the vices of a more crowded population.

From Kilmany, Dr Chalmers removed to Glasgow; to the Tron Church in 1815, and to St John's in 1819. In both, his labours were unceasing. Here his principal sermons were delivered and published; and his fame as a preacher and author was diffused not only over Great Britain, but throughout all Europe and America. His appearance and manner were not prepossessing. Two acute observers—John Gibson Lockhart and Henry Cockburn—have described his peculiarities minutely. His voice was neither strong nor melodious, his gestures awkward, his pronunciation broadly provincial, his countenance large, dingy, and when in repose, unanimated. He also *read* his sermons, adhering closely to his manuscript. What, then, it may be asked, constituted the charm of his oratory? 'The magic,' says Cockburn, 'lies in the concentrated intensity which agitates every fibre of the man, and brings out his meaning by words and emphasis of significant force, and rolls his magnificent periods clearly and irresistibly along, and kindles the whole composition with living fire. He no sooner approaches the edge of his high region, than his animation makes the commencing awkwardness be forgotten, and then converts his external defects into positive advantages, by shewing the intellectual power that overcomes them; and getting us at last within the flame of his enthusiasm. Jeffrey's description, that he "buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains," is the only image that suggests an idea of his eloquent imagination and terrible energy.'* A writer in the *London*

* *Memorials of his Time*, by Henry Cockburn, 1856.

Magazine gives a graphic account of Dr Chalmers's appearance in London: 'When he visited London, the hold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England."' Chalmers, like the celebrated French divines—according to Goldsmith—assumed all that dignity and zeal which become men who are ambassadors from Christ. The English divines, like timorous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employers. The style of Dr Chalmers became the rage in Scotland among the young preachers, but few could do more than copy his defects. His glowing energy and enthusiasm were wanting. In Glasgow, Chalmers laboured incessantly for the benefit of his parishioners ('excavating the practical heathenism' of the city, as he termed it), and he organised a system of Sabbath-schools and pauper management which attracted great attention. He was strongly opposed to the English system of a legal provision for the poor, and in his own district of Glasgow, voluntary contributions, well managed, were for many years found to be sufficient; but as a law of residence could not be established between the different parishes of the city, to prevent one parish becoming burdened with a pauperism which it did not create, his voluntary system was ultimately abandoned. In 1823 Dr Chalmers removed to St Andrews, as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the United College; and in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the university of Edinburgh. This appointment he relinquished in 1843, on his secession from the Established Church. He continued an active and zealous member of the rival establishment, the Free Church, until his death, May 30, 1847. His death, like that of his friend, Dr Andrew Thomson, was very sudden. He had retired to rest in his usual health, and was found next morning dead in bed, 'the expression of the face undisturbed by a single trace of suffering.'

The collected works of Dr Chalmers published during his life fill twenty-five duodecimo volumes. Of these the first two are devoted to *Natural Theology;* volumes three and four to *Evidences of Christianity;* five, *Moral Philosophy;* six, *Commercial Discourses;* seven, *Astronomical Discourses;* eight, nine, and ten, *Congregational Sermons;* eleven, *Sermons on Public Occasions;* twelve, *Tracts and Essays;* thirteen, *Introductory Essays*, originally prefixed to editions of Select Christian Authors; fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen, *Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation, more especially with reference to its Large Towns;* seventeen, *On Church and College Endowments;* eighteen, *On Church Extension;* nineteen and twenty, *Political Economy;* twenty-one, *The Sufficiency of a Parochial System without a Poor-rate;* twenty-two to twenty-five, *Lectures on the Romans.* In all Dr Chalmers's works there is great energy and earnestness, accompanied with a vast variety of illustration. His knowledge was more useful than profound; it was extensive, including science no less than literature, the learning of the philosopher with the fancy of the poet, and a familiar acquaintance with the habits, feelings, and daily life of the Scottish poor and middle classes. The ardour with which he pursues any favourite topic, presenting it to the reader or hearer in every possible point of view, and investing it with the charms of a rich poetical imagination, is a striking feature in his intellectual character.* It gave peculiar effect to his pulpit ministrations; for, by concentrating his attention on one or two points at a time, and pressing these home with almost unexampled zeal and animation, a distinct and vivid impression was conveyed to the mind, unbroken by any extraneous or discursive matter. His pictures have little or no background—the principal figure or conception fills the canvas. The style of Dr Chalmers is far from being correct or elegant—it is often turgid, loose, and declamatory, vehement beyond the bounds of good taste, and disfigured by a singular and by no means graceful phraseology. These blemishes are, however, more than redeemed by his piety and eloquence, the originality of many of his views, and the astonishing force and ardour of his mind. His *Astronomical Discourses* (1817) contain passages of great sublimity and beauty. His triumphs are those of genius, aided by the deepest conviction of the importance of the truths he inculcates. After the death of this popular divine, no less than nine volumes were added to his works—*Daily Scripture Readings, Sabbath Scripture Readings, Sermons, Institutes of Theology,* and *Prelections on Butler's Analogy,* &c. These were edited by the son-in-law of the deceased, the Rev. Dr Hanna, who also wrote a copious and excellent Life of his illustrious

* Robert Hall seems to have been struck with this peculiarity. In some Gleanings from Hall's Conversational Remarks, appended to Dr Gregory's *Memoir*, we find the following criticism, understood to refer to the Scottish divine: 'Mr Hall repeatedly referred to Dr ——, and always in terms of great esteem as well as high admiration of his general character, exercising, however, his usual free and independent judgment. The following are some remarks on that extraordinary individual: "Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr ——? Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented: what do you call it?" "You mean, I suppose, the kaleidoscope?" "Yes, sir; an idea thrown into his mind is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is still the same. . . . His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester, he preached a most admirable sermon on the necessity of immediate repentance; but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."'

relative, extending, with extracts from writings and correspondence, to four volumes (1849–52).

Picture of the Chase—Cruelty to Animals.

The sufferings of the lower animals may, when out of sight, be out of mind. But more than this, these sufferings may be in sight, and yet out of mind. This is strikingly exemplified in the sports of the field, in the midst of whose varied and animating bustle that cruelty which all along is present to the senses may not for one moment have been present to the thoughts. There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favourite pastime of joyous old England; when the gallant knighthood, and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs or virtuosos of the chase, and the full assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great emprise—and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene—and every adventurous heart is braced and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise—and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty—even that horn which is the knell of death to some trembling victim now brought forth of its lurking-place to the delighted gaze, and borne down upon with the full and open cry of its ruthless pursuers. Be assured that, amid the whole glee and fervency of this tumultuous enjoyment, there might not, in one single bosom, be aught so fiendish as a principle of naked and abstract cruelty. The fear which gives its lightning-speed to the unhappy animal; the thickening horrors, which, in the progress of exhaustion, must gather upon its flight; its gradually sinking energies, and, at length, the terrible certainty of that destruction which is awaiting it; that piteous cry which the ear can sometimes distinguish amid the deafening clamour of the blood-hounds as they spring exultingly upon their prey; the dread massacre and dying agonies of a creature so miserably torn—all this weight of suffering, we admit, is not once sympathised with; but it is just because the suffering itself is not once thought of. It touches not the sensibilities of the heart; but just because it is never present to the notice of the mind. We allow that the hardy followers in the wild romance of this occupation—we allow them to be reckless of pain, but this is not rejoicing in pain. Theirs is not the delight of the savage, but the apathy of unreflecting creatures. They are wholly occupied with the chase itself and its spirit-stirring accompaniments, nor bestow one moment's thought on the dread violence of that infliction upon sentient nature which marks its termination. It is the spirit of the competition, and it alone, which goads onward this hurrying career; and even he who in at the death is foremost in the triumph, although to him the death itself is in sight, the agony of its wretched sufferer is wholly out of mind.

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realised: 'The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain,' because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that, for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations; and so 'the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things.' Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye: and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species—there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering

which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

Insignificance of this Earth.

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them; and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realise all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

The Statute-book not necessary towards Christianity.

How comes it that Protestantism made such triumphant progress in these realms when it had pains and penalties to struggle with? and how came this progress to be arrested from the moment it laid on these pains and penalties in its turn? What have all the enactments of the statute-book done for the cause of Protestantism in Ireland? and how is it, that when single-handed Truth walked through our island with the might and prowess of a conqueror, so soon as propped by the authority of the state, and the armour of intolerance was given to her, the brilliant career of her victories was ended? It was when she took up the carnal and laid down the spiritual weapon—it was then that strength went out of her. She was struck with impotency on the instant that, from a warfare of principle, it became a warfare of politics. There are gentlemen opposed to us profound in the documents of history; but she has really nothing to offer half so instructive as the living history that is now before our eyes. With the pains and penalties to fight against, the cause of Reformation did almost everything in Britain; with the pains and penalties on its side, it has done nothing, and worse than nothing, in Ireland.

But after all, it is a question which does not require the evidence of history for its elucidation. There shines upon it an immediate light from the known laws and principles of human nature. When Truth and Falsehood enter into collision upon equal terms, and do so with their own appropriate weapons, the result is infallible. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.* But if, to strengthen the force of Truth, you put the forces of the statute-book under her command, there instantly starts up on the side of Falsehood an auxiliary far more formidable. You may lay an incapacity on the persons, or you may put restraint and limitation on the property of Catholics; but the Catholic mind becomes tenfold more impregnable than before. It is not because I am indifferent to the good of Protestantism that I want to displace these artificial crutches from under her; but because I want that, freed from every symptom of decrepitude and decay, she should stand forth in her own native strength, and make manifest to all men how firm a support she

has on the goodness of her cause, and on the basis of her orderly and well-laid arguments. It is because I count so much—and will any Protestant here present say that I count too much?—on her Bible and her evidences, and the blessing of God upon her churches, and the force of her resistless appeals to the conscience and the understandings of men—it is because of her strength and sufficiency in these that I would disclaim the aids of the statute-book, and own no dependence or obligation whatever on the system of intolerance. These were enough for her in the days of her suffering, and should be more than enough for her in the days of her comparative safety. It is not by our fears and our false alarms that we do honour to Protestantism. A far more befitting honour to the great cause is the homage of our confidence; for what Sheridan said of the liberty of the press, admits of most emphatic application to this religion of truth and liberty. 'Give,' says that great orator—'give to ministers a corrupt House of Commons; give them a pliant and a servile House of Lords; give them the keys of the treasury and the patronage of the crown; and give me the liberty of the press, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the fabric of corruption, and establish upon its ruins the rights and privileges of the people.' In like manner, give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation; give them a seat in the parliament of their country; give them a free and equal participation in the politics of the realm; give them a place at the right ear of Majesty, and a voice in his counsels; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of Antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins.*

DUGALD STEWART.

We have no profound *original* metaphysician in this period, but some rich and elegant commentators. PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART expounded and illustrated the views of his distinguished teacher, Dr Reid; and by his essays and treatises, no less than by his lectures, gave additional grace and popularity to the system. Mr Stewart was the son of Dr Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, and was born in the college buildings, November 22, 1753. At the early age of nineteen he undertook to teach his father's mathematical classes, and in two years was appointed his assistant and successor. A more congenial opening occurred for him in 1780, when Dr Adam Ferguson retired from the Moral Philosophy chair. Mr Stewart was appointed his successor, and continued to discharge the duties of the office till 1810, when Dr Thomas Brown was conjoined with him as colleague. The latter years of his life were spent in literary retirement at Kinneil House, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh. His political friends, when in office in 1806, created for him the sinecure office of Gazette writer for Scotland, with a salary of £600 per annum. Mr Stewart died in Edinburgh on the 11th of June 1828. No lecturer was ever more popular than Dugald Stewart—his taste, dignity, and eloquence rendered him both fascinating and impressive. His writings are marked by the same characteristics, and can be read with pleasure even by those who have no great partiality for the metaphysical studies in which he excelled. They consist of *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, one volume of which was published in 1792, a second in 1813, and a third in 1827; also *Philosophical Essays*, 1810; a *Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy*, written in 1815, to which a second part was added in 1821; and a *View of the Active and Moral Powers of Man*, published only a few weeks before his death. Mr Stewart also published *Outlines of Moral Philosophy*, and wrote Memoirs of Robertson the historian, and Dr Reid. 'All the years I remained about Edinburgh,' says Mr James Mill, himself an able metaphysician, 'I used, as often as I could, to steal into Mr Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches, but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so to the end of my life, I owe to him.' A handsome edition of the collected Works of Dugald Stewart, edited by Sir William Hamilton, with a Memoir by Professor Veitch, was published in Edinburgh, in eleven volumes.

On Memory.

It is generally supposed, that of all our faculties, memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects; besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men, in this respect, are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity.

It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects, are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him—not, indeed, with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing; yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second, by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third, by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the very words of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth, by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his

* The above forms part of a speech delivered at a public meeting in Edinburgh, in March 1829, in favour of removing the Roman Catholic disabilities. The effect of Dr Chalmers's address is described as prodigious, the audience rising to their feet and cheering vociferously.

notice; a fifth, by his memory for poetry; a sixth, by his memory for music; a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the first two qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.

DR THOMAS BROWN.

DR THOMAS BROWN (1778–1820), the successor of Stewart in the Moral Philosophy chair of Edinburgh, was son of the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck, in Galloway. His taste for metaphysics was excited by the perusal of Professor Stewart's first volume, a copy of which had been lent him by Dr Currie of Liverpool. He appeared as an author before his twentieth year, his first work being a review of Dr Darwin's *Zoonomia*. On the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, he became one of the philosophical contributors; and when a controversy arose in regard to Mr Leslie, who had, in his Essay on Heat, stated his approbation of Hume's theory of causation, Dr Brown warmly espoused the cause of the philosopher, and vindicated his opinions in an *Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect*. At this time Dr Brown practised as a physician, but without any predilection for his profession. His appointment to the chair of Moral Philosophy seems to have fulfilled his destiny, and he continued to discharge its duties amidst universal approbation and respect till his death. Part of his leisure was devoted to the cultivation of a talent, or rather taste for poetry, which he early entertained; and he published *The Paradise of Coquettes*, 1814; *The Wanderer of Norway*, 1815; and *The Bower of Spring*, 1816. Though correct and elegant, with occasionally fine thoughts and images, the poetry of Dr Brown wants force and passion, and is now utterly forgotten. As a philosopher he was acute and searching, and a master of the power of analysis. His style wants the rich redundancy of that of Dugald Stewart, but is also enlivened with many eloquent passages, in which there is often a large infusion of the tenderest feeling. Dr Brown quoted largely from the poets, especially Akenside; and was sometimes too flowery in his illustrations. His *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* are highly popular, and form a class-book in the university. In some of his views Dr Brown differed from Reid and Stewart. His distinctions have been pronounced somewhat hypercritical; but Mackintosh considers that he rendered a new and important service to mental science by what he calls 'secondary laws of suggestion or association—circumstances which modify the action of the general law, and must be distinctly considered, in order to explain its connection with the phenomena.'

Desire of the Happiness of Others.

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love, which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found, and has already by many kind offices produced the happiness of hours before reason could have suspected that means so slight could have given even a moment's pleasure. It is this, indeed, which contributes in no inconsiderable degree to the perpetuity of affection. Love, the mere feeling of tender admiration, would in many cases have soon lost its power over the fickle heart, and in many other cases would have had its power greatly lessened, if the desire of giving happiness, and the innumerable little courtesies and cares to which this desire gives birth, had not thus in a great measure diffused over a single passion the variety of many emotions. The love itself seems new at every moment, because there is every moment some new wish of love that admits of being gratified; or rather, it is at once, by the most delightful of all combinations, new, in the tender wishes and cares with which it occupies us, and familiar to us, and endeared the more by the remembrance of hours and years of well-known happiness.

The desire of the happiness of others, though a desire always attendant on love, does not, however, necessarily suppose the previous existence of some one of those emotions which may strictly be termed love. This feeling is so far from arising necessarily from regard for the sufferer, that it is impossible for us not to feel it when the suffering is extreme, and before our very eyes, though we may at the same time have the utmost abhorrence of him who is agonising in our sight, and whose very look, even in its agony, still seems to speak only that atrocious spirit which could again gladly

perpetrate the very horrors for which public indignation as much as public justice had doomed it to its dreadful fate. It is sufficient that extreme anguish is before us; we wish it relief before we have paused to love, or without reflecting on our causes of hatred; the wish is the direct and instant emotion of our soul in these circumstances—an emotion which, in such peculiar circumstances, it is impossible for hatred to suppress, and which love may strengthen indeed, but is not necessary for producing. It is the same with our general desire of happiness to others. We desire, in a particular degree, the happiness of those whom we love, because we cannot think of them without tender admiration. But though we had known them for the first time simply as human beings, we should still have desired their happiness; that is to say, if no opposite interests had arisen, we should have wished them to be happy rather than to have any distress; yet there is nothing in this case which corresponds with the tender esteem that is felt in love. There is the mere wish of happiness to them—a wish which itself, indeed, is usually denominated love, and which may without any inconvenience be so denominated in that general humanity which we call a love of mankind, but which we must always remember does not afford, on analysis, the same results as other affections of more cordial regard to which we give the same name. To love a friend is to wish his happiness indeed, but it is to have other emotions at the same instant, emotions without which this mere wish would be poor to constant friendship. To love the natives of Asia or Africa, of whose individual virtues or vices, talents or imbecility, wisdom or ignorance, we know nothing, is to wish their happiness; but this wish is all which constitutes the faint and feeble love. It is a wish, however, which, unless when the heart is absolutely corrupted, renders it impossible for man to be wholly indifferent to man; and this great object is that which nature had in view. She has by a provident arrangement, which we cannot but admire the more, the more attentively we examine it, accommodated our emotions to our means, making our love most ardent where our wish of giving happiness might be most effectual, and less gradually and less in proportion to our diminished means. From the affection of the mother for her new-born infant, which has been rendered the strongest of all affections, because it was to arise in circumstances where affection would be most needed, to that general philanthropy which extends itself to the remotest stranger on spots of the earth which we never are to visit, and which we as little think of ever visiting as of exploring any of the distant planets of our system, there is a scale of benevolent desire which corresponds with the necessities to be relieved, and our power of relieving them, or with the happiness to be afforded, and our power of affording happiness. How many opportunities have we of giving delight to those who live in our domestic circle, which would be lost before we could diffuse it to those who are distant from us! Our love, therefore, our desire of giving happiness, our pleasure in having given it, are stronger within the limits of this sphere of daily and hourly intercourse than beyond it. Of those who are beyond this sphere, the individuals most familiar to us are those whose happiness we must always know better how to promote than the happiness of strangers, with whose particular habits and inclinations we are little if at all acquainted. Our love, and the desire of general happiness which attends it, are therefore, by the concurrence of many constitutional tendencies of our nature in fostering the generous wish, stronger as felt for an intimate friend than for one who is scarcely known to us. If there be an exception to this gradual scale of importance according to intimacy, it must be in the case of one who is absolutely a stranger—a foreigner who comes among a people with whose general manners he is perhaps unacquainted, and who has no friend to whose attention he can lay claim from any prior intimacy. In this case, indeed, it is evident that our benevolence might be more usefully directed to one who is absolutely unknown, than to many who are better known by us, that live in our very neighbourhood, in the enjoyment of domestic loves and friendships of their own. Accordingly we find, that by a provision which might be termed singular—if we did not think of the universal bounty and wisdom of God—a modification of our general regard has been prepared in the sympathetic tendencies of our nature for this case also. There is a species of affection to which the stranger gives birth merely as being a stranger. He is received and sheltered by our hospitality almost with the zeal with which our friendship delights to receive one with whom we have lived in cordial union, whose virtues we know and revere, and whose kindness has been to us no small part of the happiness of our life.

Is it possible to perceive this general proportion of our desire of giving happiness, in its various degrees, to the means which we possess, in various circumstances, of affording it, without admiration of an arrangement so simple in the principles from which it flows, and at the same time so effectual—an arrangement which exhibits proofs of goodness in our very wants, of wisdom in our very weaknesses, by the adaptation of these to each other, and by the ready resources which want and weakness find in these affections which everywhere surround them, like the presence and protection of God himself!

SIR J. MACKINTOSH—J. MILL—DR ABERCROMBIE —GEORGE COMBE.

The *Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy* (already alluded to) by SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, and his review of Madame de Staël's *Germany* in the *Edinburgh Review*, unfold some interesting speculations on moral science. He agrees with Butler, Stewart, and the most eminent preceding moralists, in admitting the supremacy of the moral sentiments; but he proceeds a step farther in the analysis of them. He attempts to explain the origin and growth of the moral faculty, or principle, derived from Hartley's Theory of Association, and insists repeatedly on the value of utility, or beneficial tendency, as the great test or criterion of moral action.—Some of the positions in Mackintosh's *Dissertation* were combated with unnecessary and unphilosophical asperity by JAMES MILL, the author of an able *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*, 1829, in an anonymous *Fragment on Mackintosh*. Mill (already noticed as the historian of India) contributed a series of valuable articles on Law, Jurisprudence, Colonisation, &c. to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. —In 1830 DR JOHN ABERCROMBIE (1781–1844) published *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth*—a popular metaphysical work, directed chiefly against materialism. The same author published *The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings*, 1833, and some medical treatises.

None of these writers viewed mind in connection with organisation, but this mode of inquiry has been pursued by Dr Gall and his followers. The leading doctrines of Gall are—that the brain is the organ of the mind, that various portions of the encephalon are the organs of various faculties of the mind, and that volume or size of the whole brain and its various parts is, other circumstances being equal, the measure of the powers of the mind and its various faculties in individuals. This system is founded upon observation—that is to say, it was observed that large brains, unless when of inferior quality, or in an abnormal condition,

were accompanied by superior intellect and force of character; also that, in a vast number of instances which were accurately noticed, a large development of a special part of the brain was accompanied by an unusual demonstration of a certain mental character, and never by the opposite. From these demonstrations the fundamental character of the various faculties was sought to be eliminated. The system is well known under the name of Phrenology; and it has been expounded and enforced, in clear and admirable English, by the late MR GEORGE COMBE (1788–1858). Mr Combe was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, but strongly attached to literary and philosophical pursuits. He was much respected by his fellow-citizens, and was known over all Europe and America for his speculations on mental science, the criminal law, the currency, &c. The principal works of Mr Combe are *Essays on Phrenology*, 1819; *The Constitution of Man*, 1828; *System of Phrenology*, 1836; *Notes on the United States of America*, three volumes, 1841; *Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture*; and pamphlets on the *Relation between Science and Religion*, on *Capital Punishments*, on *National Education*, the *Currency Question*, &c.

Distinction between Power and Activity.

From the *System of Phrenology*.

As commonly employed, the word power is synonymous with strength, or much power, instead of denoting mere capacity, whether much or little, to act; while by activity is usually understood much quickness of action, and great proneness to act. As it is desirable, however, to avoid every chance of ambiguity, I shall employ the words power and activity in the sense first before explained; and to high degrees of power I shall apply the terms energy, intensity, strength, or vigour; while to great activity I shall apply the terms vivacity, agility, rapidity, or quickness.

In physics, strength is quite distinguishable from quickness. The balance-wheel of a watch moves with much rapidity, but so slight is its impetus, that a hair would suffice to stop it; the beam of a steam-engine progresses slowly and massively through space, but its energy is prodigiously great.

In muscular action these qualities are recognised with equal facility as different. The greyhound bounds over hill and dale with animated agility; but a slight obstacle would counterbalance his momentum, and arrest his progress. The elephant, on the other hand, rolls slowly and heavily along; but the impetus of his motion would sweep away an impediment sufficient to resist fifty greyhounds at the summit of their speed.

In mental manifestations—considered apart from organisation—the distinction between energy and vivacity is equally palpable. On the stage, Mrs Siddons and Mr John Kemble were remarkable for the solemn deliberation of their manner, both in declamation and in action, and yet they were splendidly gifted with energy. They carried captive at once the sympathies and the understanding of the audience, and made every man feel his faculties expanding, and his whole mind becoming greater under the influence of their power. Other performers, again, are remarkable for agility of action and elocution, who, nevertheless, are felt to be feeble and ineffective in rousing an audience to emotion. Vivacity is their distinguishing attribute, with an absence of vigour. At the bar, in the pulpit, and in the senate, the same distinction prevails. Many members of the learned professions display great fluency of elocution and felicity of illustration, surprising us with the quickness of their parts, who, nevertheless, are felt to be neither impressive nor profound. They exhibit acuteness without depth, and ingenuity without comprehensiveness of understanding. This also proceeds from vivacity with little energy. There are other public speakers, again, who open heavily in debate—their faculties acting slowly but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain wave. Their words fall like minute-guns upon the ear, and to the superficial they appear about to terminate ere they have begun their efforts. But even their first accent is one of power; it rouses and arrests attention; their very pauses are expressive, and indicate gathering energy to be embodied in the sentence that is to come. When fairly animated, they are impetuous as the torrent, brilliant as the lightning's beam, and overwhelm and take possession of feebler minds, impressing them irresistibly with a feeling of gigantic power.

As a general rule, the largest organs in each head have naturally the greatest, and the smallest the least, tendency to act, and to perform their functions with rapidity. The temperaments also indicate the amount of this tendency. The nervous is the most vivacious, next the sanguine, then the bilious, while the lymphatic is characterised by proneness to inaction. In a lymphatic brain, great size may be present and few manifestations occur through sluggishness; but if a strong external stimulus be presented, energy often appears. If the brain be very small, no degree of stimulus, either external or internal, will cause great power to be manifested.

A certain combination of organs—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, Acquisitiveness, and Love of Approbation, all large—is favourable to general vivacity of mind; and another combination—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, and Acquisitiveness, small or moderate, with Veneration and Benevolence large—is frequently attended with sluggishness of the mental character; but the activity of the whole brain is constitutionally greater in some individuals than in others, as already explained. It may even happen that, in the same individual, one organ is naturally more active than another, without reference to size, just as the optic nerve is sometimes more irritable than the auditory; but this is by no means a common occurrence. Exercise greatly increases activity as well as power, and hence arise the benefits of education. Dr Spurzheim thinks that 'long fibres produce more activity, and thick fibres more intensity.'

The doctrine, that size is a measure of power, is not to be held as implying that much power is the only or even the most valuable quality which a mind in all circumstances can possess. To drag artillery over a mountain, or a ponderous wagon through the streets of London, we would prefer an elephant or a horse of great size and muscular power; while, for graceful motion, agility, and nimbleness, we would select an Arabian palfrey. In like manner, to lead men in gigantic and difficult enterprises—to command by native greatness, in perilous times, when law is trampled under foot—to call forth the energies of a people, and direct them against a tyrant at home, or an alliance of tyrants abroad—to stamp the impress of a single mind upon a nation—to infuse strength into thoughts, and depth into feelings, which shall command the homage of enlightened men in every age—in short, to be a Bruce, Bonaparte, Luther, Knox, Demosthenes, Shakspeare, Milton, or Cromwell—a large brain is indispensably requisite. But to display skill, enterprise, and fidelity in the various professions of civil life—to cultivate with success the less arduous branches of philosophy—to excel in acuteness, taste, and felicity of expression—to acquire extensive erudition and refined manners—a brain of a moderate size is perhaps more suitable than one that is very large; for wherever the energy is intense, it is rare that delicacy, refinement, and taste are present in an equal degree. Individuals possessing moderate-sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances

they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains, on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place; common occurrences do not rouse or call them forth, and, while unknown, they are not trusted with great undertakings. Often, therefore, such men pine and die in obscurity. When, however, they attain their proper element, they are conscious of greatness, and glory in the expansion of their powers. Their mental energies rise in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted, and blaze forth in all the magnificence of self-sustaining energetic genius, on occasions when feebler minds would sink in despair.

POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

There were in this period several writers on the science of political economy, 'treating of the formation, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth; the causes which promote or prevent its increase, and their influence on the happiness or misery of society.' Adam Smith laid the foundations of this science; and as our population and commerce went on increasing, thereby augmenting the power of the democratical part of our constitution, and the number of those who take an interest in the affairs of government, political economy became a more important and popular study. It now forms one of the subjects for lectures in the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

BENTHAM—MALTHUS—RICARDO—SADLER, ETC.

A singular but eminent writer in this department, and in the kindred studies of jurisprudence and morals, JEREMY BENTHAM (1748–1832), was for more than half a century distinguished as an author and utilitarian philosopher. He lived in intercourse with the leading men of several generations and of various countries, and was unceasingly active in the propagation of his opinions. Bentham was the son of a wealthy London solicitor, and was educated at Westminster School and Queen's College, Oxford. He was only thirteen when he entered college, but even then he was known by the name of 'the philosopher.' He took his degree of B.A. in 1763, and afterwards studying the law in Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar. He had a strong dislike to the legal profession, and never pleaded in public. His first literary performance was an examination of a passage in Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and was entitled, *A Fragment on Government*, 1776. The work was prompted, as he afterwards stated, by 'a passion for improvement in those shapes in which the lot of mankind is meliorated by it.' His zeal was increased by a pamphlet which had been issued by Priestley. 'In the phrase, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," I then saw delineated,' says Bentham, 'for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics.' The phrase is a good one, whether invented by Priestley or Bentham; but it still leaves the means by which happiness is to be extended as undecided as ever, to be determined by the judgment and opinions of men. To insure it, Bentham considered it necessary to reconstruct the laws and government—to have annual parliaments and universal suffrage, secret voting, and a return to the ancient practice of paying wages to parliamentary representatives. In all his political writings this doctrine of utility, so understood, is the leading and pervading principle. In 1778 he published a pamphlet on *The Hard Labour Bill*, recommending an improvement in the mode of criminal punishment; *Letters on Usury*, 1787; *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics*, 1789; *Discourses on Civil and Penal Legislation*, 1802; *A Theory of Punishments and Rewards*, 1811; *A Treatise on Judicial Evidence*, 1813; *Paper relative to Codification and Public Instruction*, 1817; *The Book of Fallacies*, 1824, &c. By the death of his father in 1792, Bentham succeeded to property in London and to farms in Essex yielding from £500 to £600 a year. He lived frugally, but with elegance, in one of his London houses—kept young men as secretaries—corresponded and wrote daily—and by a life of temperance and industry, with great self-complacency, and the society of a few devoted friends, the eccentric philosopher attained to the age of eighty-four. His various productions were collected and edited by Dr (afterwards Sir) John Bowring and Mr John Hill Burton, advocate, and published in eleven volumes. In his latter works Bentham adopted a peculiar uncouth style or nomenclature, which deters ordinary readers, and indeed has rendered his works almost a dead-letter. Fortunately, however, part of them was arranged and translated into French by M. Dumont. Another disciple, Mr James Mill, made known his principles at home; Sir Samuel Romilly criticised them in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Sir James Mackintosh in the *Ethical Dissertation* which he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the science of legislation, Bentham evinced a profound capacity and extensive knowledge: the error imputed to his speculations is that of not sufficiently 'weighing the various circumstances which require his rules to be modified in different countries and times, in order to render them either more useful, more easily introduced, more generally respected, or more certainly executed.' As an ethical philosopher, he carried his doctrine of utility to an extent which would be practically dangerous, if it were possible to make the bulk of mankind act upon a speculative theory.

One of the most celebrated of the political economists was the REV. T. R. MALTHUS, an English clergyman, and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Mr Malthus was born of a good family in 1766, at his father's estate in Surrey. In 1798 appeared his celebrated work, an *Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the Future Improvement of Society*. The principle here laid down is, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence. 'Population not only rises to the level of the present supply of food, but if you go on every year increasing the quantity of food, population goes on increasing at the same time, and so fast, that the food is commonly still too small for the people.' After the publication of this work, Mr Malthus went abroad with Dr Clarke and some other friends; and in the course of a tour through Sweden, Norway, Finland, and part of Russia, he collected facts in illustration of his theory. These he embodied in a second and greatly improved

edition of his work, which was published in 1803. The most important of his other works are, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent*, 1815; and *Principles of Political Economy*, 1820. Several pamphlets on the Corn-laws, the Currency, and the Poor-laws, proceeded from his pen. Mr Malthus was in 1805 appointed Professor of Modern History and Political Economy in Haileybury College, and he held the situation till his death in 1834.

MR DAVID RICARDO (1772–1823) was author of several original and powerful treatises connected with political economy. His first was on *The High Price of Bullion*, 1810; and he published successively *Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency*, 1816; and *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*, 1817. The last work is considered the most important treatise on that science, with the single exception of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. Mr Ricardo afterwards wrote pamphlets on the Funding System and on Protection to Agriculture. He had amassed great wealth as a stock-broker, and retiring from business, he entered into parliament as representative for the small borough of Portarlington. He seldom spoke in the House, and only on subjects connected with his favourite studies. He died, much regretted by his friends, at his seat, Gatcomb Park, in Gloucestershire, on the 11th of September 1823.

The *Elements of Political Economy*, by JAMES MILL, 1821, were designed by the author as a school-book of the science as modelled or improved by Ricardo.—DR WHATELY (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) published two introductory Lectures, which, as Professor of Political Economy, he had delivered to the university of Oxford in 1831. This eminent person was also author of a highly valued work, *Elements of Logic*, which attained great popularity, and is a standard work; *Thoughts on Secondary Punishments;* and other works, all displaying marks of a powerful intellect.—A good elementary work, *Conversations on Political Economy*, by MRS MARCET, was published in 1827.—The REV. DR CHALMERS on various occasions supported the views of Malthus, particularly in his work *On Political Economy in connection with the Moral Prospects of Society*, 1832. He maintains that no human skill or labour could make the produce of the soil increase at the rate at which population would increase, and therefore he urges the expediency of a restraint upon marriage, successfully inculcated upon the people as the very essence of morality and religion by every pastor and instructor in the kingdom. Few clergymen would venture on such a task!—Another zealous commentator was MR J. RAMSAY M'CULLOCH, author of *Elements of Political Economy*, and of various contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, which have spread more widely a knowledge of the subject. Mr M'Culloch also edited an edition of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and the works of Ricardo, and compiled several useful and able statistical works, the most important of which are a *Dictionary of Commerce*, a *Statistical Account of the British Empire*, and a *Geographical Dictionary*. This gentleman was a native of Wigtownshire, born in 1789, and died at the Stationery Office, London, of which he was comptroller, November 11, 1864. A pension of £200 a year was conferred on Mr M'Culloch by the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

The opponents of Malthus and the economists, though not numerous, have been determined and active. Cobbett never ceased for years to inveigh against them. Coleridge also joined in the cry. MR GODWIN came forward in 1820, with an *Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind*, a treatise very unworthy the author of *Caleb Williams*.—In 1830 MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER (1780–1835) published *The Law of Population: a Treatise in Disproof of the Superfecundity of Human Beings, and developing the Real Principle of their Increase*. A third volume to this work was in preparation by the author when he died. Mr Sadler was a mercantile man, partner in an establishment in Leeds. In 1829 he became representative in parliament for the borough of Newark, and distinguished himself by his speeches against the removal of the Catholic disabilities and the Reform Bill. He also wrote a work on the Condition of Ireland. Mr Sadler was an ardent benevolent man, an impracticable politician, and a florid speaker. His literary pursuits and oratorical talents were honourable and graceful additions to his character as a man of business, but in knowledge and argument he was greatly inferior to Malthus and Ricardo.—Among other works of this kind we may notice, *An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and the Sources of Taxation*, 1831, by the REV. RICHARD JONES. This work is chiefly confined to the consideration of Rent, as to which the author differs from Ricardo.—MR NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR (1790–1864), Professor of Political Economy in the university of Oxford, in 1831, published *Two Lectures on Population*. He was the ablest of all the opponents of Malthus. Mr Senior wrote treatises on the Poor-laws, on National Education, and other public topics. In 1864 he published *Essays on Fiction*, being a collection of articles on Scott, Bulwer Lytton, and Thackeray, contributed to the chief Reviews. He also contributed a valuable article on Political Economy to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE adopted fiction as a means of conveying religious instruction. She can scarcely be said to have been ever 'free of the corporation' of novelists; nor would she perhaps have cared much to owe her distinction solely to her connection with so motley and various a band. Hannah withdrew from the fascinations of London society, the theatres and opera, in obedience to what she considered the call of duty, and we suspect *Tom Jones* and *Peregrine Pickle* would have been as unworthy in her eyes. This excellent woman was one of five daughters, children of Jacob More, who taught a school in the village of Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where Hannah was born in the year 1745. The family afterwards removed to Bristol, and there Hannah attracted the attention and patronage of Sir James Stonehouse, who had been many years a physician of eminence, but afterwards took orders and settled at Bristol. In her seventeenth year she published a pastoral

drama, *The Search after Happiness*, which in a short time went through three editions. Next year she brought out a tragedy, *The Inflexible Captive*. In 1773 or 1774 she made her entrance into the society of London, and was domesticated with Garrick, who proved one of her kindest and steadiest friends. She was received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, &c. Her sister has thus described her first interview with the great English moralist:

First Interview with Johnson.

We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds; she had sent to engage Dr Percy—Percy's *Collection*, now you know him—quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected; he was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr Johnson's very own house: yes, Abyssinian Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Ramblers, Idlers, and Irene Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his just going to the press—the *Tour to the Hebrides*—and his old friend Richardson. Mrs Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said 'she was a silly thing!' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's on Wednesday evening—what do you think of us? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius: when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopped a night, as they imagined, where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth. The idea so worked on their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.

In a subsequent letter (1776), after the publication of Hannah's poem, *Sir Eldred of the Bower*, the same lively writer says:

If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things, for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says: 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done had only our own dear Dr Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; shewing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *larning*, a good thing when land is gone, or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *larning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both,' cried the inamorato—'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you! you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner. If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why, then, I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote: Mrs Medalla—Sterne's daughter—sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them.

In 1777 Garrick brought out Miss More's tragedy of *Percy* at Drury Lane, where it was acted seventeen nights successively. Her theatrical profits amounted to £600, and for the copyright of the play she got £150 more. Two legendary poems, *Sir Eldred of the Bower* and *The Bleeding Rock*, formed her next publication. In 1779, the third and last tragedy of Hannah More was produced; it was entitled *The Fatal Falsehood*, but was acted only three nights. At this time, she had the misfortune to lose her friend Mr Garrick by death, an event of which she has given some interesting particulars in her letters.

Death and Character of Garrick.

From Dr Cadogan's I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs Garrick was at that moment quitting her house, while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony; she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her; she was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes; at last she whispered: 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure: 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for he gives astonishing strength to my body, and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve; but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits, that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home, he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday, he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and bleed him made light of his illness, assuring Mrs Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning, she desired to be called if

there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said 'O dear!' and yielded up his spirit with a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he gave them. On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a half round one way, and four and a half the other; yet this was not the immediate cause of his death; his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation till the mind 'burst with thinking.' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and, besides, it is so quiet that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending. I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity, than in his; where I never saw a card, nor even met—except in one instance—a person of his own profession at his table, of which Mrs Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful.

In 1782, Miss More presented to the world a volume of *Sacred Dramas*, with a poem annexed, entitled *Sensibility*. All her works were successful, and Johnson said he thought her the best of the female versifiers. The poetry of Hannah More is now forgotten; but *Percy* is a good play, and it is clear that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer, had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition. In 1786, she published another volume of verse, *Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies;* and *The Bas Bleu, or Conversation.* The latter—which Johnson complimented as 'a great performance'—was an elaborate eulogy on the Bas Bleu Club, a literary assembly that met at Mrs Montagu's.* The following couplets have been quoted and remembered as terse and pointed:

> In men this blunder still you find,
> All think their little set mankind.
>
> Small habits well pursued, betimes
> May reach the dignity of crimes.

Such lines mark the good sense and keen observation of the writer, and these qualities Hannah now resolved to devote exclusively to high objects. The gay life of the fashionable world had lost its charms, and, having published her *Bas Bleu*, she retired to a small cottage and garden near Bristol, where her sisters kept a flourishing boarding-school. Her first prose publication was *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society*, produced in 1788. This was followed in 1791 by an *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.* As a means of counteracting the political tracts and exertions of the Jacobins and levellers, Hannah More, in 1794, wrote a number of tales, published monthly under the title of *The Cheap Repository*, which attained to a sale of about a million each number. Some of the little stories—as *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*—are well told, and contain striking moral and religious lessons. With the same object, our authoress published a volume called *Village Politics.* Her other principal works are—*Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*, 1799; *Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*, 1805; *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals*, two volumes, 1809; *Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life*, two volumes, 1811; *Christian Morals*, two volumes, 1812; *Essay on the Character and Writings of St Paul*, two volumes, 1815; and *Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer*, 1819. The collection of her works is comprised in eleven volumes octavo. The work entitled *Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess*, was written with a view to the education of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject the advice and assistance of Hannah More had been requested by Queen Charlotte. Of *Cœlebs*, we are told that ten editions were sold in one year—a remarkable proof of the popularity of the work. The tale is admirably written, with a fine vein of delicate irony and sarcasm, and some of the characters are well depicted; but, from the nature of the story, it presents few incidents or embellishments to attract ordinary novel-readers. It has not inaptly been styled 'a dramatic sermon.' Of the other publications of the authoress, we may say, with one of her critics, 'it would be idle in us to dwell on works so well known as the *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great*, the *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World*, and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer, possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes.' In her latter days, there was perhaps a tincture of unnecessary gloom or severity in her religious views; yet, when we recollect her unfeigned sincerity and practical benevolence—her exertions to instruct the poor miners and cottagers—and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities, to inculcate sound principles and intellectual cultivation from the palace to the cottage, it is impossible not to rank her among the best benefactors of mankind.

The great success of the different works of our authoress enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense charities around her. Her sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together

* These meetings were called the Blue-stocking Club, in consequence of one of the most admired of the members, Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet, always wearing blue stockings. The appellation soon became general as a name for pedantic or ridiculous literary ladies. Hannah More's poem proceeds on the mistake of a foreigner, who, hearing of the Blue-stocking Club, translated it literally 'Bas Bleu.' Byron wrote a light satirical sketch of the *Blues* of his day—the frequenters of the London saloons—but it is unworthy of his genius.

at Barley Grove, a property of some extent, which they purchased and improved. 'From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in a wild country some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.'* These exertions were ultimately so successful, that the sisterhood had the gratification of witnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of female clubs of industry—also established by them—after attending church-service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors. Hannah More died on the 7th of September 1833, aged eighty-eight. She had made about £30,000 by her writings, and she left, by her will, legacies to charitable and religious institutions amounting to £10,000.

In 1834, *Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs Hannah More*, by William Roberts, Esq., were published in four volumes. In these we have a full account by Hannah herself of her London life, and many interesting anecdotes.

SAMUEL AND WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND.

SAMUEL IRELAND, a dealer in scarce books, prints, &c., was author of several picturesque tours, illustrated by aqua-tinta engravings; but is chiefly remarkable as having been made by his son, a youth of eighteen, the unconscious instrument of giving to the world a variety of Shakspearean forgeries. WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND (1777–1835) was articled to a conveyancer in New Inn, and, like Chatterton, began early to imitate ancient writings. His father was morbidly anxious to discover some scrap of Shakspeare's handwriting, and this set the youth to manufacture a number of documents, which he pretended to have accidentally met with in the house of a gentleman of fortune. 'Amongst a mass of family papers,' says the elder Ireland, 'the contracts between Shakspeare, Lowine, and Condelle, and the lease granted by him and Hemynge to Michael Fraser, which was first found, were discovered; and soon afterwards the deed of gift to William Henry Ireland (described as the friend of Shakspeare, in consequence of his having saved his life on the river Thames), and also the deed of trust to John Hemynge, were discovered. In pursuing this search, he (his son) was so fortunate as to meet with some deeds very material to the interests of this gentleman. At this house the principal part of the papers, together with a great variety of books, containing his manuscript notes, and three manuscript plays, with part of another, were discovered.' These forged documents included, besides the deeds, a Protestant Confession of Faith by Shakspeare, letters to Anne Hathaway, the Earl of Southampton, and others, a new version of *King Lear*, and one entire original drama, entitled *Vortigern and Rowena*. Such a treasure was pronounced invaluable, and the manuscripts were exhibited at the elder Ireland's house, in Norfolk Street. A controversy arose as to the genuineness of the documents, in which Malone took a part, proving that they were forged; but the productions found many admirers and believers. They were published by subscription, in a large and splendid volume, and *Vortigern* was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, John Kemble acting the principal character. Kemble, however, was not to be duped by the young forger, being probably, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, warned by Malone. The representation of the play completely broke up the imposture. The structure and language of the piece were so feeble, clumsy, and extravagant, that no audience could believe it to have proceeded from the immortal dramatist. As the play proceeded, the torrent of ridiculous bombast swelled to such a height as to bear down critical patience; and when Kemble uttered the line,

And when this solemn mockery is o'er,

the pit rose and closed the scene with a discordant howl. We give what was considered the 'most sublime passage' in *Vortigern*:

O sovereign Death!
That hast for thy domain this world immense;
Churchyards and charnel-houses are thy haunts,
And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces;
And when thou wouldst be merry, thou dost choose
The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
Oh, then thou dost wide ope thy bony jaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks,
Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides;
With icy hand thou tak'st him by the feet,
And upward so till thou dost reach his heart,
And wrapt him in the cloak of lasting night.

So impudent and silly a fabrication was perhaps never before thrust upon public notice. The young adventurer, foiled in this effort, attempted to earn distinction as a novelist and dramatist, but utterly failed. In 1805, he published a confession of the Shakspearean forgery, *An Authentic Account of the Shakspeare Manuscripts*, in which he makes this declaration: 'I solemnly declare, first, that my father was perfectly unacquainted with the whole affair, believing the papers most firmly the productions of Shakspeare. Secondly, that I am myself both the author and writer, and had no aid from any soul living, and that I should never have gone so far, but that the world praised the papers so much, and thereby flattered my vanity. Thirdly, that any publication which may appear tending to prove the manuscripts genuine, or to contradict what is here stated, is false; this being the true account.' Several other novels, some poems, and attempts at satire, proceeded from the pen of Ireland; but they are unworthy of notice; and the last thirty years of the life of this industrious but unprincipled littérateur were passed in obscurity and poverty.

EDMUND MALONE—RICHARD PORSON.

EDMUND MALONE (1741–1812), who was conspicuous in the detection and exposure of Ireland's forgeries, was an indefatigable dramatic critic

* *Quarterly Review*, 1844.

and commentator, as well as a zealous literary antiquary. He edited Shakspeare (1790), wrote Memoirs of Dryden, Sir Joshua Reynolds, W. Gerard Hamilton, &c.; was the friend of Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson, and still more emphatically the friend of Johnson's biographer, Boswell; and in nearly all literary questions for half a century he took a lively interest, and was always ready with notes or illustrations. Mr Malone was the son of an Irish judge, and born in Dublin. After studying at Trinity College, he repaired to London, was entered of the Inner Temple, and called to the bar in 1767. His life, however, was devoted to literature, in which he was a useful and delighted pioneer.

The fame of English scholarship and classical criticism descended from Bentley to Porson. RICHARD PORSON (1759–1808) was in 1793 unanimously elected Professor of Greek in the university of Cambridge. Besides many fugitive and miscellaneous contributions to classical journals, Porson edited and annotated the first four plays of Euripides, which appeared separately between 1797 and 1801. He collected the Harleian manuscript of the *Odyssey* for the Grenville edition of Homer (1800), and corrected the text of Æschylus and part of Herodotus. After his death, his *Adversaria, or Notes and Emendations of the Greek Poets*, were published by Professor Monk and Mr J. C. Blomfield—afterwards Bishop of London—and his *Tracts and Miscellaneous Criticisms* were collected and published by the Rev. T. Kidd. The most important of these were the *Letters to Archdeacon Travis* (1790), written to disprove the authenticity of 1 John, v. 7, and which are admirable specimens of learning, wit, and acute argumentation. Porson as a Greek critic has never perhaps been excelled. He rose from a humble station—his father was a parish-clerk in Norfolk—solely by his talents and early proficiency; his memory was prodigious, almost unexampled, and his acuteness and taste in Greek literature were unerring. The habits of this great scholar were, however, fatal to his success in life. He was even more intemperate than Sheridan, careless of the usual forms and courtesies of society, and impracticable in ordinary affairs. His love of drink amounted to a passion, or rather disease. His redeeming qualities, besides his scholastic acquirements and natural talents, were his strict integrity and love of truth. Many of his pointed sayings were remembered by his friends. Being on one occasion informed that Southey considered his poem *Madoc* as likely to be a valuable possession to his family, Porson answered: '*Madoc* will be read—when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.' The ornate style of Gibbon was his aversion. 'There could not,' he said, 'be a better exercise for a school-boy than to turn a page of *The Decline and Fall* into *English*.' He disliked reading folios, 'because,' said he, 'we meet with so few milestones'—that is, we have such long intervals between the turning over of the leaves. On the whole, though Porson was a critic of the highest order, and though conceding to classical literature all the respect that can be claimed for it, we must lament, with one of his friends, that such a man should have 'lived and laboured for nearly half a century, and yet have left little or nothing to the world that was truly and originally his own.'

WILLIAM COBBETT.

WILLIAM COBBETT (1762–1835), by his *Rural Rides*, his *Cottage Economy*, his works on America, and various parts of his *Political Register*, is justly entitled to be remembered among the miscellaneous writers of England. He was a native of Farnham, in Surrey, and brought up as an agricultural labourer. He afterwards served as a soldier in British America, and rose to be sergeant-major. He first attracted notice as a political writer by publishing a series of pamphlets under the name of Peter Porcupine. He was then a decided loyalist and high-churchman; but having, as is supposed, received some slight from Mr Pitt, he attacked his ministry with great bitterness in his *Register*. After the passing of the Reform Bill, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Oldham; but he was not successful as a public speaker. He was apparently destitute of the faculty of generalising his information and details, and evolving from them a lucid whole. His unfixedness of principle also operated strongly against him; for no man who is not considered honest and sincere, or who cannot be relied upon, will ever make a lasting impression on a popular assembly. Cobbett's inconsistency as a political writer was so broad and undisguised, as to have become proverbial. He had made the whole round of politics, from ultra-Toryism to ultra-Radicalism, and had praised and abused nearly every public man and measure for thirty years. Jeremy Bentham said of him: 'He is a man filled with *odium humani generis*. His malevolence and lying are beyond anything.' The retired philosopher did not make sufficient allowance for Cobbett: the latter acted on the momentary feeling or impulse, and never calculated the consequence to himself or others. No individual in Britain was better known than Cobbett, down to the minutest circumstance in his character, habits, and opinions. He wrote freely of himself as he did of other men; and in all his writings there was much natural freshness, liveliness, and vigour. He had the power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described. The idiomatic strength, copiousness, and purity of his style have been universally acknowledged; and when engaged in describing rural subjects, or depicting local manners, he is very happy. On questions of politics or criticism he fails, because he seems resolved to attack all great names and established opinions. He remarks on one occasion that anybody could, at the time he wrote, be made a baronet, since Walter Scott and Dudley Coutts Trotter (what a classification!) had been so elevated. 'It has become,' he says, 'of late years the fashion to extol the virtues of potatoes, as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakspeare;' and he concludes a ludicrous criticism on *Paradise Lost* by wondering how it could have been tolerated by a people amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood! Yet Cobbett had a taste for what may be termed the poetry of nature. He is loud in his praises of the singing-birds of England—which he missed so much in America—and he loved to write on green lanes and meadows. The following

description is like the simple and touching passages in Richardson's *Pamela:*

Boyish Scenes and Recollections.

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek!' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy going down-hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.

There are good sense and right feeling in the following sentence

On Field-sports.

Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend to produce or preserve health. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce early rising; because they have a tendency to lead young men into virtuous habits. It is where men congregate that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler and a drinker; but he is less likely to be fond of the two latter if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to something in the way of pastime; and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at a distance from cities and towns. This is another great consideration; for though great talents are wanted to be employed in the hives of men, they are very rarely acquired in these hives; the surrounding objects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

WILLIAM COMBE—JOSEPH RITSON.

WILLIAM COMBE (1741–1823) was an extensive miscellaneous writer both in prose and verse. To none of his works did he affix his name, but he had no reluctance in assuming the names of others. Among his literary frauds was a collection of *Letters of the late Lord Lyttelton*, 1780–82. Thomas, the second or 'wicked Lord Lyttelton,' was remarkable for his talents and profligacy, and for the romantic circumstances attending his death, which, he said, had been foretold by an apparition, but which it is now believed was an act of suicide. Combe personated the character of this dissolute nobleman—with whom he had been at school at Eton—and the spurious letters are marked by ease, elegance, and occasional force of style. An attempt was made in the *Quarterly Review*, 1852, to prove that these Letters were genuine, and that Lyttelton was the author of *Junius's Letters*. The proof was wholly inconclusive, and there seems no doubt that Combe wrote the pseudo-Lyttelton epistles. In the same vein he manufactured a series of *Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza*. He wrote a satirical work, *The Diaboliad*, and a continuation or imitation of Le Sage, entitled *The Devil upon Two Sticks in England*, 1790; but the most popular of all Combe's works was *The Tour of Dr Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, which was originally published in the *Poetical Magazine*, with humorous illustrations by Rowlandson, and afterwards (1812) printed separately in one volume. *The Tour* went through several editions; the descriptions, in lively verse, were attractive, and the coloured engravings—in which the appearance of Syntax was well preserved—formed an excellent comment on the text. Combe wrote other poems in the style of *Syntax*—as *Johnny Quæ Genus*, *The English Dance of Death*, *The Dance of Life*, &c. None of these, though aided by humorous illustrations, had much success, and *Syntax* itself, once so popular, is now rarely seen. A voluminous *History of Westminster Abbey*, in two volumes quarto, was written by Combe, who, up to his eightieth year, and often in prison, continued to pour forth anonymous productions in almost every department of literature. He was well connected, and at one time rich, but a life of folly and extravagance kept him always in embarrassment.

The following is a short specimen of the Lyttelton fabrication:

Genius and Talent generally appreciated by the World —Case of Goldsmith.

I sincerely lament with you the death of Dr Goldsmith, as a very considerable loss to the learned, the laughing, and the sentimental world. His versatile genius was capable of producing satisfaction to persons of all these varying denominations. But I shall, without hesitation, combat the opinion which you derive from the insolvent state in which he died, that talent and genius meet with an ungrateful return from mankind.

Tell me, I beg of you, in what respect Dr Goldsmith was neglected? As soon as his talents were known, the public discovered a ready disposition to reward them; nor did he ever produce the fruits of them in vain. If your favourite author died in poverty, it was because he had not discretion enough to be rich. A rigid obedience to the Scripture demand of 'Take no thought for to-morrow,' with an ostentatious impatience of coin, and an unreflecting spirit of benevolence, occasioned the difficulties of his life and the insolvency of its end. He might have blessed himself with a happy independence, enjoyed without interruption every wish of a wise man, secured an ample provision for his old age, if he had attained it, and have made a respectable last will and testament; and all this without rising up early or sitting up late, if common-sense had been added to his other attainments. Such a man is awakened into the exertion of his faculties but by the impulse of some sense which demands enjoyment, or some passion which cries aloud for gratification, by the repeated menace of a creditor, or the frequent dun at his gate. Nay, should the necessity of to-day be relieved, the procrastinated labour will wait for the necessity of to-morrow; and if death should overtake him in the interval, it must find him a beggar, and the age is to be accused of obduracy in suffering genius to die for want! If Pope had been a debauchee he would have lived in a garret, nor enjoyed the Attic elegance of his villa on the banks of the Thames. If Sir Joshua Reynolds had been idle and drunken, he might at this hour have been acquiring a scanty maintenance by painting coach-panels and Birmingham tea-boards. Had not David Hume possessed the invariable temper of his country, he might have been the actual master of a school in the Hebrides; and the inimitable Garrick, if he had possessed Shuter's character, would have acquired little more than Shuter's fame, and suffered Shuter's end.

Learning and fine talents must be respected and valued in all enlightened ages and nations; nay, they have been known to awaken a most honourable veneration in the breasts of men accustomed to spoil, and wading through blood to glory. An Italian robber not only refused the rich booty of a caravan, but conducted it under his safeguard, when he was informed that Tasso accompanied it. The great Duke of Marlborough, at the siege of Cambray, gave particular orders that the lands, &c. of the admired Fenelon, archbishop of the diocese, should not be profaned by the violence of war. Cæsar, the ambitious Cæsar, acknowledged Tully's superior character, for that the Roman orator had enlarged the limits of human knowledge, while he had only extended those of his country. But to proceed one step higher—

> The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground.

Rest then assured, my friend, when a man of learning and talents does not, in this very remunerative age, find protection, encouragement, and independence, that such an unnatural circumstance must arise from some concomitant failings which render his labours obnoxious, or, at least, of no real utility.

JOSEPH RITSON (1752-1803), a zealous literary antiquary and critic, was indefatigable in his labours to illustrate English literature, particularly the neglected ballad-strains of the nation. He published in 1783 a valuable *Collection of English Songs;* in 1790, *Ancient Songs, from the time of Henry III. to the Revolution;* in 1792, *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry;* in 1794, *A Collection of Scottish Songs;* in 1795, *A Collection of all the Ancient Poems,* &c. *relating to Robin Hood,* &c. Ritson was a faithful and acute editor, profoundly versed in literary antiquities, but of a jealous, irritable temper, which kept him in a state of constant warfare with his brother-collectors. He was in diet a strict Pythagorean, and wrote a treatise against the use of animal food. Sir Walter Scott, writing to his friend Mr Ellis in 1803, remarks: 'Poor Ritson is no more. All his vegetable soups and puddings have not been able to avert the evil day, which, I understand, was preceded by madness.' Scott has borne ample testimony to the merits of this unhappy gleaner in the by-paths of literature.

REV. GILBERT WHITE.

The REV. GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793) published a series of letters addressed by him to Pennant and Daines Barrington, descriptive of the natural objects and appearances of the parish of Selborne in Hampshire. White was rector of this parish, and had spent in it the greater part of his life, engaged in literary occupations and the study of nature. His minute and interesting facts, the entire devotion of the amiable author to his subject, and the easy elegance and simplicity of his style, render White's History a universal favourite—something like Izaak Walton's book on Angling, which all admire, and hundreds have endeavoured to copy. The retired naturalist was too full of facts and observations to have room for sentimental writing, yet in sentences like the following—however humble be the theme—we may trace no common power of picturesque painting:

The Rooks returning to their Nests.

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk, they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl, who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity, that 'he feedeth the ravens who call upon him.'

The migration of the swallows, the instincts of animals, the blossoming of flowers and plants, and the humblest phenomena of ever-changing

nature, are recorded by Gilbert White in the same earnest and unassuming manner.

REV. WILLIAM GILPIN—SIR UVEDALE PRICE.

Among works on the subject of taste and beauty, in which philosophical analysis and metaphysics are happily blended with the graces of refined thought and composition, are the writings of the REV. WILLIAM GILPIN (1724–1804) and SIR UVEDALE PRICE (1747–1829). The former was author of *Remarks on Forest Scenery*, and *Observations on Picturesque Beauty*, as connected with the English lakes and the Scottish Highlands. As vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, Hampshire, Mr Gilpin was familiar with the characteristics of forest scenery, and his work on this subject (1791) is equally pleasing and profound—a storehouse of images and illustrations of external nature, remarkable for their fidelity and beauty, and an analysis 'patient and comprehensive, with no feature of the chilling metaphysics of the schools.' His *Remarks on Forest Scenery* consist of a description of the various kinds of trees. 'It is no exaggerated praise,' he says, 'to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth. In the former of these epithets nothing contends with it, for we consider rocks and mountains as part of the earth itself. And though among inferior plants, shrubs, and flowers, there is great beauty, yet, when we consider that these minuter productions are chiefly beautiful as individuals, and are not adapted to form the arrangement of composition in landscape, nor to receive the effect of light and shade, they must give place in point of beauty—of picturesque beauty at least—to the form, and foliage, and ramification of the tree. Thus the splendid tints of the insect, however beautiful, must yield to the elegance and proportion of animals which range in a higher class.' Having described trees as individuals, he considers them under their various combinations, as clumps, park-scenery, the copse, glen, grove, the forest, &c. Their permanent and incidental beauties in storm and sunshine, and through all the seasons, are afterwards delineated in the choicest language, and with frequent illustration from the kindred pages of the poets; and the work concludes with an account of the English forests and their accompaniments—lawns, heaths, forest distances, and sea-coast views; with their proper appendages, as wild horses, deer, eagles, and other picturesque inhabitants. As a specimen of Mr Gilpin's manner—though a very inadequate one—we subjoin his account of the effects of the sun, 'an illustrious family of tints,' as fertile sources of incidental beauty among the woods of the forest:

Sunrise and Sunset in the Woods.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a train of vapours in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare's language,

> Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees and ground, and radiance and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant—for it is always a vanishing scene—it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape-painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact I believe is well ascertained.

The incidental beauties which the meridian sun exhibits are much fewer than those of the rising sun. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his perpendicular ray, all is illumination; there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light, no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist, therefore, rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of the trees, the recesses among them, and the lighter foliage hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly, however, of the internal scenes of the forest, which bear such total brightness better than any other, as in them there is generally a natural gloom to balance it. The light obstructed by close intervening trees will rarely predominate; hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood through some fortunate chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of the trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky

its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an open country, the most fortunate circumstance that attends a meridian sun is cloudy weather, which occasions partial lights. Then it is that the distant forest scene is spread with lengthened gleams, while the other parts of the landscape are in shadow; the tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch this effect with advantage; there is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light and shade, which is wonderfully fine. A distant forest thus illumined wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun descends, the effect of its illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendour and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapours which envelop it—the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effect, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendour of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this brightened gloom is particularly rich, and glows with double splendour. The verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with the most resplendent colours.

The internal parts of the forest are not so happily disposed to catch the effects of a setting sun. The meridian ray, we have seen, may dart through the openings at the top, and produce a picture, but the flanks of the forest are generally too well guarded against its horizontal beams. Sometimes a recess fronting the west may receive a beautiful light, spreading in a lengthened gleam amidst the gloom of the woods which surround it; but this can only be had in the outskirts of the forest. Sometimes also we find in its internal parts, though hardly in its deep recesses, splendid lights here and there catching the foliage, which though in nature generally too scattered to produce an effect, yet, if judiciously collected, may be beautiful on canvas.

We sometimes also see in a woody scene coruscations like a bright star, occasioned by a sunbeam darting through an eyelet-hole among the leaves. Many painters, and especially Rubens, have been fond of introducing this radiant spot in their landscapes. But in painting, it is one of those trifles which produces no effect, nor can this radiance be given. In poetry, indeed, it may produce a pleasing image. Shakspeare hath introduced it beautifully, where, speaking of the force of truth entering a guilty conscience, he compares it to the sun, which

> Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
> And darts his light through every guilty hole.

It is one of those circumstances which poetry may offer to the imagination, but the pencil cannot well produce to the eye.

The *Essays on the Picturesque*, by Sir Uvedale Price, were designed by their accomplished author to explain and enforce the reasons for studying the works of eminent landscape-painters, and the principles of their art, with a view to the improvement of real scenery, and to promote the cultivation of what has been termed landscape-gardening. He examined the leading features of modern gardening, in its more extended sense, on the general principles of painting, and shewed how much the character of the picturesque has been neglected, or sacrificed to a false idea of beauty. The best edition of these Essays, improved by the author, is that of 1810. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder published editions of both Gilpin and Price—the latter a very handsome volume, 1842—with a great deal of additional matter. Besides his *Essays on the Picturesque*, Sir Uvedale has written essays on Artificial Water, on House Decorations, Architecture, and Buildings—all branches of his original subject, and treated with the same taste and elegance. The theory of the author is, that the picturesque in nature has a character separate from the sublime and the beautiful; and in enforcing and maintaining this, he attacked the style of ornamental gardening which Mason the poet had recommended, and Kent and Brown, the great landscape improvers, had reduced to practice. Some of Price's positions have been overturned by Dugald Stewart in his *Philosophical Essays;* but the exquisite beauty of his descriptions must ever render his work interesting, independently altogether of its metaphysical or philosophical distinctions. His criticism of painters and paintings is equally able and discriminating; and by his works we consider Sir Uvedale Price has been highly instrumental in diffusing those just sentiments on matters of taste, and that improved style of landscape-gardening, which so eminently distinguish the English artists and aristocracy of the present times.

Picturesque Atmospheric Effects.

It is not only the change of vegetation which gives to autumn its golden hue, but also the atmosphere itself, and the lights and shadows which then prevail. Spring has its light and flitting clouds, with shadows equally flitting and uncertain; refreshing showers, with gay and genial bursts of sunshine, that seem suddenly to call forth and to nourish the young buds and flowers. In autumn all is matured; and the rich hues of the ripened fruits and of the changing foliage are rendered still richer by the warm haze, which, on a fine day in that season, spreads the last varnish over every part of the picture. In winter, the trees and woods, from their total loss of foliage, have so lifeless and meagre an appearance, so different from the freshness of spring, the fullness of summer, and the richness of autumn, that many, not insensible to the beauties of scenery at other times, scarcely look at it during that season. But the contracted circle which the sun then describes, however unwished for on every other consideration, is of great advantage with respect to breadth, for then, even the mid-day lights and shadows, from their horizontal direction, are so striking, and the parts so finely illuminated, and yet so connected and filled up by them, that I have many times forgotten the nakedness of the trees, from admiration of the general masses. In summer the exact reverse is the case; the rich clothing of the parts makes a faint impression, from the vague and general glare of light without shadow.

Twilight.

There are some days when the whole sky is so full of jarring lights, that the shadiest groves and avenues hardly preserve their solemnity; and there are others, when the atmosphere, like the last glazing of a picture, softens into mellowness whatever is crude throughout the landscape.

Milton, whose eyes seem to have been most sensibly affected by every accident and gradation of light (and *that* possibly in a great degree from the weakness, and consequently the irritability of these organs), speaks always of twilight with peculiar pleasure. He has even reversed what Socrates did by philosophy; he

has called up twilight from earth and placed it in heaven.

> From that high mount of God whence light and shade
> Spring forth, the face of brightest heaven had changed
> To grateful twilight.—[*Paradise Lost*, v. 643.]

What is also singular, he has in this passage made shade an essence equally with light, not merely a privation of it; a compliment never, I believe, paid to shadow before, but which might be expected from his aversion to glare, so frequently and so strongly expressed:

> Hide me from day's *garish* eye.—
> When the sun begins to fling
> His *flaring* beams.

The peculiarity of the effect of twilight is to soften and mellow. At that delightful time, even artificial water, however naked, edgy, and tame its banks, will often receive a momentary charm; for then all that is scattered and cutting, all that disgusts a painter's eye, is blended together in one broad and soothing harmony of light and shadow. I have more than once, at such a moment, happened to arrive at a place entirely new to me, and have been struck in the highest degree with the appearance of wood, water, and buildings, that seemed to accompany and set off each other in the happiest manner; and I felt quite impatient to examine all these beauties by daylight.

> At length the morn, and cold indifference came.

The charm which held them together, and made them act so powerfully as a whole, had vanished.

It may, perhaps, be said that the imagination, from a few imperfect hints, often forms beauties which have no existence, and that indifference may naturally arise from those phantoms not being realised. I am far from denying the power of partial concealment and obscurity on the imagination; but in these cases, the set of objects when seen by twilight is beautiful as a picture, and would appear highly so if exactly represented on the canvas; but in full daylight, the sun, as it were, decompounds what had been so happily mixed together, and separates a striking whole into detached unimpressive parts.

REV. A. ALISON—F. GROSE—R. GOUGH.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757–1839) published in 1790 *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*, designed to prove that material objects appear beautiful or sublime in consequence of their association with our moral feelings and affections. The objects presented to the eye generate trains of thought and pleasing emotion, and these constitute our sense of beauty. This theory, referring all our ideas of beauty to the law of association, has been disputed and condemned as untenable, but part of Mr Alison's reasoning is just, and his illustrations and language are particularly apposite and beautiful. For example, he thus traces the pleasures of the antiquary:

Memorials of the Past.

Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monuments of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers, and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes the emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon his first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amidst the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, of Cicero, and Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age, have acquired with regard to the history of this great people, open at once on his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion!

The Effect of Sounds as modified by Association.

The howl of the wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its strength; but there is no comparison between their sublimity. There are few, if any, of these sounds so loud as the most common of all sounds, the lowing of a cow. Yet this is the very reverse of sublimity. Imagine this sound, on the contrary, expressive of fierceness or strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become sublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is strikingly sublime; the same sound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being so. The scream of the eagle is simply disagreeable when the bird is either tame or confined; it is sublime only when it is heard amid rocks and deserts, and when it is expressive to us of liberty and independence, and savage majesty. The neighing of a war-horse in the field of battle, or of a young untamed horse when at large among mountains, is powerfully sublime. The same sound in a cart-horse or a horse in the stable is simply indifferent, if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of swine. The same sound in the wild boar—an animal remarkable both for fierceness and strength—is sublime. The low and feeble sounds of animals which are generally considered the reverse of sublime, are rendered so by association. The hissing of a goose and the rattle of a child's plaything are both contemptible sounds; but when the hissing comes from the mouth of a dangerous serpent, and the noise of the rattle is that of the rattlesnake, although they do not differ from the others in intensity, they are both of them highly sublime. . . . There is certainly no resemblance, as sounds, between the noise of thunder and the hissing of a serpent—between the growling of a tiger and the explosion of gunpowder—between the scream of the eagle and the shouting of a multitude: yet all of these are sublime. In the same manner, there is as little resemblance between the tinkling of the sheep-fold bell and the murmuring of the breeze—between the hum of the beetle and the song of the lark—between the twitter of the swallow and the sound of the curfew; yet all these are beautiful.

Mr Alison published also two volumes of Sermons, remarkable for elegance of composition. He was a prebendary of Salisbury, and senior minister of St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh—a man of amiable character and varied accomplishments.

FRANCIS GROSE (1731–1791) was a superficial antiquary, but voluminous writer. He published the *Antiquities of England and Wales*, in eight volumes, the first of which appeared in 1773; and the *Antiquities of Scotland*, in two volumes, published in 1790. To this work Burns contributed his *Tam o'Shanter*, which Grose characterised as a 'pretty poem!' He wrote also treatises on Ancient Armour and Weapons, Military Antiquities, &c.

RICHARD GOUGH (1735–1809) was a celebrated

topographer and antiquary. His *British Topography*, *Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain*, his enlarged edition of Camden's *Britannia*, and various other works, evince great research and untiring industry. His valuable collection of books and manuscripts he bequeathed to the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

LORD ERSKINE.

The published Speeches of THOMAS, LORD ERSKINE (1750–1823), are among the finest specimens we have of English forensic oratory. Erskine was the youngest son of the Earl of Buchan. He served both in the navy and army, but threw up his commission in order to study law, and was called to the bar in his twenty-eighth year. His first speech, delivered in November 1778, in defence of Captain Baillie, lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital (who was charged with libel), was so brilliant and successful as at once to place him above all his brethren of the bar. In 1783 he entered parliament as member for Portsmouth. The floor of the House of Commons, it has been said, is strewed with the wreck of lawyers' reputations, and Erskine's appearances there were, comparatively, failures. In 1806 he was made Lord Chancellor and created Baron Erskine. He enjoyed the Great Seal but for a short time, having retired in 1807 on the dissolution of the Whig ministry. After this he withdrew in great measure from public life, though mingling in society, where his liveliness and wit, his vanity and eccentricities, rendered him a favourite. In 1817 he published a political fragment, entitled *Armata*, in which are some good observations on constitutional law and history. We subjoin extracts from Erskine's speech in defence of John Stockdale, December 9, 1789. Stockdale had published a defence of Warren Hastings, written by the Rev. John Logan, which, it was said, contained libellous observations upon the House of Commons.

On the Law of Libel.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this: At a time when the charges against Mr Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand and on every table—when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public—when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations—would it have been criminal in Mr Hastings himself to remind the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without colour or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, the author, if he wrote it *bonâ fide* to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you had evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, therefore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be—Could Mr Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured, that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years—that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters—that the accused shall stand, day after day and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man has *no trial*. That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by *God and his country*, is *a victim and a sacrifice*.

On the Government of India.

The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed by a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be suppressed. I have heard them in my youth, from a naked savage in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—'who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection. . . .

It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilise in the summer: the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself,

the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is: you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

Justice and Mercy.

Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look, hereafter, to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the Attorney-general prays sentence upon my client—God have mercy upon us! Instead of standing before him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us; for which of us can present, for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted, and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers benevolence, charity, and good-will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look—if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well directed—his all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen; believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows that, instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best-spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentance blot them out for ever.

LORD THURLOW.

One short speech by the rough, vigorous lawyer and Lord Chancellor, EDWARD THURLOW (1732–1806), has been pronounced 'superlatively great' in effect. The Duke of Grafton, in the course of a debate in the House of Lords, took occasion to reproach Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. The Chancellor rose from the woolsack, and, as related by an eye-witness, 'advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, 'I am amazed,' he said, in a loud tone of voice, at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of his Majesty's Conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon.' MR CHARLES BUTLER, an English barrister of some distinction (1750–1832), in his *Reminiscences* says: 'The effect of this speech, both within the walls of parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendency in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people.' He was at the same time the secret and confidential adviser of the king, and the dictator of the House of Lords.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

The one speech of Thurlow's was not more popular or effective than one sentence by the Irish orator, JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750–1817), in his speech in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, prosecuted by the government for a seditious libel. The libel contained this declaration: 'In four words lies all our power—universal emancipation and representative legislature.'

'I speak,' said Curran, 'in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.'

A passage in Cowper's *Task* (Book II.) had probably suggested this oratorical burst:

> We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
> And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
> That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
> That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
> And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
> And let it circulate through every vein
> Of all your empire! that, where Britain's power
> Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The miscellaneous writings of SOUTHEY are numerous—*Letters from England by Don Manuel Espriella*, 1807; *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, 1829; *The Doctor*, 1834-47; a vast number of articles in the *Quarterly Review*, and the different historical and biographical works already noticed. The *Doctor* is his best prose work; it contains, as he said, something of *Tristram Shandy*, something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, yet the predominant characteristic of the book is still his own. The *style* of Southey is always easy, pure, and graceful. The following extract is from the *Chronicle of the Cid:*

Effects of the Mohammedan Religion.

Mohammed inculcated the doctrine of fatalism because it is the most useful creed for a conqueror. The blind passiveness which it causes has completed the degradation, and for ever impeded the improvement of all Mohammedan nations. They will not struggle against oppression, for the same reason that they will not avoid the infection of the plague. If from this state of stupid patience they are provoked into a paroxysm of brutal fury, they destroy the tyrant; but the tyranny remains unaltered. Oriental revolutions are like the casting a stone into a stagnant pool; the surface is broken for a moment, and then the green weeds close over it again.

Such a system can produce only tyrants and slaves, those who are watchful to commit any crime for power, and those who are ready to endure any oppression for tranquillity. A barbarous and desolating ambition has been the sole motive of their conquering chiefs; the wisdom of their wisest sovereigns has produced nothing of public benefit: it has ended in idle moralisings, and the late discovery that all is vanity. One tyrant at the hour of death asserts the equality of mankind; another, who had attained empire by his crimes, exposes his shroud at last, and proclaims that now nothing but that is left him. 'I have slain the princes of men,' said Azzud ad Dowlah, 'and have laid waste the palaces of kings. I have dispersed them to the east, and scattered them to the west, and now the grave calls me, and I must go!' and he died with the frequent exclamation: 'What avails my wealth? my empire is departing from me!' When Mahmoud, the great Gaznevide, was dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, he ordered that all his treasures should be brought out to amuse him. They were laid before him, silk and tapestry, jewels, vessels of silver and gold, coffers of money, the spoils of the nations whom he had plundered: it was the spectacle of a whole day; but pride yielded to the stronger feeling of nature; Mahmoud recollected that he was in his mortal sickness, and wept and moralised upon the vanity of the world.

It were wearying to dwell upon the habitual crimes of which their history is composed; we may estimate their guilt by what is said of their virtues. Of all the Abbasides, none but Mutaded equalled Almanzor in goodness. A slave one day, when fanning away the flies from him, struck off his turban, upon which Mutaded only remarked, that the boy was sleepy; but the vizier, who was present, fell down and kissed the ground, and exclaimed: 'O Commander of the Faithful, I never heard of such a thing! I did not think such clemency had been possible!' for it was the custom of this caliph, when a slave displeased him, to have the offender buried alive.

The Mohammedan sovereigns have suffered their just punishment; they have been miserable as well as wicked. For others they can feel no sympathy, and have learned to take no interest; for themselves there is nothing but fear; their situation excludes them from hope, and they have the perpetual sense of danger, and the dread of that inevitable hour wherein there shall be no distinction of persons. This fear they have felt and confessed; in youth it has imbittered enjoyment, and it has made age dreadful. A dream, or the chance words of a song, or the figures of the tapestry, have terrified them into tears. Haroun Al Raschid opened a volume of poems, and read: 'Where are the kings, and where are the rest of the world? They are gone the way which thou shalt go. O thou who choosest a perishable world, and callest him happy whom it glorifies, take what the world can give thee, but death is at the end!' And at these words, he who had murdered Yahia and the Barmecides wept aloud.

In these barbarous monarchies the people are indolent, because if they acquire wealth they dare not enjoy it. Punishment produces no shame, for it is inflicted by caprice, not by justice. They who are rich or powerful become the victims of rapacity or fear. If a battle or fortress be lost, the commander is punished for his misfortune; if he become popular for his victories, he incurs the jealousy and hatred of the ruler. Nor is it enough that wealth, and honour, and existence are at the despot's mercy; the feelings and instincts must yield at his command. If he take the son for his eunuch, and the daughter for his concubine—if he order the father to execute the child—it is what destiny has appointed, and the Mohammedan says: 'God's will be done.' But insulted humanity has not unfrequently been provoked to take vengeance; the monarch is always in danger, because the subject is never secure. These are the consequences of that absolute power and passive obedience which have resulted from the doctrines of Mohammed; and this is the state of society wherever his religion has been established.

Collections of English Poets.

The collections of our poets are either too scanty or too copious. They reject so many, that we know not why half whom they retain should be admitted; they admit so many, that we know not why any should be rejected. There is a want of judgment in giving Bavius a place; but when a place has been awarded him, there is a want of justice in not giving Mævius one also. The sentence of Horace concerning middling poets is disproved by daily experience; whatever the gods may do, certainly the public and the booksellers tolerate them. When Dr Aikin began to re-edit Johnson's collection, it was well observed in the *Monthly Magazine*, 'that to our best writers there should be more commentary; and of our inferior ones less text.' But Johnson begins just where this observation is applicable, and just where a general collection should end. Down to the Restoration it is to be wished that every poet, however unworthy of the name, should be preserved. In the worst volume of elder date, the historian may find something to assist or direct his inquiries; the antiquarian something to elucidate what requires illustration; the philologist something to insert in the margin of his dictionary. Time does more for books than for wine; it gives worth to what originally was worthless. Those of later date must stand or fall by their own merits, because the sources of information, since the introduction of newspapers, periodical essays, and magazines, are so numerous, that if they are not read for amusement, they will not be recurred to for anything else. The Restoration is the great epoch in our annals, both civil and literary: a new order of things was then established, and we look back to the times beyond, as the Romans under the Empire to the age of the Republic.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

One of the most remarkable of the miscellaneous writers of this period was WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830), whose bold and vigorous tone of

thinking, and acute criticism on poetry, the drama, and fine arts, found many admirers, especially among young minds. He was a man of decided talent, but prone to paradox, and swayed by prejudice. He was well read in the old English authors, and had in general a just and delicate perception of their beauties. His style was strongly tinged by the peculiarities of his taste and reading; it was often sparkling, pungent, and picturesque in expression. Hazlitt was a native of Shropshire, the son of a Unitarian minister. He began life as a painter, but failed in attaining excellence in the profession, though he retained through life the most vivid and intense appreciation of its charms. His principal support was derived from the literary and political journals, to which he contributed essays, reviews, and criticisms. He wrote a metaphysical treatise *On the Principles of Human Action*, 1805; an abridgment of Tucker's *Light of Nature*, 1807; *Eloquence of the British Senate*, 1808. In 1813 Hazlitt delivered a series of Lectures on English Philosophy at the Russell Institution. In 1817 appeared his *View of the English Stage*, and a collection of essays entitled *The Round Table*. In 1818 he lectured at the Surrey Institution on the English Poets. *The English Comic Writers*, *The Dramatic Literature of the Time of Elizabeth*, and the *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, were then successively produced, being chiefly composed of theatrical criticisms contributed to the journals of the day. He wrote also *Table Talk*, 1821-22; *The Spirit of the Age* (criticisms on contemporaries), 1825; *The Plain Speaker*, a collection of essays, 1826. Various sketches of the galleries of art in England appeared from his pen, and *Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, originally contributed to one of the daily papers. He wrote the article 'Fine Arts' for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and essays on the English Novelists and other standard authors, first published in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the *London Magazine*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and other periodicals, the hand of Hazlitt may be traced. His most elaborate work was a *Life of Napoleon*, in four volumes (1828-30), which evinces all the peculiarities of his mind and opinions, but is very ably written. Shortly before his death—which took place in London on the 18th of September 1830—he had committed to the press the *Conversations of James Northcote, Esq.*, containing remarks on arts and artists. The toils, uncertainties, and disappointments of a literary life, and the contests of bitter political warfare, soured and warped the mind of Hazlitt, and distorted his opinions of men and things; but those who trace the passionate flights of his imagination, his aspirations after ideal excellence and beauty, the brilliancy of his language while dwelling on some old poem, or picture, or dream of early days, and the undisguised freedom with which he pours out his whole soul to the reader, will readily assign to him both strength and versatility of genius. He had felt more than he had reflected or studied; and though proud of his acquirements as a metaphysician, he certainly could paint emotions better than he could unfold principles. The only son of Mr Hazlitt has, with pious diligence and care, collected and edited his father's works in a series of handsome portable volumes.

The Character of Falstaff.

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but 'ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes.' His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him, and he is himself 'a tun of man.' His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to shew his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill, found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to shew the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.

The Character of Hamlet.

It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If *Lear* is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, *Hamlet* is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other

as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only 'the outward pageants and the signs of grief,' but 'we have that within which passes show.' We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect—as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. . . .

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless.* The ethical delineations of 'that noble and liberal casuist'—as Shakspeare has been well called—do not exhibit the drab-coloured Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from *The Whole Duty of Man* or from *The Academy of Compliments!* We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the 'license of the time,' or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When 'his father's spirit was in arms,' it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done much otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral:

> I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
> Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum.

* To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom: the roots expand, the jar is shivered! A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away.—GOETHE'S *Wilhelm Meister.*

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

This distinguished American ornithologist (1780-1851) was a native of Louisiana, son of an admiral in the French navy. He travelled for years collecting materials for his great work, *The Birds of America* (1828, &c.), which was completed in 87 parts, with 448 plates of birds, finely coloured, and costing altogether £182, 14s. A second edition, in seven volumes, was published in 1844. Cuvier said: 'Audubon's works are the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honour of ornithology.'

The Humming-bird.

Where is the person who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow,* would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would erelong cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses; whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. . . .

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light—upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner, it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following, with great precaution, the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

* Audubon had recollected a passage in Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*:

> Winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
> Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.

Descent of the Ohio.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape-painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the Indian summer. The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for, on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, and the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilisation. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company. . . .

When I think of the times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steam-boats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilisation into its darkest recesses: when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and—although I know all to be fact—can scarcely believe its reality.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1859), a native of America, commenced a career of literary exertion in this country by the publication in 1820 of *The Sketch-book*, a series of short tales, sketches, and essays, sentimental and humorous, which were originally printed in an American periodical, but illustrative chiefly of English manners and scenery. Mr Irving had previously published, in conjunction with others, a satirical periodical entitled *Salmagundi* (1807–8), and in 1809 appeared his *History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, being an imaginary account of the original Dutch inhabitants of that State. *The Sketch-book* was received with great favour in Britain; its carefully elaborated style and beauties of diction were highly praised, and its portraitures of English rural life and customs, though too antiquated to be strictly accurate, were pleasing and interesting. It was obvious that the author had formed his taste upon the works of Addison and Goldsmith; but his own great country, its early state of society, the red Indians, and native traditions, had also supplied him with a fund of natural and original description. His stories of Rip Van Winkle and the Sleepy Hollow are among the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced. In 1822 Mr Irving continued the same style of fanciful English delineation in his *Bracebridge Hall*, in which we are introduced to the interior of a squire's mansion, and to a number of original characters, drawn with delicacy and discrimination equal to those in his former work. In 1824 appeared another series of tales and sketches, but greatly inferior, entitled *Tales of a Traveller*. Having gone to Spain in connection with the United States embassy, Mr Irving studied the history and antiquities of that romantic country, and in 1828 published *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, in four volumes, written in a less ornate style than his former works, but valuable for the new information it communicates. Next year appeared *The Conquest of Granada*, and in 1832 *The Alhambra*, both connected with

the ancient Moorish kingdom of Granada, and partly fictitious. Several lighter works afterwards issued from his fertile pen—*Astoria*, a narrative of American adventure; *A Tour on the Prairies; Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey; Legends of the Conquest of Spain; Adventures of Captain Bonneville*; a *Life of Goldsmith; Mahomet and his Successors;* a *Life of Washington;* &c. The principal works of Mr Irving are his *Sketch-book* and *Bracebridge Hall;* these are the corner-stones of his fame. In all his writings, however, there are passages evincing fine taste, gentle affections, and graceful description. His sentiments are manly and generous, and his pathetic and humorous sketches are in general prevented from degenerating into extravagance by practical good sense and a correct judgment. Modern authors have too much neglected the mere matter of style; but the success of Mr Irving should convince the careless that the graces of composition, when employed even on paintings of domestic life and the quiet scenes of nature, can still charm as in the days of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie. The sums obtained by Mr Irving for his copyrights in England form an interesting item in literary history. Mr Murray gave £200 for *The Sketch-book*, but he afterwards doubled the sum. For *Bracebridge Hall*, the same publisher gave 1000 guineas; for *Columbus*, 3000 guineas; and for *The Conquest of Granada*, £2000. On these last two works, the enterprising publisher lost heavily, but probably the continued sale of the earlier works formed a compensation.

Mr Irving was born in New York; his family was originally from the island of Orkney. He died at his country-seat, 'Sunnyside,' on the banks of the Hudson.

Manners in New York in the Dutch Times.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street; as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weather-cock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weather-cocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Æolus had set all his bags of wind adrift, pell-mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis; the most staunch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weather-cock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and point it whichever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife; a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New-year's days, the festival of St Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head; and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was ofttimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window-shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers shewed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty

JAMES HOGG

DR THOMAS CHALMERS

SYDNEY SMITH.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

J.R.P. del.

C. Roberts. sc.

A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not rustle to the ground, a diamond drop could not patter in the stream, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.—From 'Bracebridge Hall.'

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttering something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself: everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon-companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing—if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day—when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber-maids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps—that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water or sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chamber-maid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

Associated with Washington Irving in the *Salmagundi* papers was JAMES KIRKE PAULDING (1778–1860), a voluminous writer. In 1819, Mr Paulding commenced a second series of *Salmagundi* essays, but without much success. His novels of *The Dutchman's Fireside* (1831) and *Westward Ho!* (1832) are said to contain faithful historical pictures of the early settlers of New York and Kentucky: of the former, six editions were published within a year. Among the other works of Mr Paulding are *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan* (1813); *Letters from the South* (1817); *The Backwoodsman*, a poem (1818); *A Sketch of Old England* (1822); *Koningsmarke* (1823); *The New Mirror for Travellers* (1828); *Chronicles of the City of Gotham* (1830); a *Life of Washington* (1835); and various other slight novels and satirical sketches. A Life of Paulding by his son was published in 1867, and about the same time his *Select Works*, in four volumes, were issued by a New York publishing house.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

One of the most witty, popular, and influential writers of the age was the REV. SYDNEY SMITH, born at Woodford in Essex, in 1771. He was one of the three sons of a somewhat eccentric and improvident English gentleman, who out of the wreck of his fortune was able to give his family a good education, and place them in positions favourable for their advancement. The eldest, Robert—best known by the name given by his school-fellows at Eton, of Bobus—was distinguished as a classical scholar, and adopted the profession of the law. Sydney, the second son, was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and

entered the church. Courtenay, the youngest son, went to India, and acquired great wealth, as well as reputation as a judge and oriental scholar. The opinion or hypothesis that men of genius more generally inherit their intellectual eminence from the side of the mother than that of the father, is illustrated by the history of this remarkable family, for the mother of the young Smiths, the daughter of a French emigrant, was a woman of strong sense, energy of character, and constitutional vivacity or gaiety. Sydney having gained a fellowship at New College, Oxford, worth about £100 per annum, was cast upon his own resources. He obtained a curacy in a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish, Mr Beach, two years afterwards, engaged him as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that tutor and pupil should proceed to the university of Weimar, in Saxony. They set out; but 'before we could get there,' said Smith, 'Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years.' He officiated in the Episcopal chapel there. After two years' residence in Edinburgh, he returned to England to marry a Miss Pybus, daughter of a deceased banker. The lady had a brother, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, under Pitt, but he was highly incensed at the marriage of his sister with a decided Whig without fortune, and the prospects of the young pair were far from brilliant. The lady, however, had a small fortune of her own, and she realised £500 by the sale of a fine necklace which her mother had given her. The Salisbury squire added £1000 for Sydney's care of his son, and thus the more sordid of the ills of poverty were averted. Literature also furnished an additional source. The *Edinburgh Review* was started in 1802, and Sydney Smith was the original projector of the scheme.

'The principles of the French Revolution,' he says, 'were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray—late Lord Advocate for Scotland—and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was:

'Tenui musam meditamur avena"—

We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line;* and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

One feature in the scheme, important to Smith, as to all the others, was, that the writers were to receive for their contributions ten guineas a sheet, or sixteen printed pages. In 1804, Mr Smith sought the wider field of London. He officiated for some time as preacher of the Foundling Hospital at £50 per annum, and obtained another preachership in Berkeley Square. His sermons were highly popular; and a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy, which he delivered in 1804, 1805, and 1806, at the Royal Institution—and which were published after his death—still more widely extended his reputation. In Holland House and in other distinguished circles, his extraordinary conversational powers had already made him famous. His contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* also added to his popularity, though their liberality of tone and spirit rendered him obnoxious to the party in power. During the short period of the Whig administration in 1806-7, he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, and here he wrote a highly amusing and powerful political tract, entitled *Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley*. The success of the *Letters* was immense—they have gone through twenty-one editions. Since the days of Swift, no such masterly political irony, combined with irresistible argument, had been witnessed. In ridiculing the idea prevalent among many timid though excellent persons at the time, that a conspiracy had been formed against the Protestant religion, headed by the pope, Mr Smith places the subject in a light highly ludicrous and amusing:

The Pope has not Landed.

The pope has not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist—which I do not believe—they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer [the late Mr Spencer Perceval]; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation: and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the *Spanker* gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform; and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined.

The effects of the threatened French invasion are painted in similar colours. Mr Smith is arguing that, notwithstanding the fears entertained in England on this subject, the British

* *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—The judge is condemned when the guilty are absolved. The young adventurers, it was said, had hung out the bloody flag on their title-page!

rulers neglected the obvious means of self-defence:

Fears of Invasion Ridiculed.

As for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs Plymley in fits: all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's *Lives*, which lies in the corner of your parlour-window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the meantime I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.

In Yorkshire, Mr Smith became a farmer, as well as zealous parish minister, and having in his youth applied himself to the occasional study of medicine, he was useful among his rural neighbours. To make the most of his situation in life was always his policy, and no man, with a tithe of his talents, was ever more of a contented practical philosopher. Patronage came slowly. About 1825 the Duke of Devonshire presented him with the living of Londesborough, to hold till the duke's nephew came of age; and in 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, disregarding mere party considerations, gave him a prebend's stall at Bristol. 'Moralists tell you,' he said, 'of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained.' Lord Lyndhurst conferred another favour: he enabled Mr Smith to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, near Taunton, and the rector and his family removed from Yorkshire to Somersetshire. In 1831 the advent of the Whigs to power procured for Mr Smith a prebendal stall at St Paul's, in exchange for the inferior one he held at Bristol. The political agitation during the unsettled state of the Reform Bill elicited from his vigorous pen some letters intended for circulation amongst the poor, and some short but decidedly liberal speeches. In one of these, delivered at Taunton in 1831, he introduced the famous episode of Mrs Partington, which is one of the happiest specimens of his peculiar humour:

Story of Mrs Partington.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Illustrations of this kind are highly characteristic of their author. They display the fertility of his fancy and the richness of his humour, at the same time that they drive home his argument with irresistible effect. Sydney Smith, like Swift, seems never to have taken up his pen from the mere love of composition, but to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly. His wit and banter are equally direct and cogent. Though a professed joker and convivial wit—'a diner-out of the first lustre,' as he has himself characterised Mr Canning—there is not one of his humorous or witty sallies that does not seem to flow naturally, and without effort, as if struck out or remembered at the moment it is used. In his latter years, Sydney Smith waged war with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in a series of Letters addressed to Archdeacon Singleton. He considered that the Commission had been invested with too much power, and that the interests of the inferior clergy had not been sufficiently regarded. The rights of the Dean and Chapter he defended with warmth and spirit, and his tone was at times unfriendly to his old Whig associates. The Letters contain some admirable portrait-painting, bordering on caricature, and a variety of rich illustration. In 1839, the death of his youngest brother, Courtenay, in India, put him in possession of a considerable fortune: 'in my grand climacteric,' he said, 'I became unexpectedly a rich man.' This wealth enabled him to invest money in Pennsylvanian bonds; and when Pennsylvania and other States sought to repudiate the debt due to England, the witty canon of St Paul's took the field, and by a petition and letters on the subject, roused all Europe against the repudiating States. His last work was a short treatise on the use of the Ballot at elections, and this shewed no diminution in his powers of ridicule or reasoning. His useful and distinguished life was closed on the 22d of February 1845. Sydney Smith was a fine representative of the intellectual Englishman—manly, fearless, and independent. His talents were always exercised on practical subjects; to correct what he deemed abuses, to enforce religious toleration, to expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely reformation. No politician was ever more disinterested or effective. He had the wit and energy of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism, and if inferior to Swift in the high attribute of

original inventive genius, he had a peculiar and inimitable breadth of humour and drollery of illustration that served as potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument. Shortly after Mr Smith's death, a paper was published, entitled *A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church*, which he had left in an incomplete state. A Memoir of his life, with a selection from his Letters, was given to the world in 1855, by his daughter, Lady Holland.

Wit the Flavour of the Mind.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something more than witty—who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

Difficulty of Governing a Nation.

It would seem that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere, are considered to be attainable only by study and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution, or to govern a kingdom; at the same time there cannot, perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding than the depreciation of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation upon the entangled relations and awkward complexity of real life; and to follow out the theorems of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage, is a task which they will fear most who know it best—a task in which the great and the good have often failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just in common men to avoid.

Means of Acquiring Distinction.

It is natural to every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, in spite of all false philosophy, is sweet to every human heart; but as eminence can be but the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty which we owe not more to our own happiness than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals; and learn, from frequent competition, the place which nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of truth, and follow that spectre of excellence which beckons you on beyond the walls of the world to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last; but if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or by any exertions multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but in the name of God, as you tremble at retributive justice, and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions; and deem it better to be for ever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

Locking in on Railways.

Railway travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of a hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two hundred or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be every now and then a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris; then all the newspapers up in arms—a thousand regulations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare—loud screams of the velocity whistle—monopoly locks and bolts as before.

The locking plea of directors is philanthropy; and I admit that to guard men from the commission of moral evil is as philanthropical as to prevent physical suffering. There is, I allow, a strong propensity in mankind to travel on railways without paying; and to lock mankind in till they have completed their share of the contract is benevolent, because it guards the species from degrading and immoral conduct; but to burn or crush a whole train, merely to prevent a few immoral insides from not paying, is, I hope, a little more than Ripon or Gladstone will permit.

We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop—the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual concoction by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefits to the public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than nothing. From that moment the bad effects of the monopoly are destroyed; no more fatal deference to the directors; no despotic incarceration, no barbarous inattention to the anatomy and physiology of the human body; no commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. We shall then find it possible *voyager libre sans mourir*.

A Model Bishop.

A grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterperfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence; in parliament, never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the government when *it* was right, leaning to the people when *they* were right; feeling that, if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits on mankind.

All Curates hope to draw Great Prizes.

I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers how very much the great emoluments of the church are flung open to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let a respectable baker drive through the city from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements of Northumberland House; has his little muffin-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendour, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills? But let him drive his alum-steeped loaves a little further, till he reaches St Paul's Churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful fabric; it is not impossible that his little penny-roll may be introduced into that splendid oven. Young Crumpet is sent to school—takes to his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in crumpet is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the university—gets a prize for an Essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes a useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of prebendary, dean, prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, who exercised greater influence on the periodical literature and criticism of this century than any of his contemporaries, was a native of Edinburgh, born on the 23d of October 1773. His father was a depute-clerk in the Court of Session. After education at the High School of Edinburgh, two sessions at the university of Glasgow, and one session—from October to June 1791–92—at Queen's College, Oxford, Mr Jeffrey studied Scots law, and passed as an advocate in 1794. For many years his income did not exceed £100 per annum, but his admirable economy and independent spirit kept him free from debt, and he was indefatigable in the cultivation of his intellectual powers. He was already a Whig in politics. His literary ambition and political sentiment found scope in the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which appeared in October 1802. We have quoted Sydney Smith's account of the origin of this work; the following is a statement on the subject made by Jeffrey to Mr Robert Chambers in 1846:

'I cannot say exactly where the project of the *Edinburgh Review* was first talked of among the projectors. But the first serious consultations about it—and which led to our application to a publisher—were held in a small house, where I then lived, in Buccleuch Place (I forget the number). They were attended by S. Smith, F. Horner, Dr Thomas Brown, Lord Murray (John Archibald Murray, a Scottish advocate, and now one of the Scottish judges*), and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were given to the publisher—he taking the risk and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor, but as many of us as could be got to attend used to meet in a dingy room of Willison's printing-office, in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then offered by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with this; and it was soon found necessary to have a responsible editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time, Constable (the publisher) was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign. Two-thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had—for a long time, at least—a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy. Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that, unless our incognito was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back-approaches or different lanes. He had also so strong an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than anybody. Brown took offence at some alterations Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and left us thus early; publishing at the same time, in a magazine, the fact of his secession—a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after.'

Jeffrey's memory had failed him as respects the first number of the *Review*, for Brougham wrote six of the articles in that number. In the Autobiography of the latter, it is stated that Jeffrey's salary as editor was for five or six years £300 a year, and afterwards £500. We have always understood that it was £50 each number from 1803 to 1809, and afterwards £200 each number. The youth of the Edinburgh reviewers was a fertile source of ridicule and contempt, but the fact was exaggerated. Smith, its projector, was thirty-one; Jeffrey, twenty-nine; Brougham, Horner, and Brown, twenty-four each—'excellent ages for such work,' as Henry Cockburn, the biographer of Jeffrey, has remarked. The world was all before the young adventurers! The only critical journal of any reputation was the *Monthly Review*, into which Mackintosh, Southey, and William Taylor of Norwich, occasionally threw a few pages of literary or political speculation, but without aiming at such lengthy disquisitions or severe critical analysis as those attempted by the new aspirants.

The chief merit and labour attaching to the continuance and the success of the *Edinburgh Review* fell on its accomplished editor. From 1803 to 1829 Mr Jeffrey had the sole management of the *Review;* and when we consider the distinguished ability which it has uniformly displayed,

* This gentleman, distinguished for his liberality and munificence, died in Edinburgh, on the 7th of March 1859, aged eighty-one.

and the high moral character it has upheld, together with the independence and fearlessness with which from the first it has promulgated its canons of criticism on literature, science, and government, we must admit that few men have exercised such influence as Francis Jeffrey on the whole current of contemporary literature and public opinion. Besides his general superintendence, Mr Jeffrey was a large contributor to the *Review*. The departments of poetry and elegant literature seem to have been his chosen field; and he constantly endeavoured, as he says, 'to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter.' This was a vocation of high mark and responsibility, and on the whole the critic discharged his duty with honour and success. As a moral writer he was unimpeachable. In poetical criticism he sometimes failed. This was conspicuously the case as regards Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose originality and rich imaginative genius he would not or could not appreciate. To Montgomery, Lamb, and other young authors he was harsh and unjust. Flushed with success and early ambition, Jeffrey and his coadjutors were more intent on finding fault than in discovering beauties, and were more piqued by occasional deviation from old established conventional rules than gratified by meeting with originality of thought or traces of true inventive genius. They improved in this respect as they grew older, and Jeffrey lived to express regret for the undue severity into which he was occasionally betrayed. Where no prejudice or prepossession intervened, he was an admirable critic. If he was not profound, he was interesting and graceful. His little dissertations on the style and works of Cowper, Crabbe, Byron, and Scott (always excepting the review of *Marmion*, which is a miserable piece of nibbling criticism), as well as his observations on moral science and the philosophy of life, are eloquent and discriminating, and conceived in a fine spirit of humanity. He seldom gave full scope to the expression of his feelings and sympathies, but they do occasionally break forth and kindle up the pages of his criticism. At times, indeed, his language is poetical in a high degree. The following glowing tribute to the universal genius of Shakspeare is worthy of the subject:

On the Genius of Shakspeare.

Many persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry upon their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded, and to trace the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation; a thousand slight and harmonising touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes; and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit which can only be recognised by those who are in some measure under its influence, and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrines which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these there is room enough for originality, and more room than Mr Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters—and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements—which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; *he alone* who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but everything so balanced and kept in subordination as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple, and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

Of the invention of the steam-engine, Jeffrey remarks, with a rich felicity of illustration:

It has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

How just, also, and how finely expressed, is the following refutation of a vulgar error that even Byron condescended to sanction—namely, that genius is a source of peculiar unhappiness to its possessors :

Men of Genius generally Cheerful.

Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent ; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy ; but he was not in earnest, and at anyrate was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakspeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament ; and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved ; but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity ; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay ; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.

Innumerable observations of this kind, remarkable for ease and grace, and for original reflection, may be found scattered through Lord Jeffrey's critiques. His political remarks and views of public events are equally discriminating, but of course will be judged of according to the opinions of the reader. None will be found at variance with national honour or morality, which are paramount to all mere party questions. In his office of literary critic, when quite impartial, Lord Jeffrey exercised singular taste and judgment in making selections from the works he reviewed, and interweaving them, as it were, with the text of his criticism. Whatever was picturesque, solemn, pathetic, or sublime, caught his eye, and was thus introduced to a new and vastly extended circle of readers, besides furnishing matter for various collections of extracts and innumerable school-exercises. The chief defect of his writing is the occasional diffuseness and carelessness of his style. He wrote as he spoke, with great rapidity and with a flood of illustration.

At the bar, Jeffrey's eloquence and intrepidity were not less conspicuous than his literary talents. In 1829 he was, by the unanimous suffrages of his legal brethren, elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and he then resigned the editorship of the *Review* into the hands of another Scottish advocate, MR MACVEY NAPIER (1777–1847). In 1830, on the formation of Earl Grey's ministry, Jeffrey was nominated to the first office under the crown in Scotland—Lord Advocate—and sat for some time in parliament. In 1834 he gladly exchanged the turmoil of politics for the duties of a Scottish judge; and as Lord Jeffrey, he sat on the bench until within a few days of his death, on the 26th of January 1850. As a judge he was noted for undeviating attention, uprightness, and ability ; as a citizen, he was esteemed and beloved. He practised a generous though unostentatious hospitality, preserved all the finer qualities of his mind undiminished to the last, and delighted a wide circle of ever-welcome friends and visitors by his rich conversational powers, candour, and humanity. The more important of Jeffrey's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* were collected by him in 1844, and published in four volumes, since reprinted in one large volume. We add part of a review of Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*, 1819.

The Perishable Nature of Poetical Fame.

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr Campbell through his wide survey, is the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature ; the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now, the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind ; and his purpose being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion ; and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivat* be generally oracular, its *pereat* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious ; and while we would foster all that it bids to live, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance ; for we should soon find it labour, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste : for while our tasks lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever ; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless ; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall ; and many poets,

worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the *Specimens*, however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* for ever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulations of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live; and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to three or four large editions—and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present, but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers; and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great-grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There—if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor—there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is an hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of short-hand reading invented, or all reading must be given up in despair.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM.

Of the original contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, the most persevering, voluminous, and varied was HENRY BROUGHAM, also, like Jeffrey, a native of Edinburgh. His family, however, belonged to the north of England. The father of the future Lord Chancellor came to reside in Edinburgh, and lodged with the widow of a Scottish minister a sister of Dr Robertson the historian. This lady had a daughter, and Eleanora Syme became the wife of Henry Brougham, younger of Brougham Hall in Westmoreland. The first offspring of the marriage was a son, born September 19, 1778, and named Henry Peter. The latter name he seems early to have dropped. At an early age, Henry Brougham was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and his contemporary, Lord Cockburn, in his *Memorials of his Time*, relates a characteristic anecdote, typical of Brougham's future career. 'Brougham,' he says, 'made his first public explosion in Fraser's (the Latin) class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot, but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember having had him pointed out to me as the fellow who had beat the master.' From the High School, Brougham entered the university, and applied himself so assiduously to the study of mathematics, that in 1796 he was able to contribute to the Philosophical Transactions a paper on *Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light*. In 1798 he had another paper in the same work, *General Theorems, chiefly Porisms in the Higher Geometry*. Thomas Campbell, who then lived in Edinburgh, said the best judges there regarded these theorems, as proceeding from a youth of twenty, 'with astonishment.' Having finished his university course, Henry Brougham studied for the Scottish bar, at which he practised till 1807. In 1803, besides co-operating zealously in the *Edinburgh Review*, he published an elaborate work in two volumes, *An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*, in which he discussed the colonial systems of America, France, Spain, and England. His unwearied application, fearlessness, and vehement oratory made him distinguished as an English barrister, and in 1810 he entered the House of Commons, and joined the Whig opposition. There he rose to still greater eminence. His political career does not fall within the scope of this work, but it strikingly illustrates the sagacity of his friend, Francis Horner, who said of him in January 1810: 'I would predict that, though he may very often cause irritation and uncertainty about him to be felt by those with whom he is politically connected, his course will prove, in the main, serviceable to the true faith of liberty and liberal principles.' In the course of his ambitious career, Henry Brougham fell off from his early friends. We have no trace of him in the genial correspondence of Horner, Sydney Smith, or Jeffrey. Politicians neither love nor hate, according to Dryden; but though Brougham could not inspire affection, and was erratic and inconsistent in much of his conduct, amidst all his personal ambition, rashness, and indiscretion, he was the steady friend of public improvement, of slave abolition, popular education, religious toleration, free trade, and law reform. Here were ample grounds for public admiration; and when in 1830 he received the highest professional advancement,

by his elevation to the office of Lord Chancellor, and the name of the great commoner, Henry Brougham, was merged in that of Lord Brougham and Vaux, the nation generally felt and acknowledged that the honours were well won, and worthily bestowed. Lord Brougham held the Great Seal for four years, retiring with his party in November 1834. This terminated his official life, but he afterwards laboured unceasingly as a law reformer. His withdrawal from office also left him leisure for those literary and scientific pursuits which he had never wholly relinquished. Subsequent to that period he brought out a variety of works—*Memoirs of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.; Lives of Men of Letters and Science in the Reign of George III.; Political Philosophy; Speeches, with Historical Introductions, and Dissertation upon the Eloquence of the Ancients; Discourse on Paley's Natural Theology; Analytical View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia; Contributions to the Edinburgh Review;* and several pamphlets on Law Reform. A cheap collected edition of these works, in ten volumes, was issued in 1855–6. In his youth, Brougham is said to have written a novel, and to have tried his hand at poetry! There is, perhaps, no department of science or literature into which he did not make incursions. He only, however, reaped laurels on the fields of forensic and senatorial eloquence. As an essayist or critic, he must rank below his youthful associates, Francis Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. His liveliest contribution (which he never openly acknowledged) was his critique on Lord Byron's *Hours of Idleness.* In the first twenty numbers of the *Review* he wrote eighty articles! Brougham's style is generally heavy, verbose, and inelegant; and his time was, during the better part of his life, too exclusively devoted to public affairs to enable him to keep pace with the age, either in exact scientific knowledge or correct literary information. In his sketches of modern statesmen, however, we have occasionally new facts and letters, to which ordinary writers had not access, illustrative of interesting and important events. Lord Brougham died at Cannes (where he had built a villa, and resided part of every year), on the 7th of May 1868. Seven years before this, in his eighty-fourth year, the veteran statesman commenced writing notices of his *Life and Times,* which were published in three volumes, 1871. These volumes abound in errors and inaccuracies, easily accounted for by the great age of the writer; his vanity and prejudices are also very conspicuous; but the work has the merit of disclosing many of the springs of political movements, and includes a number of valuable letters and other papers.

Studies in Osteology.

From *Discourse on Natural Theology.*

A comparative anatomist, of profound learning and marvellous sagacity, has presented to him what to common eyes would seem a piece of half-decayed bone, found in a wild, in a forest, or in a cave. By accurately examining its shape, particularly the form of its extremity or extremities (if both ends happen to be entire), by close inspection of the texture of its surface, and by admeasurement of its proportions, he can with certainty discover the general form of the animal to which it belonged, its size as well as its shape, the economy of its viscera, and its general habits. Sometimes the investigation in such cases proceeds upon chains of reasoning where all the links are seen and understood; where the connection of the parts found with other parts and with habitudes is perceived, and the reason understood—as that the animal had a trunk, because the neck was short compared with its height; or that it ruminated, because its teeth were imperfect for complete mastication. But frequently the inquiry is as certain in its results, although some links of the chain are concealed from our view, and the conclusion wears a more empirical aspect—as gathering that the animal ruminated, from observing the print of a cloven hoof; or that he had horns, from his wanting certain teeth; or that he wanted the collar-bone, from his having cloven hoofs.

The discoveries already made in this branch of science are truly wonderful, and they proceed upon the strictest rules of induction. It is shewn that animals formerly existed on the globe, being unknown varieties of *species* still known; but it also appears that *species* existed, and even *genera*, wholly unknown for the last five thousand years. These peopled the earth, as it was, not before the general deluge, but before some convulsion long prior to that event had overwhelmed the countries then dry, and raised others from the bottom of the sea. In these curious inquiries, we are conversant, not merely with the world before the flood, but with a world which, before the flood, was covered with water, and which, in far earlier ages, had been the habitation of birds, and beasts, and reptiles. We are carried, as it were, several worlds back, and we reach a period when all was water, and slime, and mud, and the waste, without either man or plants, gave resting-place to enormous beasts like lions and elephants, and river-horses, while the water was tenanted by lizards the size of a whale, sixty or seventy feet long, and by others with huge eyes having shields of solid bone to protect them, and glaring from a neck ten feet in length, and the air was darkened by flying reptiles covered with scales, opening the jaws of the crocodile, and expanding wings, armed at the tips with the claws of the leopard. No less strange, and yet no less proceeding from induction, are the discoveries made respecting the former state of the earth, the manner in which those animals, whether of known or unknown tribes, occupied it, and the period when, or at least the way in which, they ceased to exist.

*Peroration of the Speech at Conclusion of the Trial of Queen Caroline, October 4, 1820.**

Let me call on you, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence: first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling; and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered, except by the means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle, when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been brought forward—when persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a season to impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open, no chance of safety to remain—they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of those two principles; by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be sifted; by a weak point being found where no provision, the attack being unforeseen, had been made to support it. Your Lordships recollect that great passage—I say great, for

* Lord Brougham is said to have written this peroration fifteen times over, in order to render it as perfect and effective as possible.

it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the sacred writings, where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded; 'for that,' as the Book says, 'they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes, that they might not look at Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments.' But they, though giving a clear, consistent, uncontradicted story, were disappointed, and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarisk tree. Let not men call these contradictions or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not men rashly and blindly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favourably protects the innocent.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of the measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice; then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the Crown, which is in jeopardy; the Aristocracy, which is shaken; save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne. You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

Law Reform.

From Speech in the House of Commons, Feb. 7, 1828.

The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame, and more useful import, than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him contemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast: 'I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand.' You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

A taste for literary history and anecdote was diffused by MR ISAAC D'ISRAELI (1766–1848), author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, and a long series of kindred works and compilations. After some abortive poetical efforts, Mr D'Israeli in 1791 published the first volume of his *Curiosities of Literature;* a second was added in 1792, and a third in 1817. A second series in three volumes was published in 1823. During the progress of this *magnum opus* of the author, he issued essays on *Anecdotes*, on the *Manners and Genius of the Literary Character*, a volume of *Miscellanies or Literary Recreations*, and several volumes of novels and romances long since forgotten. At length, in 1812, he struck into his natural vein with *Calamities of Authors*, *Quarrels of Authors*, 1814; the *Literary and Political Character of James I.*, 1816; *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.*, 1828–31; *Eliot, Hampden, and Pym*, 1832; &c. Though labouring under partial blindness, Mr D'Israeli in 1841 issued three volumes entitled *The Amenities of Literature*, consisting, like the *Curiosities* and *Miscellanies*, of detached papers and dissertations on literary and historical subjects, written in a pleasant philosophical style, which presents the fruits of antiquarian research and study—not, however, always well digested or accurately stated—without their dryness and general want of connection. Few authors have traversed so many fields of literature, and gleaned such a variety of curious and interesting particulars. After a long life spent in literary research and composition, Mr D'Israeli died at his seat of Brandenham House, Bucks, in 1848, aged eighty-two. In the following year, a new edition—the fourteenth—of the *Curiosities of Literature* was published, accompanied with a memoir from the pen of his son, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, who has since published a collected edition of his father's works in seven handsome portable volumes. The family of D'Israeli settled in England in 1748. The father of Isaac was an Italian descendant of one of the Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century, and who found a refuge in the Venetian republic. 'His ancestors,' says Mr Benjamin Disraeli, 'had dropped their Gothic surname on their settlement in the Terra Firma, and, grateful to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of Disraeli [more correctly D'Israeli, for so it was written down to the time

of its present political owner], a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be for ever recognised.' This seems a poetical genealogy. Benjamin D'Israeli, the first English settler of the race, entered into business in London, made a fortune while still in middle life, and retired to Enfield, where he died in 1817, at the age of ninety. Isaac, his son, was wholly devoted to literature. His parents considered him moon-struck, but after various efforts to make him a man of business, they acquiesced in his determination to become a man of letters. He wrote a poem against Wolcot, a satire *On the Abuse of Satire*, and then entered on that course of antiquarian literary research which has made his name known to the world. His fortune was sufficient for his wants, his literary reputation was considerable, and he possessed a happy equanimity of character. 'His feelings,' says his son, 'though always amiable, were not painfully deep, and amid joy or sorrow, the philosophic vein was ever evident.' His thoughts all centred in his library! The *Curiosities of Literature* still maintain their place. Some errors—chiefly in boasted discoveries and second-hand quotations—have been pointed out by Mr Bolton Corney, in his amusing and sarcastic volume of *Illustrations* (1838), but the labours of D'Israeli are not likely to be soon superseded. He was not the first in the field. 'Among my earliest literary friends,' he says, 'two distinguished themselves by their anecdotical literature; James Petit Andrews, by his *Anecdotes Ancient and Modern*, and William Seward, by his *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons*. These volumes were favourably received, and to such a degree, that a wit of that day, and who is still (1839) a wit as well as a poet, considered that we were far gone in our "anecdotage."'* D'Israeli's work, *The Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions*, is his ablest production. It was a favourite with Byron—'often a consolation, and always a pleasure.'

REV. CALEB C. COLTON.

An excellent collection of apophthegms and moral reflections was published in 1820, under the title of *Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words; addressed to those who Think*. Six editions of the work were disposed of within a twelvemonth, and the author in 1822 added a second volume to the collection. The history of the author of *Lacon* conveys a moral more striking than any of his maxims. The REV. CALEB C. COLTON was vicar of Kew and Petersham; gambling and extravagance forced him to leave England, and he resided some time in America and in Paris. In the French capital he is said to have been so successful as a gamester that in two years he realised £25,000. He committed suicide at Fontainebleau in 1832. We subjoin a few of the reflections from *Lacon*.

* Those works are now rarely met with. The *Anecdotes* of JAMES PETIT ANDREWS (1737-1797) were published in 1789-90. He wrote also a *Continuation of Henry's History of England*, and other historical and antiquarian works.—WILLIAM SEWARD (1747-1799) published his *Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons*, in two volumes, in 1794. He added three more volumes, and afterwards another work of the same kind, *Biographiana*, two volumes, 1799. Mr Seward was the son of a wealthy brewer, partner in the firm of Calvert & Co. Notices of him will be found in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

True Genius always united to Reason.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and that, so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

Error only to be Combated by Argument.

We should justly ridicule a general, who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

Mystery and Intrigue.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by-paths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along, upon the high and beaten road of common-sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea

and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very heavy—the night to be very dark—the water to be very deep—and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.

Magnanimity in Humble Life.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond the belief as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Avarice.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is the most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a mean to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother-slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions, as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth must be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

JOHN NICHOLS—ARTHUR YOUNG.

One of the most industrious of literary collectors and editors was JOHN NICHOLS (1745-1826), who for nearly half a century conducted the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr Nichols was early put apprentice to WILLIAM BOWYER, an eminent London printer (1699-1778), who, with scholarship that reflected honour on himself and his *craft*, edited an edition of the New Testament, with notes, and was author of several philological tracts. On the death of Bowyer, Mr Nichols carried on the printing business—in which he had previously been a partner—and became associated with David Henry, the brother-in-law of Cave, the original proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Henry died in 1792, and the whole labours of the magazine and business devolved on Mr Nichols, whose industry was never relaxed. The most important of his numerous labours are his *Anecdotes, Literary and Biographical, of William Bowyer*, 1782; *The History and Antiquities of Leicester*, 1795-1811; *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, eight volumes, 1812-14; and *Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century*—supplementary to the *Anecdotes*—three volumes octavo. Additions have from time to time been made to these works by Mr Nichols's son and successor, so that the *Anecdotes* form nine large volumes, and the *Illustrations* eight volumes, the seventeenth—completing the series—having been issued in 1859. Mr Nichols edited the correspondence of Atterbury and Steele, Fuller's *Worthies*, Swift's works, &c., and compiled accounts of the *Royal Progresses and Processions of Queen Elizabeth and James I.*, each in three volumes quarto.

ARTHUR YOUNG (1741-1820) was eminent for his writings and services in the promotion of agriculture. He was one of the first who succeeded in elevating this great national interest to the dignity of a science, and rendering it popular among the higher classes of the country. He was for many years an unsuccessful theorist and experimenter on a small paternal estate in Suffolk to which he succeeded, but the knowledge thus acquired he turned to good account. In 1770 he commenced a periodical, entitled *The Farmer's Calendar;* and he afterwards edited another periodical, *The Annals of Agriculture*, to which King George III. was an occasional contributor. A list of his published letters, pamphlets, &c. on subjects of rural economy, would fill one of our pages; but the most important of Young's works are a *Tour in Ireland*, 1776-79, and *Travels in France*, 1787-89. These journeys were undertaken by the recommendation and assistance of government, with a view of ascertaining the cultivation, wealth, resources, and prosperity of Ireland and France. He was author also of surveys of the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, Hertford, Essex, and Oxford; with reports on waste lands, inclosures, &c. The French Revolution alarmed Young with respect to its probable effects on the English lower classes, and he wrote several warning treatises and political tracts. Sir John Sinclair—another devoted and patriotic agriculturist—having prevailed on Pitt to establish a Board of Agriculture, Arthur Young was appointed its secretary, with a salary of £400 per annum, and he was indefatigable in his exertions to carry out the views of the association. To the end of his long life, even after he was afflicted with blindness, the attention of Mr Young was devoted to pursuits of practical utility. Some of his theories as to the system of large farms—for which he was a strenuous advocate—and other branches of agricultural labour, may be questioned; but he was a valuable pioneer, who cleared the way for many improvements since accomplished.

SIR JOHN CARR.

A series of light descriptive and gossiping tours, by SIR JOHN CARR (1772-1832), made con-

siderable noise in their day. The first and best was *The Stranger in France*, 1803. This was followed by *Travels Round the Baltic*, 1804-5; *The Stranger in Ireland*, 1806; *Tour through Holland*, 1807; *Caledonian Sketches*, 1809; *Travels in Spain*, 1811. Sir John was also author of some indifferent poems and dramas. This indefatigable tourist had been an attorney in Dorsetshire, but the success of his first work on France induced him to continue a series of similar publications. In Ireland he was knighted by the Lord-lieutenant (the Duke of Bedford), and his Irish tour was ridiculed in a witty jeu d'esprit, *My Pocket-book*, written by Mr E. Dubois of the Temple. Sir John prosecuted the publishers of this satire, but was non-suited. His *Caledonian Sketches* were happily ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review;* and Byron—who had met the knight-errant at Cadiz, and implored 'not to be put down in black and white'—introduced him into some suppressed stanzas of *Childe Harold*, in which he is styled 'Green Erin's knight and Europe's wandering star.'

REV. JAMES BERESFORD.

A humorous work, in the form of dialogues, entitled *The Miseries of Human Life*, 1806-7, had great success and found numerous imitators. It went through nine editions in a twelvemonth—partly, perhaps, because it formed the subject of a very amusing critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. 'It is the English only,' as Scott remarks, 'who submit to the same tyranny, from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life;' and it is these petty miseries which in this work form the subject of dialogues between the imaginary interlocutors, Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive. The jokes are occasionally heavy, and the classical quotations forced, but the object of the author was attained—the book sold, and its readers laughed. We subjoin two short 'groans.'

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession, thinking at your leisure of a repartee, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold in the hearing of certain elderly ladies 'of the faculty,' who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate by 'taking you off' before morning.

The author of this jeu d'esprit was a clergyman, the REV. JAMES BERESFORD, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford (1764-1840). Mr Beresford was author of several translations and essays.

BRYDGES—DOUCE—FOSBROOKE—ETC.

In the style of popular literary illustration, with imagination and poetical susceptibility, may be mentioned SIR EGERTON BRYDGES (1762-1837), who published the *Censura Literaria*, 1805-9, in ten volumes; the *British Bibliographer*, in three volumes; an enlarged edition of Collins's *British Peerage; Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron*, &c. As principal editor of the *Retrospective Review*, Sir Egerton Brydges drew public attention to the beauties of many old writers, and extended the feeling of admiration which Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and others had awakened. In 1835 this veteran author edited an edition of Milton's poetical works in six volumes. A tone of querulous egotism and complaint pervades most of the works of this author, but his taste and exertions in English literature entitle him to high respect. Sir Egerton's original works are numerous—*Sonnets and Poems*, 1785-95; *Imaginary Biography*, 1834; *Autobiography*, 1834; with several novels, letters, &c. Wordsworth praised highly the following sonnet by Brydges:

Echo and Silence.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the stores to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo
Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy;
And lo! she 's gone—in robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunters' horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister. Hark! For onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill;
Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

The *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, published in 1807, by MR FRANCIS DOUCE (1762-1834), and the *British Monachism*, 1802, and *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, 1824, by the REV. T. D. FOSBROOKE (1770-1842), are works of great research and value as repositories of curious information. Works of this kind illustrate the pages of our poets and historians, besides conveying pictures of national manners.

A record of English customs is preserved in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, published, with additions, by SIR HENRY ELLIS, in two volumes quarto, in 1808; and in 1842 in two cheap portable volumes. The work relates to the customs at country wakes, sheep-shearings, and other rural practices, and is an admirable delineation of olden life and manners. Mr Brand (1743-1806) was a noted collector and antiquary.

ROBERT MUDIE (1777-1842), an indefatigable writer, self-educated, was a native of Forfarshire, and for some time connected with the London press. He wrote and compiled altogether about ninety volumes, including *Babylon the Great, a Picture of Men and Things in London; Modern Athens*, a sketch of Edinburgh society; *The British Naturalist; The Feathered Tribes of Great Britain; A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature;* two series of four volumes each, entitled *The Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, and the Air*, and *Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter;* and next, *Man, Physical, Moral, Social, and Intellectual; The World Described*, &c. He furnished the letterpress to Gilbert's *Modern Atlas*, the natural history to the *British Cyclopædia*, and numerous other contributions to periodical works. Mudie was a nervous and able writer, deficient in taste in works of light literature and satire, but an acute and philosophical observer of nature, and peculiarly happy in his

geographical dissertations and works on natural history. His imagination could lighten up the driest details; but it was often too excursive and unbridled. His works were also hastily produced, 'to provide for the day that was passing over him;' but, considering these disadvantages, his intellectual energy and acquirements were wonderful.

TRAVELLERS

MACARTNEY—STAUNTON—BRUCE—MUNGO PARK.

The growing importance of our trade with China suggested a mission to the imperial court, in order to obtain some extension of the limits within which the traffic was confined. In 1792 an embassy was formed on a liberal scale, LORD MACARTNEY (1737–1806) being placed at its head, and SIR GEORGE L. STAUNTON (1737–1801) being secretary of legation or envoy-extraordinary. These two able diplomatists and travellers had served together in India, Macartney as governor of Madras, and Staunton as his secretary. The latter negotiated the peace with Tippoo Sahib in 1784, for which he was elevated to the baronetcy, and received from the East India Company a pension of £500 a year. The mission to China did not result in securing the commercial advantages anticipated, but the *Journal* published by Lord Macartney, and the *Authentic Account of the Embassy* by Sir George Staunton, added greatly to our knowledge of the empire and people of China. Sir George's work was in two volumes quarto, and formed one of the most interesting and novel books of travels in the language. It was read with great avidity, and translated into French and German.

One of the most romantic and persevering of our travellers was JAMES BRUCE of Kinnaird, a Scottish gentleman of ancient family and property, who devoted several years to a journey into Abyssinia to discover the sources of the river Nile. The fountains of celebrated rivers have led to some of our most interesting exploratory expeditions. Superstition has hallowed the sources of the Nile and the Ganges, and the mysterious Niger long wooed our adventurous travellers into the sultry plains of Africa. The inhabitants of mountainous countries still look with veneration on their principal streams, and as they roll on before them, connect them in imagination with the ancient glories or traditional legends of their native land. Bruce partook largely of this feeling, and was a man of an ardent enthusiastic temperament. He was born at Kinnaird House, in the county of Stirling, on the 14th of December 1730, and was intended for the legal profession. He was averse, however, to the study of the law, and entered into business as a wine-merchant in London. Being led to visit Spain and Portugal, he was struck with the architectural ruins and chivalrous tales of the Moorish dominion, and applied himself diligently to the study of Eastern antiquities and languages. On his return to England he became known to the government, and it was proposed that he should make a journey to Barbary, which had been partially explored by Dr Shaw. At the same time, the consulship of Algiers became vacant, and Bruce was appointed to the office. He left England, and arrived at Algiers in 1762. Above six years were spent by our traveller at Algiers and in various travels—during which he surveyed and sketched the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec—and it was not till June 1768 that he reached Alexandria. Thence he proceeded to Cairo, and embarked on the Nile. He arrived at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, and after some stay there, he set out for the sources of Bahr-el-Azrek, under an impression that this was the principal branch of the Nile. The spot was at length pointed out by his guide—a hillock of green sod in the middle of a watery plain. The guide counselled him to pull off his shoes, as the people were all pagans, and prayed to the river as if it were God.

First View of the Supposed Source of the Nile.

'Half-undressed as I was,' continues Bruce, 'by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes, I ran down the hill towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vainglory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return; I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had too rashly woven for myself.'

After several adventures in Abyssinia, in the course of which he received high personal distinctions from the king, Bruce obtained leave to depart. He returned through the great deserts of Nubia into Egypt, encountering the severest hardships and dangers from the sand-floods and simoom of the desert, and his own physical sufferings and exhaustion.

It was not until seventeen years after his return that Bruce published his Travels. Parts had been made public, and were much ridiculed. Even Johnson doubted whether he had ever been in Abyssinia! The work appeared in 1790, in five large quarto volumes, with another volume of

plates. The strangeness of the author's adventures at the court at Gondar, the somewhat inflated style of the narrative, and the undisguised vanity of the traveller, led to a disbelief of his statements, and numerous lampoons and satires, both in prose and verse, were directed against him. The really honourable and superior points of Bruce's character—such as his energy and daring, his various knowledge and acquirements, and his disinterested zeal in undertaking such a journey at his own expense—were overlooked in this petty war of the wits. Bruce felt their attacks keenly; but he was a proud-spirited man, and did not deign to reply to pasquinades impeaching his veracity. He survived his publication only four years. The foot which had trod without failing the deserts of Nubia, slipped one evening on his own staircase, while handing a lady to her carriage, and he died in consequence of the injury then received, April 16, 1794. A second edition of the Travels, edited by Dr Alexander Murray—an excellent Oriental scholar—was published in 1805, and a third in 1813. The style of Bruce is prolix and inelegant, though occasionally energetic. He seized upon the most prominent points, and coloured them highly. The general accuracy of his work has been confirmed from different quarters. MR HENRY SALT (died in 1827), the next European traveller in Abyssinia, twice penetrated into the interior of the country—in 1805 and 1810—but without reaching so far as Bruce. This gentleman confirms the historical parts of Bruce's narrative; and MR NATHANIEL PEARCE (1780–1820), who resided many years in Abyssinia, and was engaged by Salt—verifies one of Bruce's most extraordinary statements—the practice of the Abyssinians of eating raw meat cut out of a living cow! This was long ridiculed and disbelieved, though in reality it is not much more barbarous than the custom which long prevailed among the poor Highlanders in Scotland of bleeding their cattle in winter for food. Pearce witnessed the operation: a cow was thrown down, and two pieces of flesh, weighing about a pound, cut from the buttock, after which the wounds were sewed up, and plastered over with cow-dung. Dr Clarke and other travellers have borne testimony to the correctness of Bruce's drawings and maps. The only disingenuousness charged against our traveller is his alleged concealment of the fact, that the Nile, whose sources have been in all ages an object of curiosity, was the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White River, flowing from the west, and not the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue River, which descends from Abyssinia, and which he explored. It seems also clear that Paez, the Portuguese traveller, had long previously visited the source of the Bahr-el-Azrek.

Next in interest and novelty to the travels of Bruce are those of MUNGO PARK in Central Africa. Mr Park was born at Fowlshiels, near Selkirk, on the 10th of September 1771. He studied medicine, and performed a voyage to Bencoolen in the capacity of assistant-surgeon to an East Indiaman. The African Association, founded in 1778 for the purpose of promoting discovery in the interior of Africa, had sent out several travellers—John Ledyard, Lucas, and Major Houghton—all of whom had died. Park, however, undeterred by these examples, embraced the society's offer, and set sail in May 1795. On the 21st of June following he arrived at Jillifree, on the banks of the Gambia. He pursued his journey towards the kingdom of Bambarra, and saw the great object of his mission, the river Niger, flowing towards the east. The sufferings of Park during his journey, the various incidents he encountered, his captivity among the Moors, and his description of the inhabitants, their manners, trade, and customs, constitute a narrative of the deepest interest. The traveller returned to England towards the latter end of the year 1797, when all hope of him had been abandoned, and in 1799 he published his Travels. The style is simple and manly, and replete with a fine moral feeling. One of his adventures—which had the honour of being turned into verse by the Duchess of Devonshire—is thus related. The traveller had reached the town of Sego, the capital of Bambarra, and wished to cross the river towards the residence of the king.

The Compassionate African Matron.

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress—pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension—called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has

no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus.*—Let us pity the white man—no mother has he,' &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

His fortitude under suffering, and the natural piety of his mind, are beautifully illustrated by an incident related after he had been robbed and stripped of most of his clothes at a village near Kooma :

The Traveller's Pious Fortitude.

After the robbers were gone, I sat for some time looking around me with amazement and terror. Whichever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foresight could possibly have averted my present sufferings. I was indeed a stranger in a strange land, yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to shew from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation ; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like those would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand ; and I was not disappointed. In a short time I came to a small village, at the entrance of which I overtook the two shepherds who had come with me from Kooma. They were much surprised to see me ; for they said they never doubted that the Foulahs, when they had robbed, had murdered me. Departing from this village, we travelled over several rocky ridges, and at sunset arrived at Sibidooloo, the frontier town of the kingdom of Manding.

Park had discovered the Niger—or Joliba, or Quorra—flowing to the east, and thus set at rest the doubts as to its direction in the interior of Africa. He was not satisfied, however, but longed to follow up his discovery by tracing it to its termination. For some years he was constrained to remain at home, and he followed his profession of a surgeon in the town of Peebles. He embraced a second offer from the African Association, and arrived at Goree on the 28th of March 1805. Before he saw the Niger once more 'rolling its immense stream along the plain,' misfortunes had thickened around him. His expedition consisted originally of forty-four men ; now, only seven remained. He built a boat at Sansanding to prosecute his voyage down the river, and entered it on the 17th of November 1805, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or to perish in the attempt. The party had sailed several days, when, on passing a rocky part of the river named Bussa, the natives attacked them, and Park and one of his companions (Lieutenant Martyn) were drowned while attempting to escape by swimming. The letters and journals of the traveller had been sent by him to Gambia previous to his embarking on the fatal voyage ; and a narrative of the journey, compiled from them, was published in 1815.

To explore the interior of Africa continued still to be an object of adventurous ambition. Park had conjectured that the Niger and Congo were one river ; and in 1816 a double expedition was planned, one part of which was destined to ascend the Congo, and the other to descend the Niger, hopes being entertained that a meeting would take place at some point of the mighty stream. The command of this expedition was given to CAPTAIN TUCKEY, an experienced naval officer ; and he was accompanied by Mr Smith, a botanist, Mr Cranch, a zoologist, and by Mr Galway, an intelligent friend. The expedition was unfortunate—all died but Captain Tuckey, and he was compelled to abandon the enterprise from fever and exhaustion. In the narrative of this expedition, there is an interesting account of the country of Congo, which appears to be an undefined tract of territory, hemmed in between Loango on the north and Angola on the south, and stretching far inland. The military part of this expedition, under Major Peddie, was equally unfortunate. He did not ascend the Gambia, but pursued the route by the Rio Nunez and the country of the Foulahs. Peddie died at Kacundy, at the head of the Rio Nunez ; and Captain Campbell, on whom the command then devolved, also sunk under the pressure of disease and distress. In 1819 two other travellers, MR RITCHIE and LIEUTENANT LYON, proceeded from Tripoli to Fezzan, with the view of penetrating southward as far as Sudan. The climate soon extinguished all hopes from this expedition ; Mr Ritchie sunk beneath it, and Lieutenant Lyon was so reduced as to be able to extend his journey only to the southern frontiers of Fezzan.

DENHAM AND CLAPPERTON.

In 1822 another important African expedition was planned by a different route, under the care of MAJOR DENHAM, CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON, and DR OUDNEY. They proceeded from Tripoli across the Great Desert to Bornu, and in February 1823 arrived at Kuka, the capital of Bornu. An immense lake, the Tchad, was seen to form the receptacle of the rivers of Bornu, and the country was highly populous. The travellers were hospitably entertained at Kuka. Oudney fell a victim to the climate ; but Clapperton penetrated as far as Sokoto, the residence of the Sultan Bello, and the capital of the Fellatah empire. The sultan received him with much state, and admired all the presents that were brought to him. 'Everything,' he said, 'is wonderful, but you are the greatest curiosity of all.' The traveller's presence of mind is illustrated by the following anecdote :

'*March* 19.—I was sent for,' says Clapperton, 'by the sultan, and desired to bring with me the "looking-glass of the sun," the name they gave to my sextant. I first exhibited a planisphere of the heavenly bodies. The sultan knew all the signs of the zodiac, some of the constellations, and many of the stars, by their Arabic names. The looking-glass of the sun was then brought forward, and occasioned much surprise. I had to explain all its appendages. The inverting telescope was an object of immense astonishment; and I had to stand at some little distance, to let the sultan look at me through it, for his people were all afraid of placing themselves within its magical influence. I had next to shew him how to take an observation of the sun. The case of the artificial horizon, of which I had lost the key, was sometimes very difficult to open, as happened on this occasion; I asked one of the people near me for a knife to press up the lid. He handed me one quite too small, and I quite inadvertently asked for a dagger for the same purpose. The sultan was immediately thrown into a fright; he seized his sword, and half drawing it from the scabbard, placed it before him, trembling all the time like an aspen-leaf. I did not deem it prudent to take the least notice of his alarm, although it was I who had in reality most cause of fear; and on receiving the dagger, I calmly opened the case, and returned the weapon to its owner with apparent unconcern. When the artificial horizon was arranged, the sultan and all his attendants had a peep at the sun, and my breach of etiquette seemed entirely forgotten.'

Sokoto formed the utmost limit of the expedition. The result was published in 1826, under the title of *Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, in the years* 1822, 1823, *and* 1824, *by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton, and the late Dr Oudney*. Clapperton resumed his travels in 1825, and completed a journey across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin, accompanied by Captain Pearce, a naval surgeon, a draughtsman, and Richard Lander, a young man who volunteered to accompany him as a confidential servant. They landed at Badagry, in the Bight of Benin; but death soon cut off all but Clapperton and Lander. They pursued their course, and visited Bussa, the scene of Mungo Park's death. They proceeded to Sokoto, after an interesting journey, with the view of soliciting permission from the sultan to visit Timbuktu and Bornu. In this Clapperton was unsuccessful; and being seized with dysentery, he died in the arms of his faithful servant on the 13th of April 1827. Lander was allowed to return; and in 1830 he published an account of Captain Clapperton's last expedition. The unfortunate traveller was at the time of his death in his thirty-ninth year.

Clapperton made valuable additions to our knowledge of the interior of Africa. 'The limit of Lieutenant Lyon's journey southward across the desert was in latitude 24 degrees, while Major Denham, in his expedition to Mandara, reached latitude 9 degrees 15 minutes; thus adding $14\frac{3}{4}$ degrees, or 900 miles, to the extent explored by Europeans. Hornemann, it is true, had previously crossed the desert, and had proceeded as far southward as Nyffe, in latitude $10\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; but no account was ever received of his journey. Park in his first expedition reached Silla, in longitude 1 degree 34 minutes west, a distance of 1100 miles from the mouth of the Gambia. Denham and Clapperton, on the other hand, from the east side of Lake Tchad in longitude 17 degrees, to Sokoto in longitude $5\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, explored a distance of 700 miles from east to west in the heart of Africa; a line of only 400 miles remaining unknown between Silla and Sokoto. But the second journey of Captain Clapperton added tenfold value to these discoveries. He had the good-fortune to detect the shortest and most easy road to the populous countries of the interior; and he could boast of being the first who had completed an itinerary across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin.'*

RICHARD LANDER.

The honour of discovering and finally determining the course of the Niger was left to RICHARD LANDER. Under the auspices of government, Lander and his brother left England in January 1830, and arrived at Badagry on the 19th of March. From Bussa they sailed down the Niger, and ultimately *entered the Atlantic* by the river Nun, one of the branches from the Niger. They returned from their triumphant expedition in June 1831, and published an account of their travels in three small volumes, for which Mr Murray, the eminent bookseller, is said to have given a thousand guineas. Richard Lander was induced to embark in another expedition to Africa—a commercial speculation fitted out by some Liverpool merchants, which proved an utter failure. A party of natives attacked the adventurers on the river Niger, and Lander was wounded by a musket-ball. He arrived at Fernando Po, but died from the effects of his wound on the 16th of February 1834, aged thirty-one. A narrative of this unfortunate expedition was published in 1837 in two volumes, by Mr Macgregor Laird and Mr Oldfield, surviving officers of the expedition.

BOWDICH—CAMPBELL—BURCHELL.

Of Western Africa, interesting accounts are given in the *Mission to Ashantee*, 1819, by MR BOWDICH; and of Southern Africa, in the *Travels* of MR CAMPBELL, a missionary, 1822; and in *Travels in Southern Africa*, 1822, by MR BURCHELL. Campbell was the first to penetrate beyond Lattaku, the capital of the Bechuana tribe of the Matchapins. He made two missions to Africa, one in 1813, and a second in 1820, both being undertaken under the auspices of the Missionary Society. He founded a Christian establishment at Lattaku, but the natives evinced little disposition to embrace the pure faith, so different from their sensual and superstitious rites. Until Mr Bowdich's mission to Ashantee, that powerful kingdom and its capital, Coomassie (a city of 100,000 souls), although not nine days' journey from the English settlements on the coast, were known only by name, and very few persons in England had ever formed the faintest idea of the barbaric pomp and magnificence, or of the state, strength, and political condition of the Ashantee nation.

J. L. BURCKHARDT—J. B. BELZONI.

Among the numerous victims of African discovery are two eminent travellers—Burckhardt and Belzoni. JOHN LUDWIG BURCKHARDT (1784-1817) was a native of Switzerland, who visited England,

* *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery.*

and was engaged by the African Association. He proceeded to Aleppo in 1809, and resided two years in that city, personating the character of a Mussulman doctor of laws, and acquiring a perfect knowledge of the language and customs of the East. He visited Palmyra, Damascus, and Lebanon; stopped some time at Cairo, and made a pilgrimage to Mecca, crossing the Nubian desert by the route taken by Bruce. He returned to Cairo, and was preparing to depart thence in a caravan for Fezzan, in the north of Africa, when he was cut off by a fever. His journals, letters, and memoranda, were all preserved, and are very valuable. He was an accurate observer of men and manners, and his works throw much light on the geography and moral condition of the countries he visited. They were published at intervals from 1819 to 1830.—JOHN BAPTIST BELZONI was a native of Padua, in Italy, who came to England in 1803. He was a man of immense stature and muscular strength, capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. From 1815 to 1819 he was engaged in exploring the antiquities of Egypt. Works on this subject had previously appeared—The *Egyptiaca* of Hamilton, 1809; Mr Legh's *Narrative of a Journey in Egypt*, 1816; Captain Light's *Travels*, 1818; and *Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey*, &c., by Mr R. Walpole, 1817. Mr Legh's account of the antiquities of Nubia—the region situated on the upper part of the Nile—had attracted much attention. While the temples of Egypt are edifices raised above ground, those of Nubia are excavated rocks, and some almost of mountain magnitude have been hewn into temples and chiseled into sculpture. Mr Legh was the first adventurer in this career. Belzoni acted as assistant to Mr Salt, the British consul at Egypt, in exploring the Egyptian Pyramids and ancient tombs. Some of these remains of art were eminently rich and splendid, and one which he discovered near Thebes, containing a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, minutely sculptured with hundreds of figures, he brought with him to Britain, and it is now in the British Museum. In 1820 he published *A Narrative of Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, &c. in Egypt and Nubia*, which shews how much may be done by the labour and unremitting exertions of one individual. Belzoni's success in Egypt, his great bodily strength, and his adventurous spirit, inspired him with the hope of achieving discoveries in Africa. He sailed to the coast of Guinea, with the intention of travelling to Timbuktu, but died at Benin of an attack of dysentery on the 3d of December 1823, aged sixty-five. We subjoin a few passages from Belzoni's Narrative:

The Ruins at Thebes.

On the 22d, we saw for the first time the ruins of great Thebes, and landed at Luxor. Here I beg the reader to observe, that but very imperfect ideas can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, even from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers. It is absolutely impossible to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence. The temple of Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks, and colossal statues in the front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments, and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns, described by Mr Hamilton—cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all that he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes by the towering remains that project a great height above the wood of palm-trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphinxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Aboo, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plains of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, figures, &c., are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller, who will not fail to wonder how a nation which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion that even their language and writing are totally unknown to us.

Opening a Tomb at Thebes.

On the 16th of October 1817, I set a number of fellahs, or labouring Arabs, to work, and caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill, and under the bed of a torrent, which, when it rains, pours a great quantity of water over the spot in which they were digging. No one could imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water; but I had strong reasons to suppose that there was a tomb in that place, from indications I had previously observed in my search of other sepulchres. The Arabs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that nothing was to be found there; but I persisted in carrying on the work; and on the evening of the following day we perceived the part of the rock that had been hewn and cut away. On the 18th, early in the morning, the task was resumed; and about noon, the workmen reached the opening, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. When there was room enough for me to creep through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor, I perceived immediately, by the painting on the roof, and by the hieroglyphics in basso-relievo, that I had at length reached the entrance of a large and magnificent tomb. I hastily passed along this corridor, and came to a staircase 23 feet long, at the foot of which I entered another gallery 37 feet 3 inches long, where my progress was suddenly arrested by a large pit 30 feet deep and 14 feet by 12 feet 3 inches wide. On the other side, and in front of me, I observed a small aperture 2 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches high, and at the bottom of the pit a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood, that was laid across the passage against the projections which formed a kind of doorway, appeared to have been used formerly for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. The wood, and the rope fastened to it, crumbled to dust on being touched. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by means of the rope into the

aperture. It was not till the following day that we contrived to make a bridge of two beams, and crossed the pit, when we discovered the little aperture to be an opening forced through a wall, that had entirely closed what we afterwards found to be the entrance into magnificent halls and corridors beyond. The ancient Egyptians had closely shut it up, plastered the wall over, and painted it like the rest of the sides of the pit, so that, but for the aperture, it would have been impossible to suppose that there was any further proceeding. Any one would have concluded that the tomb ended with the pit. Besides, the pit served the purpose of receiving the rain-water which might occasionally fall in the mountain, and thus kept out the damp from the inner part of the tomb. We passed through the small aperture, and then made the full discovery of the whole sepulchre.

An inspection of the model will exhibit the numerous galleries and halls through which we wandered; and the vivid colours and extraordinary figures on the walls and ceilings, which everywhere met our view, will convey an idea of the astonishment we must have felt at every step. In one apartment we found the carcass of a bull embalmed; and also scattered in various places wooden figures of mummies covered with asphaltum, to preserve them. In some of the rooms were lying about statues of fine earth, baked, coloured blue, and strongly varnished; in another part were four wooden figures standing erect, four feet high, with a circular hollow inside, as if intended to contain a roll of papyrus. The sarcophagus, of oriental alabaster, was found in the centre of the hall, to which I gave the name of the saloon, without a cover, which had been removed and broken; and the body that had once occupied this superb coffin had been carried away. We were not, therefore, the first who had profanely entered this mysterious mansion of the dead, though there is no doubt it had remained undisturbed since the time of the invasion of the Persians.

The architectural ruins and monuments on the banks of the Nile are stupendous relics of former ages. They reach back to the period when Thebes poured her heroes through a hundred gates, and Greece and Rome were the desert abodes of barbarians. 'From the tops of the Pyramids,' said Napoleon to his soldiers on the eve of battle, 'the shades of forty centuries look down upon you.' Learning and research have unveiled part of the mystery of these august memorials. Men like Belzoni have penetrated into the vast sepulchres, and unearthed the huge sculpture; and scholars like Young and Champollion, by studying the hieroglyphic writing of the ancient Egyptians, have furnished a key by which we may ascertain the object and history of these Eastern remains.

DR E. D. CLARKE.

One of the most original and interesting of modern travellers was the REV. DR EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE (1769–1822), a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and the first Professor of Mineralogy in that university. In 1799 Dr Clarke set off with Mr Malthus and some other college-friends on a journey among the northern nations. He travelled for three years and a half, visiting the south of Russia, part of Asia, Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine. The first volume of his Travels appeared in 1810, and included Russia, Tartary, and Turkey. The second, which became more popular, was issued in 1812, and included Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; and three other volumes appeared at intervals before 1819. The sixth volume was published after his death, part being contributed by Mr Walpole, author of *Travels in the Levant*. Dr Clarke received from his publishers the large sum of £7000 for his collection of Travels. Their success was immediate and extensive. As an honest and accomplished writer, careful in his facts, clear and polished in his style, and comprehensive in his knowledge and observation, Dr Clarke has not been excelled by any general European traveller.

Description of the Pyramids.

We were roused as soon as the sun dawned by Antony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the Pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the Pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation—ideas of duration almost endless, of power inconceivable, of majesty supreme, of solitude most awful, of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

Upon the 23d of August 1802 we set out for the Pyramids, the inundation enabling us to approach within less than a mile of the larger pyramid in our djerm [or boat]. Messrs Hammer and Hamilton accompanied us. We arrived at Djiza at daybreak, and called upon some English officers, who wished to join our party upon this occasion. From Djiza our approach to the Pyramids was through a swampy country, by means of a narrow canal, which, however, was deep enough; and we arrived without any obstacle at nine o'clock at the bottom of a sandy slope leading up to the principal pyramid. Some Bedouin Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to shew the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in

effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travellers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast-high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its height, consequently the footing is secure; and although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption: but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, a thermometer, a telescope, &c.; these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travellers of all ages and of various nations have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

Upon this area, which looks like a point when seen from Cairo or from the Nile, it is extraordinary that none of those numerous hermits fixed their abode who retired to the tops of columns and to almost inaccessible solitudes upon the pinnacles of the highest rocks. It offers a much more convenient and secure retreat than was selected by an ascetic who pitched his residence upon the architrave of a temple in the vicinity of Athens. The heat, according to Fahrenheit's thermometer at the time of our coming, did not exceed 84 degrees; and the same temperature continued during the time we remained, a strong wind blowing from the north-west. The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water, the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south we saw the Pyramids of Saccára; and upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer to the Nile. An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced the whole way from the Pyramids of Djiza to those of Saccára, as if they had been once connected, so as to constitute one vast cemetery. Beyond the Pyramids of Saccára we could perceive the distant mountains of the Said; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile, appeared a monastery of considerable size. Towards the west and south-west, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

Upon the south-east side is the gigantic statue of the Sphinx, the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients. The French have uncovered all the pedestal of this statue, and all the cumbent or leonine parts of the figure; these were before entirely concealed by sand. Instead, however, of answering the expectations raised concerning the work upon which it was supposed to rest, the pedestal proves to be a wretched substructure of brick-work and small pieces of stone put together, like the most insignificant piece of modern masonry, and wholly out of character both with respect to the prodigious labour bestowed upon the statue itself, and the gigantic appearance of the surrounding objects. Beyond the Sphinx we distinctly discerned, amidst the sandy waste, the remains and vestiges of a magnificent building, perhaps the Serapeum.

Immediately beneath our view, upon the eastern and western side, we saw so many tombs that we were unable to count them, some being half-buried in the sand, others rising considerably above it. All these are of an oblong form, with sides sloping like the roofs of European houses. A plan of their situation and appearance is given in Pocock's *Travels*. The second pyramid, standing to the south-west, has the remains of a covering near its vertex, as of a plaiting of stone which had once invested all its four sides. Some persons, deceived by the external hue of this covering, have believed it to be of marble; but its white appearance is owing to a partial decomposition affecting the surface only. Not a single fragment of marble can be found anywhere near this pyramid. It is surrounded by a paved court, having walls on the outside, and places as for doors or portals in the walls; also an advanced work or portico. A third pyramid, of much smaller dimensions than the second, appears beyond the Sphinx to the south-west; and there are three others, one of which is nearly buried in the sand, between the large pyramid and this statue to the south-east.

CLASSIC TRAVELLERS—FORSYTH, EUSTACE, ETC.

The classic countries of Greece and Italy have been described by various travellers—scholars, poets, painters, architects, and antiquaries. The celebrated *Travels of Anacharsis*, by Barthélemy, were published in 1788, and shortly afterwards translated into English. This excellent work—of which the hero is as interesting as any character in romance—excited a general enthusiasm with respect to the memorable soil and history of Greece. Dr Clarke's Travels further stimulated inquiry; and Byron's *Childe Harold* drew attention to the natural beauty and magnificence of Grecian scenery and ancient art. MR JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, afterwards LORD BROUGHTON (1786–1869), the fellow-traveller of Lord Byron, published an account of his *Journey through Albania*. Late in life (in 1859), Lord Broughton published two volumes entitled *Italy: Remarks made in Several Visits from the year* 1816 *to* 1854. DR HOLLAND, in 1815, gave to the world his interesting *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia*. A voluminous and able work, in two quarto volumes, was published in 1819, by MR EDWARD DODWELL, entitled *A Classical and Topographical Tour through Greece*. SIR WILLIAM GELL, in 1823, gave an account of a *Journey to the Morea*. An artist, MR H. W. WILLIAMS, also published *Travels in Greece and Italy*, enriched with valuable remarks on the ancient works of art.

Lord Byron also extended his kindling power and energy to Italy; but previous to this time a master-hand had described its ruins and antiquities. A valuable work, which has now become a standard authority, was in 1812 published under

the modest title of *Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters, during an Excursion in Italy in the years* 1802 *and* 1803, by JOSEPH FORSYTH, Esq. Mr Forsyth (1763–1815) was a native of Elgin, in the county of Moray, and conducted a classical seminary at Newington-Butts, near London, for many years. On his return from a tour in Italy, he was arrested at Turin in 1803, in consequence of Napoleon's harsh and unjust order to detain all British subjects travelling in his dominions. After several years of detention, he prepared the notes he had made in Italy, and published them in England, as a means of enlisting the sympathies of Napoleon and the leading members of the National Institute in his behalf. This last effort for freedom failed, and the author always regretted that he had made it. Mr Forsyth was at length released on the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. The Remarks, thus hastily prepared for a special purpose, could hardly have been improved if expanded into regular dissertations and essays. They are vigorous and acute, evincing keen observation and original thinking, as well as the perfect knowledge of the scholar and the critic. Some detached sentences from Forsyth will shew his peculiar and picturesque style. First, of the author's journey to Rome:

The Italian Vintage.

The vintage was in full glow. Men, women, children, asses, all were variously engaged in the work. I remarked in the scene a prodigality and negligence which I never saw in France. The grapes dropped unheeded from the panniers, and hundreds were left unclipped on the vines. The vintagers poured on us as we passed the richest ribaldry of the Italian language, and seemed to claim from Horace's old *vindemiator* a prescriptive right to abuse the traveller.*

The Coliseum.

A colossal taste gave rise to the Coliseum. Here, indeed, gigantic dimensions were necessary; for though hundreds could enter at once, and fifty thousand find seats, the space was still insufficient for Rome, and the crowd for the morning games began at midnight. Vespasian and Titus, as if presaging their own deaths, hurried the building, and left several marks of their precipitancy behind. In the upper walls they have inserted stones which had evidently been dressed for a different purpose. Some of the arcades are grossly unequal; no moulding preserves the same level and form round the whole ellipse, and every order is full of license. The Doric has no *triglyphs* nor *metopes*, and its arch is too low for its columns; the Ionic repeats the entablature of the Doric; the third order is but a rough cast of the Corinthian, and its foliage the thickest water-plants; the fourth seems a mere repetition of the third in pilasters; and the whole is crowned by a heavy Attic. Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightnings, and sieges. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire till barbarians rent that consolidating ring; popes widened the breach; and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash, and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished; the *arena*, the *podium*, are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos, for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precept of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres. Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but this monument says 'No.' Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in this imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming *arenæ* to a luxurious supper! Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself—decayed, vacant, serious, yet grand—half-gray and half-green—erect on one side and fallen on the other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every caste; for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. 'In contemplating antiquities,' says Livy, 'the mind itself becomes antique.' It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule.

In the year following the publication of Forsyth's original and valuable work, appeared *A Classical Tour in Italy*, in two large volumes, by JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE, an English Catholic priest, who had travelled in Italy in the capacity of tutor. Though pleasantly written, Eustace's work is one of no great authority or research. John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) characterises Eustace as 'one of the most inaccurate and unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation.' Mr Eustace died at Naples in 1815. *Letters from the North of Italy*, addressed to Mr Hallam the historian, by W. STEWART ROSE, Esq., in two volumes, 1819, are partly descriptive and partly critical; and though somewhat affected in style, form an amusing miscellany. *A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples*, by the HON. R. KEPPEL CRAVEN (1821), is more of an itinerary than a work of reflection, but is plainly and pleasingly written. *The Diary of an Invalid*, by HENRY MATTHEWS (1820), and *Rome in the Nineteenth Century* (1820), by MISS WALDIE, are both interesting works: the first is lively and picturesque in style, and was well received by the public. In 1821 LADY MORGAN published a work entitled *Italy*, containing pictures of Italian society and manners, drawn with more vivacity

* The poet Rogers has sketched the same joyous scene of Italian life:

Many a canzonet
Comes through the leaves, the vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk
Hung with black clusters. 'Tis enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears, so general is the joy.

and point than delicacy, but characterised by Lord Byron as very faithful. *Observations on Italy*, by MR JOHN BELL (1825), and a *Description of the Antiquities of Rome*, by DR BURTON (1828), are works of accuracy and research. *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps*, by W. BROCKEDON (1828–9), unite the effects of the artist's pencil with the information of the observant topographer. MR BECKFORD, author of the romance of *Vathek*, had in early life written a work called *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*. After remaining unpublished for more than forty years, two volumes of these graphic and picturesque delineations were given to the world in 1835. Every season adds to the number of works on Italy and the other parts of the continent.

Funeral Ceremony at Rome.

From Matthews' *Diary of an Invalid.*

One day, on my way home, I met a funeral ceremony. A crucifix hung with black, followed by a train of priests, with lighted tapers in their hands, headed the procession. Then came a troop of figures dressed in white robes, with their faces covered with masks of the same materials. The bier followed, on which lay the corpse of a young woman, arrayed in all the ornaments of dress, with her face exposed, where the bloom of life yet lingered. The members of different fraternities followed the bier, dressed in the robes of their orders, and all masked. They carried lighted tapers in their hands, and chanted out prayers in a sort of mumbling recitative. I followed the train to the church, for I had doubts whether the beautiful figure I had seen on the bier was not a figure of wax; but I was soon convinced it was indeed the corpse of a fellow-creature, cut off in the pride and bloom of youthful maiden beauty. Such is the Italian mode of conducting the last scene of the tragi-comedy of life. As soon as a person dies, the relations leave the house, and fly to bury themselves and their griefs in some other retirement. The care of the funeral devolves on one of the fraternities who are associated for this purpose in every parish. These are dressed in a sort of domino and hood, which, having holes for the eyes, answers the purpose of a mask, and completely conceals the face. The funeral of the very poorest is thus conducted with quite as much ceremony as need be. This is perhaps a better system than our own, where the relatives are exhibited as a spectacle to impertinent curiosity, whilst from feelings of duty they follow to the grave the remains of those they loved. But ours is surely an unphilosophical view of the subject. It looks as if we were materialists, and considered the cold clod as the sole remains of the object of our affection. The Italians reason better, and perhaps feel as much as ourselves, when they regard the body, deprived of the soul that animated, and the mind that informed it, as no more a part of the departed spirit than the clothes which it has also left behind. The ultimate disposal of the body is perhaps conducted here with too much of that spirit which would disregard all claims that 'this mortal coil' can have to our attention. As soon as the funeral-service is concluded, the corpse is stripped and consigned to those who have the care of the interment. There are large vaults underneath the churches for the reception of the dead. Those who can afford it are put into a wooden shell before they are cast into one of these Golgothas; but the great mass are tossed in without a rag to cover them. When one of these caverns is full, it is bricked up; and after fifty years it is opened again, and the bones are removed to other places prepared for their reception. So much for the last scene of the drama of life. With respect to the first act, our conduct of it is certainly more natural. Here they swathe and swaddle their children till the poor urchins look like Egyptian mummies. To this frightful custom one may attribute the want of strength and symmetry of the men, which is sufficiently remarkable.

*Statue of the Medicean Venus at Florence.**

From Matthews' *Diary.*

The statue that enchants the world—the unimitated, the inimitable Venus. One is generally disappointed after great expectations have been raised; but in this instance I was delighted at first sight, and each succeeding visit has charmed me more. It is indeed a wonderful work in conception and execution—but I doubt whether Venus be not a misnomer. Who can recognise in this divine statue any traits of the Queen of Love and Pleasure? It seems rather intended as a personification of all that is elegant, graceful, and beautiful; not only abstracted from all human infirmities, but elevated above all human feelings and affections; for, though the form is female, the beauty is like the beauty of angels, who are of no sex. I was at first reminded of Milton's Eve; but in Eve, even in her days of innocence, there was some tincture of humanity, of which there is none in the Venus; in whose eye there is no heaven, and in whose gesture there is no love.

A Morning in Venice.

From Beckford's *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.*

It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the Grand Canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived, and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they retired to sleep for the day.

Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the Grand Canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the senate in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing, except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high-altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupola, just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The doge's palace, and the tall columns at the entrance of the piazza of St Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of

* This celebrated work of art was discovered in the villa of Adrian, in Tivoli, in the sixteenth century, broken into thirteen pieces. The restorations are by a Florentine sculptor. It was brought to Florence in the year 1689. It measures in stature only 4 feet 11 inches. There is no expression of passion or sentiment in the statue: it is an image of abstract or ideal beauty.

the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederick Barbarossa, when looking up the piazza of St Mark, along which he marched in solemn procession to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III., and pay a tardy homage to St Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeas was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees creeping to their devotions; and whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I ate my grapes and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding-garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind.

Description of Pompeii.

From Williams' *Travels in Italy, Greece*, &c.

Pompeii is getting daily disencumbered, and a very considerable part of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian Way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the columbary below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a sentry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand:* proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered what is called a coffee-house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone: we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign—not a very decent one—near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage-wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones for the purpose of fastening animals in the market-place; and in certain situations are placed stepping-stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples; went into a surgeon's house, in the operation-room of which chirurgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer were discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding-mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oil-man's shop, and a wine-shop lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school, in which was a small pulpit, with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre; a temple of justice; an amphitheatre about 220 feet in length; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, triclinia, beautiful mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient wall, with part of a still more ancient marble frieze, built in it as a common stone; and a stream which has flowed under this once subterraneous city long before its burial; pipes of terra-cotta to convey the water to the different streets; stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general are very low, and the rooms are small; I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Everything seems to be in proportion. The principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side-pavements of about 3 feet; some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side-pavements in proportion: these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height; they are made of tufa with stucco; one-third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks, and imitations of marble; but in general poorly executed. I have observed on the walls of an eating-room various kinds of food and game tolerably represented: one woman's apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love, and a man's with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial. The whole extent of the city, not one half of which [only a third] is excavated, may be about four miles.

* This story has since been proved to be fabulous. The place in question was no sentry-box, but a funeral monument of an Augustal named M. Cerinius Restitutus, as appeared from an inscription.—DYER'S *Pompeii*, p. 531.

ARCTIC DISCOVERY—ROSS, PARRY, FRANKLIN, LYON, BEECHEY, ETC.

Contemporaneous with the African expeditions already described, a strong desire was felt in this country to prosecute our discoveries in the northern seas, which for fifty years had been neglected. The idea of a north-west passage to Asia still presented attractions, and on the close of the revolutionary war, an effort to discover it was resolved upon. In 1818 an expedition was fitted out, consisting of two ships, one under the command of CAPTAIN JOHN ROSS, and another under LIEUTENANT, afterwards SIR EDWARD PARRY. The most interesting feature in this

voyage is the account of a tribe of Esquimaux hitherto unknown, who inhabited a tract of country extending on the shore for 120 miles, and situated near Baffin's Bay. A singular phenomenon was also witnessed—a range of cliffs covered with snow of a deep crimson colour, arising from some vegetable substance. When the expedition came to Lancaster Sound, a passage was confidently anticipated; but after sailing up the bay, Captain Ross conceived that he saw land —a high ridge of mountains, extending directly across the bottom of the inlet—and he abandoned the enterprise. Lieutenant Parry and others entertained a different opinion from that of their commander as to the existence of land, and the Admiralty fitted out a new expedition, which sailed in 1819, for the purpose of again exploring Lancaster Sound. The expedition, including two ships, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, was intrusted to Captain Parry, who had the satisfaction of verifying the correctness of his former impressions, by sailing through what Captain Ross supposed to be a mountain-barrier in Lancaster Sound. 'To have sailed upwards of thirty degrees of longitude beyond the point reached by any former navigator —to have discovered many new lands, islands, and bays—to have established the much-contested existence of a Polar Sea north of America—finally, after a wintering of eleven months, to have brought back his crew in a sound and vigorous state—were enough to raise his name above that of any former Arctic voyager.' The long winter sojourn in this Polar region was relieved by various devices and amusements: a temporary theatre was fitted up, and the officers came forward as amateur performers. A sort of newspaper was also established, called the *North Georgian Gazette*, to which all were invited to contribute; and excursions abroad were kept up as much as possible. The brilliant results of Captain Parry's voyage soon induced another expedition to the northern seas of America. That commander hoisted his flag on board the *Fury*, and Captain Lyon, distinguished by his services in Africa, received the command of the *Hecla*. The ships sailed in May 1821. It was more than two years ere they returned; and though the expedition, as to its main object of finding a passage into the Polar Sea, was a failure, various geographical discoveries were made. The tediousness of winter, when the vessels were frozen up, was again relieved by entertainments similar to those formerly adopted; and further gratification was afforded by intercourse with the Esquimaux, who, in their houses of snow and ice, burrowed along the shores. We shall extract part of Captain Parry's account of this shrewd though savage race.

Description of the Esquimaux.

The Esquimaux exhibit a strange mixture of intellect and dullness, of cunning and simplicity, of ingenuity and stupidity; few of them could count beyond five, and not one of them beyond ten, nor could any of them speak a dozen words of English after a constant intercourse of seventeen or eighteen months; yet many of them could imitate the manners and actions of the strangers, and were on the whole excellent mimics. One woman in particular, of the name of Iligluik, very soon attracted the attention of our voyagers by the various traits of that superiority of understanding for which, it was found, she was remarkably distinguished, and held in esteem even by her own countrymen. She had a great fondness for singing, possessed a soft voice and an excellent ear; but, like another great singer who figured in a different society, 'there was scarcely any stopping her when she had once begun;' she would listen, however, for hours together to the tunes played on the organ. Her superior intelligence was perhaps most conspicuous in the readiness with which she was made to comprehend the manner of laying down on paper the geographical outline of that part of the coast of America she was acquainted with, and the neighbouring islands, so as to construct a chart. At first it was found difficult to make her comprehend what was meant; but when Captain Parry had discovered that the Esquimaux were already acquainted with the four cardinal points of the compass, for which they have appropriate names, he drew them on a sheet of paper, together with that portion of the coast just discovered, which was opposite to Winter Island, where then they were, and of course well known to her.

We desired her (says Captain Parry) to complete the rest, and to do it *mikkee* (small), when, with a countenance of the most grave attention and peculiar intelligence, she drew the coast of the continent beyond her own country, as lying nearly north from Winter Island. The most important part still remained, and it would have amused an unconcerned looker-on to have observed the anxiety and suspense depicted on the countenances of our part of the group till this was accomplished, for never were the tracings of a pencil watched with more eager solicitude. Our surprise and satisfaction may therefore in some degree be imagined when, without taking it from the paper, Iligluik brought the continental coast short round to the westward, and afterwards to the S.S.W., so as to come within three or four days' journey of Repulse Bay.

I am, however, compelled to acknowledge, that in proportion as the superior understanding of this extraordinary woman became more and more developed, her head—for what female head is indifferent to praise? —began to be turned by the general attention and numberless presents she received. The superior decency and even modesty of her behaviour had combined, with her intellectual qualities, to raise her in our estimation far above her companions; and I often heard others express what I could not but agree in, that for Iligluik alone, of all the Esquimaux women, that kind of respect could be entertained which modesty in a female never fails to command in our sex. Thus regarded, she had always been freely admitted into the ships, the quartermasters at the gangway never thinking of refusing entrance to 'the wise woman,' as they called her. Whenever any explanation was necessary between the Esquimaux and us, Iligluik was sent for as an interpreter; information was chiefly obtained through her, and she thus found herself rising into a degree of consequence to which, but for us, she could never have attained. Notwithstanding a more than ordinary share of good sense on her part, it will not therefore be wondered at if she became giddy with her exaltation—considered her admission into the ships and most of the cabins no longer an indulgence, but a right—ceased to return the slightest acknowledgment for any kindness or presents—became listless and inattentive in unravelling the meaning of our questions, and careless whether her answers conveyed the information we desired. In short, Iligluik in February and Iligluik in April were confessedly very different persons; and it was at last amusing to recollect, though not very easy to persuade one's self, that the woman who now sat demurely in a chair, so confidently expecting the notice of those around her, and she who had at first, with eager and wild delight, assisted in cutting snow for the building of a hut, and with the hope of obtaining a single needle, were actually one and the same individual.

No kind of distress can deprive the Esquimaux of their cheerful temper and good-humour, which they

preserve even when severely pinched with hunger and cold, and wholly deprived for days together both of food and fuel—a situation to which they are very frequently reduced. Yet no calamity of this kind can teach them to be provident, or to take the least thought for the morrow; with them, indeed, it is always either a feast or a famine. The enormous quantity of animal food—they have no other—which they devour at a time is almost incredible. The quantity of meat which they procured between the first of October and the first of April was sufficient to have furnished about double the number of working-people, who were moderate eaters, and had any idea of providing for a future day; but to individuals who can demolish four or five pounds at a sitting, and at least ten in the course of a day, and who never bestow a thought on to-morrow, at least with the view to provide for it by economy, there is scarcely any supply which could secure them from occasional scarcity. It is highly probable that the alternate feasting and fasting to which the gluttony and improvidence of these people so constantly subject them, may have occasioned many of the complaints that proved fatal during the winter; and on this account we hardly knew whether to rejoice or not at the general success of their fishery.

A third expedition was undertaken by Captain Parry, assisted by Captain Hoppner, in 1824, but it proved still more unfortunate. The broken ice in Baffin's Bay retarded his progress until the season was too far advanced for navigation in that climate. After the winter broke up, huge masses of ice drove the ships on shore, and the *Fury* was so much injured, that it was deemed necessary to abandon her with all her stores. In April 1827, Captain Parry once more sailed in the *Hecla*, to realise, if possible, his sanguine expectations; but on this occasion he projected reaching the North Pole by employing light boats and sledges, which might be alternately used, as compact fields of ice or open sea interposed in his route. On reaching Hecla Cove, they left the ship to commence their journey on the ice. Vigorous efforts were made to reach the Pole, still 500 miles distant; but the various impediments they had to encounter, and particularly the drifting of the snow-fields, frustrated all their endeavours; and after two months spent on the ice, and penetrating about a degree farther than any previous expedition, the design was abandoned—having attained the latitude of 82 degrees 45 minutes. These four expeditions were described by Captain Parry in separate volumes, which were read with great avidity. The whole have since been published in six small volumes, constituting one of the most interesting series of adventures and discoveries recorded in our language. On his return, Captain Parry was appointed Hydrographer to the Admiralty, and received the honour of knighthood. From 1829 to 1834 he resided in New South Wales as commissioner to the Australian Agricultural Company. He again returned to England, and held several Admiralty appointments, the last of which was governor of Greenwich Hospital. In 1852, he attained to the rank of rear-admiral, and died, universally regretted, July 1855, aged sixty-five.

Following out the plan of northern discovery, an expedition was, in 1819, despatched overland to proceed from the Hudson's Bay factory, tracing the coast of the Northern Ocean. This expedition was commanded by CAPTAIN JOHN FRANKLIN, accompanied by Dr Richardson, a scientific gentleman; two midshipmen—Mr Hood and Mr (afterwards Sir George) Back—and two seamen. The journey to the Coppermine River displayed the characteristic ardour and hardihood of British seamen. Great suffering was experienced. Mr Hood lost his life, and Captain Franklin and Dr Richardson were at the point of death, when timely succour was afforded by some Indians. 'The results of this journey, which, including the navigation along the coast, extended to 5500 miles, are obviously of the greatest importance to geography. As the coast running northward was followed to Cape Turnagain, in latitude 68½ degrees, it is evident that, if a north-west passage exist, it must be found beyond that limit.' The narratives of Captain Franklin, Dr Richardson, and Mr Back form a fitting and not less interesting sequel to those of Captain Parry. The same intrepid parties undertook, in 1823, a second expedition to explore the shores of the Polar Seas. The coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, 902 miles, was examined. Subsequent expeditions were undertaken by CAPTAIN LYON and CAPTAIN BEECHEY. The former failed through continued bad weather; but Captain Beechey having sent his master, Mr Elson, in a barge to prosecute the voyage to the east, that individual penetrated to a sandy point, on which the ice had grounded, the most northern part of the continent then known. Captain Franklin had, only four days previous, been within 160 miles of this point, when he commenced his return to the Mackenzie River, and it is conjectured, with much probability, that had he been aware that by persevering in his exertions for a few days he might have reached his friends, it is possible that a knowledge of the circumstance might have induced him, through all hazards, to continue his journey. The intermediate 160 miles still remained unexplored. In 1829, Captain, afterwards Sir John Ross, disappointed at being outstripped by Captain Parry in the discovery of the strait leading into the Polar Sea, equipped a steam-vessel, solely from private resources, and proceeded to Baffin's Bay. 'It was a bold but inconsiderate undertaking, and every soul who embarked on it must have perished, but for the ample supplies they received from the *Fury*, or rather from the provisions and stores which, by the providence of Captain Parry, had been carefully stored up on the beach; for the ship herself had entirely disappeared. He proceeded down Regent's Inlet as far as he could in his little ship the *Victory;* placed her among ice clinging to the shore, and after two winters, left her there; and in returning to the northward, by great good-luck fell in with a whaling-ship, which took them all on board and brought them home.' Captain James Ross, nephew of the commander, collected some geographical information in the course of this unfortunate enterprise.

Valuable information connected with the Arctic regions was afforded by MR WILLIAM SCORESBY (1760–1829), a gentleman who, while practising the whale-fishing, had become the most learned observer and describer of the regions of ice. His *Account of the Northern Whale Fishery*, 1822, is a standard work of great value; and he is author also of an *Account of the Arctic Regions* (1820). His son, the REV. DR WILLIAM SCORESBY (1789–1857), was distinguished as a naval writer, author of *Arctic Voyages*, *Discourses to Seamen*, and other works.

EASTERN TRAVELLERS.

The scenes and countries mentioned in Scripture have been frequently described since the publications of Dr Clarke. BURCKHARDT traversed Petræa (the Edom of the prophecies); MR WILLIAM RAE WILSON, in 1823, published *Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land;* MR CLAUDIUS JAMES RICH—the accomplished British resident at Bagdad, who died in 1821, at the early age of thirty-five—wrote an excellent *Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon;* the HON. GEORGE KEPPEL performed the overland journey to India in 1824, and gave a narrative of his observations in Bassorah, Bagdad, the ruins of Babylon, &c. MR J. S. BUCKINGHAM also travelled by the overland route—taking, however, the way of the Mediterranean and the Turkish provinces in Asia Minor—and the result of his journey was given to the world in three separate works—the latest published in 1827—entitled *Travels in Palestine; Travels among the Arab Tribes;* and *Travels in Mesopotamia.* DR R. R. MADDEN, a medical gentleman, who resided several years in India, in 1829 published *Travels in Egypt, Turkey, Nubia, and Palestine. Letters from the East,* and *Recollections of Travel in the East* (1830), by JOHN CARNE, Esq., of Queen's College, Cambridge, extend, the first over Syria and Egypt, and the second over Palestine and Cairo. Mr Carne is a judicious observer and picturesque describer, yet he sometimes ventures on doubtful biblical criticism. The miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, for example, he thinks should be limited to a specific change in the direction of the winds. The idea of representing the waves standing like a wall on each side must consequently be abandoned. 'This,' he says, 'is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative language of Scripture, where it is said that "the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all night;" and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and waste expanse, from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that the "sea returning to his strength in the morning," was the rushing back of an impetuous and resistless tide, inevitable, but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled at its approach.' In either case a miracle must have been performed, and it seems unnecessary and hypercritical to attempt reducing it to the lowest point. Mr Milman, in his *History of the Jews,* has fallen into this error, and explained away the miracles of the Old Testament till all that is supernatural, grand, and impressive disappears.

Travels along the Mediterranean and Parts Adjacent (1822), by DR ROBERT RICHARDSON, is an interesting work, particularly as relates to antiquities. The doctor travelled by way of Alexandria, Cairo, &c. to the Second Cataract of the Nile, returning by Jerusalem, Damascus, Baalbek, and Tripoli. He surveyed the Temple of Solomon, and was the first acknowledged Christian received within its holy walls since it has been appropriated to the religion of Mohammed. The *Journal to some Parts of Ethiopia* (1822), by MESSRS WADDINGTON and HANBURY, gives an account of the antiquities of Ethiopia and the extirpation of the Mamalukes.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1769–1833) was author of a *History of Persia* and *Sketches of Persia.* MR MORIER'S *Journeys through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor,* abound in interesting descriptions of the country, people, and government. SIR WILLIAM OUSELEY (1771–1839)—who had been private secretary to the British Embassy in Persia—has published three large volumes of Travels in various countries of the East, particularly Persia, in 1810, 1811, and 1812. This work illustrates subjects of antiquarian research, history, geography, philology, &c., and is valuable to the scholar for its citations from rare oriental manuscripts. Another valuable work on this country is by SIR ROBERT KER PORTER (1780–1842), and is entitled *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Babylonia,* &c., published in 1822.

Society in Bagdad.

From Sir R. Ker Porter's *Travels.*

The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissued muslins not only form their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming; by its easy folds and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a gray colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment the poor damsel of Irak-Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak-Ajemi. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and to complete her savage appearance, thrusts a ring through the right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night. At twelve o'clock, supper is produced, when pilaus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers; and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own

chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as sound; notwithstanding the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-like double-drum, the ringing and loud clangour of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expressions of gratification, making in all a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult and joyful strains of this conviviality gradually become fainter and fainter; first one and then another of the visitors—while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god—sink down under the drowsy influence, till at length the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with handmaids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. 'As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids,' the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness, and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell; and then commences the splashing of water and the muttering of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds from a refreshing shower, and tripping lightly forward with garments, and perhaps looks, a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kaliouns, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c., towards noon the party separate, after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

The French authors Chateaubriand, Laborde, and Lamartine have minutely described the Holy Land; and in the *Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land*, by J. L. STEPHENS, information respecting these interesting countries will be found.

Various works on India appeared, including a general Political History of the empire by SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1826), and a *Memoir of Central India* (1823), by the same author. *Travels in the Himmalayan Provinces of Hindostan and the Punjaub, in Ladakh and Cashmere, in Peshawar, Cabul, &c., from* 1819 *to* 1825, by W. MOORCROFT and GEORGE TREBECK, relate many new and important particulars. Mr Moorcroft crossed the great chain of the Himalaya Mountains near its highest part, and first drew attention to those stupendous heights, rising in some parts to above 27,000 feet. *A Tour through the Snowy Range of the Himmala Mountains* was made by MR JAMES BAILLIE FRASER (1820), who gives an interesting account of his perilous journey. He visited Gangotri, an almost inaccessible haunt of superstition, the Mecca of Hindu pilgrims, and also the spot at which the Ganges issues from its covering of perpetual snow. In 1825 Mr Fraser published a *Narrative of a Journey into Khorasan, in the years* 1821 *and* 1822, *including an Account of the Countries to the north-east of Persia.* The following is a brief sketch of a Persian town:

Viewed from a commanding situation, the appearance of a Persian town is most uninteresting; the houses, all of mud, differ in no respect from the earth in colour, and from the irregularity of their construction, resemble inequalities on its surface rather than human dwellings. The houses, even of the great, seldom exceed one story; and the lofty walls which shroud them from view, without a window to enliven them, have a most monotonous effect. There are few domes or minarets, and still fewer of those that exist are either splendid or elegant. There are no public buildings but the mosques and medressas; and these are often as mean as the rest, or perfectly excluded from view by ruins. The general *coup-d'œil* presents a succession of flat roofs and long walls of mud, thickly interspersed with ruins; and the only relief to its monotony is found in the gardens, adorned with chinär, poplars, and cypress, with which the towns and villages are often surrounded and intermingled.

The same author published *Travels and Adventures in the Persian Provinces*, 1826; *A Winter Journey from Constantinople to Tehran, with Travels through Various Parts of Persia*, 1838; &c. Among other Indian works may be mentioned, *The Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan*, 1830, by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES TOD (1782–1835); and *Travels into Bokhara*, by LIEUTENANT, afterwards SIR ALEXANDER BURNES. The latter is a narrative of a journey from India to Cabul, Tartary, and Persia, and is a valuable work. The accomplished author was cut off in his career of usefulness and honour in 1841, being treacherously murdered at Cabul, in his thirty-sixth year.

Of China we have the history of the two embassies—the first in 1792–94, under Lord Macartney, of which a copious account was given by SIR GEORGE STAUNTON, one of the commissioners. Further information was afforded by SIR JOHN BARROW'S *Travels in China*, published in 1804, and long our most valuable work on that country. The second embassy, headed by Lord Amherst, in 1816, was recorded by HENRY ELLIS, Esq., third commissioner, in a work in two volumes (1818), and by DR ABEL, a gentleman attached to the embassy. One circumstance connected with this embassy occasioned some speculation and amusement. The ambassador was required to perform the *ko-tou*, or act of prostration, nine times repeated, with the head knocked against the ground. Lord Amherst and Mr Ellis were inclined to have yielded this point of ceremony; but Sir George Staunton and the other members of the Canton mission took the most decided part on the other side. The result of their deliberations was a determination against the performance of the ko-tou; and the emperor at last consented to admit them upon their own terms, which consisted in kneeling upon a single knee. The embassy went to Pekin, and were ushered into an ante-chamber of the imperial palace.

Scene at Pekin, described by Mr Ellis.

Mandarins of all buttons* were in waiting; several princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them: the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the sovereign. The small apartment, much out of repair, into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene I believe unparalleled in the history of even oriental diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat, when Chang delivered a message

* The buttons, in the order of their rank, are as follows: ruby red, worked coral, smooth coral, pale blue, dark blue, crystal, ivory, and gold.

from Ho (Koong-yay), stating that the emperor wished to see the ambassador, his son, and the commissioners immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month, a period certainly much too early for comfort, was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of His Excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue, inanition, and deficiency of every necessary equipment, was strongly urged. Chang was very unwilling to be the bearer of this answer, but was finally obliged to consent. During this time the room had filled with spectators of all ages and ranks, who rudely pressed upon us to gratify their brutal curiosity, for such it may be called, as they seemed to regard us rather as wild beasts than mere strangers of the same species with themselves. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this it was said, that in the proposed audience the emperor merely wished to see the ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the proposition, and in transmitting through the Koong-yay a humble request to his imperial majesty that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another mandarin finally proposed that His Excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, from whence a reference might be made to the emperor. Lord Amherst, having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw that if he went to the Koong-yay, this plea, which to the Chinese—though now scarcely admitted—was in general the most forcible, would cease to avail him, positively declined compliance. This produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who, too much interested and agitated to heed ceremony, stood by Lord Amherst, and used every argument to induce him to obey the emperor's commands. Among other topics he used that of being received with our own ceremony, using the Chinese words, 'ne mun tih lee'—your own ceremony. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst, to take him from the room; another mandarin followed his example. His lordship, with great firmness and dignity of manner, shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; adding that he was so overcome by fatigue and bodily illness as absolutely to require repose. Lord Amherst further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign. At all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his imperial majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. The Koong-yay then pressed Lord Amherst to come to his apartments, alleging that they were cooler, more convenient, and more private. This Lord Amherst declined, saying that he was totally unfit for any place but his own residence. The Koong-yay, having failed in his attempt to persuade him, left the room for the purpose of taking the emperor's pleasure upon the subject.

During his absence, an elderly man, whose dress and ornaments bespoke him a prince, was particularly inquisitive in his inspection of our persons and inquiries. His chief object seemed to be to communicate with Sir George Staunton, as the person who had been with the former embassy; but Sir George very prudently avoided any intercourse with him. It is not easy to describe the feelings of annoyance produced by the conduct of the Chinese, both public and individual: of the former I shall speak hereafter; of the latter I can only say that nothing could be more disagreeable and indecorous.

A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the emperor dispensed with the ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford to His Excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and His Excellency proceeded to the carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately; buttons were no protection; and however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands.

Lord Amherst was generally condemned for refusing the proffered audience. The emperor, in disgust, ordered them instantly to set out for Canton, which was accordingly done. This embassy made scarcely any addition to our knowledge of China.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

The embassy of Lord Amherst to China was, as we have related, comparatively a failure; but the return-voyage was rich both in discovery and in romantic interest. The voyage was made, not along the coast of China, but by Corea and the Loo-choo Islands, and accounts of it were published in 1818 by MR MACLEOD, surgeon of the *Alceste*, and by CAPTAIN BASIL HALL of the *Lyra*. The work of the latter was entitled *An Account of a Voyage of Discovery to the West Coast of Corea and the Great Loo-choo Island*. In the course of this voyage it was found that a great part of what had been laid down on the maps as part of Corea, consisted of an immense archipelago of small islands. The number of these was beyond calculation; and during a sail of upwards of one hundred miles, the sea continued closely studded with them. From one lofty point a hundred and twenty appeared on sight, some with waving woods and green verdant valleys. Loo-choo, however, was the most important, and by far the most interesting of the parts touched upon by the expedition. There the strange spectacle was presented of a people ignorant equally of the use of firearms and the use of money, living in a state of primitive seclusion and happiness such as resembles the dreams of poetry rather than the realities of modern life.

Captain Basil Hall distinguished himself by the composition of other books of travels, written with delightful ease, spirit, and picturesqueness. The first of these consists of *Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico*, being the result of his observations in those countries in 1821 and 1822. South America had, previous to this, been seldom visited, and its countries were also greater objects of curiosity and interest from their political condition, on the point of emancipation from Spain. The next work of Captain Hall was *Travels in North America*, in 1827 and 1828, written in a more ambitious strain than his former publications, and containing some excellent descriptions and remarks, mixed up with political disquisitions. This was followed by *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, addressed chiefly to young persons, in three small volumes; which were so favourably received, that a second, and afterwards a third series, each in three volumes, were given to the

public. A further collection of these observations on foreign society, scenery, and manners, was published by Captain Hall in 1842, also in three volumes, under the title of *Patchwork*. This popular author died at Haslar Hospital in 1844, aged 56. He was the second son of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart., President of the Royal Society, and author of some works on Architecture, &c.

HENRY DAVID INGLIS.

One of the most cheerful and unaffected of tourists and travellers, with a strong love of nature and a poetical imagination, was MR HENRY DAVID INGLIS, who died in March 1835, at the early age of forty. Mr Inglis was the son of a Scottish advocate. He was brought up to commercial pursuits; but his passion for literature, and for surveying the grand and beautiful in art and nature, overpowered his business habits, and led him at once to travel and to write. Diffident of success, he assumed the *nom de plume* of Derwent Conway, and under this disguise he published *The Tales of Ardennes; Solitary Walks through Many Lands; Travels in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark*, 1829; and *Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrenees in* 1830, 1831. The last two works were included in *Constable's Miscellany*, and were deservedly popular. Mr Inglis was then engaged as editor of a newspaper at Chesterfield; but tiring of this, he again repaired to the continent, and visited the Tyrol and Spain. His travels in both countries were published; and one of the volumes—*Spain in* 1830—is the best of all his works. He next produced a novel descriptive of Spanish life, entitled *The New Gil Blas;* but it was unsuccessful. After conducting a newspaper for some time in Jersey, Mr Inglis published an account of the Channel Islands, marked by the easy grace and picturesque charm that pervade all his writings. He next made a tour through Ireland, and wrote his valuable work entitled *Ireland in* 1834. His last work was *Travels in the Footsteps of Don Quixote*, published in parts in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

LOUIS SIMOND.

LOUIS SIMOND, a French author, who, by familiarity with our language and country, wrote in English as well as in his native tongue, published in 1822 a work in two volumes—*Switzerland; or a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country in the years* 1817, 1818, *and* 1819. M. Simond had previously written a similar work on Great Britain, during the years 1810 and 1811, which was well received and favourably reviewed by Southey, Jeffrey, and other critics. M. Simond resided twenty years in America. We subjoin his account of a

Swiss Mountain and Avalanche.

After nearly five hours' toil, we reached a chalet on the top of the mountain (the Wingernalp). This summer habitation of the shepherds was still unoccupied; for the snow having been unusually deep last winter, and the grass, till lately covered, being still very short, the cows have not ventured so high. Here we resolved upon a halt, and having implements for striking fire, a few dry sticks gave us a cheerful blaze in the open air. A pail of cream, or at least of very rich milk, was brought up by the shepherds, with a kettle to make coffee and afterwards boil the milk; very large wooden spoons or ladles answered the purpose of cups. The stock of provisions we had brought was spread upon the very low roof of the chalet, being the best station for our *repas champêtre*, as it afforded dry seats sloping conveniently towards the prospect. We had then before us the Jungfrau, the two Eigers, and some of the highest summits in the Alps, shooting up from an uninterrupted level of glaciers of more than two hundred square miles; and although placed ourselves four thousand five hundred feet above the lake of Thun, and that lake one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea, the mighty rampart rose still six thousand feet above our head. Between us and the Jungfrau the desert valley of Trumlatenthal formed a deep trench, into which avalanches fell, with scarcely a quarter of an hour's interval between them, followed by a thundering noise continued along the whole range; not, however, a reverberation of sound, for echo is mute under the universal winding-sheet of snow, but a prolongation of sound, in consequence of the successive rents or fissures forming themselves when some large section of the glacier slides down one step.

We sometimes saw a blue line suddenly drawn across a field of pure white; then another above it, and another, all parallel, and attended each time with a loud crash like cannon, producing together the effect of long-protracted peals of thunder. At other times some portion of the vast field of snow, or rather snowy ice, gliding gently away, exposed to view a new surface of purer white than the first, and the cast-off drapery gathering in long folds, either fell at once down the precipice, or disappeared behind some intervening ridge, which the sameness of colour rendered invisible, and was again seen soon after in another direction, shooting out of some narrow channel a cataract of white dust, which, observed through a telescope, was, however, found to be composed of broken fragments of ice or compact snow, many of them sufficient to overwhelm a village, if there had been any in the valley where they fell. Seated on the chalet's roof, the ladies forgot they were cold, wet, bruised, and hungry, and the cup of smoking *café au lait* stood still in their hand while waiting in breathless suspense for the next avalanche, wondering equally at the deathlike silence intervening between each, and the thundering crash which followed. I must own, that while we shut our ears, the mere sight might dwindle down to the effect of a fall of snow from the roof of a house; but when the potent sound was heard along the whole range of many miles, when the time of awful suspense between the fall and the crash was measured, the imagination, taking flight, outstripped all bounds at once, and went beyond the mighty reality itself. It would be difficult to say where the creative powers of imagination stop, even the coldest; for our common feelings—our grossest sensations—are infinitely indebted to them; and man, without his fancy, would not have the energy of the dullest animal. Yet we feel more pleasure and more pride in the consciousness of another treasure of the breast, which tames the flight of this same imagination, and brings it back to sober reality and plain truth.

When we first approach the Alps, their bulk, their stability, and duration, compared to our own inconsiderable size, fragility, and shortness of days, strike our imagination with terror; while reason, unappalled, measuring these masses, calculating their elevation, analysing their substance, finds in them only a little inert matter, scarcely forming a wrinkle on the face of our earth, that earth an inferior planet in the solar system, and that system one only among myriads, placed at distances whose very incommensurability is in a manner measured. What, again, are those giants of the Alps, and their duration—those revolving worlds—that space—the universe—compared to the intellectual faculty capable of bringing the whole fabric into the compass of

a single thought, where it is all curiously and accurately delineated! How superior, again, the exercise of that faculty, when, rising from effects to causes, and judging by analogy of things as yet unknown by those we know, we are taught to look into futurity for a better state of existence, and in the hope itself find new reason to hope!

We were shewn an inaccessible shelf of rock on the west side of the Jungfrau, upon which a lämmergeier—the vulture of lambs—once alighted with an infant it had carried away from the village of Murren, situated above the Staubbach: some red scraps, remnants of the child's clothes, were for years observed, says the tradition, on the fatal spot.

The following are sketches of character by Simond:

Rousseau (1712–1778).

Rousseau, from his garret, governed an empire—that of the mind; the founder of a new religion in politics, and to his enthusiastic followers a prophet—he said and they believed! The disciples of Voltaire might be more numerous, but they were bound to him by far weaker ties. Those of Rousseau made the French Revolution, and perished *for* it; while Voltaire, miscalculating its chances, perished *by* it. Both perhaps deserved their fate; but the former certainly acted the nobler part, and went to battle with the best weapons too—for in the deadly encounter of all the passions, of the most opposite principles and irreconcilable prejudices, cold-hearted wit is of little avail. Heroes and martyrs do not care for epigrams; and he must have enthusiasm who pretends to lead the enthusiastic or to cope with them. *Une intime persuasion*, Rousseau has somewhere said, *m'a toujours tenu lieu d'éloquence!* And well it might; for the first requisite to command belief is to believe yourself. Nor is it easy to impose on mankind in this respect. There is no eloquence, no ascendency over the minds of others, without this intimate persuasion, in yourself. Rousseau's might only be a sort of poetical persuasion lasting but as long as the occasion; yet it was thus powerful, only because it was true, though but for a quarter of an hour perhaps, in the heart of this inspired writer.

Mr M——, son of the friend of Rousseau to whom he left his manuscripts, and especially his *Confessions*, to be published after his death, had the goodness to shew them to me. I observed a fair copy written by himself in a small hand like print, very neat and correct; not a blot or an erasure to be seen. The most curious of these papers, however, were several sketch-books, or memoranda, half filled, where the same hand is no longer discernible; but the same genius, and the same wayward temper and perverse intellect, in every fugitive thought which is there put down. Rousseau's composition, like Montesquieu's, was laborious and slow; his ideas flowed rapidly, but were not readily brought into proper order; they did not appear to have come in consequence of a previous plan; but the plan itself, formed afterwards, came in aid of the ideas, and served as a sort of frame for them, instead of being a system to which they were subservient. Very possibly some of the fundamental opinions he defended so earnestly, and for which his disciples would willingly have suffered martyrdom, were originally adopted because a bright thought, caught as it flew, was entered in his commonplace-book.

These loose notes of Rousseau afford a curious insight into his taste in composition. You find him perpetually retrenching epithets—reducing his thoughts to their simplest expression—giving words a peculiar energy by the new application of their original meaning—going back to the *naïveté* of old language; and, in the artificial process of simplicity, carefully effacing the trace of each laborious footstep as he advanced; each idea, each image, coming out at last, as if cast entire at a single throw, original, energetic, and clear. Although Mr M—— had promised to Rousseau that he would publish his *Confessions* as they were, yet he took upon himself to suppress a passage explaining certain circumstances of his abjurations at Anneci, affording a curious but frightfully disgusting picture of monkish manners at the time. It is a pity that Mr M—— did not break his word in regard to some few more passages of that most admirable and most vile of all the productions of genius.

Madame de Staël (1766–1817).

I had seen Madame de Staël a child; and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am a stranger, and feel that I must remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard, as it were, her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man thus dropped from another world into this, may be deemed something like those of posterity.

Madame de Staël lived for conversation: she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the society of Paris was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself. It was the best mirror she could get—and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been born noble and a beauty. Yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so entirely void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labour, but all pleasure. Conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the good things, and the deep things, flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure, the pleasure was inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was, every evening of her life, in a circle of company, the very Corinne she had depicted.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS AND SERIAL WORKS.

We have referred to the continuation of the *Cyclopædia* of Ephraim Chambers by DR ABRAHAM REES, a dissenting clergyman (1743–1825). This revival was so successful that the publishers of the work agreed with Dr Rees to undertake a new and magnificent work of a similar nature; and in 1802 the first volume of *Rees's Cyclopædia* was issued, with illustrations in a style of engraving never surpassed in this country. This splendid work extended to forty-five volumes. In 1771 the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, edited by Mr William Smellie, was published in three volumes. The second edition, commenced in 1776, was enlarged to ten volumes, and embraced biography and history. The third edition, completed in 1797, amounted to eighteen volumes, and was enriched with valuable treatises on Grammar and Metaphysics, by the Rev. Dr Gleig; with profound articles on Mythology, Mysteries, and Philology, by Dr Doig; and with an elaborate view of the philosophy of

induction, and contributions in physical science, by Professor Robison. Two supplementary volumes were afterwards added to this work. A fourth edition was issued under the superintendence of Dr James Millar, and completed in 1810; it was enriched with some admirable scientific treatises from the pen of Professor Wallace. Two other editions, merely nominal, of this *Encyclopædia* were published; and a Supplement to the work was projected by Mr Archibald Constable, and placed under the charge of Professor Macvey Napier. To this Supplement Constable attracted the greatest names both in Britain and France: it contained contributions from Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Jameson, Leslie, Mackintosh, Dr Thomas Thomson, Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Ricardo, Malthus, Mill, Professor Wallace, Dr Thomas Young, M. Biot, M. Arago, &c. Dugald Stewart was to receive £1000 for his Dissertation on Metaphysical Philosophy, and Professor Playfair £500 for a similar contribution on Natural Philosophy. The former actually received £1600; and the latter would have received an additional £500 had he lived to complete his treatise. Such large sums had never before been given in Scotland for literary labour. The Supplement was completed in six volumes. In the year 1826, when the *Encyclopædia Britannica* fell into the hands of Messrs Adam and Charles Black, a new edition of the whole was commenced, incorporating all the articles in the Supplement, with such modifications and additions as were necessary to adjust them to the later views and information applicable to their subjects. Mr Napier was chosen editor, and an assistant in the work of revision and addition was found in Dr James Browne, a man of varied and extensive learning. New and valuable articles were contributed by Sir David Brewster, Mr Galloway, Dr Traill, Dr Roget, Dr John Thomson, Mr Tytler, Professor Spalding, Mr Moir, &c. This great national work—for such it may justly be entitled—was completed in 1842, in twenty-one volumes. Another edition of this *Encyclopædia*, the eighth, greatly improved, was published in 1859-60, edited by Professor Traill, and enriched with contributions from Lord Macaulay, Sir John Herschel, and other eminent authors. A ninth edition is now (1876) in progress, under the editorial charge of Mr Thomas Spencer Baynes, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the university of St Andrews.

Of a more portable and popular form is *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, a cheap and comprehensive 'dictionary of universal knowledge for the people.' This work, issued by W. & R. Chambers, was commenced in 1859 and completed in 1868, in ten volumes large octavo. The editor, ANDREW FINDLATER, LL.D.—a man of extensive learning and literary connections—was admirably adapted for such a task; and, with the aid of a body of friendly and able contributors in every department of literature and science, he succeeded in producing a work of rare excellence and utility, which has commanded a large sale both in this country and in America. A new edition was completed in 1875. A vitiated edition has been published in the United States. The *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* was begun in 1815, and presented this difference from its rivals, that it departed from the alphabetical arrangement—certainly the most convenient—and arranged its articles in what the conductors considered their natural order. Coleridge was one of the contributors to this work; some of its philological articles are ingenious. The *London Encyclopædia*, in twenty volumes royal 8vo, is a useful compendium, and includes the whole of Johnson's *Dictionary*, with its citations. *Lardner's Cyclopædia* is a collection of different works on natural philosophy, arts and manufactures, history, biography, &c., published in 131 small 8vo volumes, issued monthly. Popular cyclopædias, each in one large volume, have been published, condensing a large amount of information. Of these, Mr M'Culloch, the political economist, is author of one on Commerce, and another on Geography; Dr Ure on Arts and Manufactures; Mr Brande on Science, Literature, and Art; Mr Blaine on Rural Sports. There is also a series of cyclopædias on a larger scale, devoted to the various departments of medical science.

The plan of monthly publication for works of merit, and combining cheapness with elegance, was commenced by Mr Constable in 1827. It had been planned by him two years before, when his active mind was full of splendid schemes; and he was confident that, if he lived for half-a-dozen years, he would 'make it as impossible that there should not be a good library in every decent house in Britain, as that the shepherd's ingle-nook should want the *salt-poke*.' *Constable's Miscellany* was not begun till after the failure of the great publisher's house, but it presented some attraction, and enjoyed for several years considerable though unequal success. The works were issued in monthly numbers at a shilling each, and volumes at three shillings and sixpence. Basil Hall's *Travels*, and Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, were included in the *Miscellany*, and had a great sale. The example of this Edinburgh scheme stirred up a London publisher, Mr Murray, to attempt a similar series in the English metropolis. Hence began the *Family Library*, which was continued for about twelve years, and ended in 1841 with the eightieth volume. Mr Murray made his volumes five shillings each, adding occasionally engravings and wood-cuts, and publishing several works of standard merit—including Washington Irving's *Sketch-book*, Southey's *Life of Nelson*, &c. Mr Irving also abridged for this Library his *Life of Columbus;* Mr Lockhart abridged Scott's *Life of Napoleon;* Scott himself contributed a *History of Demonology;* Sir David Brewster a *Life of Newton;* and other popular authors joined as fellow-labourers. Another series of monthly volumes was begun in 1833, under the title of *Sacred Classics*, being reprints of celebrated authors whose labours have been devoted to the elucidation of the principles of revealed religion. Two clergymen—Mr Cattermole and Mr Stebbing—edited this library, and it was no bad index to their fitness for the office, that they opened it with Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, one of the most able, high-spirited, and eloquent of theological or ethical treatises. The *Edinburgh Cabinet Library* commenced in 1830, and included a number of valuable works, embodying the latest information and discoveries, chiefly on geographical and historical subjects. The convenience of the monthly mode of publication has

recommended it to both publishers and readers: editions of the works of Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Byron, Crabbe, Moore, Southey, the fashionable novels, &c., have been thus issued and circulated in thousands. Old standard authors and grave historians, decked out in this gay monthly attire, have also enjoyed a new lease of popularity: Boswell's *Johnson*, Shakspeare and the elder dramatists, Hume, Smollett, and Lingard, Tytler's *Scotland*, Cowper, Robert Hall, and almost innumerable other British *worthies*, have been so published. Those libraries, however—notwithstanding the intentions and sanguine predictions of Constable—were chiefly supported by the more opulent and respectable classes. To bring science and literature within the grasp of all, a Society was formed in 1825 for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, at the head of which were several statesmen and leading members of the Whig aristocracy—Lords Auckland, Althorp (afterwards Earl Spencer), John Russell, Nugent, Suffield, Mr Henry Brougham (afterwards Lord Brougham), Sir James Mackintosh, Dr Maltby (afterwards Bishop of Durham), Mr Hallam, Captain Basil Hall, &c. Their object was to circulate a series of treatises on the exact sciences, and on various branches of useful knowledge, in numbers at sixpence each. The first was published in March 1827, being *A Discourse on the Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science*, by Mr Brougham. Many of the works issued by this Society were excellent compendiums of knowledge; but the general fault of their scientific treatises was, that they were too technical and abstruse for the working-classes, and were, in point of fact, purchased and read chiefly by those in better stations of life. Another series of works of a higher cast, entitled *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, in four-shilling volumes, also emanated from this Society, as well as a very valuable and extensive series of maps and charts, forming a complete atlas. A collection of Portraits, with biographical memoirs, and an improved description of Almanac, published yearly, formed part of the Society's operations. Their labours were on the whole beneficial; and though the demand for cheap literature was then rapidly extending, the steady impulse and encouragement given to it by a Society possessing ample funds and large influence, must have tended materially to accelerate its progress. It was obvious, however, that the field was only partly occupied, and that large masses, both in the rural and manufacturing districts, were unable either to purchase or understand many of the treatises of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Under this impression, the publishers of the present work commenced, in February 1832, their weekly periodical, *Chambers's Journal*, consisting of original papers on subjects of ordinary life, science, and literature, and containing in each number a quantity of matter equal to that in a number of the Society's works, and sold at one-fourth of the price. The result of this extraordinary cheapness—and we may honestly add the good quality of the material—was a circulation soon exceeding fifty thousand weekly. The *Penny Magazine*, a respectable periodical, and the *Penny Cyclopædia*, were afterwards commenced by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and attained each a very great circulation. There are now numerous other labourers in the same field of humble usefulness; and it is scarcely possible to enter a cottage or workshop without meeting with some of these publications—cheering the leisure moments of the peasant or mechanic, and, by withdrawing him from the operation of the grosser senses, elevating him in the scale of rational beings.

We cannot close this section without adverting to the Reviews and Magazines. The *Edinburgh Review*, started in October 1802 under circumstances elsewhere detailed, was a work entirely new in our literature, not only as it brought talent of the first order to bear upon periodical criticism, but as it presented many original and brilliant disquisitions on subjects of public importance, apart from all consideration of the literary productions of the day. It met with instant success. Of the first number, 750 copies were printed. The demand exceeded this limited supply: 750 more were thrown off, and successive editions followed. In 1808, the circulation had risen to about 9000; and it is believed to have reached its maximum—from which it has declined—in 1813, when 12,000 or 13,000 copies were printed. The *Review*, we need not say, still occupies an important position in the English world of letters. As it was devoted to the support of Whig politics, the Tory or ministerial party of the day soon felt a need for a similar organ of opinion on their side, and this led to the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* in 1809. The *Quarterly* has ever since kept abreast with its northern rival in point of ability, and is said to have outstripped it in circulation. The *Westminster Review* was established in 1824, by Mr Bentham and his friends, as a medium for the representation of Radical opinions. In talent, as in popularity, this work has been unequal.

The same improvement which the *Edinburgh Review* originated in the critical class of periodicals was effected in the department of the magazines, or literary miscellanies, by the establishment, in 1817, of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, which has been the exemplar of many other similar publications—*Fraser's*, *Tait's* (now extinct), the *New Monthly*, *Bentley's Miscellany* (extinct), the *Dublin University Magazine*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *The Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Contemporary Review*, *Fortnightly Review*, &c. These magazines present each month a melange of original articles in light literature, mingled with papers of political disquisition. In all of them there is now literary matter of merit equal to what obtained great reputations in the last century.

THOMAS HOOD

LORD MACAULAY

ALFRED TENNYSON.

LORD LYTTON

HENRY W LONGFELLOW

J.R.P. del

C. Roberts sc

SOME of the great names which illustrated the former period, and have made it famous, continued after 1830 to grace our literature. Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, the creative masters of the last generation, still remained, but their strength was spent, their honours won, and it may be long ere the world see again such a cluster of eminent poetical contemporaries. Other names, however, were brightening the horizon. Macaulay, Carlyle, and Tennyson appeared, and we had vast activity in every department of our national literature, while in some there was unquestioned pre-eminence. This has been seen in the revival of speculative philosophy, corresponding with the diffusion of physical science—in the study of nature, its laws and resources; and in the rich abundance of our prose fiction, which is wholly without a parallel in ancient or modern times. The novel has, indeed, become a necessity in our social life—a great institution. It no longer deals with heroic events and perilous adventures—the romance of history or chivalry. But it finds nourishment and vigour in the daily walks and common scenes of life—in the development of character, intellect, and passion, the struggles, follies, and varieties of ordinary existence. Even poetry reflects the contemplative and inquiring spirit of the age. In history and biography, the two grand sources of our literary distinction in this latter half of the nineteenth century, the same tendencies prevail—a desire to know all and investigate all. Every source of information is sought after—every leading fact, principle, or doctrine in taste, criticism, and ethics is subjected to scrutiny and analysis; while literary journals and cheap editions, multiplied by the aid of steam, pour forth boundless supplies. To note all these in our remaining space would be impossible; many works well deserving of study we can barely glance at, and many must be omitted. In the delicate and somewhat invidious task of dealing with living authors, we shall seek rather to afford information and awaken interest than to pronounce judgments; and we must trust largely to the candour and indulgence of our readers.

POETS.

The chief representative poet of the period is Alfred Tennyson, who, on the death of Wordsworth, by universal acclaim succeeded to the laurel,

> Greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base,

and who has, like his predecessor, slowly won his way to fame. But, before noticing the laureate, several other names claim attention.

HARTLEY, DERWENT, AND SARA COLERIDGE.

The children of Samuel Taylor Coleridge all inherited his love of literature, and the eldest possessed no small portion of kindred poetical genius. HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796–1849) was born at Clevedon, near Bristol. His precocious fancy and sensibility attracted Wordsworth, who addressed some lines to the child, then only six years of age, expressive of his anxiety and fears for his future lot. The lines were prophetic. After a desultory, irregular education, Hartley competed for a fellowship at Oriel College, Oxford, and gained it with high distinction; but at the close of the probationary year, he was judged to have forfeited it on the ground mainly of intemperance. He then attempted a literary life in London, but was unsuccessful. 'The cause of his failure,' says his brother, 'lay in himself, not in any want of literary power, of which he had always a ready command, and which he could have made to assume the most popular forms; but he had lost the power of will. His steadiness of purpose was gone, and the motives which he had for exertion, imperative as they appeared, were without force.' Hartley next tried a school at Ambleside, but his scholars soon fell off, and at length he trusted solely to his pen. He contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in 1832 wrote for a Leeds publisher *Biographia Borealis, or Lives of Distinguished Northmen*. In 1833 appeared *Poems*, vol. i. (no second volume was published), and in 1834, *Lives of Northern Worthies*. The latter years of Hartley Coleridge were spent in the Lake country at Grasmere, and afterwards on the banks of Rydal Water. He was regarded with love, admiration, and pity; for with all his irregularities he preserved a childlike purity and simplicity of character, and 'with hair white as snow,' he had, as one of his friends remarked, 'a heart as green as May.' The works of Hartley Coleridge have been republished and edited by his brother—the *Poems*, with a Memoir, two volumes, 1851; *Essays and Marginalia* (miscellaneous essays and criticism), two volumes, 1851; and *Lives of Northern Worthies*, three volumes, 1852. The poetry of Hartley Coleridge is of the school of Wordsworth—unequal in execution, for hasty and spontaneous production was the habit of the poet, but at least a tithe of his verse merits preservation, and some of his sonnets are exquisite. His prose works are

characterised by a vein of original thought and reflection, and by great clearness and beauty of style. His *Lives of Northern Worthies* form one of the most agreeable of modern books, introducing the reader to soldiers, scholars, poets, and statesmen.

The REV. DERWENT COLERIDGE (born at Keswick in 1800) is Principal of St Mark's College, Chelsea, and a prebendary of St Paul's. He has published a series of *Sermons*, 1839, but is chiefly known as author of the Memoir of his brother Hartley, and editor and annotator of some of his father's writings.

SARA COLERIDGE (1803–1852) was born at Greta Hall, near Keswick, and is commemorated in Wordsworth's poem of *The Triad*. In respect of learning and philosophical studies, she might have challenged comparison with any of the erudite ladies of the Elizabethan period; while, in taste and fancy, she well supported the poetical honours of her family. The works of Sara Coleridge are—*Phantasmion*, a fairy tale, 1837, and *Pretty Lessons for Good Children*. She translated, from the Latin, Martin Dobrizhoffer's *Account of the Abipones*, three volumes, 1822, and enriched her father's works with valuable notes and illustrations. This accomplished lady was married to her cousin, HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE (1800–1843), who was author of a lively narrative, *Six Months in the West Indies in* 1825; of an *Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets*, 1830; and editor of the *Literary Remains* and of many of the writings of his uncle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In 1873 was published *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*, edited by her daughter, a work in two volumes, containing much interesting information relative to the Lake Poets, besides displaying the virtues and acquirements of the deceased authoress. Some one said of Sara Coleridge: 'Her father had looked down into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own.'

Sonnets by Hartley Coleridge.

What was 't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious presence of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

To Shakspeare.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind;
So, in the compass of a single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
To make all worlds. Great Poet! 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

Address to Certain Gold-fishes.

Restless forms of living light
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams!
Harmless warriors, clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale—
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing—
Fleet are ye as fleetest galley
Or pirate rover sent from Sallee;
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.

Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size
When ye would elude our eyes—
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem—
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in far Cathay:

And yet, since on this hapless earth
There 's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart;
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound—
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem!

We add a few sentences of Hartley Coleridge's graceful and striking prose:

History and Biography.

In history, all that belongs to the individual is exhibited in subordinate relation to the commonwealth; in biography, the acts and accidents of the commonwealth are considered in their relation to the individual, as influences by which his character is formed or modified—as circumstances amid which he is placed—as the sphere in which he moves—or the materials he works with. The man with his works, his words, his affections, his fortunes, is the end and aim of all. He does not, indeed, as in a panegyric, stand alone like a statue; but like the central figure of a picture, around which others are grouped in due subordination and perspective, the general circumstances of his times forming the back and fore ground. In history, the man, like the earth on the Copernican hypothesis, is part of a system; in biography, he is, like the earth in the ancient cosmogony, the centre and final cause of the system.

The Opposing Armies on Marston Moor.

Fifty thousand subjects of one king stood face to face on Marston Moor. The numbers on each side were not far unequal, but never were two hosts speaking one language of more dissimilar aspects. The Cavaliers, flushed with recent victory, identifying their quarrel with their honour and their love, their loose locks escaping beneath their plumed helmets, glittering in all the martial pride which makes the battle-day like a pageant or a festival, and prancing forth with all the grace of gentle love, as they would make a jest of death, while the spirit-rousing strains of the trumpets made their blood dance, and their steeds prick up their ears. The Roundheads, arranged in thick, dark masses, their steel caps and high-crowned hats drawn close over their brows, looking determination, expressing with furrowed foreheads and hard-closed lips the inly-working rage which was blown up to furnace-heat by the extempore effusions of their preachers, and found vent in the terrible denunciations of the Hebrew psalms and prophecies. The arms of each party were adapted to the nature of their courage; the swords, pikes, and pistols of the royalists, light and bright, were suited for swift onset and ready use; while the ponderous basket-hilted blades, long halberts, and heavy fire-arms of the parliamentarians were equally suited to resist a sharp attack, and to do execution upon a broken enemy. The royalists regarded their adversaries with that scorn which the gay and high-born always feel or affect for the precise or sour-mannered: the soldiers of the Covenant looked on their enemies as the enemies of Israel, and considered themselves as the elect and chosen people—a creed which extinguished fear and remorse together. It would be hard to say whether there was more praying on one side or more swearing on the other, or which to a truly Christian ear had been the most offensive. Yet both esteemed themselves the champions of the church; there was bravery and virtue in both; but with this high advantage on the parliamentary side—that while the aristocratic honour of the royalists could only inspire a certain number of *gentlemen*, and separated the patrician from the plebeian soldier, the religious zeal of the Puritans bound officer and man, general and pioneer together, in a fierce and resolute sympathy, and made equality itself an argument for subordination. The captain prayed at the head of his company, and the general's oration was a sermon.

Discernment of Character.

> I know it well,
> Yet must I still distrust the elder brother;
> For while he talks—and much the flatterer talks—
> His brother's silent carriage gives disproof
> Of all his boast: indeed I marked it well, &c.
>
> MASON'S *Caractacus.*

This is beautifully true to nature. Men are deceived in their judgments of others by a thousand causes—by their hopes, their ambition, their vanity, their antipathies, their likes and dislikes, their party feelings, their nationality, but, above all, by their presumptuous reliance on the ratiocinative understanding, their disregard to presentiments and unaccountable impressions, and their vain attempts to reduce everything to rule and measure. Women, on the other hand, if they be very women, are seldom deceived, except by love, compassion, or religious sympathy—by the latter too often deplorably; but then it is not because their better angel neglects to give warning, but because they are persuaded to make a merit of disregarding his admonitions. The craftiest Iago cannot win the good opinion of a *true* woman, unless he approach her as a lover, an unfortunate, or a religious confidant. Be it, however, remembered that this superior discernment in character is merely a female *instinct*, arising from a more delicate sensibility, a finer tact, a clearer intuition, and a natural abhorrence of every appearance of evil. It is a sense which only belongs to the innocent, and is quite distinct from the tact of experience. If, therefore, ladies without experience attempt to *judge*, to draw conclusions from premises, and give a reason for their sentiments, there is nothing in their sex to preserve them from error.

J. A. HERAUD—W. B. SCOTT.

JOHN ABRAHAM HERAUD—an author of curious and varied erudition, and long connected with periodical literature—has made two attempts at epic grandeur in his poems, *The Descent into Hell*, 1830, and *Judgment of the Flood*, 1834. He has also been a contributor to the unacted drama, having written several tragedies—*Salavera*, *The Two Brothers*, *Videna*, &c. Mr Heraud is, or rather *was*, in poetry what Martin was in art, a worshipper of the vast, the remote, and the terrible. His *Descent* and *Judgment* are remarkable poems—'psychological curiosities,' evincing a great amount of misplaced intellectual and poetic power. In 1871 Mr Heraud published *The Ingathering*, a volume of poetry; and *The War of Ideas*, a poem on the Franco-Prussian war.

In 1838 WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, an artist and man of genius, published *Hades, or the Transit*, and in 1846 *The Year of the World*, both transcendental poems, mystical as Mr Heraud's strains, but evidently prompted by admiration of Shelley. In 1854 Mr Scott issued *Poems by a Painter;* and in 1875 a volume of *Poems, Ballads*, &c., with etchings by the author and by Alma Tadema.

MRS SOUTHEY.

CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES (1787–1854) was the daughter of a retired officer, Captain Charles Bowles, of Buckland, near Lymington, Hants. She was, when young, deprived of her parents, and was left almost wholly to the care of the nurse, to whom she makes grateful reference in her writings. In her country retirement, she early cultivated literature, and produced successively *Ellen Fitz-Arthur*, a poem, 1820; *The Widow's Tale, and other Poems*, 1822; *Solitary Hours, Prose and Verse*, 1826; *Chapters on Churchyards*—a series of tales and sketches in prose, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and reprinted in two volumes, 1829. A long and affectionate intimacy subsisted between Southey and Miss Bowles, and in 1839 they were married. The *Athenæum* (Aug. 1854) states that no sacrifice could be greater than the one Miss Bowles made on this occasion. She resigned a larger income than she knew she would receive at Southey's death, and she 'consented to unite herself to him, with a sure prevision of the awful condition of mind to which he would shortly be reduced—with a certain knowledge of the injurious treatment to which she might be exposed—from the purest motive that could actuate a woman in forming such a connection; namely, the faint hope that her devotedness might enable her, if not to avert the catastrophe, to acquire at least a legal title to minister to the sufferer's comforts, and watch over the few sad years of existence that might remain to him.' The laureate himself, in writing to his friend Walter Savage Landor on the subject of this second marriage, said he had, according to

human foresight, 'judged well, and acted wisely;' but to his family it was peculiarly distasteful, except to one of its members, Edith May Southey, married to Mr Warter, the editor of the posthumous edition of Southey's *Doctor* and *Commonplace Books*. To this lady, Mrs Southey, in 1847—four years after the death of the laureate—dedicated a volume bearing the title of *Robin Hood: a Fragment, by the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey; with other Fragments and Poems by R. S. and C. S.* So early as 1823, Southey had projected a poem on Robin Hood, and asked Caroline Bowles to form an intellectual union with him that it might be executed. Various efforts were made and abandoned. The metre selected by Southey was that of his poem of *Thalaba*—a measure not only difficult, but foreign to all the ballad associations called up by the name of Robin Hood. Caroline Bowles, however, persevered, and we subjoin two stanzas of the portion contributed by her.

Majestically slow
The sun goes down in glory—
The full-orbed autumn sun;
From battlement to basement,
From flanking tower to flanking tower,
The long-ranged windows of a noble hall
Fling back the flamy splendour.
Wave above, wave below,
Orange, and green, and gold,
Russet and crimson,
Like an embroidered zone, ancestral woods,
Close round on all sides:
Those again begirt
In wavy undulations of all hues
To the horizon's verge by the deep forest.

The holy stillness of the hour,
The hush of human life,
Lets the low voice be heard—
The low, sweet, solemn voice
Of the deep woods,
Its mystical murmuring
Now swelling into choral harmony,
Rich, full, exultant;
In tremulous whispers next,
Sinking away,
A spiritual undertone,
Till the cooing of the wood-pigeon
Is heard alone.

The poem was never completed: 'clouds were gathering the while,' says Mrs Southey, 'and before the time came that our matured purpose should bear fruit, the fiat had gone forth, and "all was in the dust."' The remaining years of the poetess were spent in close retirement. She left behind her, it is said, upwards of twelve hundred letters from the pen of Southey. The writings of Mrs Southey, both prose and verse, illustrate her love of retirement, her amiable character, and poetical susceptibilities. A vein of pathos runs through most of the little tales or novelettes, and colours her poetry.

Mariner's Hymn.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

'What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?'
'Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all 's right.'
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbour 's near—
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

Once upon a Time.

I mind me of a pleasant time,
A season long ago;
The pleasantest I 've ever known,
Or ever now shall know.
Bees, birds, and little tinkling rills,
So merrily did chime;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I was in my prime.

I 've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray;
I 've never plucked such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae;
I 've never smelt such violets
As all that pleasant time
I found by every hawthorn-root—
When I was in my prime.

Yon moory down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous then and gay
With golden gorse—bright blossoming—
As none blooms nowaday.
The blackbird sings but seldom now
Up there in the old lime,
Where hours and hours he used to sing—
When I was in my prime.

Such cutting winds came never then
To pierce one through and through;
More softly fell the silent shower,
More balmily the dew.
The morning mist and evening haze—
Unlike this cold gray rime—
Seemed woven warm of golden air—
When I was in my prime.

And blackberries—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavoured then;
And nuts—such reddening clusters ripe
I ne'er shall pull again;
Nor strawberries blushing bright—as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime;
How all is altered for the worse
Since I was in my prime!

The Pauper's Death-bed.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing-bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There 's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state:
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change!—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonised, and now
Beyond the stars!

O change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

JOHN EDMUND READE.

The first production of MR READE appears to have been a volume entitled *The Broken Heart and other Poems*, 1825. From that period up to 1868 he has published a long series of poems and dramas. *Cain the Wanderer* and the *Revolt of the Angels* in 1830; *Italy*, 1838; *Catiline* and *The Deluge*, 1839; *Sacred Poems*, 1843; *Memnon*, 1844; *Revelations of Life*, 1849; &c. Mr Reade has lived to superintend and publish four collective editions of his poetical works (1851–1865). He has also written some novels, and two volumes of *Continental Impressions* (1847). The poem of *Italy*, in the Spenserian stanza, recalls Byron's *Childe Harold*, while the *Revelations* resemble Wordsworth's *Excursion*. We subjoin a few lines of description:

We looked toward
The sun, rayless and red; emerging slow
From a black canopy that lowered above.
O'er a blue sky it hung where fleecy clouds
Swelled like low hills along the horizon's verge,
Down slanting to a sea of glory, or
O'er infinite plains in luminous repose.
Eastward the sulphurous thunder-clouds were rolled:
While on the lurid sky beneath was marked
The visibly falling storm. The western rays
Braided its molten edges, rising up
Like battlemented towers, their brazen fronts
Changing perturbedly: from which, half seen,
The imaginative eye could body forth
Spiritual forms of thrones and fallen powers,
Reflecting on their scarred and fiery fronts,
The splendours left behind them.

Catiline, a drama, is well conceived and executed; but here also Mr Reade follows another poetical master, Ben Jonson.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

This gentleman (1802–1839) was early distinguished for scholarship and poetic talent. In conjunction with a school-fellow—the Rev. John Moultrie, who also wrote some pleasing poetry—Mr Praed set up a paper called *The Etonian;* and he was associated with Macaulay as a writer in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. The son of a wealthy London banker, Mr Praed was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge; he studied for the bar, and, having entered public life as a Conservative politician, sat in the House of Commons for English boroughs, and for a short period in 1835 held the office of Secretary of the Board of Control. His poetical pieces were contributed to periodicals, and were first collected by an American publisher in 1844. They are light, fashionable sketches, yet executed with great truth and sprightliness. The following is an excellent portrait of a wealthy English bachelor and humorist:

Quince.

Near a small village in the West,
Where many very worthy people
Eat, drink, play whist, and do their best
To guard from evil church and steeple,
There stood—alas, it stands no more!—
A tenement of brick and plaster,
Of which, for forty years and four,
My good friend Quince was lord and master.

Welcome was he in hut and hall,
To maids and matrons, peers and peasants;
He won the sympathies of all
By making puns and making presents.
Though all the parish was at strife,
He kept his counsel and his carriage,
And laughed, and loved a quiet life,
And shrunk from Chancery-suits and marriage.

Sound was his claret and his head,
Warm was his double ale and feelings;
His partners at the whist-club said
That he was faultless in his dealings.
He went to church but once a week,
Yet Dr Poundtext always found him
An upright man, who studied Greek,
And liked to see his friends around him.

Asylums, hospitals, and schools
He used to swear were made to cozen;
All who subscribed to them were fools—
And he subscribed to half a dozen.

It was his doctrine that the poor
Were always able, never willing;
And so the beggar at the door
Had first abuse, and then a shilling.

Some public principles he had,
But was no flatterer nor fretter;
He rapped his box when things were bad,
And said: 'I cannot make them better.'
And much he loathed the patriot's snort,
And much he scorned the placeman's snuffle,
And cut the fiercest quarrels short
With, 'Patience, gentlemen, and shuffle!'

For full ten years his pointer, Speed,
Had couched beneath his master's table;
For twice ten years his old white steed
Had fattened in his master's stable.
Old Quince averred upon his troth
They were the ugliest beasts in Devon;
And none knew why he fed them both
With his own hands, six days in seven.

Whene'er they heard his ring or knock,
Quicker than thought the village slatterns
Flung down the novel, smoothed the frock,
And took up Mrs Glasse or patterns.
Alice was studying baker's bills;
Louisa looked the queen of knitters;
Jane happened to be hemming frills;
And Nell by chance was making fritters.

But all was vain. And while decay
Came like a tranquil moonlight o'er him,
And found him gouty still and gay,
With no fair nurse to bless or bore him;
His rugged smile and easy chair,
His dread of matrimonial lectures,
His wig, his stick, his powdered hair,
Were themes for very strange conjectures.

Some sages thought the stars above
Had crazed him with excess of knowledge;
Some heard he had been crossed in love
Before he came away from college;
Some darkly hinted that His Grace
Did nothing, great or small, without him;
Some whispered, with a solemn face,
That there was something odd about him.

I found him at threescore and ten
A single man, but bent quite double;
Sickness was coming on him then
To take him from a world of trouble.
He prosed of sliding down the hill,
Discovered he grew older daily;
One frosty day he made his will,
The next he sent for Dr Baillie.

And so he lived, and so he died;
When last I sat beside his pillow,
He shook my hand: 'Ah me!' he cried,
'Penelope must wear the willow!
Tell her I hugged her rosy chain
While life was flickering in the socket,
And say that when I call again
I 'll bring a license in my pocket.

'I 've left my house and grounds to Fag—
I hope his master's shoes will suit him!—
And I 've bequeathed to you my nag,
To feed him for my sake, or shoot him.
The vicar's wife will take old Fox;
She 'll find him an uncommon mouser;
And let her husband have my box,
My Bible, and my Assmanshäuser.

'Whether I ought to die or not,
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It 's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid. But Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection!
Tom, we shall meet again; and yet
I cannot leave you my direction!'

THOMAS HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD (1798–1845) appeared before the public chiefly as a comic poet and humorist; but several of his compositions, of a different nature, shew that he was also capable of excelling in the grave, pathetic, and sentimental. He had thoughts 'too deep for tears,' and rich imaginative dreams and fancies, which were at times embodied in continuous strains of pure and exquisite poetry, but more frequently thrown in, like momentary shadows, among his light and fantastic effusions. His wit and sarcasm were always well applied. This ingenious and gifted man was a native of London, son of one of the partners in the bookselling firm of Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe. He was educated for the counting-house, and at an early age was placed under the charge of a City merchant. His health, however, was found unequal to the close confinement and application required at the merchant's desk, and he was sent to reside with some relatives in Dundee, of which town his father was a native. While resident there, Mr Hood evinced his taste for literature. He contributed to the local newspapers, and also to the *Dundee Magazine*, a periodical of considerable merit. On the re-establishment of his health, he returned to London, and was put apprentice to a relation, an engraver. At this employment he remained just long enough to acquire a taste for drawing, which was afterwards of essential service to him in illustrating his poetical productions. About the year 1821 he had adopted literature as a profession, and was installed as regular assistant to the *London Magazine*, which at that time was left without its founder and ornament, Mr John Scott, who was unhappily killed in a duel. On the cessation of this work, Mr Hood wrote for various periodicals. He was some time editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and also of a magazine which bore his own name. His life was one of incessant exertion, embittered by ill health and all the disquiets and uncertainties incidental to authorship. When almost prostrated by disease, the government stepped in to relieve him with a small pension; and after his premature death in May 1845, his literary friends contributed liberally towards the support of his widow and family. The following lines, written a few weeks before his death, possess a peculiar and melancholy interest:

Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upwards steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the spirit strives:
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—

O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould !

April 1845.

Mr Hood's productions are in various styles and forms. His first work, *Whims and Oddities*, attained to great popularity. Their most original feature was the use which the author made of puns—a figure generally too contemptible for literature, but which, in Hood's hands, became the basis of genuine humour, and often of the purest pathos. He afterwards (1827) tried a series of *National Tales;* but his prose was less attractive than his verse. A regular novel, *Tylney Hall*, was a more decided failure. In poetry he made a great advance. *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* is a rich imaginative work, superior to his other productions. As editor of the *Comic Annual*, and also of some of the literary annuals, Mr Hood increased his reputation for sportive humour and poetical fancy ; and he continued the same vein in his *Up the Rhine*—a satire on the absurdities of English travellers. In 1843, he issued two volumes of *Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering*, collected chiefly from the *New Monthly Magazine*. His last production of any importance was the *Song of the Shirt*, which first appeared in *Punch* (1844), and is as admirable in spirit as in composition. This striking picture of the miseries of the poor London sempstresses struck home to the heart, and aroused the benevolent feelings of the public. In most of Hood's works, even in his puns and levities, there is a 'spirit of good' directed to some kindly or philanthropic object. He had serious and mournful jests, which were the more effective from their strange and unexpected combinations. Those who came to laugh at folly, remained to sympathise with want and suffering. The 'various pen' of Hood, said Douglas Jerrold, 'touched alike the springs of laughter and the sources of tears.' Charles Lamb said Hood carried two faces under his *namesake*, a tragic one and a comic.

Of Hood's graceful and poetical puns, it would be easy to give abundant specimens. The following stanzas form part of an inimitable burlesque :

Lament for the Decline of Chivalry.

Well hast thou said, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past !
That iron age, which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought,
Is now all over-cast.

Ay ! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest ?
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest.

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound ;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such éclat !
Oh, Time has plucked the plumy brow !
And none engage at turneys now
But those that go to law ! . . .

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans ;
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs ?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work ; but men
Fight now with powder puffs !

The curtal-axe is out of date !
The good old cross-bow bends to Fate ;
'Tis gone the archer's craft !
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft. . . .

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about ?
Or blood—if they are in the vein ?
That tap will never run again—
Alas, the *casque* is out !

No iron crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place ;
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case !

Farewell, then, ancient men of might !
Crusader, errant squire, and knight !
Our coats and customs soften ;
To rise would only make you weep ;
Sleep on in rusty iron, sleep
As in a safety coffin !

The grave, lofty, and sustained style of Hood is much more rare than this punning vein ; but a few verses will shew how truly poetical at times was his imagination—how rapt his fancy. The diction of the subjoined stanzas is rich and musical, and may recall some of the finest flights of the Elizabethan poets. We quote from an *Ode to the Moon.*

Mother of light ! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led !
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old ? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild chamois on her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climbed—secure from dread ?
A thousand ancient fancies I have read
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought,
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought.

What art thou like ? Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way ;
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray :
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Clustered by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars :
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latinian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch.

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be !
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named—
And *he* the veriest Pagan who first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee ;
It is too late, or thou shouldst have my knee—
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows ;
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,

Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In the *Gem*, a literary annual for 1829, Mr Hood published a ballad entitled *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, which is also remarkable for its exhibition of the secrets of the human heart, and its deep and powerful moral feeling. It is perhaps to be regretted that an author who had undoubted command of the higher passions and emotions, should so seldom have frequented this sacred ground, but have preferred the gaieties of mirth and fancy. He probably saw that his originality was more apparent in the latter, and that popularity was in this way more easily attained. Immediate success was of importance to him; and until the position of literary men be rendered more secure and unassailable, we must often be content to lose works which can only be the 'ripened fruits of wise delay.'

The following is one of Hood's most popular effusions in that style which the public identified as peculiarly his own:

A Parental Ode to my Son, aged Three Years and Five Months.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he 's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he 'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that 's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He 'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He 's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He 's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I 'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he 's sent above!)

The Song of the Shirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt!'

'Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

'Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

'O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you 're wearing out!
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

'But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

'Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

'Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

'Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to shew me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

'Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

'Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread.'

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this 'Song of the Shirt!'

The following stanzas possess a sad yet sweet reality of tone and imagery:

The Death-bed.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Hood's works have been collected into four volumes: *Poems of Wit and Humour; Hood's Own, or Laughter from Year to Year;* and *Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse.*

A son of Mr Hood's (commonly termed TOM HOOD) was also a professional littérateur, author of several novels, books for children, and other works: he was also editor of a comic periodical, *Fun.* He died in 1874, aged 39.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

Under the signature of the Greek letter Delta, DAVID MACBETH MOIR (1798 1851) was a large poetical contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine.* His best pieces are grave and tender, but he also wrote some lively *jeux d'esprit,* and a humorous Scottish tale, *The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch,* which was published in one volume, in 1828. His other works are—*The Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems,* 1824; *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine,* 1831; *Domestic Verses,* 1843; and *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century,* 1851. His Poetical Works, edited by Thomas Aird—who prefixed to the collection an excellent memoir of the poet—were published in two volumes in 1852. Mr Moir practised as a surgeon in his native town of Musselburgh, beloved by all who knew him. Of his poetry, Mr Aird says: 'In Delta's earlier strains there are generally fancy, and feeling, and musical rhythm, but not much thought. His love of poetry, however, never suffered abatement, and as "a maker," he was improving to the very last. To unfaded freshness of heart he was adding riper thought: such was one of the prime blessings of his pure nature and life. Reserve and patience were what he wanted, in order to be a greater name in song than he is.'

When Thou at Eve art Roaming.

I.

When thou at eve art roaming
Along the elm-o'ershadowed walk,
Where fast the eddying stream is foaming,
And falling down—a cataract,
'Twas there with thee I wont to talk;
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh.

II.

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in her light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yew,
Then be thou melancholy too,
While pausing on the hours I proved
With thee beloved.

III.

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
As soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear,
Muse, for that hour to thought is dear,
And then its flight remembrance wings
To bypast things.

IV.

To me, through every season, dearest;
In every scene, by day, by night,
Thou, present to my mind appearest
A quenchless star, for ever bright;
My solitary, sole delight;
Where'er I am, by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

Associated with Praed, Macaulay, Henry Nelson Coleridge, and others in the *Etonian* and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine,* was the REV. JOHN MOULTRIE (1799–1874), for some time rector of Rugby—

an amiable and accomplished man, and one of the most graceful and meditative of the minor poets. He published two volumes—*My Brother's Grave, and other Poems*, 1837; and *The Dream of Life, and other Poems*, 1843; also a volume of *Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Rugby*, 1852. A complete edition of Moultrie's poems was published in 1876, with memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, one of the most attached and admiring of his college friends. The following is part of one of his earliest and best poems:

My Brother's Grave.

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few save rustic mourners known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name, thy birth, thy youth declare;
Thy innocence, thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there:
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave.

The place is silent—rarely sound
Is heard those ancient walls around;
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,
Discoursing in the public street;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell
From neighbouring fort or citadel—
No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life;
Nor breaks the silence still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid 'in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.'
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the Sabbath day;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thought of heaven;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial stone?
What form, in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy heart his bed;
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.

It is not long since thou wert wont
Within these sacred walls to kneel;
This altar, that baptismal font,
These stones which now thy dust conceal,
The sweet tones of the Sabbath bell,
Were holiest objects to thy soul;
On these thy spirit loved to dwell,
Untainted by the world's control.

My brother, these were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet;
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget!

My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstained by sin, unstung by pain;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hailed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath day!
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God!
For souls, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine,
Which guiltier bosoms own divine. . . .

And years have passed, and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb;
And cheerful is my mother's brow,
My father's eye has lost its gloom;
And years have passed, and death has laid
Another victim by thy side;
With thee he roams, an infant shade;
But not more pure than thou he died.
Blest are ye both! your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye loved the best;
And that dear home, which saw your birth,
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel spirit wanders o'er?
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality?

THE HON. MRS NORTON.

The family of Sheridan has been prolific of genius, and MRS NORTON has well sustained the honours of her race. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by his marriage with Miss Linley, had one son, Thomas, whose convivial wit and fancy were scarcely less bright or less esteemed than those of his father, and whose many amiable qualities greatly endeared him to his friends. He died at a comparatively early age (in 1817), while filling the office of Colonial Paymaster at the Cape of Good Hope. In 1806, Thomas Sheridan was in Scotland, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to Lord Moira, and he there married a daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callender of Craigforth, by whom he had a numerous family.* Caroline Elizabeth Sarah was one of three sisters; she was born in 1808, and in her nineteenth year was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, son of the first Lord Grantley. This union was dissolved in 1840, after Mrs Norton had been the object of suspicion and persecution of the most painful description. Mr Norton was for thirty years recorder of Guildford; he died in 1875. From her childhood, Caroline Sheridan wrote verses. Her first publication was an attempt at satire, *The Dandies' Rout*, to which she added illustrative drawings. In her seventeenth year she wrote *The Sorrows of Rosalie*, a poem embodying a pathetic story of village-life, but which was not published until 1829. Her next work was a poem founded on the ancient legend of the Wandering

* Lady Elizabeth, the mother of Mrs Norton, was a daughter of the Earl of Antrim. She wrote a novel, entitled *Carwell*. Those who trace the preponderance of talent to the mother's side, may conclude that a fresh infusion of Irish genius was added to the Sheridan family by this connection.

Jew, and which she termed *The Undying One*, 1831. A novel, *The Wife and Woman's Reward*, 1835, was Mrs Norton's next production. In 1840 appeared *The Dream, and other Poems*. In 1845, she published *The Child of the Islands*, a poem written to draw the attention of the Prince of Wales, when he should be able to attend to social questions, to the condition of the people 'in a land and time wherein there is too little communication between classes,' and too little expression of sympathy on the part of the rich towards the poor. This was no new theme of the poetess: she had years before written letters on the subject, which were published in the *Times* newspaper. At Christmas 1846, Mrs Norton issued two poetical fairy tales, *Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children*, which charm alike by their graceful fancy and their brief sketches of birds, woods, and flowers. In 1850 appeared a volume of *Tales and Sketches in Prose and Verse*, being a collection of miscellaneous pieces originally contributed to periodicals. Next year a bolder venture was tried, a three-volume novel, entitled *Stuart of Dunleath, a Story of Modern Times*. The incidents of this story are too uniformly sad and gloomy—partly tinged by the bitter experiences of the authoress; but it presents occasional passages of humour and sarcasm, and a more matured though unfavourable knowledge of the world. It seemed as if the mind of the accomplished writer had been directed more closely to 'the evils done under the sun,' and that she longed passionately for power to redress them. In 1854 she wrote *English Laws for Women in the Nineteenth Century;* in 1862, *The Lady of Garaye;* in 1863, a novel entitled *Lost and Saved*. Her subsequent public appearances have been chiefly on topics of social importance; and the recent improvement in the English marriage laws may be traced primarily to the eloquent pleadings and untiring exertions of Mrs Norton. 'This lady,' says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 'is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel.' The truth of this remark, both as to poetical and personal similarity of feeling, will be seen from the following impassioned verses, addressed by Mrs Norton to the late Duchess of Sutherland, to whom she dedicated her Poems. The simile of the swan flinging aside the 'turbid drops' from her snowy wing is certainly worthy of Byron. But happily Mrs Norton has none of Byron's misanthropy or cold hopelessness.

To the Duchess of Sutherland.

Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee—the beautiful and pure—
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dullness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;
To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth—

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long;
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise!

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing—
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide:

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many such with which thy life is stored.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by Fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

In a poem entitled *Autumn* there is a noble simile:

I know the gray stones in the rocky glen,
Where the wild red deer gather one by one,
And listen, startled, to the tread of men
Which the betraying breeze hath backward blown!

So—with such dark majestic eyes, where shone
Less terror than amazement—nobly came
Peruvia's Incas, when, through lands unknown,
The cruel conqueror with the blood-stained name
Swept with pursuing sword and desolating flame.

In *The Winter's Walk*, a poem written after walking with Mr Rogers the poet, Mrs Norton has the following graceful and picturesque lines:

Gleamed the red sun athwart the misty haze
Which veiled the cold earth from its loving gaze,
Feeble and sad as hope in sorrow's hour—
But for thy soul it still had warmth and power;
Not to its cheerless beauty wert thou blind;
To the keen eye of thy poetic mind
Beauty still lives, though nature's flowerets die,
And wintry sunsets fade along the sky!
And nought escaped thee as we strolled along,
Nor changeful ray, nor bird's faint chirping song.
Blessed with a fancy easily inspired,
All was beheld, and nothing unadmired;
From the dim city to the clouded plain,
Not one of all God's blessings given in vain.

The affectionate attachment of Rogers to Sheridan, in his last and evil days, is delicately touched upon by the poetess:

And when at length he laid his dying head
On the hard rest of his neglected bed,
He found (though few or none around him came
Whom he had toiled for in his hour of fame—
Though by his Prince unroyally forgot,
And left to struggle with his altered lot),
By sorrow weakened, by disease unnerved—
Faithful at least the friend he had *not* served:
For the same voice essayed that hour to cheer,
Which now sounds welcome to his grandchild's ear;
And the same hand, to aid that life's decline,
Whose gentle clasp so late was linked in mine.

Picture of Twilight.

O Twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage-window throws.
Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life—
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And these poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turned quietly aside;
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home;
Fixed sentinels look forth to see him come;
The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him—who plods his sauntering way along,
Whistling the fragment of some village song!
Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful Night!
As in impatient hope he stands apart,
Companioned only by his beating heart,
And with an eager fancy oft beholds
The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.

Not Lost, but Gone Before.

How mournful seems, in broken dreams,
The memory of the day,
When icy Death hath sealed the breath
Of some dear form of clay;

When pale, unmoved, the face we loved,
The face we thought so fair,
And the hand lies cold, whose fervent hold
Once charmed away despair.

Oh, what could heal the grief we feel
For hopes that come no more,
Had we ne'er heard the Scripture word,
'Not lost, but gone before.'

Oh, sadly yet with vain regret
The widowed heart must yearn;
And mothers weep their babes asleep
In the sunlight's vain return;

The brother's heart shall rue to part
From the one through childhood known;
And the orphan's tears lament for years
A friend and father gone.

For death and life, with ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
'Not lost, but gone before.'

O world wherein nor death, nor sin,
Nor weary warfare dwells;
Their blessed home we parted from
With sobs and sad farewells;

Where eyes awake, for whose dear sake
Our own with tears grow dim,
And faint accords of dying words
Are changed for heaven's sweet hymn;

Oh! there at last, life's trials past,
We 'll meet our loved once more,
Whose feet have trod the path to God—
'Not lost, but gone before.'

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY—ALARIC A. WATTS.

MR HERVEY, a native of Manchester (1804–1859), for some years conducted the *Athenæum* literary journal, and contributed to various other periodicals. He published *Australia, and other Poems*, 1824; *The Poetical Sketch-book*, 1829; *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture*, 1832; *The English Helicon*, 1841; &c. His verses are characterised by delicate fancy and feeling.

The Convict Ship.

Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along:
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—

Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within!
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever!
Or deems that he watches afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave!

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

The *Poetical Sketches* (1822) and *Lyrics of the Heart* (1850) of MR ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS (1799–1864) are similar to the productions of Mr Hervey. Their author—a native of London—was connected with the periodical press, and was also among the first editors of those illustrated annual volumes once so numerous, in which poems and short prose sketches from popular or fashionable writers of the day were published. The *Literary Souvenir* ran to ten volumes (1824–34), and the *Cabinet of Modern Art* to three volumes (1835–38). Though generally very poor in point of literary merit, these illustrated annuals unquestionably fostered a taste for art among the people. In 1853, a pension of £300 was settled upon Mr Watts.

GEORGE DARLEY—SIR AUBREY AND AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE.

A critic has said that many 'pensive fancies, thoughtful graces, and intellectual interests blossom beneath our busier life and our more rank and forward literature.' Some of these we have had the pleasure of pointing out, and among the graceful contributors of such poetry, we may include MR DARLEY, author of *Sylvia, or the May Queen*, 1827; of *Thomas à Becket* and *Ethelstan*, dramas; *Errors of Extasie, and other Poems*. Mr Darley—who was a native of Dublin—died at a comparatively early age in 1846. He was in the latter part of his life one of the writers in the *Athenæum*, and an accomplished critic.—SIR AUBREY DE VERE (died in 1846) was author of two dramatic poems, *Julian the Apostate*, 1822, and *The Duke of Mercia*, 1823; also of *A Song of Faith, and other Poems*, 1842. The last volume is dedicated to Wordsworth, who had perused and 'rewarded with praise' some of the pieces.—Sir Aubrey's third son, AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE (born in 1814), has published several pieces both in verse and prose—*The Waldenses, with other Poems*, 1842; *The Search after Proserpine*, 1843; *Mary Tudor, a Drama*, 1847; *Sketches of Greece and Turkey*, 1850; *The Infant Bridal, and other Poems*, 1864; &c.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Though of late chiefly known as a theologian and prose author, RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH early attracted attention by some poems evincing genuine feeling and graceful expression. *The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems*, appeared in 1835; *Sabbation, Honor Neale*, &c. in 1838; *Elegiac Poems*, 1850; *Poems from Eastern Sources*, 1851, &c. This accomplished divine is a native of Dublin, born in 1807. Having studied for the church, he was some time engaged in different places as curate. In 1845, he became Rector of Itchin-Stoke, near Alresford; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1846; Professor and Examiner at King's College, London, in 1847; Dean of Westminster in 1856; and in 1864 he succeeded Dr Whately as Archbishop of Dublin.

Evening Hymn.

To the sound of evening bells
All that lives to rest repairs,
Birds unto their leafy dells,
Beasts unto their forest lairs.

All things wear a home-bound look,
From the weary hind that plods
Through the corn-fields, to the rook
Sailing toward the glimmering woods.

'Tis the time with power to bring
Tearful memories of home
To the sailor wandering
On the far-off barren foam.

What a still and holy time!
Yonder glowing sunset seems
Like the pathway to a clime
Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim! here compelled to roam,
Nor allowed that path to tread,
Now, when sweetest sense of home
On all living hearts is shed,

Doth not yearning sad, sublime,
At this season stir thy breast,
That thou canst not at this time
Seek thy home and happy rest?

Some Murmur, when their Sky is Clear.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,

Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

THOMAS AIRD—JAMES HEDDERWICK.

A few poems of wild imaginative grandeur, with descriptive sketches of Scottish rural scenery and character, have been written by THOMAS AIRD, born at Bowden, county of Roxburgh, August 28, 1802. Educated at the university of Edinburgh, Mr Aird formed the acquaintance of Professor Wilson, Mr Moir, and other contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine;* and in this favourite periodical he published most of the poetical pieces collected into one volume, 1848, and reprinted in 1856. Two volumes of prose sketches have also proceeded from his pen—*Religious Characteristics*, 1827, and *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*, 1848. For nearly a quarter of a century, Mr Aird conducted a Conservative weekly newspaper, *The Dumfries Herald.* Resident in a beautiful country, with just employment enough to keep the mind from rusting, and with the regard of many friends, his life glided on in a simple and happy tranquillity as rare among poets as it is enviable. He died at Dumfries on the 25th of April 1876.

From 'The Devil's Dream on Mount Aksbeck.'

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun;
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarred;
And high a grizzly Terror hung, upstarting from below,
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

'Twas not the obedient seraph's form that burns before the Throne,
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone:
With twists of faded glory mixed, grim shadows wove his wing;
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaimed the Infernal King.
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

Aloft he turned in middle air, like falcon for his prey,
And bowed to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away;
Till broke a cloud—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,
Sowing the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam:
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turbaned train,
That far had pushed the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign:

With stooping pinion that outflew the Prophet's wingèd steed,
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed;
But prouder yet he turned alone, and stood on Tabor hill,
With scorn as if the Arab swords had little helped his will:
With scorn he looked to west away, and left their train to die,
Like a thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame?
There, in the sad days of his flesh, o'er Christ a glory came;
And light outflowed him like a sea, and raised his shining brow;
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Beloved bow.
One thought of this came o'er the fiend, and raised his startled form,
And up he drew his swelling skirts, as if to meet the storm.

With wing that stripped the dews and birds from off the boughs of Night,
Down over Tabor's trees he whirled his fierce distempered flight;
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he tracked his earnest way,
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day;
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,
Yet looked what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust;
The feet were chained, and sorrow thrilled throughout the sable bust.
The idol and the idol's priest he hailed upon the earth,
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame,
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth again he rode with night,
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and white,
He closed at once his weary wings, and touched the shining hill;
For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquered will:
For sin had dulled his native strength, and spoilt the holy law
Of impulse whence the archangel forms their earnest being draw.

[Here he was visited by a dream or series of visions. While plunged in the lake of God's wrath, and fixed there, as it seemed, for thousands of years, in dull, passive lethargy, a new heavenly vision burst upon the fiend.]

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers;
And oh! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam;
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrilled through his inmost soul,
And these the words that bowed his heart with softly sad control:

'No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above;
No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarrèd face;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race:
But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

'And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered feet;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God.'

[The fiend sprung upward in haughty defiance.]

His pride would have the works of God to shew the signs of fear,
With flying angels to and fro to watch his dread career;
But all was calm: he felt Night's dews upon his sultry wing,
And gnashed at the impartial laws of Nature's mighty King;
Above control, or show of hate, they no exception made,
But gave him dews, like aged thorn, or little grassy blade.

Terrible, like the mustering manes of the cold and curly sea,
So grew his eye's enridgèd gleams; and doubt and danger flee:
Like veteran band's grim valour slow, that moves to avenge its chief,
Up slowly drew the fiend his form, that shook with proud relief:
And he will upward go, and pluck the windows of high heaven,
And stir their calm insulting peace, though tenfold hell be given.

Quick as the levin, whose blue forks lick up the life of man,
Aloft he sprung, and through his wings the piercing north wind ran;
Till, like a glimmering lamp that 's lit in lazar-house by night,
To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed aright,
Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,
So gathered darkness high the fiend, till swallowed like a star.

What judgment from the tempted heavens shall on his head go forth?
Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the north.
The stars are up untroubled all in the lofty fields of air:
The will of God 's enough, without His red right arm made bare.
'Twas He that gave the fiend a space, to prove him still the same;
Then bade wild Hell, with hideous laugh, be stirred her prey to claim.

Among the other volumes of verse about this time we may mention *The Lays of Middle Age, and other Poems*, 1859, by JAMES HEDDERWICK, Glasgow. These *Lays* are the fruit of a thoughtful poetic mind, loving nature, and 'whatsoever things are pure and lovely, and of good report.'

Middle Age.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought!
Quiet half-way hostelry on Life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load!
High table-land, to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
Season when not to achieve is to despair!
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs;
But now, these trophies ours, we recognise
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step, as marks of eld.
None are so far but some are on before;
Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
Thick green of summer on the matted bough!
The languid autumn mellows round us now:
Yet Fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

LORD MACAULAY.

In 1842 THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY surprised and gratified the lovers of poetry and of classic story by the publication of his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Adopting the theory of Niebuhr—now generally acquiesced in as correct—that the heroic and romantic incidents related by Livy of the early history of Rome are founded merely on ancient ballads and legends, he selects four of those incidents as themes for his verse. Identifying himself with the plebeians and tribunes, he makes them chant the martial stories of Horatius Cocles, the battle of the Lake Regillus, the death of Virginia, and the prophecy of Capys. The style is homely, abrupt, and energetic, carrying us along like the exciting narratives of Scott, and presenting brief but striking pictures of local scenery and manners. The incidents and characters so happily delineated were hallowed by their antiquity and heroism. 'The whole life and meaning of the early heroes of Rome,' says the enthusiastic Professor Wilson, 'are represented in the few isolated events and characters which have come down; and what a source of picturesque exaggeration to these events and characters there is in the total want of all connected history! They have thus acquired a pregnancy of meaning which renders them the richest subjects of poetic contemplation; and to evolve the sentiment they embody in any form we choose is a proper exercise of the fancy. For the same reason, is not the history which is freest of the interpreting reflection that characterises most modern histories, and presents most strictly the naked incident, always that which affords the best, and, as literature shews, the most frequent subjects of imagination? The Roman character is highly poetical—bold, brave, and independent—devoid of art or subtlety—full of faith and hope—devoted to the cause of duty, as comprised in the two great points of reverence for the gods and love of country. Shakspeare saw its fitness for the drama; and these *Lays of Ancient Rome* are, in their way and degree, a further illustration of the truth. Mr Macaulay might have taken, and we trust will yet take, wider ground; but what he has done he has done nobly, and like

"an antique Roman."' Previous to this, during his collegiate career, the poet-historian had shewn his fitness to deal with picturesque incidents and characters in history. His noble ballads, *The Battle of Naseby; Ivry, a Song of the Huguenots;* and *The Armada, a Fragment*, are unsurpassed in spirit and grandeur except by the battle-pieces of Scott.

The ancestors of Lord Macaulay were long settled in the island of Lewis, Ross-shire. His grandfather, the Rev. John Macaulay, was successively minister of South Uist, of Lismore, of Inveraray, and of Cardross in Dumbartonshire. In Inveraray, he met with Johnson and Boswell on their return from the Hebrides in the autumn of 1773. He died at Cardross in 1789. Two years previous to his death, a daughter of Mr Macaulay was married to Thomas Babington, Esq., of Rothley Temple, Leicestershire—many years the representative of Leicester in parliament—and thus an English connection was formed, from which, at a subsequent period, Lord Macaulay derived the scene of his birth, his Christian name, and many of his early associations. Zachary Macaulay (1768–1838), son of the Scottish minister, was sent when a boy to the West Indies. He was disgusted with the state of slavery in Jamaica, and afterwards, on his return to Great Britain, resided at Clapham, and became an active associate of Clarkson and Wilberforce. He married Selina, daughter of Mr Thomas Mills, a bookseller in Bristol, and had, with other children, a son destined to take a high place among the statesmen, orators, essayists, and historians of England.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple, the seat of his paternal uncle, on the 25th of October 1800. At the age of twelve he was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr Preston, first at Shelford, afterwards near Buntingford, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. As a schoolboy he was noted as being an insatiable reader; and he sent a defence of novel-reading to the serious journal of his father's friends, the *Christian Observer*. This passion for novel-reading adhered to him to the last.* In his nineteenth year he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge; he gained two prizes for English verse, one in 1819 on *Pompeii*, and one two years afterwards on *Evening*. He gained the Craven scholarship in 1821, took his degree of B.A. in 1822, became Fellow of his college in 1824, and took his degree of M.A. in 1825. He had distinguished himself by contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1823 and 1824; and in August 1825 appeared his celebrated article on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review*. This essay, though afterwards condemned by its author as 'containing scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approved,' and as 'overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament,' arrested public attention in no ordinary degree, and was hailed as the precursor (which it proved to be) of a series of brilliant contributions to our critical literature. Having studied at Lincoln's Inn, Mr Macaulay was called to the bar in 1826, and joined the Northern Circuit. In 1827, Lord Lyndhurst—generously discarding political feeling, as he did also in the case of Sydney Smith—appointed Macaulay Commissioner of Bankruptcy. Three years afterwards, a distinguished Whig nobleman, the Marquis of Lansdowne, procured his return to parliament for the borough of Calne, and he rendered effective service in the Reform debates of 1831 and 1832. The speeches of Macaulay were carefully studied and nearly all committed to memory, but were delivered with animation and freedom, though with too great rapidity and in too uniform a tone and manner to do full justice to their argument and richness of illustration. In 1832 he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Control, and the same year the citizens of Leeds returned him as their representative to the House of Commons. In 1834 he proceeded to India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council of Calcutta, and was placed at the head of a Commission for the reform of East India legislation. He took an active part in the preparation of the Indian criminal code, enriching it with explanatory notes, which are described as highly valuable. He returned to England in 1838, and in the following year was triumphantly and almost without expense returned to parliament for the city of Edinburgh, which he continued to represent until 1847. In the Melbourne administration he held the office of Secretary at War, and in that of Lord John Russell, Paymaster of the Forces, with a seat in the cabinet. During this time he had written most of his essays, and published his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. As member for Edinburgh, his independence of character is said to have rendered him somewhat unaccommodating to certain of his constituents; his support of the Maynooth grant was resented by others; and his general political principles, so decidedly liberal, and so strongly and eloquently expressed, were opposed to the sentiments of the Conservative citizens of Edinburgh. Thus a combination of parties was formed against him, and it proved successful. He was rejected by the constituency at the general election in 1847. The defeat forms the subject of a striking copy of verses by Macaulay, but which were not published until after his death: part of these we subjoin. The electors of Edinburgh redeemed, or at least palliated, their error by returning Macaulay again to parliament, free of expense, and without any movement on his part. This was in 1852. He had previously published the first two volumes of his *History of England*, which appeared in 1849, and were read with extraordinary avidity and admiration. Other two volumes were published in 1855, and a portion of a fifth volume after the death of the author. In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of the university of Glasgow, and presented with the freedom of the city. While engaged on his History, Macaulay turned aside to confer a graceful and substantial favour on Mr Adam Black, publisher, Edinburgh. Mr Black had solicited literary assistance from his distinguished friend for a new edition (the eighth) of his *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The request was complied with; 'and,' says Mr Black, 'it is but justice to his memory that I should record, as one of the many instances of the kindness and generosity of his heart, that he made it a stipulation of his contributing to the *Encyclopædia* that remuneration should not be so much as mentioned.' On this generous footing, Macaulay contributed five carefully finished biographies — Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt—the last appearing in 1859. From failing health he withdrew from parliament in January 1856. In 1857 various

* Dean Milman's Memoir of Lord Macaulay, written for the *Annual Journal of the Royal Society*.

honours were showered on the popular author: he was elected a foreign member of the French Academy, a member of the Prussian Order of Merit, High Steward of Cambridge, and a peer of Great Britain under the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. His health, however, was gone; he laboured under derangement of the action of the heart, and felt, says Dean Milman, 'inward monitions: his ambition (as the historian of England) receded from the hope of reaching the close of the first Brunswicks; before his last illness he had reduced his plan to the reign of Queen Anne. His end, though not without warning to those who watched him with friendship and affection, was sudden and singularly quiet; on December 28, 1859, he fell asleep and woke not again. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner, his favourite haunt.'

Lord Macaulay's memory and conversational powers were the wonder and envy of all his contemporaries. He was constantly heaping up stores of knowledge, as his reverend biographer remarks, and those stores 'could not overload his capacious and retentive memory, which disdained nothing as beneath it, and was never perplexed or burdened by its incalculable possessions.' He has been accused of talking too much, and Sydney Smith alluded to the 'eloquent flashes of silence' with which it was sometimes, though rarely, relieved; but this was a jocular exaggeration, and in general society Macaulay seldom demanded a larger share than all were willing to yield to him.

Lines written in August 1847.

The day of tumult, strife, defeat, was o'er;
Worn out with toil, and noise, and scorn, and spleen,
I slumbered, and in slumber saw once more
A room in an old mansion, long unseen.

That room, methought, was curtained from the light;
Yet through the curtains shone the moon's cold ray
Full on a cradle, where, in linen white,
Sleeping life's first soft sleep, an infant lay.

Pale flickered on the hearth the dying flame,
And all was silent in that ancient hall,
Save when by fits on the low night-wind came
The murmur of the distant waterfall.

And lo! the fairy queens who rule our birth
Drew nigh to speak the new-born baby's doom:
With noiseless step, which left no trace on earth,
From gloom they came, and vanished into gloom.

Not deigning on the boy a glance to cast,
Swept careless by the gorgeous Queen of Gain;
More scornful still, the Queen of Fashion passed,
With mincing gait, and sneer of cold disdain.

The Queen of Power tossed high her jewelled head,
And o'er her shoulder threw a wrathful frown;
The Queen of Pleasure on the pillow shed
Scarce one stray rose-leaf from her fragrant crown.

Still fay in long procession followed fay;
And still the little couch remained unblest:
But, when those wayward sprites had passed away,
Came One, the last, the mightiest, and the best.

O glorious lady, with the eyes of light,
And laurels clustering round thy lofty brow,
Who by the cradle's side didst watch that night,
Warbling a sweet, strange music, who wast thou?

'Yes, darling; let them go;' so ran the strain:
'Yes; let them go, Gain, Fashion, Pleasure, Power,
And all the busy elves to whose domain
Belongs the nether sphere, the fleeting hour.

'Without one envious sigh, one anxious scheme,
The nether sphere, the fleeting hour resign;
Mine is the world of thought, the world of dream,
Mine all the past, and all the future mine.

'Fortune, that lays in sport the mighty low,
Age, that to penance turns the joys of youth,
Shall leave untouched the gifts which I bestow,
The sense of beauty, and the thirst of truth. . . .

'And even so, my child, it is my pleasure
That thou not then alone shouldst feel me nigh,
When in domestic bliss and studious leisure,
Thy weeks uncounted come, uncounted fly;

'Not then alone, when myriads, closely pressed
Around thy car, the shout of triumph raise;
Nor when, in gilded drawing-rooms, thy breast
Swells at the sweeter sound of woman's praise.

'No: when on restless night dawns cheerless morrow,
When weary soul and wasting body pine,
Thine am I still, in danger, sickness, sorrow;
In conflict, obloquy, want, exile, thine.

'Thine, where on mountain waves the snowbirds scream,
Where more than Thule's winter barbs the breeze,
Where scarce, through lowering clouds, one sickly gleam
Lights the drear May-day of antarctic seas.

'Thine, when around thy litter's track all day
White sand-hills shall reflect the blinding glare;
Thine, when through forests breathing death, thy way
All night shall wind, by many a tiger's lair.

'Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,
When, hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

'Amidst the din of all things fell and vile,
Hate's yell, and Envy's hiss, and Folly's bray,
Remember me, and with an unforced smile
See riches, baubles, flatterers, pass away.

'Yes, they will pass; nor deem it strange:
They come and go as comes and goes the sea:
And let them come and go; thou, through all change,
Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me.'

Epitaph on a Jacobite (1845).

To my true king I offered, free from stain,
Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust—a broken heart lies here.

Extracts from 'Horatius.'

The following are extracts from the first of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, founded on the legend of Horatius Cocles. The Lays or ballads must, however, be read continuously to be properly appreciated, for their merit does not lie in particular passages, but in the rapid movement and progressive interest of the story, and the Roman spirit and bravery which animate the whole.

[Horatius offers to defend the Bridge.]

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

'And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame!

'Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?'

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.'
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
'I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.'

'Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
'As thou say'st, so let it be.'
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

[The bridge is hewn down; Lartius and Herminius escape, and Horatius is left alone.]

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

'Down with him!' cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
'Now yield thee,' cried Lars Porsena,
'Now yield thee to our grace.'

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

'O Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!'
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

[How Horatius was rewarded.]

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night:
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home:
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Ivry.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our lord the King.'
'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
'Remember St Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry: 'No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white;
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest points of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

W. E. AYTOUN—THEODORE MARTIN.

The same style of ballad poetry, applied to incidents and characters in Scottish history, was adopted with distinguished success by PROFESSOR WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, 1849, and *Bothwell*, a tale of the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, 1856. The *Lays* range from the field of Flodden to the extinction of the Jacobite cause at Culloden, and are animated by a fine martial spirit, intermingled with scenes of pathos and mournful regret. The work has gone through a great number of editions. In a similar spirit of nationality, Mr Aytoun published a collected and collated edition of the old *Scottish Ballads*, two volumes, 1858. In satirical and humorous composition,

both in poetry and prose, Mr Aytoun also attained celebrity. His tales and sketches in *Blackwood's Magazine* are marked by a vigorous hand, prone to caricature; and he is author of a clever satire —*Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy, by Percy T. Jones*, 1854. In conjunction with his friend, MR THEODORE MARTIN, Mr Aytoun wrote *The Book of Ballads, by Bon Gaultier*—a series of burlesque poems and parodies contributed to different periodicals, and collected into one volume; and to the same poetical partnership we owe a happy translation of the ballads of Goethe. Mr Aytoun was a native of Edinburgh, born in 1813. Having studied at the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards in Germany, he was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1840. In 1845 he was appointed to the chair of Rhetoric and Belles-lettres in Edinburgh University, and in 1852 he was made sheriff of Orkney. His poetical talents were first displayed in a prize poem, *Judith*, which was eulogised by Professor Wilson, afterwards the father-in-law of the young poet. He died at Blackhills, near Elgin, August 4, 1865.—Mr Martin is a native of Edinburgh, born in 1816. He is now a parliamentary solicitor in London. Besides his poetical labours with Mr Aytoun, Mr Martin has translated Horace, Catullus, and Goethe's *Faust;* also the *Vita Nuova* of Dante; the *Corregio* and *Aladdin* of the Danish poet Œhlenschläger, and *King René's Daughter*, a Danish lyrical drama by Henrik Herts. Mr Martin was selected by Her Majesty to write the *Life of the Prince Consort*, the first volume of which appeared in 1874, and was highly creditable to the taste and judgment of the author. In 1851 Mr Martin was married to Miss Helen Faucit, an accomplished and popular actress.

The Burial-march of Dundee.

From the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*

I.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphant music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day;
Never since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled
With its crimson and its gold.
See how calm he looks and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field!
See—Oh never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh!
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for king and country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
As we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us,
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
'Soldiers! I have sworn a vow;
Ere the evening-star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James!
Think upon the royal martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think on him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir:
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they Covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If you look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest
Search for him that was Dundee!'

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of Death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the field beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert.
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
Amongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcases are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening-star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

V.

Open wide the vaults of Athol,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied,
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time:
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

Sonnet to Britain, by the D—— of W——.

From *Bon Gaultier.*

Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!
O Britain! O my country! words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
Where the grim despot muttered *Sauve qui peut!*
And Ney fled darkling—silence in the ranks;
Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
Of armies, in the centre of his troop
The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—
Until the forces of the foeman droop;
Then knocks the Frenchman to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!

FRANCES BROWN.

This lady, blind from infancy, is a more remarkable instance of the poetical faculty existing apart, as it were, from the outer world than that of Dr Blacklock. FRANCES BROWN, daughter of the postmaster of Stranorlar, a village in the county Donegal, Ireland, was born in 1816. When only eighteen months old, she lost her eyesight from small-pox. She learned something from hearing her brothers and sisters reading over their tasks; her friends and relatives read to her such books as the remote village afforded, and at length she became acquainted with Scott's novels, Pope's Homer, and Byron's *Childe Harold*. She wrote some verses which appeared in the *Irish Penny Journal*, and in 1841 sent a number of small poems to the *Athenæum*. The editor introduced her to public notice: her pieces were greatly admired; and in 1844 she ventured on the publication of a volume, *The Star of Atteghei, the Vision of Schwartz, and other Poems*. Shortly afterwards, a small pension of £20 a year was settled on the poetess; and the Marquis of Lansdowne is said to have presented her with a sum of £100. In 1847 she issued a second volume, *Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems*, and she has contributed largely to periodical works. The poetry of Miss Brown, especially her lyrical pieces, is remarkable for clear poetic feeling and diction; while 'the energy displayed, from her childhood, by this almost friendless girl, raises,' as the editor of her first volume remarked, 'at once the interest and the character of her muse.'

The Last Friends.

One of the United Irishmen, who lately returned to his country, after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to revisit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered: 'I came back to see the mountains.'

I come to my country, but not with the hope
That brightened my youth like the cloud-lighting bow,

For the vigour of soul, that seemed mighty to cope
With time and with fortune, hath fled from me now;
And love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,
Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
For the star that can rise on my midnight no more—
But the hills of my country they welcome me yet!

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track;
From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins, that fill
The lands of old story, they summoned me back;
They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West,
They breathed upon sands which the dew never wet,
For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—
But I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet!

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar—
They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave;
For serving the strangers through wandering and war,
The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
And I, I return with the memory of years,
Whose hope rose so high, though in sorrow it set;
They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—
But our mountains remember their promises yet!

Oh, where are the brave hearts that bounded of old?
And where are the faces my childhood hath seen?
For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown cold,
But our streams are still bright, and our hills are still green;
Ay, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
When brothers in heart in their shadows we met;
And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death,
For their summits are sacred to liberty yet!

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land;
And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow,
For which time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand:
Oh, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle—
Efface the dark seal that oppression hath set;
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,
For the hills of my country remember it yet!

June 16, 1843.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Several volumes of graceful, meditative poetry, and records of foreign travel, were published between 1833 and 1844 by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, called to the House of Peers in 1863 as BARON HOUGHTON. These are: *Memorials of a Tour in Greece*, 1833; *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent*, 1838; *Poetry for the People*, 1840; *Poems, Legendary and Historical*, 1844; *Palm Leaves*, 1844. Lord Houghton was born in that enviable rank of society, the English country-gentleman. He is eldest son of the late R. P. Milnes, Esq., of Frystone Hall, Yorkshire. In 1831, in his twenty-second year, he took his degree of M.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1837, he was returned to the House of Commons as representative of the borough of Pontefract, which he continued to represent till his elevation to the peerage. In parliament, Lord Houghton has been distinguished by his philanthropic labours, his efforts in support of national education, and generally his support of all questions of social amelioration and reform. In 1848 he edited the *Life and Remains of John Keats;* and in 1873-76 published two volumes of biographical sketches, entitled *Monographs, Personal and Social*, abounding in anecdote and in interesting illustrations of English social life and literature. In 1876 the collected Poetical Works of Lord Houghton were published in two volumes.

St Mark's at Venice.

Walk in St Mark's the time the ample space
Lies in the freshness of the evening shade,
When, on each side, with gravely darkened face
The masses rise above the light arcade;
Walk down the midst with slowly tunèd pace,
But gay withal, for there is high parade
Of fair attire and fairer forms, which pass
Like varying groups on a magician's glass. . . .

Walk in St Mark's again some few hours after,
When a bright sleep is on each storied pile—
When fitful music and inconstant laughter
Give place to Nature's silent moonlight smile:
Now Fancy wants no faery gale to waft her
To Magian haunt, or charm-engirded isle;
All too content, in passive bliss, to see
This show divine of visible poetry.

On such a night as this impassionedly
The old Venetian sung those verses rare:
'That Venice must of needs eternal be,
For Heaven had looked through the pellucid air,
And cast its reflex on the crystal sea,
And Venice was the image pictured there;'
I hear them now, and tremble, for I seem
As treading on an unsubstantial dream.

That strange cathedral! exquisitely strange—
That front, on whose bright varied tints the eye
Rests as of gems—those arches whose high range
Gives its rich-broidered border to the sky—
Those ever-prancing steeds! My friend, whom change
Of restless will has led to lands that lie
Deep in the East, does not thy fancy set
Above those domes an airy minaret?

The Men of Old.

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still is it true, and over-true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmanned—
With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;

A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men-at-arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man *now* his virtue's diadem
Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer—
Oh! loiter not; those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

From 'The Long-ago.'

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

FITZGREENE HALLECK.

Without attempting, in our confined limits, to range over the fields of American literature, now rapidly extending, and cultivated with ardour and success, we have pleasure in including some eminent transatlantic names in our list of popular authors. MR HALLECK became generally known in this country in 1827 by the publication of a volume of *Poems*, the result partly of a visit to England. In this volume are some fine verses on Burns, on Alnwick Castle, &c., and it includes the most elevated of his strains, the martial lyric *Marco Bozzaris*. Our poet-laureate, Mr Tennyson, has described the poetical character:

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul—
The marvel of the everlasting will
An open scroll.

Mr Halleck, in his beautiful verses, *On viewing the Remains of a Rose brought from Alloway Kirk in Autumn* 1822, had previously identified, as it were, this conception of the laureate's with the history of the Scottish poet:

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate, of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear, and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard!—his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of Fame are flown!

Mr Halleck was a native of Guildford, Connecticut, born in 1790. He resided some time in New York, following mercantile pursuits. In 1819 he published *Fanny*, a satirical poem in the *ottava rima* stanza. Next appeared his volume of *Poems*, as already stated, to which additions were made in subsequent republications. His works are comprised in one volume, and it is to be regretted that his muse was not more prolific. He died November 19, 1867. His *Life and Letters* were published in one volume in 1869 by James Grant Wilson of New York, who has also edited the poetical works of Halleck (1871), and written a short Memoir of Bryant, in the *Western Monthly*, November 1870.

Marco Bozzaris.

The Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in a night-attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were: 'To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain.'

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard,
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a King;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek:
'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!'
He woke to die, 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
Like forest-pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
'Strike, till the last armed foe expires;
Strike, for your altars and your fires;
Strike, for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!'

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime;
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from Death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

This singular and unfortunately degraded man of genius—the Richard Savage of American literature—was born at Boston, January 19, 1809. He was left destitute when a child by the death of his parents (strolling players), but was adopted and liberally educated by a benevolent Virginian planter, Mr Allan. All attempts to settle him respectably in life failed. He was reckless, debauched, and unmanageable. He was expelled from college and from a military academy in which he was placed by Mr Allan; he enlisted in the army, but soon deserted; and after various scenes of wretchedness, he became a contributor to, and occasional editor of, several American periodicals. His prose tales attracted notice from their ingenuity and powerful, though morbid and gloomy painting; and his poem of *The Raven*, coloured by the same diseased imagination, but with bright gleams of fancy, was hailed as the most original and striking poem that America had ever produced. Poe died in a hospital at Baltimore, the victim of intemperance, October 7, 1849. A complete edition of the works of Poe, with Memoir by John H. Ingram, was published in 1875, in four volumes—three of them prose, and one poetry. The editor clears the memory of the unfortunate poet from certain charges brought against him by Griswold, the American editor. Some of the criticisms by Poe collected in this edition of his works are marked by a fine critical taste and acuteness.

The Raven.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door:
'"Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
'"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
This it is, and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you'—here I opened wide the door——
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'—
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
'Surely,' said I—'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered: 'Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said: 'Never more.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of "Never—never more."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Never more.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch!' I cried, 'thy god hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more!'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The father of the present generation of American poets, and one of the most original of the brotherhood, is WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, born at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. With a precocity rivalling that of Cowley or Chatterton, Bryant at the age of thirteen wrote a satirical poem on the Jeffersonian party, which was published in 1808 under the title of *The Embargo*. A few lines from this piece will shew how well the boy-poet had mastered the art of versification:

E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
Mislead with falsehood and with zeal inflame;
Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride!
She blows her brazen trump, and at the sound
A motley throng, obedient, flock around;
A mist of changing hue around she flings,
And Darkness perches on her dragon wings!
Oh, might some patriot rise, the gloom dispel,
Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell!
But vain the wish—for, hark, the murmuring meed
Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed!
Enter and view the thronging concourse there,
Intent with gaping mouth and stupid stare;
While in their midst their supple leader stands,
Harangues aloud and flourishes his hands,
To adulation tones his servile throat,
And sues successful for each blockhead's vote.

From this perilous course of political versifying, the young author was removed by being placed at Williams College. He was admitted to the bar, and practised for several years with fair success; but in 1825 he removed to New York, and entered upon that literary life which he has ever since followed. In 1826 Mr Bryant became editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and his connection with that journal still subsists. His poetical works consist of *Thanatopsis*—an exquisite solemn strain of blank verse, first published in 1816; *The Ages*, a survey of the experience of mankind, 1821; and various pieces scattered through periodical works. Mr Washington Irving, struck with the beauty of Bryant's poetry, had it collected and published in London in 1832. The British public, he said, had expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters contained in the works of Cooper. 'The same keen eye and just feeling for nature,' he added, 'the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterise this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry.' From this opinion Professor Wilson—who reviewed the volume in *Blackwood's Magazine*—dissented, believing that Cooper's pictures are infinitely richer in local peculiarity of imagery and thought. 'The chief charm of Bryant's genius,' he considered, 'consists in a tender pensiveness, a moral melancholy, breathing over all his contemplations, dreams, and reveries, even such as in the main are glad, and giving assurance of a pure spirit, benevolent to all living creatures, and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator. His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls the religion of the woods.' This is strictly applicable to the *Thanatopsis* and *Forest Hymn*; but Washington Irving is so far right that Bryant's grand merit is his nationality and his power of painting the American landscape, especially in its wild, solitary, and magnificent forms. His diction is pure and lucid, with scarcely a flaw, and he is a master of blank verse. Mr Bryant has translated the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, 4 vols. (Boston, 1870–1872).

From 'Thanatopsis.'

Not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet, the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure! All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Wind-flower.

Lodged in sunny cleft
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just-opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.

The Disinterred Warrior.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence, taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death;
Nor dare to trifle with the mould
Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
That strong arm—strong no longer now.
Spare them, each mouldering relic spare,
Of God's own image; let them rest,
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the Hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tossed,
In many a storm has been his path;
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here,
Rivers, and stiller waters, paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded soil below,
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! But they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Ah, let us spare at least their graves!

An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers.

It is the spot I came to seek—
My fathers' ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river-side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide;
The plains that, toward the eastern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And labourers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade;
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his train, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
Or the young wife that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough!

They waste us—ay, like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Toward the setting day—

Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more:
The springs are silent in the sun;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get,
May be a barren desert yet!

R. H. DANA—N. P. WILLIS—O. W. HOLMES.

RICHARD HENRY DANA (born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1787) was author of a small volume, *The Buccaneer, and other Poems* (1827), which was hailed as an original and powerful contribution to American literature. He had previously published *The Dying Raven*, a poem (1825), and contributed essays to a periodical work. *The Buccaneer* is founded on a tradition of a murder committed on an island on the coast of New England by a pirate, and has passages of vivid, dark painting resembling the style of Crabbe.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806–1867) was a prolific and popular American writer, who excelled in light descriptive sketches. He commenced author in 1827 with a volume of fugitive pieces, which was well received, and was followed in 1831 and 1835 by two volumes of similar character. In 1835 he published two volumes of prose, *Pencillings by the Way*, which formed agreeable reading, though censurable on the score of personal disclosures invading the sanctity of private life. On this account, Willis was sharply criticised and condemned by Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review*. Numerous other works of the same kind—*Inklings of Adventure* (1836), *Dashes at Life* (1845), *Letters from Watering-places* (1849), *People I have Met* (1850), &c., were thrown off from time to time, amounting altogether to thirty or forty separate publications; and besides this constant stream of authorship, Mr Willis was editor of the *New York Mirror* and other periodicals. Though marred by occasional affectation, the sketches of Willis are light, graceful compositions.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809) contributed various pieces to American periodicals, and in 1836 published a collected edition of his *Poems*. In 1843 he published *Terpsichore*, a poem; in 1846, *Urania;* in 1850, *Astræa, the Balance of Allusions*, a poem; and in 1858, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a series of light and genial essays, full of fancy and humour, which has been successful both in the Old and the New World. Mr Holmes is distinguished as a physician. He practised in Boston; in 1836 took his degree of M.D. at Cambridge; in 1838 was elected Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College; and in 1847 succeeded to the chair of Anatomy in Harvard University. In 1849 he retired from general practice. Some of the quaint sayings of Holmes have a flavour of fine American humour:

Give me the luxuries of life, and I will dispense with its necessaries.

Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say, rather, it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him, and the wave in which he dips.

Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtasked. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself. Stupidity often saves a man from going mad. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such and such opinions. It is very much to his discredit in every point of view, if he does not. I am very much ashamed of some people for retaining their reason, when they know perfectly well that if they were not the most stupid or the most selfish of human beings, they would become *non-compotes* at once.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eye than such a one to our minds. There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called the *jerky* minds. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is over? We rather think we do. They want to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your room, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost, into their native element of out-of-doors.

The Buccaneer's Island.—By DANA.

The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently—
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

Thirty-five.—By WILLIS.

O weary heart! thou 'rt half-way home!
We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come,
As to the grave's forgetful night.
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
Look onward with a placid brow—
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And Reason takes the guidance now—
One backward look—the last—the last!
One silent tear—for *Youth is past!*

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Memory on?
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
Joy's music hushed—Hope's roses gone!
To Pleasure and her giddy troop
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way, and spirits droop,
To think that Love may leave us here!
Have we no charm when Youth is flown?—
Midway to death left sad and lone!

Yet stay!—as 'twere a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a brightening light, from far,
Steal down a path beyond the grave!
And now—bless God!—its golden line
Comes o'er—and lights my shadowy way—
And shews the dear hand clasped in mine!
But, list what those sweet voices say:
'The better land 's in sight,
And, by its chastening light,
All love from life's midway is driven,
Save hers whose claspèd hand will bring thee on to heaven!'

The American Spring.—By HOLMES.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden—drift, or sky, or sun:
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from Winter's crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
The housefly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the snowy pane,
Or crawls tenacious o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crusted walls
In languid curves the gliding serpent crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tesselated shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods,
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays,
O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis
Like blue-eyed Pallas towers erect and free,
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows,
And love lays bare the passion-breathing rose;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,
Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips,
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,
The yielding season's bridal serenade;
Then flash the wings returning Summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls:
The blue-bird breathing from his azure plumes,
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire,
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire.
The robin jerking his spasmodic throat
Repeats, staccato, his peremptory note;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight.
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.
Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls,
While from heaven's face the long-drawn shadows roll,
And all its sunshine floods my opening soul!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, a distinguished American author both in prose and verse, was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807. Having studied at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, the poet, after three years' travelling and residence in Europe, became Professor of Modern Languages in his native college. This appointment he held from 1829 to 1835, when he removed to the chair of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard University, Cambridge. While a youth at college, Mr Longfellow contributed poems and criticisms to American periodicals. In 1833 he published a translation of the Spanish verses called *Coplas de Manrique*, accompanying the poem with an essay on Spanish poetry. In 1835 appeared his *Outre-Mer, or Sketches from beyond Sea*, a series of prose descriptions and reflections somewhat in the style of Washington Irving. His next work was also in prose, *Hyperion, a Romance* (1839), which instantly became popular in America. In the same year he issued his first collection of poems, entitled *Voices of the Night.* In 1841 appeared *Ballads, and other Poems;* in 1842, *Poems on Slavery;* in 1843, *The Spanish Student*, a tragedy; in 1845, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe;* in 1846, *The Belfry of Bruges;* in 1847, *Evangeline*, a poetical tale in hexameter verse; in 1849, *Kavanagh*, a prose tale; and *The Seaside and the Fireside*, a series of short poems; in 1851, *The Golden Legend*, a medieval story in irregular rhyme; and in 1855, *The Song of Hiawatha*, an American-Indian tale, in a still more singular style of versification, yet attractive from its novelty and wild melody. Thus:

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,

And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!

In 1858 appeared *Miles Standish;* in 1863, *Tales of a Wayside Inn;* in 1866, *Flower de Luce;* in 1867, a translation of Dante; in 1872, *The Divine Tragedy*, a sacred but not successful drama, embodying incidents in the lives of John the Baptist and Christ; and the same year, *Three Books of Song;* in 1875, *The Masque of Pandora.* Other poems and translations have appeared from the fertile pen of Mr Longfellow; and several collected editions of his Poems, some of them finely illustrated and carefully edited, have been published. He is now beyond all question the most popular of the American poets, and has also a wide circle of admirers in Europe. If none of his larger poems can be considered great, his smaller pieces are finished with taste, and all breathe a healthy moral feeling and fine tone of humanity. An American critic (Griswold) has said justly that of all their native poets he best deserves the title of artist.

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

'Try not the Pass!' the old man said;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!'
And loud the clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

'Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!'
This was the peasant's last good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

A Psalm of Life.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of Time;

Foot-prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

The Ladder of St Augustine.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the treacherous wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will:

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

God's-Acre.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life; alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Autumn in America.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillowed clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leafed,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside aweary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings;
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

A Rainy Day.

A cold, uninterrupted rain,
That washed each southern window-pane,
And made a river of the road;
A sea of mist that overflowed
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,
And drowned the upland and the plain,
Through which the oak-trees, broad and high,
Like phantom ships went drifting by;
And, hidden behind a watery screen,
The sun unseen, or only seen
As a faint pallor in the sky—
Thus cold and colourless and gray,
The morn of that autumnal day,
As if reluctant to begin,
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not hear
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,
Who on the empty threshing-floor,
Disdainful of the rain outside,
Was strutting with a martial stride,
As if upon his thigh he wore
The famous broadsword of the Squire,
And said, 'Behold me, and admire!'
Only the Poet seemed to hear
In drowse or dream, more near and near
Across the border-land of sleep
The blowing of a blithesome horn,
That laughed the dismal day to scorn;
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels
Through sand and mire like stranding keels,
As from the road with sudden sweep
The mail drove up the little steep,
And stopped beside the tavern door;
A moment stopped, and then again,
With crack of whip and bark of dog,
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,
And all was silent as before—
All silent save the dripping rain.

CHARLES SWAIN.

A native of Manchester, and carrying on business there as an engraver, CHARLES SWAIN (1803-1874) became known as a poet in the pages of the *Literary Gazette* and other literary journals. His collected works are: *Metrical Essays*, 1827; *The Mind and other Poems*, 1831; *Dramatic*

Chapters, Poems, and Songs, 1847; *English Melodies*, 1849; *Art and Fashion*, 1863; and *Songs and Ballads*, 1868. Some of Mr Swain's songs and domestic poems—which are free from all mysticism and exaggerated sentiment—have been very popular both at home and abroad. They have great sweetness, tenderness, and melody.

The Death of the Warrior King.

There are noble heads bowed down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls,
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him 'mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleamed,
And flew the bolts of war.
When, in his plenitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light Conquest's torch again.

Then seemed the bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!
Again the hardy Britons rushed
Like lions to the fight,
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his visioned sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable cloak and 'broidered pall,
A funeral train swept by;
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.

SYDNEY DOBELL—ALEXANDER SMITH—GERALD MASSEY.

Under the pseudonym of 'Sydney Yendys,' SYDNEY DOBELL (1824-1874) published several elaborate poetical works. He was born at Cranbrook, Kent, in 1824, but spent the greater part of his youth in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, where his father was engaged in business as a wine-merchant. In his intervals of leisure the young poet—whose regular employment was in his father's counting-house—contrived to write a dramatic poem, *The Roman*, published in 1850. In 1854 appeared *Balder, Part the First;* in 1855, *Sonnets on the War*, written in conjunction with Mr A. Smith; and in 1856, *England in Time of War*. A man of cultivated intellectual tastes and benevolence of character, Mr Dobell seems to have taken up some false or exaggerated theories of poetry and philosophy, and to have wasted fine thoughts and conceptions on uncongenial themes. The great error of some of our recent poets is the want of simplicity and nature. They heap up images and sentiments, the ornaments of poetry, without aiming at order, consistency, and the natural development of passion or feeling. We have thus many beautiful and fanciful ideas, but few complete or correct poems. Part of this defect is no doubt to be attributed to the youth of the poets, for taste and judgment come slowly even where genius is abundant, but part also is due to neglect of the old masters of song. In Mr Dobell's first poem, however, are some passages of finished blank verse:

The Italian Brothers.

I had a brother;
We were twin shoots from one dead stem. He grew
Nearer the sun, and ripened into beauty;
And I, within the shadow of my thoughts,
Pined at his side and loved him. He was brave,
Gallant, and free. I was the silent slave
Of fancies; neither laughed, nor fought, nor played,
And loved not morn nor eve for very trembling
At their long wandering shades. In childhood's sports
He won for me, and I looked on aloof;
And when perchance I heard him called my brother,
Was proud and happy. So we grew together,
Within our dwelling by the desert plain,
Where the roe leaped,
And from his icy hills the frequent wolf
Gave chivalry to slaughter. Here and there
Rude heaps, that had been cities, clad the ground
With history. And far and near, where grass
Was greenest, and the unconscious goat browsed free,
The teeming soil was sown with desolations,
As though Time—striding o'er the field he reaped—
Warmed with the spoil, rich droppings for the gleaners
Threw round his harvest way. Frieze, pedestal,
Pillars that bore through years the weight of glory,
And take their rest. Tombs, arches, monuments,
Vainly set up to save a name, as though
The eternal served the perishable; urns,
Which winds had emptied of their dust, but left
Full of their immortality. In shrouds
Of reverent leaves, rich works of wondrous beauty
Lay sleeping—like the Children in the Wood—
Fairer than they.

The Ruins of Ancient Rome.

Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man deaf, blind, and gray, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rests, from broken niches—each
More than Olympus—for gods dwelt in them—
Below from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croaked forth
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the height
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dressed every myrtle on the walls in mourning,

With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumphed in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.
Rank weeds and grasses,
Careless and nodding, grew, and asked no leave,
Where Romans trembled. Where the wreck was saddest,
Sweet pensive herbs, that had been gay elsewhere,
With conscious mien of place rose tall and still,
And bent with duty. Like some village children
Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
And with decorous care and reverent pity
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
Grave without tears. At length the giant lay,
And everywhere he was begirt with years,
And everywhere the torn and mouldering Past
Hung with the ivy. For Time, smit with honour
Of what he slew, cast his own mantle on him,
That none should mock the dead.

In 1871 Mr Dobell published a spirited political lyric, entitled *England's Day*.

The day has gone by when the public of this country could be justly charged with neglect of native genius. Any manifestation of original intellectual power bursting from obscurity is instantly recognised, fostered, and applauded. The ever-open periodical press is ready to welcome and proclaim the new comer, and there is no lack of critics animated by a tolerant and generous spirit. In 1853 appeared *Poems* by ALEXANDER SMITH (1830-1867), the principal piece in the collection being a series of thirteen dramatic scenes, entitled *A Life Drama*. The manuscript of this volume had been submitted to the Rev. George Gilfillan, and portions of it had been laid before the public by that enthusiastic critic, accompanied with a strong recommendation of the young author as a genuine poet of a high order. Mr Smith (born in Kilmarnock) had been employed as a designer of patterns in one of the Glasgow factories, but the publication of his poems marked him out for higher things, and he was elected to the office of Secretary to the Edinburgh University. Thus placed in a situation favourable for the cultivation of his talents, Mr Smith continued his literary pursuits. He joined with Mr Dobell, as already stated, in writing a series of War Sonnets; he contributed prose essays to some of the periodicals; and in 1857 he came forward with a second volume of verse, *City Poems*, similar in style to his first collection. In 1861 appeared *Edwin of Deira*. Nearly all Mr Smith's poetry bears the impress of youth —excessive imagery and ornament, a want of art and regularity. In one of Miss Mitford's letters we read: 'Mr Kingsley says that Alfred Tennyson says that Alexander Smith's poems shew fancy, but not imagination; and on my repeating this to Mrs Browning, she said it was exactly her impression.' The young poet had, however, a vein of fervid poetic feeling, attesting the genuineness of his inspiration, and a fertile fancy that could form brilliant pictures. With diligent study, simplicity, distinctness, and vigour might have been added, had the poet not been cut down in the very flower of his youth and genius. His prose works, *Dreamthorp*, *A Book of Essays*, *A Summer in Skye*, and *Alfred Hagart's Household*, are admirably written. A Memoir of Smith, with some literary remains, was published in 1868, edited by P. P. Alexander.

Autumn.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fullness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space to see how fair she looks,
Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes
In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers.

Unrest and Childhood.

Unrest! unrest! The passion-panting sea
Watches the unveiled beauty of the stars
Like a great hungry soul. The unquiet clouds
Break and dissolve, then gather in a mass,
And float like mighty icebergs through the blue.
Summers, like blushes, sweep the face of earth;
Heaven yearns in stars. Down comes the frantic rain;
We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

[A child runs past.]

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God;
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since He made his youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow. O bright and singing babe,
What wilt thou be hereafter?

GERALD MASSEY, born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, in the year 1828, has fought his way to distinction in the face of severe difficulties. Up to his seventeenth or eighteenth year he was either a factory or an errand boy. He then tried periodical writing, and after some obscure efforts, produced in 1854 the *Ballad of Babe Christabel, and other Poems*, a volume that passed through several editions; in 1855, *War Waits;* in 1856, *Craigcrook Castle, and other Poems*. Mr Massey is author also of *Havelock's March*, 1861; *Tale of Eternity*, 1869; and of various other pieces in prose and verse. By these publications, and with occasional labours as a journalist and lecturer, he has honourably established himself in the literary profession. His poetry possesses both fire and tenderness, with a delicate lyrical fancy, but is often crude and irregular in style. It is remarkable that the diligence and perseverance which enabled the young poet to surmount his early troubles, should not have been employed to correct and harmonise his verse. Of all the self-taught English

poets, Bloomfield seems to have been the most intent on studying good models, and attaining to correct and lucid composition. A prose work, *Shakspeare and his Sonnets*, by Mr Massey, is ingenious and well written.

Conclusion of Babe Christabel.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a star,
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We 've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings—
Sang round us a few hoverings—
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed and crowned,
And all love's purple glory round,
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene
She walked betwixt us twain, like love;
While, in a robe of light above,
Her better angel walked unseen,

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
To the great ocean; on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that 's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,
And through the open door of death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

DAVID GRAY.

In 1862 appeared a small volume, *The Luggie, and other Poems*, by DAVID GRAY (1838–1861), with a memoir of the author by James Hedderwick, and a prefatory notice by R. M. Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. Gray was born on the banks of the Luggie,* and reared in the house of his father, a handloom weaver at Merkland, near Kirkintilloch. David was one of a large family, but he was intended for the church, and sent to Glasgow, where he supported himself by teaching, and attended classes in the university for four seasons. The youth, however, was eager for literary fame; he had written thousands of verses, and published from time to time pieces in the *Glasgow Citizen*, a journal in which Alexander Smith had also made his first appearance in all the glory of print. In his twenty-second year Gray started off for London, as ambitious and self-confident, and as friendless as Chatterton when he left Bristol on a similar desperate mission. Friends, however, came forward. Gray had corresponded, with Sydney Dobell and Mr Monckton Milnes, and he became acquainted with Mr Lawrence Oliphant, and with two accomplished ladies —Miss Coates, Hampstead, and Miss Marian James, an authoress of considerable reputation. Assistance in money and counsel was freely given, but consumption set in, and the poor poet, having longed to return to his native place, was carefully sent back to Merkland. There he wrought hopefully at his poems, and when winter came, it was arranged that he should remove to the south of England. Mr Milnes, the kind ladies at Hampstead, and some Scottish friends (Mrs Nichol, widow of Professor Nichol, Mr William Logan, and others), supplied the requisite funds, and Gray was placed in a hydropathic establishment at Richmond. Thence he was removed, through the kindness of Mr Milnes, to Devonshire; but the desire for home again returned, and in the middle of January 1861, the invalid presented himself abruptly at Merkland. 'Day after day,' says Mr Hedderwick—'week after week—month after month—life was now ebbing away from him for ever.' But 'even under the strong and touching consciousness of an early doom—with the dart of death, like the sword of Damocles, continually suspended over him and visible—Gray continued to weave, in glory, if not in joy, his poetic fancies.' His ardent wish was to see his poems in print, and they were sent to the press. One page was immediately put in type, and the dying poet had the inexpressible gratification of seeing and reading it on the day preceding his death. This was part of a description of a winter scene on the banks of the Luggie:

A Winter Scene.

How beautiful! afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains, darkened by huge glens
(Where the lone altar raised by Druid hands
Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
Let fall soft beauty, till each green fir branch
Is plumed and tasselled, till each heather stalk
Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
Through all their mystical entanglement
Of boughs, are draped with silver. All the green
Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
In dainty murmuring; the obstinate drone

* The Luggie flows past Merkland, at the foot of a precipitous bank, and shortly afterwards loses itself among the shadows of Oxgang, with its fine old mansion-house and rookery, and debouches into the Kelvin, one of the tributaries of the Clyde, celebrated in Scottish song. It is a mere unpretending rivulet.—HEDDERWICK'S *Memoir of Gray*.

Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
House diligent; the imperishable glow
Of summer sunshine never more confessed
The harmony of nature, the divine
Diffusive spirit of the Beautiful.
Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed,
Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
The children in bewildering delight.

The young poet received this specimen page as 'good news,' and said he could now subside tranquilly 'without tears' into his eternal rest. A monument was erected to his memory at Kirkintilloch in 1865, Mr Henry Glassford Bell, the sheriff of Glasgow, delivering an interesting speech on the occasion. The monument bears the following inscription, from the pen of Lord Houghton: 'This monument of affection, admiration, and regret, is erected to DAVID GRAY, the poet of Merkland, by friends from far and near, desirous that his grave should be remembered amid the scenes of his rare genius and early death, and by the Luggie, now numbered with the streams illustrious in Scottish song. Born 29th January 1838; died 3d December 1861.' Three of the most active of the literary friends of David Gray—namely, Lord Houghton, Mr Hedderwick (the accomplished and affectionate biographer of the poet), and Sheriff Bell (whose latest literary task was editing a new edition of Gray's Poems)—have borne testimony to the rich though immature genius of this young poet, and to the pure and noble thoughts which fired his ambition, and guided his course through the short period of his life. Besides his principal poem, *The Luggie*, Gray wrote a series of *Sonnets* entitled *In the Shadows*, which are no less touching than beautiful in composition, and greatly superior to the poetry of Michael Bruce, written under similarly affecting circumstances.

An Autumnal Day.

Beneath an ash in beauty tender leaved,
And through whose boughs the glimmering sunshine flowed
In rare ethereal jasper, making cool
A chequered shadow in the dark green grass,
I lay enchanted. At my head there bloomed
A hedge of sweet-brier, fragrant as the breath
Of maid belovèd, when her cheek is laid
To yours in downy pressure, soft as sleep.
A bank of harebells, flowers unspeakable
For half-transparent azure, nodding, gleamed
As a faint zephyr, laden with perfume,
Kissed them to motion, gently, with no will.
Before me streams most dear unto my heart,
Sweet Luggie, sylvan Bothlin—fairer twain
Than ever sung themselves into the sea,
Lucid Ægean, gemmed with sacred isles—
Were rolled together in an emerald vale;
And into the severe bright noon, the smoke
In airy circles o'er the sycamores
Upcurled—a lonely little cloud of blue
Above the happy hamlet. Far away,
A gently rising hill with umbrage clad,
Hazel and glossy birch and silver fir,
Met the keen sky. Oh, in that wood, I know,
The woodruff and the hyacinth are fair
In their own season; with the bilberry
Of dim and misty blue, to childhood dear.
Here on a sunny August afternoon,
A vision stirred my spirit half-awake
To fling a purer lustre on those fields
That knew my boyish footsteps; and to sing
Thy pastoral beauty, Luggie, into fame.

If it must be that I Die young.

If it must be; if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moans;
That, underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies.
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the day.

All Fair Things at their Death the Fairest.

Why are all fair things at their death the fairest?
Beauty, the beautifullest in decay?
Why doth rich sunset clothe each closing day
With ever new apparelling the rarest?
Why are the sweetest melodies all born
Of pain and sorrow? Mourneth not the dove,
In the green forest gloom, an absent love?
Leaning her breast against that cruel thorn,
Doth not the nightingale, poor bird, complain
And integrate her uncontrollable woe
To such perfection, that to hear is pain?
Thus Sorrow and Death—alone realities—
Sweeten their ministration, and bestow
On troublous life a relish of the skies!

Spring.

Now, while the long-delaying ash assumes
The delicate April green, and loud, and clear,
Through the cool, yellow, twilight glooms,
The thrush's song enchants the captive ear;
Now, while a shower is pleasant in the falling,
Stirring the still perfume that wakes around;
Now that doves mourn, and from the distance calling,
The cuckoo answers with a sovereign sound—
Come with thy native heart, O true and tried!
But leave all books; for what with converse high,
Flavoured with Attic wit, the time shall glide
On smoothly, as a river floweth by,
Or as on stately pinion, through the gray
Evening, the culver cuts his liquid way.

THOMAS RAGG—THOMAS COOPER.

Two other poets sprung from the people, and honourably distinguished for self-cultivation, merit notice. THOMAS RAGG was born in Nottingham in 1808. In 1833 he issued his first publication, *The Incarnation, and other Poems*, being at that time engaged in a lace-factory. *The Incarnation* was part of a philosophical poem on *The Deity*, and was published for the purpose of ascertaining whether means could be obtained for the publication of the whole. In consequence of favourable critical notices, two gentlemen in the west of England—whose names deserve to be recorded—Mr Mann of Andover, and Mr Wyatt of Stroud, offered to become responsible for the expenses of bringing out *The Deity*, and the then venerable James Montgomery undertook to revise the manuscript. It was published in 1834 with considerable success. In 1835 he produced *The Martyr of Verulam, and other Poems;* in 1837, *Lyrics from the Pentateuch;* in 1840, *Heber and*

other Poems; in 1847, *Scenes and Sketches;* in 1855, *Creation's Testimony to its Author;* and in 1858, *Man's Dreams and God's Realities.* The poet had been successively newspaper reporter and bookseller; but in 1858 Dr Murray, Bishop of Rochester, offered him ordination in the church, and he is now vicar of Lawley, near Wellington, Salop.

The Earth full of Love.—From 'Heber.'

The earth is full of love, albeit the storms
Of passion mar its influence benign,
And drown its voice with discords. Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands
Is born of love. And every song of bird
That floats, mellifluent, on the balmy air,
Is but a love-note. Heaven is full of love;
Its starry eyes run o'er with tenderness,
And soften every heart that meets their gaze,
As downward looking on this wayword world
They light it back to God. But neither stars,
Nor flowers, nor song of birds, nor earth, nor heaven,
So tell the wonders of that glorious name,
As they shall be revealed, when comes the hour
Of nature's consummation, hoped-for long,
When, passed the checkered vestibule of time,
The creature in immortal youth shall bloom,
And good, unmixed with ill, for ever reign.

THOMAS COOPER, 'the Chartist,' while confined in Stafford jail, 1842–44, wrote a poem in the Spenserian stanza, entitled *The Purgatory of Suicides*, which evinces poetical power and fancy, and has gone through several editions. This work was published in 1845; and the same year Mr Cooper issued a series of prose tales and sketches, *Wise Saws and Modern Instances.* In the following year he published *The Baron's Yule Feast, a Christmas Rhyme.* Though addressed, like the *Corn-law Rhymes* of Elliott, to the working-classes, and tinged with some jaundiced and gloomy views of society, there is true poetry in Mr Cooper's rhymes. The following is a scrap of landscape-painting—a Christmas scene:

How joyously the lady bells
Shout, though the bluff north breeze
Loudly his boisterous bugle swells!
And though the brooklets freeze,
How fair the leafless hawthorn tree
Waves with its hoar-frost tracery!
While sun-smiles throw o'er stalks and stems
Sparkles so far transcending gems,
The bard would gloze who said their sheen
Did not out-diamond
All brightest gauds that man hath seen
Worn by earth's proudest king or queen,
In pomp and grandeur throned!

In 1848 Mr Cooper became a political and historical lecturer, set up cheap political journals, which soon died, and wrote two novels, *Alderman Ralph*, 1853, and *The Family Feud*, 1854. He was tinged with infidel opinions, but these he renounced, and commenced a course of Sunday evening lectures and discussions in support of Christianity. He has also written an account of his *Life*, which has reached a third edition.

LORD JOHN MANNERS—HON. MR SMYTHE.

A series of poetical works, termed 'Young England' or 'Tractarian Poetry' appeared in 1840 and 1841. *England's Trust, and other Poems*, by LORD JOHN MANNERS; *Historic Fancies*, by the HON. MR SMYTHE (afterwards Lord Strangford); *The Cherwell Water Lily*, &c., by the REV. F. W. FABER. The chief object of these works was to revive the taste for feudal feeling and ancient sports, combined with certain theological and political opinions characteristic of a past age. The works had poetical and amiable feeling, but were youthful, immature productions; and Lord John Manners must have regretted the couplet which we here print in Italics, and which occasioned no small ridicule:

No; by the names inscribed in History's page,
Names that are England's noblest heritage;
Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years
Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poictiers;
Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Lord John has since applied himself to politics. He held office in the Conservative administrations from 1852 to 1867, and again in Mr Disraeli's administration of 1874, being appointed Postmaster-general. His lordship is author also of *Notes of an Irish Tour*, 1849; *English Ballads and other Poems*, 1850; *A Cruise in Scotch Waters;* and several pamphlets on religious and political questions.

Lord Strangford (the seventh viscount) also took a part in public affairs, and promised to become an able debater, but ill health withdrew him from both politics and literature. He died in 1857, at the age of forty.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Among the authors of the day, uniting political sympathies and aspirations with lyrical poetry, is DR CHARLES MACKAY. Some of his songs are familiar as household words both in this country and in America, and his influence as an apostle or minstrel of social reform and the domestic affections must have been considerable. Dr Mackay commenced his literary career in 1834, in his twentieth year, by the publication of a small volume of poems. Shortly afterwards he became connected with the *Morning Chronicle* daily journal, and continued in this laborious service for nine years. In 1840, he published *The Hope of the World*, a poem in verse of the style of Pope and Goldsmith. In 1842 appeared *The Salamandrine*, a poetical romance founded on the Rosicrucian system, which supplied Pope with the inimitable aërial personages of his *Rape of the Lock*. *The Salamandrine* is the most finished of Dr Mackay's works, and has passed through several editions. From 1844 to 1847, our author conducted a Scottish newspaper, the *Glasgow Argus;* and while resident in the north, he received the honorary distinction of LL.D. from the university of Glasgow. Returning to London, he resumed his connection with the metropolitan press, and was for several years editor of the *Illustrated London News*, in the columns of which many of his poetical pieces first appeared. His collected works, in addition to those already enumerated, consist of *Legends of the Isles*, 1845; *Voices from the Crowd*, 1846; *Voices from the Mountains*, 1847; *Town Lyrics*, 1848; *Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature*, 1850; *The Lump of Gold*, &c. 1856; *Songs for Music*, 1857; *Under Green Leaves*, 1858; *A Man's Heart*, 1860; *Studies from the Antique*, 1864, &c.

Some prose works have also proceeded from the pen of Dr Mackay—*The Thames and its Tributaries*, two volumes, 1840; *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, two volumes, 1852; &c. In 1852, Dr Mackay made a tour in America, and delivered a course of lectures on Poetry, which he has repeated in this country. His transatlantic impressions he has embodied in two volumes of lively description, bearing the title of *Life and Liberty in America*. The poet, we may add, is a native of Perth, born in 1814, while his father, an officer in the army, was on recruiting service. He was in infancy removed to London, and five years of his youth were spent in Belgium.

Apologue from 'Egeria.'

In ancient time, two acorns, in their cups,
Shaken by winds and ripeness from the tree,
Dropped side by side into the ferns and grass.
'Where have I fallen? to what base region come?'
Exclaimed the one. 'The joyous breeze no more
Rocks me to slumber on the sheltering bough;
The sunlight streams no longer on my face;
I look no more from altitudes serene
Upon the world reposing far below;
Its plains, its hills, its rivers, and its woods.
To me the nightingale sings hymns no more;
But I am made companion of the worm,
And rot on the chill earth. Around me grow
Nothing but useless weeds, and grass, and fern,
Unfit to hold companionship with me.
Ah me!-most wretched! rain, and frost, and dew,
And all the pangs and penalties of earth,
Corrupt me where I lie—degenerate.'
And thus the acorn made its daily moan.
The other raised no murmur of complaint,
And looked with no contempt upon the grass,
Nor called the branching fern a worthless weed,
Nor scorned the woodland flowers that round it blew.
All silently and piously it lay
Upon the kindly bosom of the earth.
It blessed the warmth with which the noonday sun
Made fruitful all the ground; it loved the dews,
The moonlight and the snow, the frost and rain,
And all the change of seasons as they passed.
It sank into the bosom of the soil:
The bursting life, inclosed within its husk,
Broke through its fetters; it extended roots,
And twined them freely in the grateful ground;
It sprouted up, and looked upon the light;
The sunshine fed it; the embracing air
Endowed it with vitality and strength;
The rains of heaven supplied it nourishment,
And so from month to month, and year to year,
It grew in beauty and in usefulness,
Until its large circumference inclosed
Shelter for flocks and herds; until its boughs
Afforded homes for happy multitudes,
The dormouse, and the chaffinch, and the jay,
And countless myriads of minuter life;
Until its bole, too vast for the embrace
Of human arms, stood in the forest depths,
The model and the glory of the wood.
Its sister-acorn perished in its pride.

Love New and Old.

And were they not the happy days
When Love and I were young,
When earth was robed in heavenly light,
And all creation sung?
When gazing in my true love's face,
Through greenwood alleys lone,
I guessed the secrets of her heart,
By whispers of mine own.

And are they not the happy days
When Love and I are old,
And silver evening has replaced
A morn and noon of gold?
Love stood alone mid youthful joy,
But now by sorrow tried,
It sits and calmly looks to heaven
With angels at its side.

Song—Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: 'Hurra for my handiwork!
Hurra for the spear and sword!
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!'

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: 'Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who has given us strength anew!
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true!'

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: 'Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!'

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: 'Hurra for my handiwork!'
And the red sparks lit the air;
'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;'
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang: 'Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!'

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY—RICHARD HENRY HORNE.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY was born at Basford, county of Nottingham, in 1816. He was educated in his native town and at Glasgow University, after which he studied for the bar. In 1819 he produced his first and greatest poem, *Festus*, subsequently enlarged, and now in its fifth edition. The next work of the poet was *The Angel World*, 1850, which was followed in 1855 by *The Mystic*, and in 1858 Mr Bailey published *The Age, a Colloquial Satire*. All of these works, excepting the last, are in blank verse, and have one tendency and object—to describe the history of a divinely instructed mind or soul, soaring upwards to communion with 'the universal life.' With the boldness of Milton, Mr Bailey passes 'the flaming bounds of space and time,' and carries his *Mystic* even into the presence of the 'fontal Deity.' His spiritualism and symbolical meanings are frequently incomprehensible, and his language crude and harsh, with affected archaisms. Yet there are fragments of beautiful and splendid imagery in the poems, and a spirit of devotional rapture that has recommended them to many who rarely read poetry. The *Colloquial Satire* is a failure—mere garrulity and slipshod criticism. Thus of war:

> Of all conceits misgrafted on God's Word,
> A Christian soldier seems the most absurd.
> That Word commands us so to act in all things,
> As not to hurt another e'en in small things.
> To flee from anger, hatred, bloodshed, strife;
> To pray for, and to care for others' life.
> A Christian soldier's duty is to slay,
> Wound, harass, slaughter, hack in every way
> Those men whose souls he prays for night and day;
> With what consistency let prelates say.
> He 's told to love his enemies; don't scoff;
> He does so; and with rifles picks them off.
> He 's told to do to all as he 'd be done
> By, and he therefore blows them from a gun;
> To bless his foes, he 'hangs them up like fun.'

We may contrast this doggerel with a specimen of Mr Bailey's ambitious blank verse, descriptive of the solitary, mystic recluse, dwelling 'lion-like within the desert:'

> Lofty and passionless as date-palm's bride,
> High on the upmost summits of his soul—
> Wrought of the elemental light of heaven,
> And pure and plastic flame that soul could shew,
> Whose nature, like the perfume of a flower
> Enriched with aromatic sun-dust, charms
> All, and with all ingratiates itself,
> Sat dazzling Purity; for loftiest things,
> Snow-like, are purest. As in mountain morns
> Expectant air the sun-birth, so his soul
> Her God into its supranatural depths
> Accepted brightly and sublimely. Vowed
> To mystic visions of supernal things;
> Daily endowed with spheres and astral thrones,
> His, by pre-emptive right, throughout all time;
> Immerged in his own essence, clarified
> From all those rude propensities which rule
> Man's heart, a tyrant mob, and, venal, sell
> All virtues—ay, the crown of life—to what
> Passion soe'er prepotent, worst deludes
> Or deftliest flatters, he, death-calm, beheld,
> As though through glass of some far-sighting tube,
> The restful future; and, consummed in bliss,
> In vital and ethereal thought abstract,
> The depth of Deity and heights of heaven.

Or the following fine lines from *Festus:*

> We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
> And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
> Lives in one hour more than in years do some
> Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along the veins.
> Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
> Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
> The dead have all the glory of the world.

And on universal love:

> Love is the happy privilege of the mind—
> Love is the reason of all living things.
> A Trinity there seems of principles,
> Which represent and rule created life—
> The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
> In all throughout one common feeling reigns:
> Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the other:
> All are compatible—all needful; one
> To life—to virtue one—and one to bliss:
> Which thus together make the power, the end,
> And the perfection of created Being.
> From these three principles doth every deed,
> Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come;
> To these they all determine—sum and scheme:
> The three are one in centre and in round;
> Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
> Our world. Hail! air of love, by which we live!
> How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though unseen—
> Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple essence,
> Immortal, immaterial, though it be.
> One only simple essence liveth—God—
> Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,
> The angels high above us, with ourselves,
> Are but compounded things of mind and form.
> In all things animate is therefore cored
> An elemental sameness of existence;
> For God, being Love, in love created all,
> As he contains the whole and penetrates.
> Seraphs love God, and angels love the good:
> We love each other; and these lower lives,
> Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,
> According to their reason, love us too:
> The most intelligent affect us most.
> Nay, man's chief wisdom 's love—the love of God.
> The new religion—final, perfect, pure—
> Was that of Christ and love. His great command—
> His all-sufficing precept—was 't not love?
> Truly to love ourselves we must love God—
> To love God we must all his creatures love—
> To love his creatures, both ourselves and Him.
> Thus love is all that 's wise, fair, good, and happy!

In 1867 Mr Bailey added to his poetical works a production in the style of his early Muse, entitled *The Universal Hymn.*

RICHARD HENRY HORNE, born in London in 1803, commenced active life as a midshipman in the Mexican navy. When the war between Mexico and Spain had ceased, Mr Horne returned to England and devoted himself to literature. He is the author of several dramatic pieces—*Cosmo de' Medici*, 1837; *The Death of Marlowe*, 1838; and *Gregory the Seventh*, 1840. In 1841 he produced a *Life of Napoleon;* and in 1843, *Orion, an Epic Poem*, the most successful of his works, of which the ninth edition is now (1874) before us. In 1844 Mr Horne published two volumes of prose sketches entitled *A New Spirit*

of the Age, being short biographies, with criticism, of the most distinguished living authors. In 1846 appeared *Ballad Romances;* in 1848, *Judas Iscariot, a Mystery Play;* and in 1851, *The Dreamer and the Worker*, two vols. In 1852 Mr Horne went to Australia, and for some time held the office of Gold Commissioner. We may note that *Orion* was originally published at the price of one farthing, being 'an experiment upon the mind of a nation,' and 'as there was scarcely any instance of an epic poem attaining any reasonable circulation during its author's lifetime.' This nominal price saved the author 'the trouble and greatly additional expense of forwarding presentation copies,' which, he adds, 'are not always particularly desired by those who receive them.' Three of these farthing editions were published, after which there were several at a price which 'amply remunerated the publisher, and left the author no great loser.' Orion, the hero of the poem, was meant to present 'a type of the struggle of man with himself—that is, the contest between the intellect and the senses, when powerful energies are equally balanced.' The allegorical portion of the poem is defective and obscure, but it contains striking and noble passages.

The Progress of Mankind.—From 'Orion.'

The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
Subject to every doubt that can retard,
Or fling it back upon an earlier time;
So timid are man's footsteps in the dark,
But blindest those who have no inward light.
One mind perchance in every age contains
The sum of all before, and much to come;
Much that 's far distant still; but that full mind,
Companioned oft by others of like scope,
Belief, and tendency, and anxious will,
A circle small transpierces and illumes:
Expanding, soon its subtle radiance
Falls blunted from the mass of flesh and bone,
The man who for his race might supersede
The work of ages, dies worn out—not used,
And in his track disciples onward strive,
Some hair-breadths only from his starting-point:
Yet lives he not in vain; for if his soul
Hath entered others, though imperfectly,
The circle widens as the world spins round—
His soul works on while he sleeps 'neath the grass.
So let the firm Philosopher renew
His wasted lamp—the lamp wastes not in vain,
Though he no mirrors for its rays may see,
Nor trace them through the darkness; let the Hand
Which feels primeval impulses, direct
A forthright plough, and make his furrow broad,
With heart untiring while one field remains;
So let the herald poet shed his thoughts,
Like seeds that seem but lost upon the wind.
Work in the night, thou sage, while Mammon's brain
Teems with low visions on his couch of down;
Break thou the clods while high-throned Vanity,
Midst glaring lights and trumpets, holds its court;
Sing thou thy song amidst the stoning crowd,
Then stand apart, obscure to man, with God.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

This poet is a native of Ballyshannon, county of Donegal, Ireland:

The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one
is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my
own.

He was born in 1828, and from an early age contributed to periodical literature; removing to England he obtained an appointment in the Customs. His publications are—*Poems*, 1850; *Day and Night Songs*, 1854; *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland* (a poem in twelve chapters), 1864; and *Fifty Modern Poems*, 1865. Mr Allingham says his 'works' claim to be 'genuine in their way.' They are free from all obscurity and mysticism, and evince a fine feeling for nature, as well as graceful fancy and poetic diction. Mr Allingham is editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

To the Nightingales.

You sweet fastidious nightingales!
The myrtle blooms in Irish vales,
By Avondhu and rich Lough Lene,
Through many a grove and bowerlet green,
Fair-mirrored round the loitering skiff.
The purple peak, the tinted cliff,
The glen where mountain-torrents rave,
And foliage blinds their leaping wave,
Broad emerald meadows filled with flowers,
Embosomed ocean-bays are ours
With all their isles; and mystic towers
Lonely and gray, deserted long,
Less sad if they might hear that perfect song!

What scared ye? (ours, I think, of old)
The sombre fowl hatched in the cold?
King Henry's Normans, mailed and stern,
Smiters of galloglas and kern?[1]
Or, most and worst, fraternal feud,
Which sad Iernè long hath rued?
Forsook ye, when the Geraldine,
Great chieftain of a glorious line,
Was haunted on his hills and slain,
And, one to France and one to Spain,
The remnant of the race withdrew?
Was it from anarchy ye flew,
And fierce Oppression's bigot crew,
Wild complaint, and menace hoarse,
Misled, misleading voices, loud and coarse?

Come back, O birds, or come at last!
For Ireland's furious days are past;
And, purged of enmity and wrong,
Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong.
Why should we miss that pure delight?
Brief is the journey, swift the flight;
And Hesper finds no fairer maids
In Spanish bowers or English glades,
No loves more true on any shore,
No lovers loving music more.
Melodious Erin, warm of heart,
Entreats you; stay not then apart,
But bid the merles and throstles know
(And ere another May-time go)
Their place is in the second row.
Come to the west, dear nightingales!
The rose and myrtle bloom in Irish vales.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MR TENNYSON, the most popular poet of his times, is the youngest of a poetical brotherhood of three—Frederick, Charles, and Alfred—sons of the late Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, a Lincolnshire clergyman,* who is described as having

[1] *Galloglas—kern*—Irish foot-soldier; the first heavy-armed, the second light.

* The mother of the laureate was also of a clerical family, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche. His paternal grandfather

been a man remarkable for strength and stature, and for the energetic force of his character. This gentleman had a family of eleven or twelve children, seven of whom were sons. The eldest three we have mentioned were all educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, pupils of Dr Whewell. Alfred was born in the parsonage of Somersby (near Spilsby) in 1810. In 1829, he gained the Chancellor's medal for the English prize poem, his subject being *Timbuctoo*. Previous to this, in conjunction with his brother Charles, he published anonymously a small volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1830 appeared *Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson*. This volume contained poems since altered and incorporated in later collections. These early productions had the faults of youthful genius—irregularity, indistinctness of conception, florid puerilities, and occasional affectation. In such poems, however, as *Mariana*, *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, and *Claribel*, it was obvious that a true original poet had arisen. In 1833, Mr Tennyson issued another volume, shewing an advance in poetical power and in variety of style, though the collection met with severe treatment from the critics. For nine years the poet continued silent. In 1842, he reappeared with *Poems*, in two volumes—this third series being a reprint of some of the pieces in the former volumes considerably altered, with many new poems, including the most striking and popular of all his productions. These were of various classes—fragments of legendary and chivalrous story, as *Morte d'Arthur*, *Godiva*, &c.; or pathetic and beautiful, as *The May Queen* and *Dora;* or impassioned love-poems, as *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *The Talking Oak*, and *Locksley Hall*. The last is the most finished of Tennyson's works, full of passionate grandeur and intensity of feeling and imagination. It partly combines the energy and impetuosity of Byron with the pictorial beauty and melody of Coleridge. The lover of *Locksley Hall* is ardent, generous, and noble-minded, 'nourishing a youth sublime' with lofty aspirations and dreams of felicity. His passion is at first returned :

Extracts from 'Locksley Hall.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

The fair one proves faithless, and after a tumult of conflicting passions—indignation, grief, self-reproach, and despair—the sufferer finds relief in glowing visions of future enterprise and the world's progress.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

There is a marvellous brilliancy of colouring and force of sentiment and expression in this poem, while the versification is perfect. The ballad strains of Tennyson, and particularly his musical *Oriana*, also evince consummate art; and when he is purely descriptive, nothing can exceed the minute fidelity with which he paints the English landscape. The poet having shifted his residence from Lincolnshire to the Isle of Wight, his scene-painting partook of the change.* The following is from his *Gardener's Daughter :*

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
News from the humming city comes to it
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells ;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
The windy clanging of the minster clock ;
Although between it and the garden lies

was a Lincolnshire squire, owner of Bayons Manor and Usselby Hall—properties afterwards held by the poet's uncle, the Right Hon. Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, who assumed the name of D'Eyncourt to commemorate his descent from that ancient Norman family, and in compliance with a condition attached to the possession of certain manors and estates. The eldest of the laureate's brothers, Frederick, is author of a volume of poems—graceful, but without any original distinctive character—entitled *Days and Hours*, 1854. Charles, the second brother, who joined with Alfred, as stated above, in the composition of a volume of verse, became vicar of Grassby, Lincolnshire, in 1835. He took the name of Turner, on succeeding to a property in Lincolnshire. In 1864, he published a volume of *Sonnets*.

* The route from Alum Bay to Carisbrooke takes you past Farringford, where resides Alfred Tennyson. The house stands so far back as to be invisible from the road; but the grounds—

A careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down—

looked very pretty, and thoroughly English. In another verse of the poem from which I have quoted—the invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice—he exactly describes the situation of Farringford :

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand ;
And further on, the hoary channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand.

Every one well acquainted with Tennyson's writings will have noticed how the spirit of the scenery which he has depicted has changed from the 'glooming flats,' the 'level waste,' where 'stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,' which were the reflex of his Lincolnshire observation, to the beautiful meadow and orchard, thoroughly English ruralities of *The Gardener's Daughter* and *The Brook*. Many glimpses in the neighbourhood of Farringford will call to mind descriptive passages in these last-named poems.—*Letter in the Daily News*. The laureate has also an estate in Surrey (Aldworth, Haslemere), to which he retreats when the tourists and admirers become oppressive in the Isle of Wight.

A league of grass, washed by a slow broad stream,
That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crowned with the minster towers.
The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-uddered kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

The poet, while a dweller amidst the fens of Lincolnshire, painted morasses, quiet meres, and sighing reeds. The exquisitely modulated poem of *The Dying Swan* affords a picture drawn, we think, with wonderful delicacy:

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows;
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will;
And far through the marish green and still,
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The ballad of *The May Queen* introduces similar scenery:

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

The Talking Oak is the title of a fanciful and beautiful poem of seventy-five stanzas, in which a lover and an oak-tree converse upon the charms of a certain fair Olivia. The oak-tree thus describes to the lover her visit to the park in which it grew:

Extracts from 'The Talking Oak.'

'Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,
And livelier than a lark
She sent her voice through all the holt
Before her, and the park. . . .

'And here she came, and round me played,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my "giant bole;"

'And in a fit of frolic mirth
She strove to span my waist:
Alas! I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.

'I wished myself the fair young beech
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have locked her hands.'. . .

O muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Sumner-chace!
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name
I carved with many vows,
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?

'O yes; she wandered round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kissed the name she found,
And sweetly murmured thine.

'A tear-drop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept.
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

'Then flushed her cheek with rosy light;
She glanced across the plain;
But not a creature was in sight:
She kissed me once again.

'Her kisses were so close and kind,
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirred:

'And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discerned,
Like those blind motions of the Spring,
That shew the year is turned. . . .

'I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust:

'For ah! my friend, the days were brief
Whereof the poets talk,
When that, which breathes within the leaf,
Could slip its bark and walk.

'But could I, as in times foregone,
From spray, and branch, and stem,
Have sucked and gathered into one
The life that spreads in them,

'She had not found me so remiss;
But lightly issuing through,
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,
With usury thereto.'

O flourish high, with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea;
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well;
A thousand thanks for what I learn,
And what remains to tell.

And the poet, in conclusion, promises to praise the mystic tree even more than England honours his brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And hummed a surly hymn.

The last two lines furnish a finished little picture.

Still more dramatic in effect is the portrait of the heroine of Coventry.

Godiva.

She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone. . . .
She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
'You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?'—'But I would die,' said she.

He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
'O ay, ay, ay, you talk!'—'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered: 'Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;' and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind—
As winds from all the compass shift and blow—
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spouts
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

An extract from *The Lotos-eaters* will give a specimen of our poet's modulations of rhythm. This poem represents the luxurious lazy sleepiness said to be produced in those who feed upon the lotos, and contains passages not surpassed by the finest descriptions in the *Castle of Indolence*. It is rich in striking and appropriate imagery, and is sung to a rhythm which is music itself.

The Lotos-eaters.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown. . . .

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil. . . .

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream! . . .
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy,
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

The most prominent defects in these volumes of Mr Tennyson were occasional quaintness and obscurity of expression, with some incongruous combinations of low and familiar with poetical images.—His next work, *The Princess, a Medley*, appeared in December 1847. This is a story of a prince and princess contracted by their parents without having seen each other. The lady repudiates the alliance; but after a series of adventures and incidents as improbable and incoherent as the plots of some of the old wild Elizabethan tales and dramas, the princess relents and surrenders. The mixture of modern ideas and manners with those of the age of chivalry and romance—the attempted amalgamation of the conventional with the real, the farcical with the sentimental—renders *The Princess* truly a *medley*, and produces an unpleasing grotesque effect. Parts of the poem, however, are sweetly written; there are subtle touches of thought and satire, and some exquisite lyrical passages. Tennyson has nothing finer than these stanzas:

Song, 'The Splendour Falls.'

The splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!

O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

The poet's philosophy as to the sexes is thus summed up:

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world:
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

In 1850 appeared, at first anonymously, *In Memoriam*, a volume of short poems, divided into sections, but all devoted, like the Sonnets of Shakspeare, to one beloved object—a male friend. Mr Arthur Hallam, son of the historian, and affianced to Mr Tennyson's sister, died at Vienna in 1833, and his memory is here embalmed in a series of remarkable and affecting poems, no less than one hundred and twenty-nine in number, and all in the same stanza. This sameness of subject and versification would seem to render the work monotonous and tedious; so minute a delineation of personal sorrow is also apt to appear unmanly and unnatural. But the poet, though adhering to one melancholy theme, clothes it in all the hues of imagination and intellect. He lifts the veil, as it were, from the inner life of the soul; he stirs the deepest and holiest feelings of our nature; he describes, reasons, and allegorises; flowers are intermingled with the cypress, and faith and hope brighten the vista of the future. His vast love and sympathy seem to embrace all nature as assimilated with his lost friend.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

The ship containing his friend's remains is thus beautifully apostrophised:

In Memoriam, IX.

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, through early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep gentle heavens before the prow;
Sleep gentle winds as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love!

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widowed race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

Arthur Hallam was interred in Clevedon Church, Somersetshire, situated on a still and sequestered spot, on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel:*

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

We add one of the sections, in which description of external nature is finely blended with the mourner's reminiscences:

In Memoriam, XXII.

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Through four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheered the way,
And crowned with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walked began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following hope,
There sat the Shadow feared of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold;
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dulled the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, though I walk in haste;
And think that, somewhere in the waste,
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

Winter scenes are described; Christmas, with its train of sacred and tender associations, comes; but the poet is in a new home:

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows.

With the genial season, however, his sympathies expand, and in one section of noble verse he sings the dirge of the old year and the advent of the new:

In Memoriam, CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

* Memoir prefixed to Arthur Hallam's *Remains*, by his father, the historian. An interesting account of this volume is given by Dr John Brown, Edinburgh, in *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Arthur Henry Hallam was born in London, February 1, 1811. He distinguished himself at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was author of several essays and poetical productions, which gave promise of future excellence. He died in his twenty-third year, September 15, 1833.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The patriotic aspirations here expressed are brought out more fully in some of Mr Tennyson's political lyrics, which are animated by true wisdom and generous sentiment.

The next publication of our author was an *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (1852)—a laureate offering, which he afterwards revised and improved, rendering it not unworthy of the hero or the poet.

The Funeral of the Great Duke.

O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble work, the vast designs
Of his laboured rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Past the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dashed on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Through the long tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do,
In that world's earthquake, Waterloo!

In 1855 appeared *Maud, and other Poems*—the first, an allegorical vision of love and war, treated in a semi-colloquial bizarre style, yet suggestive and passionate. Maud is the daughter of the squire, and 'in the light of her youth and her grace' she captivates a mysterious misanthropic personage who tells the story. But Maud has another suitor, a 'new-made lord,' whose addresses are favoured by Maud's father and brother—the latter described as

That jewelled mass of millinery,
That oiled and curled Assyrian bull.

The squire gives a grand political dinner, 'a gathering of the Tory,' to which the Timon-lover is not invited. He finds, however, in the rivulet crossing his ground, a garden-rose, brought down from the Hall, and he interprets it as a message from Maud to meet her in the garden among the roses at night. He proceeds thither, and invokes the fair one in a lyric which is unquestionably the charm of the volume. It begins:

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

Maud obeys the call; but her brother discovers them, insults the intruder, and a duel ensues, in which the brother is slain. The lover flees to France, but returns to England, for ever haunted by visions of Maud, and then, in another section, we are startled to find him declare himself 'dead, long dead,' and buried, but without finding peace in the grave! It is a vision, and the dreamer obtains a new excitement: he rejoices to think that a war is to arise in defence of the right:

That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole god be the millionaire:
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's mouth
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.
And as months ran on, and rumour of battle grew,
'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I—
For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true—
'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
And I stood on a giant deck and mixed my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the north, and battle, and seas of death.

And the Tyrtæan war-strain closes with a somewhat fantastic image:

And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

Maud was the least successful of Mr Tennyson's longer poems. But three years afterwards (1858) the poet redeemed himself by the publication of *The Idylls of the King*, consisting of four poems—*Enid*, *Vivien*, *Elaine*, and *Guinevere*. This Arthurian romance was completed in 1869, by another volume, entitled *The Holy Grail*, and including *The Coming of Arthur*, *Pelleus and Etarre*, and *The Passing of Arthur*—the whole of this Arthurian collection of idylls forming, according to Dean Alford, 'a great connected poem, dealing with the very highest interests of man,' King Arthur being typical of the 'higher soul of man,' as shewn in the king's coming, his foundation of the Round Table, his struggles, disappointments, and departure. Of the versification of the Idylls—pure, flowing, blank verse—we subjoin a brief specimen:

From 'The Passing of Arthur.'

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with a gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns.
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Between the publication of the series of Arthurian idylls, Mr Tennyson issued *Enoch Arden, and other Poems* (1864). One of the latter was a piece in the North Lincolnshire dialect, written in the character of a farmer of the old school, and which displayed a vein of broad humour and a dramatic power that surprised as well as gratified the admirers of the poet. He afterwards gave a companion to this bucolic painting by depicting a farmer of the new school, as stolid and selfish, but not quite so amusing, as his elder brother.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The highest place among our modern poetesses must be claimed for MRS BROWNING, formerly Miss Barrett. In purity and loftiness of sentiment and feeling, and in intellectual power, she is excelled only by Tennyson, whose best works, it is evident, she had carefully studied. Her earlier style reminds us more of Shelley, but this arises from similarity of genius and classical tastes, not imitation. The first publication of this accomplished lady was an *Essay on Mind, and other Poems*, said to have been written in her seventeenth year. In 1833 appeared her translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, of which she has since given an improved version. In 1838 she ventured on a second volume of original poetry, *The Seraphim, and other Poems*, which was followed by *The Romaunt of the Page*, 1839. About this time a personal calamity occurred to the poetess, which has been detailed by Miss Mitford in her *Literary Recollections*. She burst a blood-vessel in the lungs, and after a twelvemonth's confinement at home, was ordered to a milder climate. She went with some relatives to reside at Torquay, and there a fatal event took place 'which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling, especially devotional feeling, to her poetry.' Her favourite brother, with two other young men, his friends, having embarked on board a small vessel for a sail of a few hours, the boat went down, and all on board perished. This tragedy completely prostrated Miss Barrett. She was not able to be removed to her father's house in London till the following year, and on her return home she 'began that life,' says Miss Mitford, 'which she continued for many years—confined to a darkened chamber, to which only her own family and a few devoted friends were admitted; reading meanwhile almost every book worth reading in almost every language, studying with ever-fresh delight the great classic authors in the original, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.' Miss Mitford had presented her friend with a young spaniel, 'Flush, my dog,' and the companionship of this humble but faithful object of sympathy has been commemorated in some beautiful verses, graphic as the pencil of Landseer:

To Flush, my Dog.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is't to such an end
That I praise thy rareness!
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears,
And this glossy fairness.

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unweary—
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning.
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that when light is gone,
Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew
Tracked the hares, and followed through
Sunny moor or meadow.
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer
Bounded at the whistle clear,
Up the woodside hieing.
This dog only, watched in reach
Of a faintly uttered speech,
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied
If a pale thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After—platforming his chin
On the palm left open.

The result of those years of seclusion and study was partly seen by the publication in 1844 of two volumes of *Poems, by Elizabeth Barrett*, many of which bore the impress of deep and melancholy thought, and of high and fervid imagination. 'Poetry,' said the authoress in her preface, 'has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work: not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being; but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain: and as work I offer it to the public; *feeling its shortcomings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration;* but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection with the reverent and sincere.' To each of the principal poems in the collection explanatory notices were given. Thus, of *A Drama of Exile*, she says, the subject was 'the new and strange experience of the fallen humanity, as it went forth from Paradise into the wilderness, with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief, which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the Fall to her offence, appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man.' The pervading principle of the drama is love—love which conquers even Lucifer:

Adam. The essence of all beauty, I call love.
The attribute, the evidence, and end,
The consummation to the inward sense,
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love. As form, when colourless,
Is nothing to the eye—that pine-tree there,
Without its black and green, being all a blank—
So, without love, is beauty undiscerned
In man or angel. Angel! rather ask
What love is in thee, what love moves to thee,
And what collateral love moves on with thee;
Then shalt thou know if thou art beautiful.
Lucifer. Love! what is love? I lose it. Beauty and love!
I darken to the image. Beauty—love!
[*He fades away, while a low music sounds.*
Adam. Thou art pale, Eve.
Eve. The precipice of ill
Down this colossal nature, dizzies me—
And, hark! the starry harmony remote
Seems measuring the heights from whence he fell.
Adam. Think that we have not fallen so. By the hope
And aspiration, by the love and faith,
We do exceed the stature of this angel.
Eve. Happier we are than he is, by the death.
Adam. Or rather, by the life of the Lord God!
How dim the angel grows, as if that blast
Of music swept him back into the dark.

Notwithstanding a few fine passages, *A Drama of Exile* cannot be considered a successful effort. The scheme of the poetess was imperfectly developed, and many of the colloquies of Adam and Eve, and of Lucifer and Gabriel, are forced and unnatural. The lyrics interspersed throughout the poem are often harsh and unmusical, and the whole drama is deficient in action and interest. In *A Vision of Poets*, Miss Barrett endeavoured to vindicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self-sacrifice. 'I have attempted,' she says, 'to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called "la patience angélique du génie," and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge.' The discipline of suffering and sorrow which the poetess had herself undergone, suggested or coloured these and similar speculations. The affliction which saddened had also purified the heart, and brought with it the precious fruits of resignation and faith. This is an old and familiar philosophy, and Miss Barrett's prose exposition of it must afterwards have appeared to her superfluous, for she omitted the preface in the later editions of her works. The truth is, all such personal revelations, though sanctioned by the examples of Dryden and Wordsworth, have inevitably an air of egotism and pedantry. Poetry is better able than painting or sculpture to disclose the object and feeling of the artist, and no one ever dreamt of confining those arts—the exponents of every range of feeling, conception, and emotion—to the mere office of administering pleasure. *A Vision of Poets* opens thus beautifully:

A poet could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night.

And thus he rose disquieted
With sweet rhymes ringing through his head,
And in the forest wandered,

Where, sloping up the darkest glades,
The moon had drawn long colonnades,
Upon whose floor the verdure fades

To a faint silver—pavement fair
The antique wood-nymphs scarce would dare
To foot-print o'er, had such been there.

He meets a lady whose mystical duty it is to 'crown all poets to their worth,' and he obtains a sight of some of the great masters of song—'the dead kings of melody'—who are characterised in brief but felicitous descriptions. A few of these we subjoin:

Here, Homer, with the broad suspense
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garrulous god-innocence.

There, Shakspeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughters for all time!

Euripides, with close and mild
Scholastic lips—that could be wild,
And laugh or sob out like a child.

Theocritus, with glittering locks
Dropt sideway, as betwixt the rocks
He watched the visionary flocks.

The moderns, from Milton down to 'poor proud Byron,' are less happily portrayed; but in spite of many blemishes, and especially the want of careful artistic finishing, this poem is one of great excellence. There are other imaginative pieces of the authoress of a more popular character—as the *Rhyme of the Duchess May*, a romantic ballad full of passion, incident, and melody; and *Bertha in the Lane*, a story of the transfer of affection from one sister to another, related by the elder and dying sister in a strain of great beauty and pathos. One stanza will shew the style and versification of this poem:

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep,
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave—where it will light
All the Dark up, day and night.

There are parts of this fine poem resembling Tennyson's *May Queen*, but the laureate would never have admitted such an incongruous and spasmodic stanza as that with which Miss Barrett unhappily closes her piece:

Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up, through angels' hands of fire!—
I aspire while I expire.

The most finished of Miss Barrett's smaller poems—apart from the sonnets—are the verses on *Cowper's Grave*, which contain not one jarring line or expression, and *The Cry of the Children*, a pathetic and impassioned pleading for the poor children who toil in mines and factories. In individuality and intensity of feeling, this piece resembles Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, but it infinitely surpasses it in poetry and imagination.

The Cry of the Children.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free. . . . .

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap.
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels"—breaking out in a mad moaning—
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"'

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

The *Sonnets from the Portuguese* are as passionate as Shakspeare's Sonnets, and we suspect the title, 'from the Portuguese,' has no better authority than Sir Walter Scott's '*Old Play*' at the head of the chapters of his novels. The first of these so-called translations is eminently beautiful—quite equal to Wordsworth, or to Wordsworth's model, Milton:

Sonnet.

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move

Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove:
'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death!' I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang: 'Not Death, but Love.'

An interval of some years elapsed ere Miss Barrett came forward with another volume, though she was occasionally seen as a contributor to literary journals. She became in 1846 the wife of a kindred spirit, Robert Browning, the poet, and removed with him to Italy. In Florence she witnessed the revolutionary outbreak of 1848, and this furnished the theme of her next important work, *Casa Guidi Windows*, a poem containing 'the impressions of the writer upon events in Tuscany of which she was a witness' from the windows of her house, the Casa Guidi in Florence. The poem is a spirited semi-political narrative of actual events and genuine feelings. Part might pass for the work of Byron—so free is its versification, and so warm the affection of Mrs Browning for Italy and the Italians—but there are also passages that would have served better for a prose pamphlet. The genius of the poetess had become practical and energetic—inspirited by what she saw around her, and by the new tie which, as we learn from this pleasing poem, now brightened her visions of the future:

The sun strikes, through the windows, up the floor;
Stand out in it, my young Florentine,
Not two years old, and let me see thee more! . . .
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,
And from my soul, which fronts the future so,
With unabashed and unabated gaze,
Teach me to hope for, what the angels know
When they smile clear as thou dost.

In 1856 appeared *Aurora Leigh*, an elaborate poem or novel in blank verse, which Mrs Browning characterises as the 'most mature' of her works, and one into which her 'highest convictions upon life and art are entered.' It presents us, like Wordsworth's *Prelude*, with the history of a poetical mind—an autobiography of the heart and intellect; but Wordsworth, with all his contempt for literary 'conventionalities,' would never have ventured on such a sweeping departure from established critical rules and poetical diction as Mrs Browning has here carried out. There is a prodigality of genius in the work, many just and fine remarks, ethical and critical, and passages evincing a keen insight into the human heart as well as into the working of our social institutions and artificial restraints. A noble hatred of falsehood, hypocrisy, and oppression breathes through the whole. But the materials of the poem are so strangely mingled and so discordant—prose and poetry so mixed up together—scenes of splendid passion and tears followed by dry metaphysical and polemical disquisitions, or rambling commonplace conversation, that the effect of the poem as a whole, though splendid in parts, is unsatisfactory.

An English Landscape.—From 'Aurora Leigh.'

The thrushes sang,
And shook my pulses and the elm's new leaves—
And then I turned, and held my finger up,
And bade him mark, that howsoe'er the world
Went ill, as he related, certainly
The thrushes still sang in it. At which word
His brow would soften—and he bore with me
In melancholy patience, not unkind,
While breaking into voluble ecstasy,
I flattered all the beauteous country round,
As poets use—the skies, the clouds, the fields,
The happy violets, hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold—
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Their tolerant horns and patient churning mouths
'Twixt dripping ash-boughs—hedgerows all alive
With birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies,
Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind—
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist;
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I said,
'And see, is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
Who says there 's nothing for the poor and vile,
Save poverty and wickedness? Behold!'
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped,
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

In 1860, *Poems before Congress* evinced Mrs Browning's unabated interest in Italy and its people. This was her last publication. She died on the 29th of June 1861, at the Casa Guidi, Florence; and in front of the house, a marble tablet records that in it wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, by her song, created a golden link between Italy and England, and that in gratitude Florence had erected that memorial. In 1862 the literary remains of Mrs Browning were published under the title of *Last Poems*.

We subjoin a piece written in the early, and we think the purest style of the poetess:

Cowper's Grave.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying.
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying.
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish.
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration.
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him—
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,

Who suffered once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him,

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences.
The pulse of dew upon the grass, kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses.
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother whilst she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses—
That turns his fevered eyes around—'My mother! where 's my mother?'—
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—
Thus, woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death to save him.

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—'*My* Saviour! *not* deserted!'

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father.
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am forsaken!'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation!
That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The head of what has been termed the psychological school of poetry is MR ROBERT BROWNING, who for more than thirty years has been recognised as one of our most original and intellectual poets. Latterly, the public—to use his own words—

> The British Public, ye who like me not
> (God love you!), whom I yet have laboured for,

have been more indulgent to the poet, and more ready to acknowledge his real merits. Mr Browning first attracted attention in 1836, when he published his poem of *Paracelsus*. He had previously published anonymously a poem entitled *Pauline, a Fragment of a Confession*. *Paracelsus* evinced that love of psychological analysis and that subtle imagination more fully displayed in the author's later works. It is the history of a soul struggling and aspiring after hidden knowledge, power, and happiness—

> All ambitious, upwards tending,
> Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun—

but is thwarted and baffled in the visionary pursuit. For an author of twenty-four years of age, this was a remarkable poem. Mr Browning next tried the historical drama. In 1837 his tragedy of *Strafford* was brought on the stage, the hero being personated by Macready, a favourite actor. It was played several nights, but cannot be said to have been successful. Mr Horne, in his *New Spirit of the Age*, characterises it as a 'piece of passionate action with the bones of poetry.' Van Dyck's portrait of Strafford, so well known from copies and engravings, will always, we suspect, eclipse or supersede any pen-and-ink delineation of the splendid apostate. The poet now went to Italy, where he resided several years, and in 1841 he sent forth another psychological poem—'the richest puzzle to all lovers of poetry which was ever given to the world'—a thin volume entitled *Sordello*. Mr Browning's subsequent works were in a dramatic form and spirit, the most popular being *Pippa Passes*, forming part of a series called *Bells and Pomegranates* (1841-44), of which a second collection was published containing some exquisite sketches and monologues. 'Pippa is a girl from a silk-factory, who *passes* the various persons of the play at certain critical moments, in the course of her holiday, and becomes unconsciously to herself a determining influence on the fortune of each.' In 1843 the poet produced another regular drama, a tragedy entitled *A Blot in the Scutcheon*, which was acted at Drury Lane with moderate success, and is the best of the author's plays. Next to it is *King Victor and King Charles*, a tragedy in four acts, in which the characters are well drawn and well contrasted. Altogether Mr Browning has written eight plays and two short dramatic sketches, *A Soul's Tragedy* and *In a Balcony*. Some of the others—*The Return of the Druses*, *Colombe's Birthday*, and *Luria*—are superior productions both in conception and execution. Two narrative poems, *Christmas Eve* and *Easter Day*, present the author's marked peculiarities—grotesque imagery, insight into the human heart, vivid painting, and careless, faulty versification. In principle, the poet is thoroughly

orthodox, and treats the two great Christian festivals in a Christian spirit. Of the lighter pieces of the author, the most popular is *The Pied Piper of Hamelin, a Child's Story*, told with inimitable liveliness and spirit, and with a flow of rattling rhymes and quaint fancies rivalling Southey's *Cataract of Lodore*. This amusing production is as unlike the usual style of its author as *John Gilpin* is unlike the usual style of Cowper.

In 1855 the reputation of Mr Browning was greatly enhanced by the publication of a collection of poems, fifty in number, bearing the comprehensive title of *Men and Women*. In 1864 another volume of character sketches appeared, entitled *Dramatis Personæ;* and in 1868 was produced the most elaborate of all his works, *The Ring and the Book*, an Italian story of the seventeenth century concerning certain assassins

> Put to death
> By heading or hanging, as befitted ranks,
> At Rome on February twenty-two,
> Since our salvation sixteen ninety-eight.

The latest works of Mr Browning are *Balaustion's Adventure, including a Transcript from Euripides* (1871)—which is another recital of the story of Alcestes, supposed to be told by a Greek girl who had witnessed the performance; *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society* (1871), a name under which is thinly veiled the name of Louis Napoleon; *Fifine at the Fair* (1872); *Red Cotton Night-cap Country* (1873); and *Aristophanes' Apology, including a Transcript from Euripides, being the last Adventure of Balaustion* (1875). Of Aristophanes—

> Splendour of wit that springs a thunder ball—
> Satire—to burn and purify the world,
> True aim, fair purpose—

we have this bright pen-and-ink portrait:

> And no ignoble presence! on the bulge
> Of the clear baldness—all his head one brow—
> True, the veins swelled, blue network, and there surged
> A red from cheek to temple—then retired
> As if the dark-leaved chaplet damped a flame—
> Was never nursed by temperance or health.
> But huge the eyeballs rolled black native fire,
> Imperiously triumphant, nostrils wide
> Waited their incense; while the pursed mouth's pout
> Aggressive, while the beak supreme above,
> While the head, face, nay, pillared throat thrown back,
> Beard whitening under like a vinous foam—
> These made a glory of such insolence,
> I thought, such domineering deity
> Hephaistos might have carved to cut the brine
> For his gay brother's prow, imbrue that path
> Which, purpling, recognised the conqueror.
> Impudent and majestic: drunk, perhaps,
> But that 's religion; sense too plainly snuffed:
> Still, sensuality was grown a rite.

In 1875 also appeared from the prolific pen of the poet *The Inn Album*.

A fertile and original author with high and generous aims, Mr Browning has proved his poetic power alike in thought, description, passion, and conception of character. But the effect of even his happiest productions is marred by obscurity, by eccentricities of style and expression, and by the intrusion of familiar phrases and Hudibrastic rhymes or dry metaphysical discussions. His choice of subjects—chiefly Italian—his stories of monastic life, repulsive crimes, and exceptional types of character—are also against his popularity. *The Ring and the Book* is prolix: four volumes of blank verse, in which the same tale of murder is told by various interlocutors, with long digressions from old chronicles and other sources—such a work must repel all but devoted poetical readers. These, however, Mr Browning has obtained, and the student who perseveres, digging for the pure 'untempered gold' of poetry, will find his reward in the pages of this master of psychological monologues and dramatic lyrics.

Mr Browning is a native of Camberwell in Surrey, born in 1812, and educated at the London University. He is also an honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. In November 1846 he was married, as already stated, to Miss Elizabeth Barrett. Of Mr Browning's many descriptions of the 'sunny south,' the following is a favourable specimen, and Miss Mitford states that it was admired by Mr Ruskin for its exceeding truthfulness:

Picture of the Grape-harvest.

> But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,
> So back to a man
> Came our friends, with whose help in the vineyards
> Grape-harvest began:
> In the vat half-way up on our house-side
> Like blood the juice spins,
> While your brother all bare-legged is dancing
> Till breathless he grins,
> Dead-beaten, in effort on effort
> To keep the grapes under,
> For still when he seems all but master,
> In pours the fresh plunder
> From girls who keep coming and going
> With basket on shoulder,
> And eyes shut against the rain's driving,
> Your girls that are older—
> For under the hedges of aloe,
> And where, on its bed
> Of the orchard's black mould, the love-apple
> Lies pulpy and red,
> All the young ones are kneeling and filling
> Their laps with the snails,
> Tempted out by the first rainy weather—
> Your best of regales,
> As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,
> When, supping in state,
> We shall feast our grape-gleaners—two dozen,
> Three over one plate—
> Macaroni, so tempting to swallow,
> In slippery strings,
> And gourds fried in great purple slices,
> That colour of kings.
> Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've brought you—
> The rain-water slips
> O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
> Which the wasp to your lips
> Still follows with fretful persistence.
> Nay, taste while awake,
> This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-ball,
> That peels, flake by flake,
> Like an onion's, each smoother and whiter;
> Next sip this weak wine
> From the thin green glass flask, with its stopper,
> A leaf of the vine;
> And end with the prickly pear's red flesh,
> That leaves through its juice
> The stony black seeds on your pearl teeth.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.—A Child's Story.

I.

Hamelin town 's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor 's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What 's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you 're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we 're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!'
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
'For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I 'm sure my poor head aches again,
I 've scratched it so, and all in vain;
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!'
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap!
'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'what 's that?'
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
'Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!'

V.

'Come in!'—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: 'It 's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone.'

VI.

He advanced to the Council-table:
And, 'Please your honours,' said he, 'I 'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.'
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
'Yet,' said he, 'poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?'
'One? fifty thousand!'—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: 'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

Is breathed) called out: "O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!"
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, "Come, bore me!"
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
'Go,' cried the Mayor, 'and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!'—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders!'

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For Council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
'Beside,' quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
'Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!'

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried:
'No trifling! I can't wait; beside,
I 've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the head-cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.'

XI.

'How?' cried the Mayor, 'd' ye think I 'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst;
Blow your pipe there till you burst!'

XII.

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
'He never can cross that mighty top!
He 's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!'
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after-years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say:
'It 's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I 'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!'

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he 'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
'And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and seventy-six :'
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away ;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers :
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we 've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

A Parting Scene (1526 A.D.).

PARACELSUS and FESTUS.

Par. And you saw Luther ?
Fest. 'Tis a wondrous soul !
Par. True : the so-heavy chain which galled mankind
Is shattered, and the noblest of us all
Must bow to the deliverer—nay the worker
Of our own project—we who long before
Had burst our trammels, but forgot the crowd,
We would have taught, still groaned beneath the load :
This he has done and nobly. Speed that may !
Whatever be my chance or my mischance,
What benefits mankind must glad me too :
And men seem made, though not as I believed,
For something better than the times display :
Witness these gangs of peasants your new lights
From Suabia have possessed, whom Münzer leads,
And whom the Duke, the Landgrave, and the Elector
Will calm in blood ! Well, well—'tis not my world !
Fest. Hark !
Par. 'Tis the melancholy wind astir
Within the trees ; the embers too are gray ;
Morn must be near.
Fest. Best ope the casement. See,
The night, late strewn with clouds and flying stars,
Is blank and motionless : how peaceful sleep
The tree-tops all together ! like an asp
The wind slips whispering from bough to bough.
Par. Ay ; you would gaze on a wind-shaken tree
By the hour, nor count time lost.
Fest. So you shall gaze.
Those happy times will come again.
Par. Gone ! gone !
Those pleasant times ! Does not the moaning wind
Seem to bewail that we have gained such gains
And bartered sleep for them ?
Fest. It is our trust
That there is yet another world, to mend
All error and mischance.
Par. Another world !
And why this world, this common world, to be
A make-shift, a mere foil, how fair soever,
To some fine life to come ? Man must be fed
With angels' food, forsooth ; and some few traces
Of a diviner nature which look out
Through his corporeal baseness, warrant him
In a supreme contempt for all provision
For his inferior tastes—some straggling marks
Which constitute his essence, just as truly
As here and there a gem would constitute
The rock, their barren bed, a diamond.
But were it so—were man all mind—he gains
A station little enviable. From God
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant,
Intelligence exists which casts our mind
Into immeasurable shade. No, no :
Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity,
These are its sign, and note, and character ;
And these I have lost !—gone, shut from me for ever,
Like a dead friend, safe from unkindness more !—
See morn at length. The heavy darkness seems
Diluted ; gray and clear without the stars ;
The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves, as if
Some snake, that weighed them down all night, let go
His hold ; and from the east, fuller and fuller,
Day, like a mighty river, is flowing in ;
But clouded, wintry, desolate, and cold :
Yet see how that broad, prickly, star-shaped plant,
Half down the crevice, spreads its woolly leaves
All thick and glistering with diamond dew.—
And you depart for Einsiedeln to-day,
And we have spent all night in talk like this !
If you would have me better for your love,
Revert no more to these sad themes.

From 'My Last Duchess.'

That 's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now : Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her ? I said
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you but I),
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there ; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek : perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much,' or, 'Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half flush that dies along her throat ;' such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say ?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed ; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one ! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good ; but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine hundred years old name
With anybody's gift. Who 'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling ?

COVENTRY PATMORE—EDWARD ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

The delineation of married love and the domestic affections has been attempted by MR COVENTRY PATMORE, who has deservedly gained reputation from the sweetness and quiet beauty of his verse. His first work was a volume of *Poems*, 1844. This was republished with large additions in 1853, under the title of *Tamerton Church Tower, and other Poems.* He then produced his most important work, *The Angel in the House*, in four parts—*The Betrothal*, 1854; *The Espousal*, 1856; *Faithful for Ever*, 1860; and *The Victories of Love*, 1862. Mr Patmore has also edited a volume of poetical selections, *The Children's Garland, from the Best Poets*, 1862. *The Angel in the House* contains passages of great beauty, both in sentiment and description. Mr Ruskin has eulogised it as 'a most finished piece of writing.' Its occasional felicities of expression are seen in verses like these:

A girl of fullest heart she was;
Her spirit's lovely flame
Nor dazzled nor surprised, because
It always burned the same.
And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshewn—
A Mary in the house of God,
A Martha in her own.

And in this simile:

Her soft voice, singularly heard
Beside me, in the Psalms, withstood
The roar of voices, like a bird
Sole warbling in a windy wood.

The Joyful Wisdom.

Would Wisdom for herself be wooed,
And wake the foolish from his dream,
She must be glad as well as good,
And must not only be, but seem.
Beauty and joy are hers by right;
And, knowing this, I wonder less
That she 's so scorned, when falsely dight
In misery and ugliness.
What 's that which Heaven to man endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of tears,
'Ah! that 's the thing which I would be?'
Not childhood, full of fears and fret;
Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have known. . . .
Not these; but souls found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
When everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline,
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognise;
And ridicule, against it hurled,
Drops with a broken sting and dies. . . .
They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings.

Counsel to the Young Husband.

'Now, while she 's changing,' said the Dean,
'Her bridal for her travelling dress,
I 'll preach allegiance to your queen!
Preaching 's the trade which I profess;
And one more minute 's mine! You know
I 've paid my girl a father's debt,
And this last charge is all I owe.
She 's yours; but I love more than yet
You can; such fondness only wakes
When time has raised the heart above
The prejudice of youth, which makes
Beauty conditional to love.
Prepare to meet the weak alarms
Of novel nearness; recollect
The eye which magnifies her charms
Is microscopic for defect.
Fear comes at first; but soon, rejoiced,
You 'll find your strong and tender loves
Like holy rocks by Druids poised,
The least force shakes, but none removes.
Her strength is your esteem; beware
Of finding fault; her will 's unnerved
By blame; from you 'twould be despair;
But praise that is not quite deserved
Will all her noble nature move
To make your utmost wishes true:
Yet think, while mending thus your love,
Of matching her ideal too!
The death of nuptial joy is sloth:
To keep your mistress in your wife,
Keep to the very height your oath,
And honour her with arduous life.'

Mr Patmore was born at Woodford in Essex, July 2, 1823, son of Mr P. G. Patmore (1786–1855), author of *Personal Recollections of Deceased Celebrities*, &c. In 1846 Mr Coventry Patmore was appointed one of the assistant-librarians of the British Museum, but retired from the office about 1868.

EDWARD ROBERT, LORD LYTTON, under the name of 'Owen Meredith,' has published two volumes of poetry—*Clytemnestra*, 1855, and *The Wanderer*, 1859. There are traces of sentimentalism and morbid feeling in the poems, but also fine fancy and graceful musical language. The poet is the only son of the first Lord Lytton, and was born November 8, 1831. The paternal taste in the selection of subjects from high life, with a certain voluptuous colouring, and a pseudo-melancholy, cynical air, has been reproduced in 'Owen Meredith,' though Tennyson was perhaps the favourite model. The young poet, however, had original merit enough to redeem such faults. He continued to write, and produced in succession *Lucile*, a novel in verse, 1860; *Serbski Pesme*, a translation of the national songs of Servia; *The Ring of Amasis*, a prose romance, 1863; *Chronicles and Characters*, two volumes of poems, chiefly historical, to which Mr Lytton prefixed his own name; *Orval, or the Fool of Time*, a dramatic poem, &c. For about twenty years Lord Lytton was engaged in the diplomatic service abroad, and in 1876 was appointed Governor-general or Viceroy of India. In 1874 the noble poet published two volumes of *Fables* in verse.

The Chess-board.

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?
Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er queen and knight;

Brave pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double castles guard the wings;
The bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves sidling through the fight.
Our fingers touch, our glances meet
And falter, falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving; down the field, your queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.
Ah me! the little battle 's done,
Dispersed is all its chivalry.
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played—
What is it we have won?
This, this, at least—if this alone—
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore—
Ere we were grown so sadly wise—
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess as then we played together!

Changes.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear:
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care,
And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;
And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me!—
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!
We all are changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light.
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall know all!

The REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (died in 1847) wrote *Tales in Verse*, 1830; *Poems; Ballads;* &c. His sacred poetry is of superior merit.

The Sailor's Grave.

There is in the lone, lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy,
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down beneath the deep,
That oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and peaceful sleep,
With the wild waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps—he sleeps, serene, and safe
From tempest and from billow,
Where storms that high above him chafe
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever;
It was his home when he had breath,
'Tis now his home for ever.

Sleep on—sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they 've found thee;
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless ocean round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here,
No hand profane shall move thee,
But gallant hearts shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout above thee.

And though no stone may tell
Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
They rest in hearts that love thee well,
And they grace Britannia's story.

Hymn—'Abide with Me!'

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come, not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing on thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through clouds and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

CHARLES KENT (born in London in 1823) has published *Dreamland, with other Poems*, 1862; and a collective edition of his *Poems* was issued in 1870. Mr Kent has also written several prose tales and essays.

Love's Calendar.

Talk of love in vernal hours,
When the landscape blushes
With the dawning glow of flowers,
While the early thrushes
Warble in the apple-tree;
When the primrose springing
From the green bank, lulls the bee,
On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in summer-tide
When through bosky shallows

Trills the streamlet—all its side
Pranked with freckled mallows;
When in mossy lair of wrens
Tiny eggs are warming;
When above the reedy fens
Dragon-gnats are swarming.

Talk of love in autumn days,
When the fruit, all mellow,
Drops amid the ripening rays,
While the leaflets yellow
Circle in the sluggish breeze
With their portents bitter;
When between the fading trees
Broader sunbeams glitter.

Talk of love in winter time,
When the hailstorm hurtles,
While the robin sparks of rime
Shakes from hardy myrtles,
Never speak of love with scorn,
Such were direst treason;
Love was made for eve and morn,
And for every season.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

One of the best and most prolific of the American poetesses was MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY, born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791; died at Hartford in 1865. Maria Edgeworth and a host of critics have borne testimony to the poetic genius and moral influence of this accomplished woman.

The Early Blue-bird.

Blue-bird! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me:
'Spring is coming! Spring is here!'
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whitened ground,
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear:
'Spring is coming! Spring is here!'

Strik'st thou not too bold a strain?
Winds are piping o'er the plain;
Clouds are sweeping o'er the sky
With a black and threatening eye;
Urchins, by the frozen rill,
Wrap their mantles closer still;
Yon poor man, with doublet old,
Doth he shiver at the cold?
Hath he not a nose of blue?
Tell me, birdling, tell me true.

Spring 's a maid of mirth and glee,
Rosy wreaths and revelry:
Hast thou wooed some winged love
To a nest in verdant grove?
Sung to her of greenwood bower,
Sunny skies that never lower?
Lured her with thy promise fair
Of a lot that knows no care?
Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,
Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,
She can sing a cheerful song?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
If she 'll closer cling to thee?
Then the blasts that sweep the sky,
Unappalled shall pass thee by;
Though thy curtained chamber shew
Siftings of untimely snow,
Warm and glad thy heart shall be;
Love shall make it Spring for thee.

Midnight Thoughts at Sea.

Borne upon the ocean's foam,
Far from native land and home,
Midnight's curtain, dense with wrath,
Brooding o'er our venturous path,
While the mountain wave is rolling,
And the ship's bell faintly tolling:
Saviour! on the boisterous sea,
Bid us rest secure in Thee.

Blast and surge, conflicting hoarse,
Sweep us on with headlong force;
And the bark, which tempests surge,
Moans and trembles at their scourge:
Yet, should wildest tempests swell,
Be Thou near, and all is well.
Saviour! on the stormy sea,
Let us find repose in Thee.

Hearts there are with love that burn
When to us afar they turn;
Eyes that shew the rushing tear
If our uttered names they hear:
Saviour! o'er the faithless main
Bring us to those homes again,
As the trembler, touched by Thee,
Safely trod the treacherous sea.

Wrecks are darkly spread below,
Where with lonely keel we go;
Gentle brows and bosoms brave
Those abysses richly pave:
If beneath the briny deep
We, with them, should coldly sleep,
Saviour! o'er the whelming sea,
Take our ransomed souls to Thee.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Society of Friends, or Quakers, in America can boast of a poet who more than rivals their English representative, Bernard Barton. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808, passed his early years on his father's farm; but after he came of age was chiefly engaged in literary pursuits. He edited several newspapers, and was an active opponent of negro slavery. He has published *Legends of New England*, in prose and verse, 1831; a volume of *Ballads*, 1838; *The Stranger in Lowell* (prose essays), 1845; *Voices of Freedom*, 1849; *Songs of Labour*, 1850; *National Lyrics*, 1865; *Maud Müller*, 1866; and various other poetical tales and sketches. There is a neat compact edition of his collected poetical works in two small volumes (the 'Merrimack Edition'), 1869. In 1873 he published *The Pennsylvanian Pilgrim, and other Poems*, which shewed that his fine vein of thought and melody was unimpaired.

The Robin.

My old Welsh neighbour over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the Robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

'Nay!' said the grandmother, 'have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

'He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin:
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

'My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of Our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!'

'Amen!' I said to the beautiful myth;
'Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well:
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

'Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of Our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!'

Barbara Fritchie.

Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
Clear from the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep;
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their silver bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To shew that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
'Halt!'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
'Fire!'—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

'Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog. March on!' he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819–1861) was the son of a merchant in Liverpool. He was one of the pupils of Dr Arnold of Rugby, to whom he was strongly attached; and having won the Balliol scholarship in 1836, he went to Oxford. The Tractarian movement was then agitating the university, and Clough was for a time under its influence. He ultimately abandoned the Romanising party; but his opinions were unsettled, and he never regained the full assurance of his early faith. In 1843 he was appointed tutor as well as Fellow of Oriel College, and laboured successfully for about five years, usually spending the long vacation among the Welsh mountains, the Cumberland lakes, or the Scotch Highlands. His most important poem, *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* (1848), which he terms a 'long-vacation pastoral,' commemorates one of these holiday tours in the Highlands by the Oxford tutor and his pupils. It is written in hexameter verse, of which Southey had given a specimen in his *Vision of Judgment*, and contains a faithful picture of Highland scenes and character. Clough grafts a love-story on his descriptive sketch, and makes one of the reading-party marry a Highland maiden and migrate to New Zealand. In 1848, from conscientious motives, the poet resigned his tutorship, and also gave up his fellowship. Next year he accepted the appointment of Principal of University Hall, London, but held it only for two years, at the end of which he went to America, and settled (October 1852) at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was drawn thence in less than a twelvemonth by the offer of an examinership in the Education Office, which he accepted; and to this was added, in 1856, the post of Secretary to a Commission for examining the scientific military schools on the continent. He took a warm interest in the philanthropic labours of Miss Nightingale; and thus his life, though uneventful, was, as his biographer remarks, 'full of work.' Ill health, however, compelled him to go abroad, and he died at Florence, November 13, 1861. Besides the Highland pastoral of *The Bothie*, Clough produced a second long poem, *Amours de Voyage*, the result of a holiday of travel in Italy, and of the impressions made upon him in Rome. His third long poem of *Dipsychus* was written in Venice in 1850, and is much superior to the *Amours*. Another work, *Mari Magno*, consists of a series of tales on love and marriage, supposed to be related to each other by a party of

companions on a sea-voyage. The tales are as homely in style and incident as those of Crabbe, but are less interesting and less poetical. A number of small occasional pieces, 'poems of the inner life,' were thrown off from time to time by the poet; and a selection from his papers, with letters and a memoir, edited by his widow, was published in two volumes in 1869.

Autumn in the Highlands.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Then when brackens are changed and heather-blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern, green trees are bonnie;
Alders are green, and oaks; the rowan scarlet and yellow;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and ear-rings,
Cover her now o'er and o'er; she is weary, and scatters them from her.
There upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth to Philip,
For as they talked, anon she said: 'It is well, Mr Philip;
Yes, it is well: I have spoken and learned a deal with the teacher.
At the last I told him all; I could not help it;
And it came easier with him than could have been with my father;
And he calmly approved as one that had fully considered.
Yes, it is well, I have hoped, though quite too great and sudden;
I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for years yet;
I am afraid, but believe in you; and I trust to the teacher;
You have done all things gravely and temperate, not as in passion;
And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell what is likely.
What my father will say, I know not; we will obey him:
But for myself, I could dare to believe all well, and venture.
O Mr Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be different!'
And she hid her face—oh, where, but in Philip's bosom.

Morning in the City.

As the light of day enters some populous city,
Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-streak signal,
High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out the gas-lamps—
All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening clearness,
Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access
Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars lying in
Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of alleys.
He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding to the suburb,
Sees sights only peaceful and pure: as labourers settling
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of slumber;
Humble market-carts, coming in, bringing in, not only
Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of the country
Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers; soon after,
Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters
Up at the windows, or down, letting in the air by the doorway;
School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,
Hampered as they haste, those running, these others maidenly tripping;
Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be
Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden gate there;
Merchant on his grass-plat haply bare-headed; and now by this time
Little child bringing breakfast to 'father,' that sits on the timber
There by the scaffolding; see, she waits for the can beside him;
Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires;
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilised fabric—
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway outworks—
Seems re-accepted, resumed to primal nature and beauty—
Such—in me, and to me, and on me—the love of Elspie!

In a Gondola on the Grand Canal, Venice.

Afloat; we move—delicious! Ah,
What else is like the gondola?
This level floor of liquid glass
Begins beneath us swift to pass.
It goes as though it went alone
By some impulsion of its own.
(How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Were all things like the gondola!)

How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
Could life as does our gondola,
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
And moral duties and affairs,
Unswaying, noiseless, swift, and strong,
For ever thus—thus glide along!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

With no more motion than should bear
A freshness to the languid air;
With no more effort than expressed
The need and naturalness of rest,
Which we beneath a grateful shade
Should take on peaceful pillows laid!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

In one unbroken passage borne
To closing night from opening morn,
Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
Some palace front, some passing bark;
Through windows catch the varying shore,
And hear the soft turns of the oar!
(How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!)

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

The distinguished American sculptor, MR W. STORY, whose 'Cleopatra' was the object of much interest and admiration in the Exhibition of 1862, has been a considerable contributor to our imaginative literature. His *Ginevra da Siena*, a long poem published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June 1866; his *Primitive Christian in Rome*, published in the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1866; and his *Graffiti d'Italia*, 1868, are productions of genuine worth and interest. In 1870 Mr Story published a singular narrative poem in

blank verse on Judas's betrayal of Christ. The poet assumes that Judas was really devoted to his Master, was of an enthusiastic temperament, and believed that, if he delivered up Jesus, a glorious manifestation of the Godhead would take place, confounding the Saviour's enemies, and prostrating them in adoration; but when he saw Christ bound with cords and taken prisoner, he was overwhelmed with grief and horror, and flinging down the money he had received, went and hanged himself! The following is Mr Story's conception of the appearance of the Saviour on earth:

Tall, slender, not erect, a little bent;
Brows arched and dark; a high-ridged lofty head;
Thin temples, veined and delicate; large eyes,
Sad, very serious, seeming as it were
To look beyond you, and whene'er he spoke
Illumined by an inner lamping light—
At times, too, gleaming with a strange wild fire
When taunted by the rabble in the streets;
A Jewish face, complexion pale but dark;
Thin, high-art nostrils, quivering constantly;
Long nose, full lips, hands tapering, full of veins;
His movements nervous: as he walked he seemed
Scarcely to heed the persons whom he passed,
And for the most part gazed upon the ground.

Besides the above poems and others scattered through periodical works, Mr Story is author of two interesting volumes in prose, *Roba di Roma, or Walks about Rome*, 1862. He has also published several legal works, and *The Life and Letters of Justice Story*, his father (1779–1845), a great legal authority in America. The artist himself is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was born in 1819.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The successor of Mr Longfellow in Harvard College has well sustained the honours of the professorial chair. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, appeared as an author in 1841, when he published a volume of poems entitled *A Year's Life*. In 1844 he produced a second series of *Poems;* in 1845, *Conversations on some of the Old Poets;* in 1848, a third series of *Poems*, and *The Biglow Papers*, a poetical satire on the invasion of Mexico by the United States, the slavery question, &c. In this last work Mr Lowell seems to have struck into the true vein of his genius. His humour is rich and original, and his use of the Yankee dialect was a novelty in literature. In his serious and sentimental verse the poet has several equals and some superiors in his own country; but as a humorist he is unrivalled. In January 1855 Mr Lowell succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-lettres in Harvard College. In 1864 appeared a second series of *The Biglow Papers;* in 1869, *Under the Willows, and other Poems*, and *The Cathedral*, an epic poem; in 1870, a volume of prose essays entitled *Among my Books;* and in 1871, *My Study Windows*, a second collection of essays, most of which had previously appeared in periodicals, and all of which are remarkable for critical taste and acumen. Mr Lowell has been connected editorially and as a contributor with many American reviews and magazines; has edited the poems of Marvell, Donne, Keats, Wordsworth, and Shelley, and also delivered lectures on the British Poets. This popular author belongs to a family distinguished for literary attainments. His grandfather, Judge Lowell, and his father, Dr Charles Lowell, pastor of the West Church, Boston, were both highly accomplished men, and several other relations were men of culture and eminence in society. His wife, *née* Maria White (1821–1853), was a poetess of more than ordinary merit, and the subject of Longfellow's fine poem, *The Two Angels*.

On Popular Applause.

I thank ye, my friens, for the warmth o' your greetin';
Ther' 's few airthly blessins but wut 's vain an' fleetin';
But ef ther' is one thet hain't *no* cracks an' flaws,
An' is wuth goin' in for, it 's pop'lar applause;
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez rockets,
An' I feel it—wal, down to the eend o' my pockets.
Jes' lovin' the people is Canaan in view,
But it 's Canaan paid quarterly t' hev 'em love you;
It 's a blessin' thet 's breakin' out ollus in fresh spots:
It 's a-follerin' Moses 'thout losin' the flesh-pots.
An' folks like you 'n me, thet ain't ept to be sold,
Git somehow or 'nother left out in the cold.

I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret of a row,
Jeff D. would ha' ben where A. Lincoln is now,
With Taney to say 't wuz all legle an' fair,
An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to swear
Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed into the ditch
By the fault o' the North in misplacin' the switch.
Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Buchanan to nuss 'em;
But the people they wouldn't be Mexicans, cuss 'em!
Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upsot, 'z you may say,
Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean away?
An' doosn't the right primy-fashy include
The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?
The fact is, we 'd gone for the union so strong,
When union meant South ollus right an' North wrong,
Thet the people gut fooled into thinkin' it might
Worry on middlin' wal with the North in the right.

Hints to Statesmen.

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard;
For, ez sure ez he does, he 'll be blartin' 'em out
'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man more 'n a spout,
Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a flaw
In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw:
An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint
Thet we 'd better nut air our perceedins in print,
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your arm,
Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, do us harm;
For when you 've done all your real meanin' to smother,
The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin' or 'nother.
No, never say nothin' without you 're compelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu,
Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin' loose
For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use.

What Mr Robinson Thinks.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' apostles rigged out in their swallow-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes:
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they *didn't know everythin' down in Judee.*

Invocation to Peace.

Where 's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crust white,
Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev been gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,
They filled my heart with livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over;
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try;
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff an' dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer than clock-work, an' not carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wus than ef she took to swearin.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,
But I can't hark to what they 're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers present;
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
Like a shot hawk, but all 's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented—
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further South retreatin'. . . .

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet,
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, han't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Handsome an' brave, an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut 's words to them whose faith an' truth
On war's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
Thet rived the rebel line asunder?

'T an't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:

Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
An' thet world seems so fur from this
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners;
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
For all they sot among the scorners:
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At Jedgment where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water!

Come, while our country feels the lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
An' knows thet freedom an't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered!

The Courtin'.

Zekle crep up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back frum Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiney on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,
Araspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The eldest son of the celebrated Dr Arnold of Rugby has inherited no small share of his father's critical talent and independent judgment. MATTHEW ARNOLD was born at Laleham, near Staines, in Middlesex, December 24, 1822. He won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford in 1843, by a poem on Cromwell, and was elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1845. In 1847 the Marquis of Lansdowne nominated him his private secretary, and he held this post till 1851, when he was appointed one of the government school inspectors.

Previous to this, Mr Arnold published anonymously *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems;* in 1853 appeared *Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems;* and in 1854, *Poems*, the first volume to which his name was attached, and which consisted of selections from the previous two volumes, with the addition of some new pieces. In 1857 Mr Arnold was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford; and in the year following he published *Merope*, a tragedy after the antique, with a preface, in which he explains and comments on the principles of the Greek tragedy. In 1861 he published Three Lectures *On Translating Homer;* and in 1867 a new volume of *Poems.* In 1869 he issued a collected edition of his *Poems* in two volumes, the first narrative and elegiac, the second dramatic and lyric. As a poet, Mr Arnold may be ranked with Lord Lytton; he is a classic and elaborate versifier, often graceful, but without the energy and fire of the true poet. His prose works include *Essays on Criticism*, 1865; *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, 1867; *Culture and Anarchy*, 1869; *St Paul and Protestantism*, 1870; &c. A somewhat haughty aristocratic spirit pervades these essays. Mr Arnold has no patience with the middle-class 'Philistines,' the dullards and haters of light, who care only for what is material and practical. He is also a zealous Churchman, with little regard for Nonconformists or Puritans; yet in all these treatises are fine trains of thought and criticism, and original suggestive observations from which all sects may profit. Mr Arnold has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from both Edinburgh and Oxford universities.

The following is a specimen of Mr Arnold's blank verse:

Mycerinus.

Mycerinus, son of Cheops, reigned over Egypt. He was a just king, according to Herodotus, but an oracle proclaimed that he was to live but six years longer, on which he abdicated his throne, and, accompanied by a band of revellers, retired to 'the silence of the groves and woods.'

There by the river banks he wandered on
From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,
Their smooth tops shining sunwards, and beneath
Burying their unsunned stems in grass and flowers;
Where in one dream the feverish time of youth
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of joy
Might wander all day long and never tire.
Here came the king, holding high feast, at morn,
Rose-crowned, and ever, when the sun went down,
A hundred lamps beamed in the tranquil gloom,
From tree to tree, all through the twinkling grove,
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,
Flushed guests, and golden goblets, foamed with wine;
While the deep-burnished foliage overhead
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon.
It may be that sometimes his wondering soul
From the loud joyful laughter of his lips
Might shrink half-startled, like a guilty man
Who wrestles with his dream; as some pale Shape,
Gliding half-hidden through the dusky stems,
Would thrust a hand before the lifted bowl,
Whispering: 'A little space, and thou art mine.'
It may be on that joyless feast his eye
Dwelt with mere outward seeming; he, within,
Took measure of his soul, and knew its strength,
And by that silent knowledge, day by day,
Was calmed, ennobled, comforted, sustained.
It may be; but not less his brow was smooth,
And his clear laugh fled ringing through the gloom,
And his mirth quailed not at the mild reproof
Sighed out by winter's sad tranquillity;
Nor, palled with its own fullness, ebbed and died
In the rich languor of long summer days;
Nor withered, when the palm-tree plumes, that roofed
With their mild dark his grassy banquet hall,
Bent to the cold winds of the showerless spring;
No, nor grew dark when autumn brought the clouds.
So six long years he revelled, night and day;
And when the mirth waxed loudest, with dull sound
Sometimes from the grove's centre echoes came,
To tell his wondering people of their king;
In the still night, across the steaming flats,
Mixed with the murmur of the moving Nile.

Children Asleep.—From 'Tristram and Isrult.'

They sleep in sheltered rest,
Like helpless birds in the warm nest,
On the castle's southern side;
Where feebly comes the mournful roar
Of buffeting wind and surging tide
Through many a room and corridor.
Full on their window the moon's ray
Makes their chamber as bright as day;
It shines upon the blank white walls,
And on the snowy pillow falls,
And on two angel-heads doth play
Turned to each other—the eyes closed,
The lashes on the cheeks reposed.
Round each sweet brow the cap close-set
Hardly lets peep the golden hair;
Through the soft-opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet.
One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane,
And often the fingers close in haste,
As if their baby owners chased
The butterflies again.

Lines written in Kensington Gardens.

In this lone open glade I lie,
Screened by deep boughs on either hand,
And, at its head, to stay the eye,
Those dark-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand.

Birds here make song; each bird has his
Across the girdling city's hum;
How green under the boughs it is!
How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

Sometimes a child will cross the glade
To take his nurse his broken toy;
Sometimes a thrush flit overhead,
Deep in her unknown day's employ.

Here at my feet what wonders pass!
What endless, active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
An air-stirred forest fresh and clear.

Scarce fresher is the mountain sod
Where the tired angler lies, stretched out,
And, eased of basket and of rod,
Counts his day's spoil, his spotted trout.

In the huge world which roars hard by
Be others happy, if they can;
But, in my helpless cradle, I
Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I on men's impious uproar hurled
Think often, as I hear them rave
That peace has left the upper world,
And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is peace for ever new!
When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
The changes of their quiet day.

Then to their happy rest they pass,
The flowers close, the birds are fed,
The night comes down upon the grass,
The child sleeps warmly in his bed.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more, nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI—MISS ROSSETTI.

An English artist, MR D. G. ROSSETTI, one of the originators of what is termed the Pre-Raphaelite style of art, or imitation of the early Italian painters, with their vivid colours, minute details, and careful finish, is known also as a poet and translator. In 1861 Mr Rossetti published *The Early Italian Poets from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri* (1100–1200–1300), *in the original metres, together with Dante's Vita Nuova.* In 1870 he issued a volume of *Poems*, some of which were early productions printed in periodical works. Nearly all of them are in form and colour, subject and style of treatment, similar to the Pre-Raphaelite pictures. The first relates the thoughts and musings of a maiden in heaven while waiting the arrival of her lover from the land of the living:

From 'The Blessed Damozel.'

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe ungirt from clasp to hem,
Nor wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service, meetly worn;
And her hair hanging down her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the starry depth,
The which is space begun,
So high that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether like a bridge,
Beneath the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge,
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly some of her new friends
Amid their loving games,
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names:
And the souls mounting up to God,
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself, and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep,
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The Sea Limits.

Consider the sea's listless chime;
Time's self it is, made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark when the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach,*
And listen at its lips; they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art;
And earth, sea, man, are all in each.

Mr Rossetti is a native of London, born in 1828, son of Mr Gabriel Rossetti, Professor of Italian at King's College, London, and author of a Commentary on Dante (1826–27), who died in 1854, aged seventy-one.

CHRISTINA GABRIELA ROSSETTI (born in 1830), daughter of the Professor, and sister of the above Dante Gabriel, is also an author, having written *Goblin Market, and other Poems*, 1862; *Prince's Progress*, 1866; *Commonplace and other Short Stories* (in prose), 1870; *Nursery Rhyme Book*, 1872; &c.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

In 1865 appeared a dramatic poem entitled *Atalanta in Calydon*, founded on the beautiful Greek legend of Calydon, and thoroughly Grecian in form and spirit. This work was hailed, both by the lovers and critics of poetry, as one of the most finished imaginative poems produced since the days of Shelley. 'It is the produce,' said the *Edinburgh Review*, 'not of the tender lyrical faculty which so often waits on sensitive youth, and afterwards fades into the common light of day, nor even of the classical culture of which it is itself a signal illustration, but of an affluent apprehensive genius which, with ordinary care and fair fortune, will take a foremost place in English literature.' In truth, the young poet had by this one bound

* This image of the sea-shell had been previously used both by Landor and Wordsworth.

placed himself in the first rank of our poets. His next work, *Chastelard* (1865), was a tragedy founded on the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the unfortunate young chevalier who accompanied the queen from France, and who fell a victim to his romantic and extravagant passion for Mary. The subject was a perilous one for the drama, even when handled with the utmost delicacy; but MR SWINBURNE treated it with voluptuous warmth; while his portrait of the heroine, whom he represented as cruel, relentless, and licentious, shocked the admirers of the queen. In 1866 appeared a volume of *Poems and Ballads*, which was considered so strongly objectionable, that Mr Swinburne's publishers, Messrs Moxon & Co., withdrew it from circulation. To the critical outcry against it, the poet replied in a pamphlet of *Notes* protesting against the prudery of his assailants; and one of his friends, Mr W. M. Rossetti, in a *Criticism on Swinburne's Poems and Ballads*, pleaded that 'in fact Mr Swinburne's mind appeared to be very like a *tabula rasa* on moral and religious subjects, so occupied is it with instincts, feelings, perceptions, and a sense of natural or artistic fitness and harmony!' The subsequent works of the poet are—*A Song of Italy*, 1867; *William Blake, a Critical Essay*, 1867; *Siena*, a poem, 1868; *Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic*, 1870; and *Songs before Sunrise*, 1871. He has also edited selections from the poems of Byron and Coleridge, and contributed a few admirable critical essays to literary journals.

Mr Swinburne is a native of London, son of Admiral Swinburne, and born in 1837. He received his earlier education in France and at Eton; in 1857 he was entered a commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, but left the university without taking a degree. In his twenty-third year he published two plays, *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamund*, which exhibit literary power, but are crude and immature productions. We subjoin some extracts from *Calydon*. In these may be noted one drawback, which has come to be a mannerism of the poet—a too great proneness to alliteration. 'I will something affect the letter,' says Holofernes, 'for it argues facility;' but in highly poetical and melodious lines like the following, it is a defect.

Extract from 'Atalanta in Calydon.'

CHIEF HUNTSMAN.

Maiden, and mistress of the months and stars
Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven,
Goddess whom all gods love with threefold heart,
Being treble in thy divided deity,
A light for dead men and dark hours, a foot
Swift on the hills as morning, and a hand
To all things fierce and fleet that roar and range.
Mortal, with gentler shafts than snow or sleep;
Hear now and help, and lift no violent hand,
But favourable and fair as thine eye's beam
Hidden and shewn in heaven; for I all night
Amid the king's hounds and the hunting men
Have wrought and worshipped toward thee; nor shall man
See goodlier hounds or deadlier hedge of spears;
But for the end, that lies unreached at yet
Between the hands and on the knees of gods.
O fair-faced sun, killing the stars and dews
And dreams and desolation of the night!
Rise up, shine, stretch thine hand out, with thy bow
Touch the most dimmest height of trembling heaven,
And burn and break the dark about thy ways,
Shot through and through with arrows; let thine hair
Lighten as flame above that flameless shell
Which was the moon, and thine eyes fill the world,
And thy lips kindle with swift beams; let earth
Laugh, and the long sea fiery from thy feet
Through all the roar and ripple of streaming springs,
And foam in reddening flakes, and flying flowers
Shaken from hands and blown from lips of nymphs,
Whose hair or breast divides the wandering wave
With salt tresses cleaving lock to lock,
All gold, or shuddering or unfurrowed snow;
And all the winds about thee with their wings,
And fountain-heads of all the watered world.

Chorus.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And Madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love, that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And Life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him a light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

In 1874 Mr Swinburne published an epic drama or tragedy, *Bothwell*, continuing the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, after the episode of *Chastelard*. This tragedy of *Bothwell* is a most voluminous work—upwards of 15,000 lines—and with a numerous *dramatis personæ*, including, besides Darnley and the Queen, the four Maries, Rizzio, John Knox, the Regent Murray, French

and English ambassadors, &c. Though much too long and deficient in variety of situations and incidents for an English play, *Bothwell* is a powerful production—the most masterly of Mr Swinburne's dramatic works. Mary he has drawn in colours dark as the portraiture by Froude—as treacherous, passionate, fierce, cruel, and sensuous—a second Lady Macbeth. The historical facts, and much of the language of Knox and others, are skilfully introduced and interwoven with the passionate scenes; while occasionally French and English songs relieve the long dialogues.

Carberry Hill: Parting of Bothwell and Queen Mary.

Queen. Do not speak yet: a word should burst my heart;
It is a hollow crystal full of tears
That even a breath might break, and they be spilt,
And life run out with them; no diamond now,
But weaker than of wax. Life of that heart,
There is but one thing hath no remedy,
Death; all ills else have end or hope of end,
And time to work their worst before time change;
This death hath none; there is all hope shut fast,
All chance bound up for ever: change nor time
Can help nor comfort this. You shall not die;
I can hold fast no sense of thought but this.
You shall not.
Bothwell. Well, being sundered, we may live,
And living meet; and here to hold the field
Were but a deadly victory, and my hand
The mockery of a conqueror's; we should pass
No less their prisoners from the field thus won
Than from these lists defeated. You do well;
They dare not urge or strain the power they have
To bring the prisoner where my witness borne
Might shew them parcel of the deed and guilt
For which they rise up to lay hold on me
As upright men of doom, and with pure hands
To hale me to their judgment. I will go,
Till good time bring me back; and you that stay,
Keep faith with me.
Queen. O how does one break faith?
What are they that are faithless? By my love,
I cannot tell or think how I should lie,
Should live and lie to you that are my faith,
My soul, my spirit, my very and only god,
My truth and trust that makes me true of heart,
My life that feeds, and light that lightens me,
My breath and blood of living. Doth God think
How I shall be without you? what strange breath
Shall my days draw? what strange blood feed my life,
When this life that is love is gone from them,
And this light lost? Where shall my true life go,
And by what far ways follow to find love,
Fly where love will? Where will you turn from me?
Bothwell. Hence will I to Dunbar, and thence again
There is no way but northward, and to ship
From the north islands; thence betimes abroad,
By land or sea, to lurk and find my life
Till the wheel turn.
Queen. Ah God, that we were set
Far out at sea alone by storm and night,
To drive together on one end, and know
If life or death would give us good or ill,
And night or day receive, and heaven or earth
Forget us or remember! He comes back:
Here is the end.
Bothwell. But till Time change his tune:
No more nor further. We shall find our day.
Queen. Have we not found? I know not what we shall,
But what hath been and is, and whence they are,
God knows if now I know not—he is here.

Re-enter KIRKALDY.

Kirkaldy. Madam, the Lords return by me this word:
With them you must go back to Edinburgh,
And there be well entreated as of friends;
And for the Duke, they are with one mind content
He should part hence for safe and present flight;
But here may tarry not, or pass not free.
This is the last word from them by my mouth.
Queen. Ay is it, sir; the last word I shall hear—
Last in mine ear for ever: no command
Nor threat of man shall I give ear to more,
That have heard this.—Will you not go, my Lord?
It is not I would hold you.
Bothwell. Then, farewell,
And keep your word to me. What! no breath more?
Keep then this kiss too with the word you gave,
And with them both my heart and its good hope
To find time yet for you and me. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Queen. O God! God! God! Cover my face for me:
I cannot heave my hand up to my head;
Mine arms are broken. Is he got to horse?
I do not think one can die more than this.
I did not say farewell.
Kirkaldy. My Lord is gone!

Mary leaves Scotland.

SCENE—Dundrennan Abbey.

Queen. Methinks the sand yet cleaving to my foot
Should not with no more words be shaken off,
Nor this my country from my parting eyes
Pass unsaluted; for who knows what year
May see us greet hereafter? Yet take heed,
Ye that have ears, and hear me; and take note,
Ye that have eyes, and see with what last looks
Mine own take leave of Scotland. Seven years since
Did I take leave of my fair land of France,
My joyous mother, mother of my joy,
Weeping; and now with many a woe between
And space of seven years' darkness, I depart
From this distempered and unnatural earth,
That casts me out unmothered, and go forth
On this gray sterile bitter gleaming sea
With neither tears nor laughter, but a heart
That from the softest temper of its blood
Is turned to fire and iron. If I live,
If God pluck not all hope out of my hand,
If aught of all mine prosper, I that go
Shall come back to men's ruin, as a flame
The wind bears down, that grows against the wind,
And grasps it with great hands, and wins its way,
And wins its will, and triumphs; so shall I
Let loose the fire of all my heart to feed
On those that would have quenched it. I will make
From sea to sea one furnace of the land,
Whereon the wind of war shall beat its wings
Till they wax faint with hopeless hope of rest,
And with one rain of men's rebellious blood
Extinguish the red embers. I will leave
No living soul of their blaspheming faith
Who war with monarchs; God shall see me reign
As he shall reign beside me, and his foes
Lie at my foot with mine; kingdoms and kings
Shall from my heart take spirit, and at my soul
Their souls be kindled to devour for prey
The people that would make its prey of them,
And leave God's altar stripped of sacrament
As all kings' heads of sovereignty, and make
Bare as their thrones his temples; I will set
Those old things of his holiness on high
That are brought low, and break beneath my feet
These new things of men's fashion; I will sit
And see tears flow from eyes that saw me weep,
And dust and ashes and the shadow of death
Cast from the block beneath the axe that falls
On heads that saw me humbled; I will do it,

Or bow mine own down to no royal end,
And give my blood for theirs if God's will be,
But come back never as I now go forth
With but the hate of men to track my way,
And not the face of any friend alive.

Mary Beaton. But I will never leave you till you die.

In 1876 Mr Swinburne published *Erechtheus, a Tragedy*, founded on a fragment of Euripides, and characterised by the same fine classic spirit which distinguished *Atalanta in Calydon*, but evincing more matured power and a richer imagination. The poet is young, and we may hope for some still greater work from him.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, a native of Scotland, born in 1841, and educated at the High School and University of Glasgow, whilst still a minor produced a volume of poems entitled *Undertones*, 1860. He has since published various works, and contributed largely to periodicals. Residing mostly at Oban in Argyleshire, the young poet has visited in his yacht and described the picturesque islands and scenes of the Hebrides with true poetic taste and enthusiasm. His prose work, *The Land of Lorne*, 2 vols. 1871, contains some exquisite descriptions of the sea-board of Lorne and the outlying isles, from Mull to the Long Island. The poetical works of Mr Buchanan, besides the *Undertones*, are *Idylls of Inverburn*, 1865; *London Poems*, 1866; translation of *Danish Ballads*, 1866; *The Book of Orm, a Prelude to the Epic*, 1870; *Napoleon Fallen, a Lyrical Drama*, 1871; *The Drama of Kings*, 1871; &c. In 1874 Mr Buchanan commenced the publication of a collected edition of his poetical works in five volumes—a very tasteful and interesting reprint.

The Curse of Glencoe.

Alas for Clan Ian! * alas for Glencoe!
The lovely are fled, and the valiant are low!
Thy rocks that look down from their cloudland of air,
But shadow destruction, or shelter despair!

No voice greets the bard from his desolate glen,
The music of mirth or the murmur of men;
No voice but the eagle's that screams o'er the slain,
Or sheep-dog that moans for his master in vain.

Alas for Clan Ian! alas for Glencoe!
Our hearths are forsaken, our homesteads are low!
There cubs the red hill-fox, the coy mountain-deer
Disports through our gardens, and feeds without fear.

Thy sons, a sad remnant, faint, famished, and few,
Look down from the crags of the stern Unagh-dhu—
The voice of thy daughters with weeping and wail
Comes wild from the snows of the bleak Corri-gail.

Ye sleep not, my kinsmen, the sleep of the brave!
The warrior fills not a warrior's grave;
No dirge was sung o'er you, no cairn heaves to tell
Where, butchered by traitors and cowards, ye fell.

Ye died not, my friends, as your forefathers died!
The sword in your grasp, and the foe at your side;
The sword was in sheath, and the bow on the wall,
And silence and slumber in hut and in hall.

They chased on your hills, in your hall did they dine,
They ate of your bread, and they drank of your wine,
The hand clasped at midnight in friendship, was hued
With crimson, ere morn, in your life-streaming blood.

Glenlyon! Glenlyon! the false and the fell!
And Lindsay and Drummond, twin bloodhounds of hell!
On your swords, on your souls, wheresoever ye go,
Bear the burthen of blood, bear the curse of Glencoe!

Its spell be upon you by day and by night—
Make you dotards in council, and dastards in fight—
As you kneel at the altar, or feast in the hall,
With shame to confound you, with fear to appal;

Its spell be upon you to shrink, when you see
The maid in her beauty, the babe in his glee!—
Let them glare on your vision by field and by flood,
The forms ye have slaughtered, the avengers of blood!

And hark! from the mountains of Moray and Mar,
Round the flag of a King, rise the shouts of a war—
Then, then, false clan Dermid, with wasting and woe
Comes the reckoning for blood, comes the curse of Glencoe!

Youth.

Ah! through the moonlight of autumnal years
How sweet the back-look of our first youth-world!
Freshlier and earlier the Spring burst then:
The wild brook warbled to a sweeter tune,
Through Summer shaws that screened from brighter suns;
The berry glittered and the brown nut fell
Riper and riper in the Autumn woods;
And Winter drifting on more glorious car,
Shed purer snows or shot intenser frost!
The young were merrier when our life was young;
Dropped mellower wisdom from the tongue of age,
And love and friendship were immortal things;
From fairer lips diviner music flowed;
The song was sacred, and the poet too,
Not art, but inspiration, was his song!

Of Mr Buchanan's prose description (which is poetry in all but rhyme or form) we subjoin a specimen:

The Seasons in the Highlands.

As the year passes, there is always something new to attract one who loves nature. When the winds of March have blown themselves faint, and the April heaven has ceased weeping, there comes a rich sunny day, and all at once the cuckoo is heard telling his name to all the hills. Never was such a place for cuckoos in the world. The cry comes from every tuft of wood, from every hillside, from every projecting crag. The bird himself, so far from courting retirement, flutters across your path at every step, attended invariably by half a dozen excited small birds; alighting a few yards off, crouches down for a moment, between his slate-coloured wings; and finally, rising again, crosses your path with his sovereign cry.

O blithe new-comer, I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

Then, as if at a given signal, the trout leaps a foot into the air from the glassy loch, the buds of the water-lily float to the surface, the lambs bleat from the green and heathery slopes; the rooks caw from the distant rookery; the cock-grouse screams from the distant hill-top; and the blackthorn begins to blossom over the nut-brown pools of the burn. Pleasant days follow, days of high white clouds and fresh winds whose wings are full of

* The Macdonalds of Glencoe were styled Mac-Ians, 'the race of John,' agreeably to a practice in use among the clans, in order to distinguish them from other branches of their common name.

warm dew. If you are a sportsman you rejoice, for there is not a hawk to be seen anywhere, and the weasel and foumart have not yet begun to promenade the mountains. About this time more rain falls, preliminary to a burst of fine summer weather, and innumerable glow-worms light their lamps in the marshes. At last the golden days come, and all things are busy with their young. Frequently in the midsummer, there is drought for weeks together. Day after day the sky is cloudless and blue; the mountain lake sinks lower and lower, till it seems to dry up entirely; the mountain brooks dwindle to mere silver threads for the water-ousel to fly by, and the young game often die for want of water; while afar off, with every red vein distinct in the burning light, without a drop of vapour to moisten his scorching crags, stands Ben Cruachan. By this time the hills are assuming their glory: the mysterious bracken has shot up all in a night, to cover them with a green carpet between the knolls of heather; the lichen is pencilling the crags with most delicate silver, purple, and gold; and in all the valleys there are stretches of light yellow corn and deep-green patches of foliage. The corn-crake has come, and his cry fills the valleys. Walking on the edge of the corn-field you put up the partridges—fourteen cheepers, the size of a thrush, and the old pair to lead them. From the edge of the peat-bog the old cock-grouse rises, and if you are sharp you may see the young following the old hen through the deep heather close by. The snipe drums in the marsh. The hawk, having brought out his young among the crags of Kerrera, is hovering still as stone over the edge of the hill. Then perchance, just at the end of July, there is a gale from the south, blowing for two days black as Erebus with cloud and rain; then going up into the north-west, and blowing for one day with little or no rain; and dying away at last with a cold puff from the north. All at once, as it were, the sharp sound of firing is echoed from hill to hill; and on every mountain-top you see the sportsman climbing, with his dog ranging above and before him, the keeper following, and the gillie lagging far behind. It is the twelfth of August. Thenceforth for two months at least there are broiling days interspersed with storms and showers, and the firing continues more or less from dawn to sunset.

Day after day, as the autumn advances, the tint of the hills is getting deeper and richer; and by October, when the beech leaf yellows, and the oak leaf reddens, the dim purples and deep greens of the heather are perfect. Of all seasons in Lorne the late autumn is perhaps the most beautiful. The sea has a deeper hue, the sky a mellower light. There are long days of northerly wind, when every crag looks perfect, wrought in gray and gold, and silvered with moss, when the high clouds turn luminous at the edges, when a thin film of hoar-frost gleams over the grass and heather, when the light burns rosy and faint over all the hills, from Morven to Cruachan, for hours before the sun goes down. Out of the ditch at the woodside flaps the mallard, as you pass in the gloaming, and, standing by the side of the small mountain loch, you see the flock of teal rise, wheel thrice, and settle. The hills are desolate, for the sheep are being smeared. There is a feeling of frost in the air, and Ben Cruachan has a crown of snow.

When dead of winter comes, how wondrous look the hills in their white robes! The round red ball of the sun looks through the frosty steam. The far-off firth gleams strange and ghostly, with a sense of mysterious distance. The mountain loch is a sheet of blue, on which you may disport in perfect solitude from morn to night, with the hills white on all sides, save where the broken snow shews the rusted leaves of the withered bracken. A deathly stillness and a deathlike beauty reign everywhere, and few living things are discernible, save the hare plunging heavily out of her form in the snow, or the rabbit scuttling off in a snowy spray, or the small birds piping disconsolate on the trees and dykes.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Two poems of great length and undoubted merit, cast in the old story-telling style of Chaucer, and several interesting translations from Icelandic authors, have been produced by WILLIAM MORRIS, London, born in 1834, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. The first work of Mr Morris was a poem, *The Defence of Guenevere*, 1858. This was followed by *The Life and Death of Jason*, 1867—a poem in seventeen books, presenting a series of fine pictures and bright clear narratives flowing on in a strain of pure and easy versification. The next work of the author was a still more voluminous poem, *The Earthly Paradise*, in four parts, 1868–70. 'Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway, having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it, and after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land, of which they had never before heard: there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honoured of the strange people.' The author says of himself—

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas tide such wondrous things did shew,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

In the manner of this northern wizard, Mr Morris presents the tales of his *Earthly Paradise* under the aspects of the different seasons of the year. The first and second parts range from March to August, and include fourteen tales—Atalanta's Race, the Doom of King Acrisius, Cupid and Psyche, the Love of Alcestis, the Son of Crœsus, Pygmalion and the Image, Ogier the Dane, and others. Part III., or 'September, October, and November,' contains the Death of Paris, the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, the Story of Acontius and Cydippe, the Man who never Laughed Again, the Lovers of Gudrun, &c. Part IV., or Winter, 'December, January, and February,' contains the Story of the Golden Apples, the Fostering of Aslang, Bellerophon at Argos, Bellerophon in Lycia, the Hill of Venus, &c. In this mixture of classic and Gothic fable, and in the number of tales in each part, the reader has variety enough in the *Earthly Paradise*, but the poem is too long ever to obtain general popularity.

July.

Fair was the morn to-day, the blossom's scent
Floated across the fresh grass, and the bees
With low vexed song from rose to lily went,
A gentle wind was in the heavy trees,
And thine eyes shone with joyous memories;
Fair was the early morn, and fair wert thou,
And I was happy.—Ah, be happy now!

Peace and content without us, love within,
That hour there was; now thunder and wild rain,
Have wrapped the cowering world, and foolish sin,
And nameless pride, have made us wise in vain;
Ah, love! although the morn shall come again,
And on new rose-buds the new sun shall smile,
Can we regain what we have lost meanwhile?

E'en now the west grows clear of storm and threat,
But 'midst the lightning did the fair sun die—
Ah, he shall rise again for ages yet,
He cannot waste his life—but thou and I—
Who knows if next morn this felicity
My lips may feel, or if thou still shalt live,
This seal of love renewed once more to give?

Song.—From 'The Love of Alcestis.'

O dwellers on the lovely earth,
Why will ye break your rest and mirth
To weary us with fruitless prayer?
Why will ye toil and take such care
For children's children yet unborn,
And garner store of strife and scorn
To gain a scarce-remembered name,
Cumbered with lies and soiled with shame?
And if the gods care not for you,
What is this folly ye must do
To win some mortal's feeble heart?
O fools! when each man plays his part,
And heeds his fellow little more
Than these blue waves that kiss the shore.
Take heed of how the daisies grow,
O fools! and if ye could but know
How fair a world to you is given.

O brooder on the hills of heaven,
When for my sin thou drav'st me forth,
Hadst thou forgot what this was worth,
Thine own hand made? The tears of men,
The death of threescore years and ten,
The trembling of the timorous race—
Had these things so bedimmed the place
Thine own hand made, thou couldst not know
To what a heaven the earth might grow,
If fear beneath the earth were laid,
If hope failed not, nor love decayed.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

An American humorist, somewhat in the style of Professor Lowell, has recently appeared in the pages of the Californian and United States journals, and whose fame soon spread to this country. FRANCIS BRET HARTE was born in Albany, New York, in 1831. His works have been republished in 1871 and 1872, by two London booksellers (Hotten, and Routledge & Co.), and consist of *East and West, That Heathen Chinee, Truthful James, The Luck of Roaring Camp*, &c. A prose work, *Condensed Novels*, is a travesty of some popular works of fiction. We subjoin one of Bret Harte's graver effusions:

A Sanitary Message.

Last night, above the whistling wind,
I heard the welcome rain—
A fusilade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane:
The key-hole piped; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew;
Yet, mingling with these sounds of strife
A softer voice stole through.

'Give thanks, O brothers!' said the voice,
'That He who sent the rains,
Hath spared your fields the scarlet dew
That drips from patriot veins:
I 've seen the grass on eastern graves
In brighter verdure rise;
But, oh! the rain that gave it life
Sprang first from human eyes.

'I come to wash away no stain
Upon your wasted lea;
I raise no banners save the ones
The forests wave to me:
Upon the mountain-side, where Spring
Her farthest picket sets,
My reveillé awakes a host
Of grassy bayonets.

'I visit every humble roof;
I mingle with the low:
Only upon the highest peaks
My blessings fall in snow;
Until, in tricklings of the stream,
And drainings of the lea,
My unspent bounty comes at last
To mingle with the sea.'

And thus all night, above the wind,
I heard the welcome rain—
A fusilade upon the roof,
A tattoo on the pane:
The key-hole piped; the chimney-top
A warlike trumpet blew;
But, mingling with these sounds of strife,
This hymn of peace stole through.

ELIZA COOK—MRS PARKES BELLOE—MISS HUME—MISS PROCTER—ISA CRAIG-KNOX — JEAN INGELOW—MRS WEBSTER.

In poetry, as in prose fiction, ladies crowd the arena, and contend for the highest prizes. Among other fair competitors are the following: In 1840 MISS ELIZA COOK (born in Southwark, London, about 1818) published a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled *Melaia, and other Poems*. A great number of small pieces have also been contributed by Miss Cook to periodical works; and in 1849 she established a weekly periodical, *Eliza Cook's Journal*, which enjoyed considerable popularity from 1849 until 1854, when ill health compelled Miss Cook to give it up. In 1864 she published a second volume of poems, *New Echoes*, &c.; and the same year a pension of £100 a year was settled on the authoress.

Old Songs.

Old songs! old songs!—what heaps I knew,
From 'Chevy Chase' to 'Black-eyed Sue;'
From 'Flow, thou regal purple stream,'
To Rousseau's melancholy 'Dream!'
I loved the pensive 'Cabin-boy,'
With earnest truth and real joy;
My warmest feelings wander back
To greet 'Tom Bowling' and 'Poor Jack;'
And oh, 'Will Watch, the smuggler bold,'
My plighted troth thou 'lt ever hold.
I doted on the 'Auld Scots' Sonnet,'
As though I 'd worn the plaid and bonnet;
I went abroad with 'Sandy's Ghost,'
I stood with Bannockburn's brave host,
And proudly tossed my curly head
With 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!'
I shouted 'Coming through the rye'
With restless step and sparkling eye,

And chased away the passing frown
With 'Bonny ran the burnie down.' . . .
Old songs! old songs!—my brain has lost
Much that it gained with pain and cost:
I have forgotten all the rules
Of Murray's books and Trimmer's schools;
Detested figures—how I hate
The mere remembrance of a slate!
How have I cast from woman's thought
Much goodly lore the girl was taught;
But not a word has passed away
Of 'Rest thee, babe,' or 'Robin Gray.'
The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household room;
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And the blithe boy that praised her song
Sleeping as soundly and as long.
Old songs! old songs!—I should not sigh;
Joys of the earth on earth must die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lone and darkened cell
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell,
Hope, youth, love, home—each human tie
That binds we know not how or why—
All, all that to the soul belongs
Is closely mingled with 'Old Songs.'

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES (now Mrs Belloe), the daughter of the late Joseph Parkes of the Court of Chancery (1796-1865), is author of *Poems*, 1855; *Gabriel*, 1856; *The Cat Aspasia* (a prose story); *Ballads and Songs*, 1863; *La Belle France*, 1868; &c. As a poetess, this lady is of the romantic and imaginative school of Shelley—to whose memory her poem of *Gabriel* is dedicated. She has been an assiduous labourer in the cause of social amelioration and female improvement.—MISS MARY C. HUME, daughter of the late Joseph Hume, M.P., in 1858 published *Normiton*, a dramatic poem, with other pieces.—ADELAINE ANNE PROCTER (1825-1864) was author of *Legends and Lyrics, a Book of Verse*, 1858. This lady was the accomplished daughter of 'Barry Cornwall,' and her poetry had much of the paternal grace and manner.—ISA CRAIG (now Mrs Knox), author of *Poems*, 1856, is a native of Edinburgh, born October 17, 1831. While working as a sempstress, this lady contributed poems, reviews, and essays to the *Scotsman* newspaper, and was warmly befriended by the late Mr Ritchie, proprietor of that journal. She afterwards removed to London, and officiated as assistant-secretary of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science. She was the fortunate poetess who carried off the prize (£50) for the best poem at the Crystal Palace celebration of the Burns Centenary, January 25, 1859.—MISS JEAN INGELOW, a native of Ipswich, Suffolk, born about 1830, has written a volume of Poems, 1862, which ran through fourteen editions in five years. She has also written *A Story of Doom, and other Poems*, 1867; *Mopsa the Fairy*, 1869; several prose stories, and numerous contributions to periodical works.

Robin Hood.—By MISS PARKES.

In a fair wood like this where the beeches are growing,
Brave Robin Hood hunted in days of old;
Down his broad shoulders his brown locks fell flowing,
His cap was of green, with a tassel of gold.

His eye was as blue as the sky in midsummer,
Ruddy his cheek as the oak-leaves in June,
Hearty his voice as he hailed the new-comer,
Tender to maidens in changeable tune.

His step had a strength and his smile had a sweetness,
His spirit was wrought of the sun and the breeze,
He moved as a man framed in nature's completeness,
And grew unabashed with the growth of the trees.

And ever to poets who walk in the gloaming
His horn is still heard in the prime of the year;
Last eve he went with us, unseen, in our roaming,
And thrilled with his presence the shy troops of deer.

Then Robin stole forth in his quaint forest fashion,
For dear to the heart of all poets is he,
And in mystical whispers awakened the passion
Which slumbers within for the life that were free.

We follow the lead unawares of his spirit,
He tells us the tales which we heard in past time,
Ah! why should we forfeit this earth we inherit,
For lives which we cannot expand into rhyme!

I think as I lie in the shade of the beeches,
How lived and how loved this old hero of song;
I would we could follow the lesson he teaches,
And dwell as he dwelt these wild thickets among—

At least for a while, till we caught up the meaning,
The beeches breathe out in the wealth of their growth,
Width in their nobleness, love in their leaning,
And peace at the heart from the fullness of both.

A Doubting Heart.—By MISS PROCTER.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon—for spring is nigh—
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Going Out and Coming In.—By ISA CRAIG-KNOX.

In that home was joy and sorrow
Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death.

His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eye was growing dim;
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
Pressed it to his lips and died.
An awful darkness resteth
On the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
Going out unto the light;
Although the shadow deepened
In the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dread portal,
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers
As he conquered in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying—
Death is but the gate of life:
Yet, awful darkness resteth
On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
Going out and coming in.

Song.—By MISS INGELOW.

When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge, and sail in the sea.

O my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore—
I remember all that I said;
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did nought avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee near?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

MRS AUGUSTA WEBSTER has published *Dramatic Studies*, 1866; *A Woman Sold, and other Poems*, 1867; *Portraits;* &c. She has also translated the *Prometheus Bound* and *Medea*.

The Gift.—By MRS WEBSTER.

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
Musing a mournful measure,
Now all my heart in me is glad
With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
Half sick of life's vexed story,
And now it grows of you a part,
Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept,
And laughs through all my being;
New joy into my life has leapt,
A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
O golden-lighted river,
A love-gift has been given me,
And which of you is giver?

LORD NEAVES—FREDERICK LOCKER—AUSTIN DOBSON.

A choice little collection of *Songs and Verses, Social and Scientific* (1869), most of them originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been 'garnered up' in a small handsome volume by their author, the HON. LORD NEAVES, a Scottish judge. They are lively, witty, and sarcastic, the sarcasm being levelled at abuses and absurdities in social life. Charles Neaves was born in Edinburgh in 1800, was admitted to the bar in 1822, and raised to the bench in 1854. He was early distinguished as a scholar, of fine taste and fancy, and his Greek and Latin have not disqualified him for law or logic. Sir Edward Coke, that father of English jurisprudence, said: 'It standeth well with the gravity of our lawyers to cite verses'—and to *write* as well as cite verses cannot be derogatory to the dignity of Themis.

How to Make a Novel, a Sensational Song.

Try with me and mix what will make a novel,
All hearts to transfix in house or hall, or hovel.
Put the caldron on, set the bellows blowing,
We 'll produce anon something worth the shewing.

Never mind your *plot*, 'tisn't worth the trouble:
Throw into the pot what will boil and bubble.
Character's a jest, what 's the use of study?
All will stand the test that 's black enough and bloody.

Here's the *Newgate Guide*, here 's the *Causes Célèbres;*
Tumble in beside, pistol, gun, and sabre;
These police reports, *those* Old Bailey trials,
Horrors of all sorts, to match the Seven Vials.

Down into a well, lady, thrust your lover;
Truth, as some folks tell, there he may discover.
Stepdames, sure though slow, rivals of your daughters,
Bring as from below Styx and all its waters.

Crime that breaks all bounds, bigamy and arson;
Poison, blood, and wounds, will carry well the farce on.
Now it 's just in shape; yet with fire and murder,
Treason, too, and rape might help it all the further.

Or, by way of change, in your wild narration,
Choose adventures strange of fraud and personation.
Make the job complete; let your vile assassin
Rob and forge and cheat, for his victim passin'.

Tame is virtue's school; paint, as more effective,
Villain, knave, and fool, with always a detective.
Hate for Love may sit; gloom will do for gladness,
Banish sense and wit, and dash in lots of madness.

Stir the broth about, keep the furnace glowing:
Soon we'll pour it out in three bright volumes flowing.
Some may jeer and jibe; *we* know where the shop is,
Ready to subscribe for a thousand copies!

A small volume of light graceful *London Lyrics*, by FREDERICK LOCKER, something in the style of Luttrell or Praed, has been so popular as to reach a fifth edition (1872).

Vanity Fair.

'Vanitas vanitatum' has rung in the ears
Of gentle and simple for thousands of years;
The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scare
Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

I often hear people abusing it, yet
There the young go to learn, and the old to forget;
The mirth may be feigning, the sheen may be glare,
But the gingerbread 's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives there rolls in his chariot, but mind
Atra Cura is up with the lacqueys behind;
Joan trudges with Jack—are the sweethearts aware
Of the trouble that waits them in Vanity Fair?

We saw them all go, and we something may learn
Of the harvest they reap when we see them return;
The tree was enticing, its branches are bare—
Heigh-ho for the promise of Vanity Fair!

That stupid old Dives, once honest enough,
His honesty sold for star, ribbon, and stuff;
And Joan's pretty face has been clouded with care
Since Jack bought her ribbons at Vanity Fair.

Contemptible Dives! too credulous Joan!
Yet we all have a Vanity Fair of our own;
My son, you have yours, but you need not despair—
I own I 've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts, wisest counsels are vain—
We go, we repent, we return there again;
To-night you will certainly meet with us there—
So come and be merry in Vanity Fair.

Another writer of light airy *vers de société* is a young poet, AUSTIN DOBSON. He has a graceful fancy, with humour, and a happy art of giving a new colour to old phrases. His volume of *Vignettes in Rhyme* is now in a third edition. Some serious verses (*After Sedan*, &c.) evince higher powers, which Mr Dobson should cultivate.

POET-TRANSLATORS—BOWRING, BLACKIE, ETC.

The poet-translators of this period are numerous. The most remarkable for knowledge of foreign tongues and dialects was SIR JOHN BOWRING, who commenced in 1821 a large series of translations—*Specimens of the Russian Poets*, *Batavian Anthology*, *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain*, *Specimens of the Polish Poets*, *Servian Popular Poetry*, *Poetry of the Magyars*, *Cheskian Anthology*, *or the Poetical Literature of Bohemia*, &c. The last of these works appeared in 1832. In 1825 Dr Bowring became editor of the *Westminster Review;* he sat some time in parliament, and in 1854 was knighted and made governor of Hongkong. He was the literary executor of Jeremy Bentham, and author of political treatises, original poetry, and various other contributions to literature. The original bias of Sir John Bowring seems to have been towards literature, but his connection with Bentham, and his public appointments, chiefly distinguished his career. Sir John was a native of Exeter, born in 1792, died in 1872.—MR JOHN STUART BLACKIE (born in Glasgow in 1809, educated in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and Professor of Greek in the university of Edinburgh) in 1834 gave an English version of Goethe's *Faust;* and in 1850 translated the lyrical dramas of Æschylus, two volumes. Both of these versions were well received; and Mr Blackie has aided greatly in exciting a more general study of Greek in Scotland. In 1866 he published an elaborate work, *Homer and the Iliad*, being a translation of the *Iliad* in ballad measure, a third volume of critical dissertations, and a fourth of notes philological and archæological. In 1870 the Professor put forth a volume of *War Songs of the Germans*. He has published several other translations, and also original poems, chiefly on Highland scenes and legends. In 1874 he zealously advocated the founding of a chair of Celtic Literature in the university of Edinburgh. By the spring of 1876, the funds necessary for this purpose were nearly collected. The enthusiasm of the Professor bears down all opposition! In 1874 Professor Blackie published a scholarly and interesting volume, *Horæ Hellenicæ*, being a collection of essays and discussions on important points of Greek philology and antiquity, from which we give an extract:

The Theology of Homer.

The theology of the Homeric poems is not the theology of an individual, but of an age; and this altogether irrespective of the Wolfian theory, which, in a style so characteristically German, with one sublimely sweeping negation, removed at once the personal existence of the supposed poet, and the actual coherence of the existing poem. The principal value of Wolf's theory, in the eye of many genuine lovers of poetry, is that, while it robbed us of the poet Homer and his swarms of fair fancies, it restored to us the Greek people, and their rich garden of heroic tradition, watered by fountains of purely national feeling, and freshened by the breath of a healthy popular opinion, which, precisely because it can be ascribed to no particular person, must be taken as the exponent of the common national existence. To have achieved this revolution of critical sentiment with regard to the Homeric poems, to have set before the eyes of Europe the world-wide distance between the poetry of a Shelley or a Coleridge writing to express their own opinions, and the songs of a race of wandering minstrels singing to give a new echo to the venerable voices of a common tradition; this were enough for the Berlin philologer to have done, without attempting to establish those strange paradoxes, repugnant alike to the instincts of a sound æsthetical and of a healthy historical criticism, which have made his name so famous. The fact is, that the peculiar dogmas of Wolf, denying the personality of the poet and the unity of the poems, have nothing whatever to do with that other grand result of his criticism to which we have alluded—the clear state-

ment of the distinction between the sung poetry of popular tradition and the written poetry of individual authorship. Not because there was no Homer, are the Homeric poems so generically distinct from the modern productions of a Dante, a Milton, and a Goethe; but because Homer lived in an age when the poet, or rather the singer, had, and from his position could have no other object than to reflect the popular tradition of which his mind was the mirror. As certainly as a party newspaper or review of the present day represents the sentiments of the party of which it is the organ, so certainly did a Demodocus or a Phemius, a Homer or a Cinathus—the public singers of the public banquets of a singing, not a printing age—represent the sentiments of the parties, that is, the people in general, for whose entertainment they exercised their art. 'Tis the very condition, indeed, of all popular writing in the large sense, that it must serve the people before it masters them; that while entertainment is its direct, and instruction only its indirect object, it must, above all things, avoid coming rudely into conflict with public feeling or public prejudice on any subject, especially on so tender a subject as religion; nay, rather, by the very necessity of its position give up the polemic attitude altogether in reference to public error and vice, and be content, along with many glorious truths, to give immortal currency to any sort of puerile and perverse fancy that may be interwoven with the motley texture of popular thought. A poet, even in modern times, when the great public contains every possible variety of small publics, can ill afford to be a preacher; and if he carries his preaching against the vices of the age beyond a certain length, he changes his genus, and becomes, like Coleridge, a metaphysician, or, like Thomas Carlyle, a prophet. But in the Homeric days, corresponding as they do exactly to our mediæval times, when the imaginations of all parties reposed quietly on the bosom of a common faith, to suppose, as Herodotus in a well-known passage (ii. 53) does, that the popular minstrel had it in his power to describe for the first time the function of the gods, and to assign them appropriate names, were to betray a complete misconception both of the nature of popular poetry in general, and of the special character of the popular poetry of the Greeks, as we find it in the pages of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. So far as the mere secular materials of his songs are concerned, Homer, we have the best reason to believe, received much more than he gave; but in the current theology and religious sentiment, we have not the slightest authority for supposing that he invented anything at all. Amid the various wealth of curious and not always coherent religious traditions, he might indeed select this and reject that, as more or less suited for his immediate purpose; he might give prominence to one aspect of his country's theology, while he threw another into the shade; he might even adorn and beautify to some extent what was rude, and here and there lend a fixity to what was vague; but whatsoever in the popular creed was stable, his airy music had no power to shake; whatsoever in the vulgar tradition had received fixed and rigid features, his plastic touch had no power to soften.

In 1853 an excellent translation of some of the Spanish dramas of Calderon was published by MR D. F. M'CARTHY.—Various works in the prose literature of Germany have been correctly and ably rendered by MRS SARAH AUSTIN (1793–1867), a lady of great talent and learning, descended from the Taylors of Norwich. Among Mrs Austin's translations are *Characteristics of Goethe*, 1833; *Ranke's History of the Popes*, 1840; and *Fragments from the German Prose Writers*, 1841. Mrs Austin also translated from the French Guizot's work on the French Revolution, and Cousin's Report on Prussian Education. She also edited the work of her daughter, LADY DUFF GORDON (who died in 1869), entitled *Letters from Egypt*, 1863–65.—A series of interesting volumes, *Beautiful Thoughts from Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Authors*, with translations, have been published (1864–66) by DR C. TAIT RAMAGE.

SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM THOM.

WILLIAM THOM, the 'Inverury poet' (1789–1848), was author of some sweet, fanciful, and pathetic strains. He had wrought for several years as a weaver, and when out of employment, traversed the country as a pedler, accompanied by his wife and children. This precarious, unsettled life induced irregular and careless habits, and every effort to place the poor poet in a situation of permanent comfort and respectability failed. He first attracted notice by a poem inserted in the *Aberdeen Herald*, entitled *The Blind Boy's Pranks;* in 1844 he published a volume of *Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-loom Weaver*. He visited London, and was warmly patronised by his countrymen and others; but returning to Scotland, he died at Dundee after a period of distress and penury. A sum of about £300 was collected for his widow and family.

The Mitherless Bairn.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky * grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn.

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mammy is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn.

Oh! speak na him harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, an' blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

DAVID VEDDER.

A native of Burness, Orkney, MR VEDDER (1790–1854) obtained some reputation by a volume of *Orcadian Sketches*, published in 1842. His Scottish songs and Norse ballads were popular in Scotland. The following piece, which Dr Chalmers was fond of quoting to his students in

* This word, not found in Burns, is the same as *frack*, active, vigorous.

his theological prelections, is in a more elevated strain of poetry:

The Temple of Nature.

Talk not of temples—there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky;
Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity—
All Nature worships there!

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallowed victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
All Nature worships there!

The Ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth;
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
As if they murmured praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground—
All Nature worships there! . . .

The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,
From tower and tree and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
All Nature worships there!

GEORGE OUTRAM—A. MACLAGAN, ETC.

A small collection of *Lyrics, Legal and Miscellaneous* (third edition, 1874), was written from time to time by GEORGE OUTRAM (1805-1856), and published after his death. Mr Outram was born at Clyde Iron-works, in the vicinity of Glasgow, of which his father was manager. He passed as an advocate in 1827, but had little legal practice; and in 1837 he accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*. He became also one of its proprietors, and settled down in Glasgow to his new duties for life. His friend and biographer, Sheriff Bell, says truly that Mr Outram left behind him the memory of a most kindly, amiable, and gifted man. He had a vein of genuine Scotch humour, as rich as it was original and unique.

The Annuity.—Air, 'Duncan Davidson.'

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce an' fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
An'—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turned o' saxty-three;
I couldna guessed she 'd prove sae teugh,
By human ingenuity.

But years have come, an' years have gane,
An' there she 's yet as stieve 's a stane—
The limmer 's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She 's crined awa' to bane an' skin,
But that it seems is nought to me;
She 's like to live—although she 's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizened gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
As spunkie as a growin' flea—
An' there she sits upon my back,
A livin' perpetuity.
She hurkles by her ingle side,
An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
To ca' for her annuity!

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company;
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She 's lived ten years beyond her share,
An 's like to live a dizzen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed—
We spelled it o'er right carefully;
In vain he yerked his souple head,
To find an ambiguity:
It 's dated—tested—a' complete—
The proper stamp—nae word delete—
An' diligence, as on decreet,
May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free;
I led her out, 'mang snaw an' frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
An' missed the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
Her only son was lost at sea—
But aff her wits behuved to flit,
An' leave her in fatuity!
She threeps, an' threeps, he 's livin' yet,
For a' the tellin' she can get;
But catch the doited runt forget
To ca' for her annuity!

If there 's a sough o' cholera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she 's fever-proof—
The pest gaed o'er her very roof;
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure would undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It 's cured! she handles 't like a flail,
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I 'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her an' her annuity.

Her broozled flesh an' broken banes
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they're exposed to air,
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her! expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity. . . .

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore an' ten perchance may be;
She 's ninety-four; let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the Flood—
She 's come o' patriarchal blood—
She 's some auld pagan, mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She 's been embalmed inside an' out—
She 's sauted to the last degree—
There 's pickle in her very snout
Sae caper-like an' cruety;
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her;
They've Kyanised the useless knir,
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
But no the continuity.
It 's pay me here, an' pay me there,
An' pay me, pay me, evermair;
I 'll gang demented wi' despair—
I 'm *charged* for her annuity!

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN (born at Bridgend, Perth, in 1811) published in 1841 a volume of Poems; in 1849, *Sketches from Nature, and other Poems;* and in 1854, *Ragged and Industrial School Rhymes.* In one of the last letters written by Lord Jeffrey, he praised the homely and tender verses of Maclagan for their 'pervading joyousness and kindliness of feeling, as well as their vein of grateful devotion, which must recommend them to all good minds.'—JAMES BALLANTINE (born in Edinburgh in 1808) is known equally for his Scottish songs and his proficiency in the revived art of glass-painting; of the latter, the Palace at Westminster and many church windows bear testimony; while his native muse is seen in *The Gaberlunzie's Wallet*, 1843; *The Miller of Deanhaugh;* and a collected edition of his lyrics, published in 1856. In 1871 Mr Ballantine published *Lilias Lee*, a narrative poem in the Spenserian stanza, with other poems evincing increased poetic power and taste.—ANDREW PARK (born at Renfrew in 1811) is author of several volumes of songs and poems, and of a volume of travels entitled *Egypt and the East*, 1857. A collected edition of his poetical works appeared in 1854.—JOHN CRAWFORD (born at Greenock in 1816) published in 1850 a volume of *Doric Lays*, which received the commendation of Lord Jeffrey and Miss Mitford.—HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL (born at Sorbie, Wigtownshire, in 1798, died in 1870) was author of *Songs of the Ark*, 1831; *Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces*, 1847; &c. Mr Riddell passed many of his years as a shepherd in Ettrick, but afterwards studied for the church.—FRANCIS BENNOCH (born at Drumcrool, parish of Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire, in 1812) settled early in London, and carries on business extensively as a merchant. He has written various songs and short poems, and otherwise evinced his attachment to literature and art by his services on behalf of Miss Mitford, Haydon the painter, and others.—WILLIAM GLEN (1789–1826), a native of Glasgow, whose Poems have been published by Dr Charles Rogers (1874), was author of some popular occasional pieces and songs.—JAMES SMITH, a printer, has published a volume of *Poems, Songs, and Lyrics* (1866), containing many pieces of merit, especially those of a domestic and tender nature.

From 'The Widow.'—By A. MACLAGAN.

Oh, there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain,
Oh, there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain;
Though the heart o' this warld 's as hard as a stane,
Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though tottering now, like her auld crazy biel,
Her step ance the lightest on hairst-rig or reel;
Though sighs tak' the place o' the heart-cheering strain,
Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though humble her biggin' and scanty her store,
The beggar ne'er yet went unserved frae her door;
Though she aft lifts the lid o' the girnel in vain,
Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Though thin, thin her locks, now like hill-drifted snaw,
Ance sae glossy and black, like the wing o' the craw;
Though grief frae her mild cheek the red rose has ta'en,
Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

The sang o' the lark finds the widow asteer,
The birr o' her wheel starts the night's dreamy ear;
The tears o'er the tow-tap will whiles fa' like rain,
Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain.

Ye may hear in her speech, ye may see in her claes,
That auld Widow Miller has seen better days,
Ere her auld Robin died, sae fond and sae fain—
Yet there 's naebody hears Widow Miller complain. . . .

Ye wealthy and wise in this fair world of ours,
When your fields wave wi' gowd, your gardens wi' flowers,
When ye bind up the sheaves, leave out a few grains
To the heart-broken widow who never complains.

Ilka Blade o' Grass Keps its Ain Drap o' Dew.

By JAMES BALLANTINE.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind,
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith and ye 'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crossed in love, as whiles nae doubt ye 've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there 's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud and hie,
And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee,

Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or how,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

When the Glen all is Still.—By H. S. RIDDELL.

When the glen all is still, save the stream from the fountain;
When the shepherd has ceased o'er the heather to roam;
And the wail of the plover awakes on the mountain,
Inviting his love to return to her home:
There meet me, my Mary, adown by the wild wood,
Where violets and daisies sleep saft in the dew;
Our bliss shall be sweet as the visions of childhood,
And pure as the heaven's own orient blue.

Thy locks shall be braided with pearls of the gloaming;
Thy cheek shall be fanned by the breeze of the lawn;
The angel of love shall be 'ware of thy coming,
And hover around thee till rise of the dawn.
O Mary! no transports of Heaven's decreeing
Can equal the joys of such meeting to me;
For the light of thine eye is the home of my being,
And my soul's fondest hopes are all gathered to thee.

Florence Nightingale.—By* F. BENNOCH.

With lofty song we love to cheer
The hearts of daring men,
Applauded thus, they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
Devoted to the brave,
When she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
A hero's life may save:
And heroes saved exulting tell
How well her voice they knew;
How Sorrow near it could not dwell,
But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay till woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She called their fluttering spirits back,
And gave them strength again.
'Twas grief to miss the passing face
That suffering could dispel;
But joy to turn and kiss the place
On which her shadow fell.

When words of wrath profaning rung,
She moved with pitying grace;
Her presence stilled the wildest tongue,
And holy made the place.
They knew that they were cared for then;
Their eyes forgot their tears;
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
And thought of early years—
Of early years when all was fair,
Of faces sweet and pale;
They woke: the angel bending there
Was—Florence Nightingale!

* This lady, the daughter of William Shore Nightingale, Esq., of Embley Park, Hampshire, is justly celebrated for her exertions in tending the sick and wounded at Scutari during the Crimean war in 1854-55. In directing and presiding over the band of female nurses, the services of Miss Nightingale were invaluable, and gratefully acknowledged by her sovereign and the country. She still (1876) continues her career of disinterested usefulness.

Wae 's me for Prince Charlie.—By WILLIAM GLEN.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the owercome o' his sang
Was, 'Wae 's me for Prince Charlie!'
Oh, when I heard the bonny soun',
The tears cam' happin' rarely;
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I: 'My bird, my bonny, bonny bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye 've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?'
'Oh, no, no, no!' the wee bird sang;
'I 've flown since mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind and rain—
Oh, wae 's me for Prince Charlie.

'On hills that are by right his ain,
He roves a lanely stranger;
On every side he 's pressed by want—
On every side is danger:
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist bursted fairly,
For sadly changed indeed was he—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.

'Dark night cam' on, the tempest roared
Loud o'er the hills and valleys;
And where was't that your Prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He rowed him in a Hieland plaid,
Which covered him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie.'

But now the bird saw some red-coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
'Oh, this is no a land for me;
I'll tarry here nae langer.'
He hovered on the wing a while,
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, 'Wae 's me for Prince Charlie.'

The Wee Pair o' Shoon.—By JAMES SMITH.

Oh, lay them canny doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sicht!
They mind me o' her sweet wee face,
An' sparkling ee sae bricht.
Oh, lay them saftly doon beside
The lock o' silken hair;
For the darlin' o' thy heart an' mine
Will never wear them mair!

But oh! the silvery voice, Jamie,
That fondly lisped your name,
An' the wee bit hands sae aft held oot
Wi' joy when ye cam' hame!
An' oh, the smile—the angel smile,
That shone like simmer morn;
An' the rosy mou' that socht a kiss
When ye were weary worn!

The eastlin' wind blaws cauld, Jamie,
The snaw 's on hill an' plain;
The flowers that decked my lammie's grave
Are faded noo, an' gane!
Oh, dinna speak! I ken she dwells
In yon fair land aboon;
But sair 's the sicht that blin's my ee—
That wee, wee pair o' shoon!

DRAMATISTS.

Dramatic literature no longer occupies the prominent place it held in former periods of our history. Various causes have been assigned for this decline—as, the more fashionable attractions of the opera, the great size of the theatres, the love of spectacle or scenic display, which has usurped the place of the legitimate drama, and the late dinner-hours now prevalent among the higher and even the middle classes. The increased competition in business has also made our 'nation of shopkeepers' a busier and harder-working race than their forefathers; and the diffusion of cheap literature may have further tended to thin the theatres, as furnishing intellectual entertainment for the masses at home at a cheaper rate than dramatic performances. The London managers appear to have had considerable influence in this matter. They lavish enormous sums on scenic decoration and particular actors, and aim rather at filling their houses by some ephemeral and dazzling display, than by the liberal encouragement of native talent and genius. To improve, or rather re-establish the acted drama, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* suggested that there should be a classification of theatres in the metropolis, as in Paris, where each theatre has its distinct species of the drama, and performs it well. 'We believe,' he says, 'that the evil is mainly occasioned by the vain endeavour of managers to succeed by commixing every species of entertainment—huddling together tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, and spectacle—and striving by alternate exhibitions, to draw all the dramatic public to their respective houses. Imperfect—very imperfect companies for each species are engaged; and as, in consequence of the general imperfection, they are forced to rely on individual excellence, individual performers become of inordinate importance, and the most exorbitant salaries are given to procure them. These individuals are thus placed in a false position, and indulge themselves in all sorts of mannerisms and absurdities. The public is not unreasonably dissatisfied with imperfect companies and bad performances; the managers wonder at their ruin; and critics become elegiacal over the mournful decline of the drama! Not in this way can a theatre flourish; since, if one species of performance proves attractive, the others are at a discount, and their companies become useless burdens; if none of them proves attractive, then the loss ends in ruin.' Too many instances of this have occurred within the last thirty years. Whenever a play of real excellence has been brought forward, the public has shewn no insensibility to its merits; but so many circumstances are requisite to its successful representation—so expensive are the companies, and so capricious the favourite actors—that men of talent are averse to hazard a competition.

The tragedies of Miss Mitford and Lord Lytton were highly successful in representation, but the fame of their authors must ever rest on those prose fictions by which they are chiefly known. The *Lady of Lyons* is, however, one of our most popular acting plays; it is picturesque and romantic, with passages of fine poetry and genuine feeling. Some of the dramatic productions of Mr Tom Taylor have also had marked success.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

Two classic and two romantic dramas were produced by THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, an eloquent English barrister and upright judge, whose sudden death was deeply lamented by a most attached circle of literary and accomplished friends, as well as by the public at large. Mr Talfourd was born at Doxey, a suburb of Stafford, January 26, 1795. His father was a brewer in Reading. Having studied the law, Talfourd was called to the bar in 1821, and in 1833 got his silk gown. As Sergeant Talfourd, he was conspicuous for his popular eloquence and liberal principles, and was returned to parliament for the borough of Reading. In 1835, he published his tragedy of *Ion*, which was next year produced at Covent Garden Theatre with success. His next tragedy, *The Athenian Captive*, was also successful. His subsequent dramatic works were *The Massacre of Glencoe*, and *The Castilian*, a tragedy. Besides these offerings to the dramatic muse, Talfourd published *Vacation Rambles*, 1851, comprising the recollections of three continental tours; a *Life of Charles Lamb;* and an *Essay on the Greek Drama*. In 1849, he was elevated to the bench; and in 1854 he died of apoplexy, while delivering his charge to the grand jury at Stafford. *Ion*, the highest literary effort of its author, seems an embodiment of the simplicity and grandeur of the Greek drama, and its plot is founded on the old Grecian notion of destiny, apart from all moral agencies. The oracle of Delphi had announced that the vengeance which the misrule of the race of Argos had brought on the people, in the form of a pestilence, could only be disarmed by the extirpation of the guilty race; and Ion, the hero of the play, at length offers himself a sacrifice. The character of Ion—the discovery of his birth as son of the king—his love and patriotism, are the chief features in the play, and are drawn with considerable power and effect. Take, for example, the delineation of the character of Ion:

> Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
> As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
> From some bright sphere which sorrow may not cloud,
> To make the happy happier! Is *he* sent
> To grapple with the miseries of this time,
> Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
> As it would perish at the touch of wrong!
> By no internal contest is he trained
> For such hard duty; no emotions rude
> Hath his clear spirit vanquished—Love, the germ
> Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
> Expanding with its progress, as the store
> Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
> Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
> To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
> Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
> When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
> Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
> If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
> Raised to the tone of anger, checked its force,
> As if it feared to break its being's law,
> And faltered into music; when the forms
> Of guilty passion have been made to live
> In pictured speech, and others have waxed loud
> In righteous indignation, he hath heard
> With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein

Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them.

Extract from 'Ion.'

Ion, having been declared the rightful heir to the throne, is installed in his royal dignity, attended by the high-priest, the senators, &c. The people receive him with shouts.

Ion. I thank you for your greetings—shout no more,
But in deep silence raise your hearts to heaven,
That it may strengthen one so young and frail
As I am for the business of this hour.—
Must I sit here?
Medon. My son! my son!
What ails thee? When thou shouldst reflect the joy
Of Argos, the strange paleness of the grave
Marbles thy face.
Ion. Am I indeed so pale?
It is a solemn office I assume,
Which well may make me falter; yet sustained
By thee, and by the gods I serve, I take it.—
[*Sits on the throne.*
Stand forth, Agenor.
Agenor. I await thy will.
Ion. To thee I look as to the wisest friend
Of this afflicted people; thou must leave
Awhile the quiet which thy life has earned,
To rule our councils; fill the seats of justice
With good men, not so absolute in goodness
As to forget what human frailty is;
And order my sad country.
Agenor. Pardon me——
Ion. Nay, I will promise 'tis my last request;
Grant me thy help till this distracted state
Rise tranquil from her griefs—'twill not be long,
If the great gods smile on us now. Remember,
Meanwhile, thou hast all power my word can give,
Whether I live or die.
Agenor. Die! Ere that hour,
May even the old man's epitaph be moss-grown!
Ion. Death is not jealous of the mild decay
That gently wins thee his; exulting youth
Provokes the ghastly monarch's sudden stride,
And makes his horrid fingers quick to clasp
His prey benumbed at noontide.—Let me see
The captain of the guard.
Crythes. I kneel to crave
Humbly the favour which thy sire bestowed
On one who loved him well.
Ion. I cannot mark thee,
That wak'st the memory of my father's weakness,
But I will not forget that thou hast shared
The light enjoyments of a noble spirit,
And learned the need of luxury. I grant
For thee and thy brave comrades ample share
Of such rich treasure as my stores contain,
To grace thy passage to some distant land,
Where, if an honest cause engage thy sword,
May glorious issues wait it. In our realm
We shall not need it longer.
Crythes. Dost intend
To banish the firm troops before whose valour
Barbarian millions shrink appalled, and leave
Our city naked to the first assault
Of reckless foes?
Ion. No, Crythes; in ourselves,
In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
Will be our safeguard; while we do not use
Our power towards others, so that we should blush
To teach our children; while the simple love
Of justice and their country shall be born
With dawning reason; while their sinews grow
Hard 'midst the gladness of heroic sports,
We shall not need, to guard our walls in peace,
One selfish passion, or one venal sword.
I would not grieve thee; but thy valiant troop—
For I esteem them valiant—must no more
With luxury which suits a desperate camp
Infect us. See that they embark, Agenor,
Ere night.
Crythes. My lord——
Ion. No more—my word hath passed.—
Medon, there is no office I can add
To those thou hast grown old in; thou wilt guard
The shrine of Phœbus, and within thy home—
Thy too delightful home—befriend the stranger
As thou didst me; there sometimes waste a thought
On thy spoiled inmate.
Medon. Think of thee, my lord?
Long shall we triumph in thy glorious reign.
Ion. Prithee, no more.—Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you. Whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
Think that beneath his panoply of pride
Were fair affections crushed by bitter wrongs
Which fretted him to madness; what he did,
Alas! ye know; could you know what he suffered,
Ye would not curse his name. Yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty; swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereignty: our country's space,
So happy in its smallness, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interest into one; but, circled thus,
Like a blest family, by simple laws
May tenderly be governed—all degrees,
Not placed in dexterous balance, not combined
By bonds of parchment, or by iron clasps,
But blended into one—a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading, shall endow
With vital beauty; tint with roseate bloom
In times of happy peace, and bid to flash
With one brave impulse, if ambitious bands
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!
Medon. Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long; the paleness of thy face,
Which late seemed death-like, is grown radiant now,
And thine eyes kindle with the prophecy
Of glorious years.
Ion. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Swear, that if I die,
And leave no issue, ye will seek the power
To govern in the free-born people's choice,
And in the prudence of the wise.
Medon and others. We swear it!
Ion. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*
Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now; and if there is a power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven; to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself.*

CLEMANTHE rushes forward.

Clemanthe. Hold!
Let me support him—stand away—indeed

I have best right, although ye know it not,
To cleave to him in death.
Ion. This is a joy
I did not hope for—this is sweet indeed.
Bend thine eyes on me!
Clem. And for this it was
Thou wouldst have weaned me from thee!
Couldst thou think
I would be so divorced?
Ion. Thou art right, Clemanthe—
It was a shallow and an idle thought;
'Tis past; no show of coldness frets us now;
No vain disguise, my girl. Yet thou wilt think
On that which, when I feigned, I truly spoke—
Wilt thou not, sweet one?
Clem. I will treasure all.

Enter IRUS.

Irus. I bring you glorious tidings——
Ha! no joy
Can enter here.
Ion. Yes—is it as I hope?
Irus. The pestilence abates.
Ion. [*Springs to his feet.*] Do ye not hear?
Why shout ye not? ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry had spread
O'er Argos is dispelled!—My own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee—Argos lives again—
The offering is accepted—all is well! [*Dies.*

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

Although long engaged in public business—in the Colonial Office—MR (now SIR) HENRY TAYLOR is distinguished both as a poet and prose essayist. He is a native of the county of Durham, born in 1800, only son of George Taylor, of Wilton Hall. In 1827 appeared his play of *Isaac Comnenus*, 'which met with few readers,' says Southey, 'and was hardly heard of.' In 1834 was published *Philip van Artevelde*, a play in two parts, characterised by its author as an 'historical romance cast in a dramatic and rhythmical form.' The subject was suggested by Southey, and is the history of the two Van Arteveldes, father and son, 'citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince, and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death.'

There is no game so desperate which wise men
Will not take freely up for love of power,
Or love of fame, or merely love of play.
These men are wise, and then reputed wise,
And so their great repute of wisdom grows,
Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,
And then their wisdom they do part withal.
Such men must still be tempted with high stakes:
Philip van Artevelde is such a man.

As the portrait of a revolutionary champion, Philip is powerfully delineated by the dramatist, and there are also striking and effective scenes in the play. The style and diction resemble those of Joanna Baillie's dramas—pure, elevated, and well sustained, but wanting the brief electric touches and rapid movement necessary to insure complete success in this difficult department of literature. Two years after the historical romance had established Henry Taylor's reputation as a poet, he produced a prose treatise, *The Statesman*, a small volume treating of 'such topics as experience rather than inventive meditation suggested to him.' The counsels and remarks of the author are distinguished by their practical worldly character; he appears as a sort of political Chesterfield, and the work was said by Maginn to be 'the art of official humbug systematically digested and familiarly explained.'* It abounds, however, in acute and sensible observations, shewing that the poet was no mere visionary or romantic dreamer. The other works of Sir Henry are—*Edwin the Fair*, an historical drama, 1842; *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems*, 1847; *Notes from Life*, 1847; *Notes from Books*, 1849; *The Virgin Widow*, a play, 1850; *St Clement's Eve*, a play, 1862; *A Sicilian Summer, and Minor Poems*, 1868. The poetical works of Sir Henry Taylor enjoy a steady popularity with the more intellectual class of readers. *Philip van Artevelde* has gone through eight editions, *Isaac Comnenus* and *Edwin* through five, and the others have all been reprinted.

The Death of Launoy, one of the Captains of Ghent.

From *Philip van Artevelde*, Part I.

Second Dean. Beside Nivelle the Earl and Launoy met.
Six thousand voices shouted with the last:
'Ghent, the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons Blancs!'
But from that force thrice-told there came the cry
Of 'Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!'
So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,
When the earl's vanguard came upon their rear
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.
Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,
Who, barricaded in the minster tower,
Made desperate resistance; whereupon
The earl waxed wrothful, and bade fire the church.
First Burgher. Say'st thou? Oh, sacrilege accursed! Was 't done?
Second Dean. 'Twas done—and presently was heard a yell,
And after that the rushing of the flames!
Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud
'A ransom!' and held up his coat to sight
With florins filled, but they without but laughed
And mocked him, saying: 'Come amongst us, John,
And we will give thee welcome; make a leap—
Come out at window, John.' With that the flames
Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword,
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,
And shouting: 'Ghent, ye slaves!' leapt freely forth,
When they below received him on their spears.
And so died John of Launoy.
First Burgher. A brave end.
'Tis certain we must now make peace by times;
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I?
Starvation is upon us. . . .
Van Artevelde. I never looked that he should live so long.
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle: his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,

* In Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, vol. iii., is the following notice of Henry Taylor, then under Sir James Stephen in the Colonial Office: 'Taylor is known as literary executor of Southey, and author of several esteemed dramas, especially *Philip van Artevelde*. He married Lord Monteagle's daughter. He is now one of my most respected acquaintance. His manners are shy, and he is more a man of letters than of the world. He published a book called *The Statesman*, which some thought presumptuous in a junior clerk in a government office.' Southey said Henry Taylor was the only one of a generation younger than his own whom he had taken into his heart of hearts.

And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he 's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there 's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have passed for great,
But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There 'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.
Van Artevelde. They will be dim, and then be bright again.
All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion;
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned: a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray.
We have no time to mourn.
Father John. The worse for us!
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all;
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know'st.

The 'Lay of Elena.'—From the same.

A bark is launched on Como's lake,
A maiden sits abaft;
A little sail is loosed to take
The night-wind's breath, and waft
The maiden and her bark away,
Across the lake and up the bay.
And what doth there that lady fair
Upon the wavelet tossed?
Before her shines the evening star,
Behind her in the woods afar
The castle lights are lost. . . .

It was not for the forms—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook
By day or night
Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star.
It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend.
It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove with liberated mind,
As fancy led, or choice or chance,
Through wildered regions of romance. . . .

Be it avowed, when all is said,
She trod the path the many tread.
She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.
Too young she loved, and he on whom
Her first love lighted, in the bloom
Of boyhood was, and so was graced
With all that earliest runs to waste.
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
Yet gay and sportive as a child,
With feelings light and quick, that came
And went like flickerings of flame;
A soft demeanour, and a mind
Bright and abundant in its kind,
That, playing on the surface, made
A rapid change of light and shade,
Or, if a darker hour perforce
At times o'ertook him in his course,
Still, sparkling thick like glow-worms, shewed
Life was to him a summer's road—
Such was the youth to whom a love
For grace and beauty far above
Their due deserts, betrayed a heart
Which might have else performed a prouder part.

First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone;
Love early marked her for his own;
Soon as the winds of heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength; and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree, and singleness of aim?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;
As keeps the subtle fluid oft
In secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length,
In all its desolating strength—
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread;
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large where'er her fancy wandered—
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentred all the scattered fire;
It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er earth below and heaven above—
And then it took the name of love.

We add a few sentences of Sir Henry's prose writings:

On the Ethics of Politics.—From 'The Statesman.'

The moral principle of private life which forbids one man to despoil another of his property, is outraged in the last degree when one man holds another in slavery. Carry it therefore in all its absoluteness into political life, and you require a statesman to do what he can, under any circumstances whatever, to procure immediate freedom for any parties who may be holden in slavery in the dominion of the state which he serves. Yet, take the case of negro slaves in the British dominions in the condition of barbarism in which they were thirty years

ago, and we find the purest of men and strictest of moralists falling short of the conclusion. In private life, the magnitude of the good which results from maintaining the principle inviolate, far overbalances any specific evil which may possibly attend an adherence to it in a particular case. But in political affairs, it may happen that the specific evil is the greater of the two, even in looking to the longest train of consequences that can be said to be within the horizon of human foresight. For to set a generation of savages free in a civilised community, would be merely to maintain one moral principle inviolate at the expense of divers other moral principles. Upon the whole, therefore, I come to the conclusion that the cause of public morality will be best served by moralists permitting to statesmen, what statesmen must necessarily take and exercise—a free judgment namely, though a most responsible one, in the weighing of specific against general evil, and in the perception of perfect or imperfect analogies between public and private transactions, in respect of the moral rules by which they are to be governed. The standard of morality to be held forth by moralists to statesmen is sufficiently elevated when it is raised to the level of practicable virtue: such standards, to be influential, must be above common opinion certainly, but not remotely above it; for if above it, yet near, they draw up common opinion; but if they be far off in their altitude, they have no attractive influence.

Of Wisdom.—From 'Notes from Life.'

Wisdom is not the same with understanding, talents, capacity, sense, or prudence; not the same with any one of these; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters—a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this cause that a high order of wisdom—that is, a highly intellectual wisdom—is still more rare than a high order of genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength. But they hardly ever reach so high, inasmuch as great intellect, according to the ways of Providence, almost always brings along with it great infirmities—or, at least, infirmities which appear great owing to the scale of operation; and it is certainly exposed to unusual temptations; for as power and pre-eminence lie before it, so ambition attends it, which, whilst it determines the will and strengthens the activities, inevitably weakens the moral fabric.

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self-love, which, seeking gratification in the consciousness of intellectual power, is too much delighted with the exercise to have a single and paramount regard to the end—that is, the moral and spiritual consequences—should suffer derogation in favour of the intellectual means. God is love, and God is light; whence, it results that love is light, and it is only by following the effluence of that light, that intellectual power issues into wisdom. The intellectual power which loses that light, and issues into intellectual pride, is out of the way to wisdom, and will not attain even to intellectual greatness.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The works of DOUGLAS JERROLD (1803–1857) are various, consisting of plays, tales, and sketches of character, in which humour, fancy, and satire are blended. The most popular of these were contributed to *Punch, or the London Charivari*. Jerrold was born in London in January 1803. His father was an actor, lessee of the Sheerness Theatre, and the early years of Douglas were spent in Sheerness. But before he had completed his tenth year, he was transferred to the guard-ship *Namur*, then lying at the mouth of the river—'a first-class volunteer in His Majesty's service, and not a little proud of his uniform.' Two years were spent at sea, after which Douglas, with his parents, removed to London. He became apprentice to a printer—worked diligently during the usual business hours—and seized upon every spare moment for solitary self-instruction. The little, eager, intellectual boy was sure to rise in the world. He had, however, a sharp novitiate. His great friend at this time was MR LAMAN BLANCHARD (1803–1845), who was engaged in periodical literature, and author of numerous tales and essays, collected after his premature death, and published with a memoir of the author by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Douglas Jerrold took early to dramatic writing, and in his eighteenth year he was engaged at a salary of 'a few pounds weekly' to write pieces for the Coburg Theatre. His nautical and domestic drama, *Black-eyed Susan*, was brought out at the Surrey Theatre in 1829, and had a prodigious success. It had a run of above three hundred nights, and produced many thousands to the theatre, though it brought only about £70 to the author. The other dramas of Jerrold are—*The Rent Day*, 1832; *Nell Gwynne* and *The Housekeeper*, 1833; *The Wedding Gown*, 1834; *The School-fellows* and *Doves in a Cage*, 1835; *Prisoner of War*, 1842; *Bubbles of the Day* and *Time Works Wonders*, 1845; *The Catspaw*, 1850; *Retired from Business*, 1851; *St Cupid*, 1853; *Heart of Gold*, 1854. The plays of Jerrold, like all his other writings, abound in pointed and witty sayings and lively illustration. His incidents and characters are also well contrasted and arranged for stage-effect, yet there is a want of breadth and simplicity. About 1831 Jerrold became a contributor to the magazines; and in 1840 he was editor of a series of sketches, called *Heads of the People*, illustrated by Kenny Meadows, to which Thackeray, R. H. Horne, Blanchard, Peake, and others contributed. Some of the best of Jerrold's essays appeared in this periodical. Afterwards *Punch* absorbed the greater part of his time, though he still continued to write occasionally for the stage. Henceforward his life was that of a professional littérateur, steadily rising in public estimation and in worldly prosperity—famous for his sarcasm, his witty sayings, and general conversational brilliancy. In 1852 a large edition was made to his income—£1000 per annum—by his becoming editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. He was a zealous advocate of social reform; a passionate hater of all cant, pretence, and affectation; and though on some grave questions he wrote without sufficient consideration, his career was that of an honest journalist and lover of truth. Of his personal generosity of character many memorials remain. Mr Dickens relates one instance: 'There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the strangers' room of the club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word—I am sorry to

remember—and did not look that way. Before we had sat long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you: "For God's sake let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this."'* He died, after a short illness, on the 8th of June 1857, and was interred in Norwood Cemetery—followed to the grave by all his literary *confrères*, who nobly raised a memorial fund of £2000 for the benefit of his family. The collected miscellaneous writings of Douglas Jerrold fill six duodecimo volumes. The longest is a story of town-life, *St Giles and St James*, by no means his happiest production. He was best in short satirical and descriptive sketches—spontaneous bursts of fancy or feeling. His *Caudle Lectures*, *Story of a Feather*, *Men of Character*, and *Sketches of the English*, were highly popular. The style is concise and pungent—too much, perhaps, in the manner of dramatic dialogue, but lightened up by poetic feeling and imagery. His satire was always winged with fancy. Some brilliant or pointed saying carried home his argument or sentiment, and fixed it firmly in the mind. Like Charles Lamb and most humorists, he had tenderness and pathos. 'After all,' he said, 'life has something serious in it—it cannot be all a comic history of humanity.' Hence, amidst all the quips and turns of his fancy, the real mingles with the ideal, and shrewd, kindly observation and active sympathy are at the bottom of his picturesque sketches and portraits. He was often wrong, often one-sided—an ardent, impulsive man—but high-principled, sincere, and generous. In witty repartee he was unequalled among his contemporaries.

The following extracts are from his drama of *Bubbles of the Day:*

Fancy Fair in Guildhall for Painting St Paul's.

Sir Phenix Clearcake. I come with a petition to you—a petition not parliamentary, but charitable. We propose, my lord, a fancy fair in Guildhall; its object so benevolent, and more than that, so respectable.

Lord Skindeep. Benevolence and respectability! Of course, I 'm with you. Well, the precise object?

Sir P. It is to remove a stain—a very great stain from the city; to give an air of maiden beauty to a most venerable institution; to exercise a renovating taste at a most inconsiderable outlay; to call up, as it were, the snowy beauty of Greece in the coal-smoke atmosphere of London; in a word, my lord, but as yet 'tis a profound secret—it is to paint St Paul's! To give it a virgin outside—to make it so truly respectable.

Lord Skin. A gigantic effort!

Sir P. The fancy fair will be on a most comprehensive and philanthropic scale. Every alderman takes a stall; and to give you an idea of the enthusiasm of the city—but this also is a secret—the Lady Mayoress has been up three nights making pincushions.

Lord Skin. But you don't want me to take a stall—to sell pincushions?

Sir P. Certainly not, my lord. And yet your philanthropic speeches in the House, my lord, convince me that, to obtain a certain good, you would sell anything.

Lord Skin. Well, well; command me in any way; benevolence is my foible.

Companies for leasing Mount Vesuvius, for making a Trip all round the World, for Buying the Serpentine River, &c.

Captain Smoke. We are about to start a company to take on lease Mount Vesuvius for the manufacture of lucifer-matches.

Sir P. A stupendous speculation! I should say that, when its countless advantages are duly numbered, it will be found a certain wheel of fortune to the enlightened capitalist.

Smoke. Now, sir, if you would but take the chair at the first meeting—(*Aside to Chatham:* We shall make it all right about the shares)—if you would but speak for two or three hours on the social improvement conferred by the lucifer-match, with the monopoly of sulphur secured to the company—a monopoly which will suffer no man, woman, or child to strike a light without our permission.

Chatham. Truly, sir, in such a cause, to such an auditory—I fear my eloquence.

Smoke. Sir, if you would speak well anywhere, there 's nothing like first grinding your eloquence on a mixed meeting. Depend on 't, if you can only manage a little humbug with a mob, it gives you great confidence for another place.

Lord Skin. Smoke, never say humbug; it 's coarse.

Sir P. And not respectable.

Smoke. Pardon me, my lord, it *was* coarse. But the fact is, humbug has received such high patronage, that now it 's quite classic.

Chat. But why not embark his lordship in the lucifer question?

Smoke. I can't: I have his lordship in three companies already. Three. First, there 's a company—half a million capital—for extracting civet from asafœtida. The second is a company for a trip all round the world. We propose to hire a three-decker of the Lords of the Admiralty, and fit her up with every accommodation for families. We 've already advertised for wet-nurses and maids-of-all-work.

Sir P. A magnificent project! And then the fittings-up will be so respectable. A delightful billiard-table in the ward-room; with, for the humbler classes, skittles on the orlop-deck. Swings and archery for the ladies, trap-ball and cricket for the children, whilst the marine sportsman will find the stock of gulls unlimited. Weippert's quadrille band is engaged, and——

Smoke. For the convenience of lovers, the ship will carry a parson.

Chat. And the object?

Smoke. Pleasure and education. At every new country we shall drop anchor for at least a week, that the children may go to school and learn the language. The trip must answer: 'twill occupy only three years, and we 've forgotten nothing to make it delightful—nothing from hot rolls to cork jackets.

Brown. And now, sir, the third venture?

Smoke. That, sir, is a company to buy the Serpentine River for a Grand Junction Temperance Cemetery.

Brown. What! so many watery graves?

Smoke. Yes, sir, with floating tombstones. Here 's the prospectus. Look here; surmounted by a hyacinth—the very emblem of temperance—a hyacinth flowering in the limpid flood. Now, if you don't feel equal to the lucifers—I know his lordship's goodness—he 'll give you up the cemetery. (*Aside to Chatham:* A family vault as a bonus to the chairman.)

Sir P. What a beautiful subject for a speech! Water-lilies and aquatic plants gemming the translucent crystal, shells of rainbow brightness, a constant supply of gold and silver fish, with the right of angling secured to shareholders. The extent of the river being necessarily limited, will render lying there so select, so very respectable.

* *The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold*, by his Son, Blanchard Jerrold, 1859. Mr Blanchard Jerrold succeeded his father as editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and is author of *Imperial Paris*, *The Life of the Emperor Napoleon III.*, and other works.

Time's Changes.—From 'Time Works Wonders.'

Florentine. O sir, the magic of five long years! We paint Time with glass and scythe—should he not carry harlequin's own wand? for, oh, indeed Time's changes!

Clarence. Are they, in truth, so very great?

Flor. Greater than harlequin's; but then Time works them with so grave a face, that even the hearts he alters doubt the change, though often turned from very flesh to stone.

Clar. Time has his bounteous changes too; and sometimes to the sweetest bud will give an unimagined beauty in the flower.

Retired from Business.

Tackle. Kitty, see what you'll get by waiting! I'll grow you such a garland for your wedding.

Kitty. A garland, indeed! A daisy to-day is worth a rose-bush to-morrow.

Puffins. But, Mr Pennyweight, I trust you are now, in every sense, once and for ever, retired from business?

Gunn. No; in every sense, who is? Life has its duties ever; none wiser, better, than a manly disregard of false distinctions, made by ignorance, maintained by weakness. Resting from the activities of life, we have yet our daily task—the interchange of simple thoughts and gentle doings. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of yon distant spire, then, and then only, may it be said of us, retired from business.

Winter in London.

The streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of a roof to their homes; and the north-east blast seemed to howl in triumph above the untrodden snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excessive misery, suffered, in stupid resignation, the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want; and death in that despairing hour, losing its terrors, looked in the eyes of many a wretch a sweet deliverer. It was a time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and in the deep humility of destitution, believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

It was a time when the easy, comfortable man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance; and, whilst bestowing, feels almost ashamed that, with such wide-spread misery circled round him, he has all things fitting, all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand thousand starving creatures; in his very tenderness for misery, tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities; but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own warmth, with no other thoughts than of its pleasant possessions, all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around; when the mere worldling rejoices the more in his warm chamber, because it is so bitter cold without; when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house: when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow-beings nothing save his own victory of fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man, the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shews its true divinity, and with misery like a garment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when, in the cellars and garrets of the poor, are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life; which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding-iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

The Emigrant Ship.

Some dozen folks, with gay, dull, earnest, careless, hopeful, wearied looks, spy about the ship, their future abiding-place upon the deep for many a day. Some dozen, with different feelings, shewn in different emotions, enter cabins, dip below, emerge on deck, and weave their way among packages and casks, merchandise and food, lying in labyrinth about. The ship is in most seemly confusion. The landsman thinks it impossible she can be all taut upon the wave in a week. Her yards are all so up and down, and her rigging in such a tangle, such disorder, like a wench's locks after a mad game at romps. Nevertheless, Captain Goodbody's word is as true as oak. On the appointed day, the skies permitting, the frigate-built *Halcyon*, with her white wings spread, will drop down the Thames—down to the illimitable sea.

She carries a glorious freightage to the antipodes—English hearts and English sinews—hope and strength to conquer and control the waste, turning it to usefulness and beauty. She carries in her the seeds of English cities, with English laws to crown them free. She carries with her the strong, deep, earnest music of the English tongue—a music soon to be universal as the winds of heaven. What should fancy do in a London dock? All is so hard, material, positive. Yet there, amid the tangled ropes, fancy will behold—clustered like birds—poets and philosophers, history-men and story-men, annalists and legalists—English all—bound for the other side of the world, to rejoice it with their voices. Put fancy to the task, and fancy will detect Milton in the shrouds, and Shakspeare looking sweetly, seriously down, pedestaled upon yon main-block. Spenser, like one of his own fairies, swings on a brace; and Bacon, as if in philosophic chair, sits soberly upon a yard. Poetic heads of every generation, from the half-cowled brow of Chaucer to the periwigged pate of Dryden, from bonneted Pope to night-capped Cowper—fancy sees them all—all; ay, from the long-dead day of Edward to the living hour of Victoria; sees them all gathered aloft, and with fine ear lists the rustling of their bays.

Puns and Sayings of Jerrold.

Dogmatism is the maturity of puppyism.

Unremitting Kindness.—'Call that a kind man,' said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; 'a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!' 'Yes, unremitting kindness,' Jerrold replied.

The Retort Direct.—Some member of 'Our Club,' hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed: 'That always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' exclaimed Jerrold.

Australia.—Earth is so kindly there that, tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.

The Sharp Attorney.—A friend of an unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said: 'Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil.' *Jerrold:* 'That's all right: then he is sure to get it back again.'

The Reason Why.—One evening at the Museum Club a member very ostentatiously said in a loud voice: 'Isn't it strange; we had no fish at the marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately—I can't account for it.' 'Nor I,' replied Jerrold, 'unless they ate it all up-stairs.'

Ostentatious Grief.—Reading the pompous and fulsome inscription which Soyer the cook put on his wife's tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery, Jerrold shook his head and said: 'Mock-turtle.'

A Filial Smile.—In a railway-carriage one day, a gentleman expatiated on the beauty of nature. Cows were grazing in the fields. 'In reading in the fields,' said he, 'sometimes a cow comes and bends its head over me. I look up benignantly at it.' 'With a filial smile,' rejoined Jerrold.

The Anglo-French Alliance.—A Frenchman said he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last. *Jerrold:* 'Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea.'

The Scotch.—Jerrold was fond of *girding* at the Scotch jocularly. 'Every Scotchman has a niche [an itch] in the temple of Fame.' Look at the antiquity of the paintings in Holyrood Palace! 'Ay, and you had the distemper before the oil-paintings.'

GILBERT ABBOT À BECKETT—MARK LEMON—SHIRLEY BROOKS—TOM TAYLOR.

This cluster of genial wits and humorists—contributors to *Punch*, and all of them well known in general literature—attempted the drama, and one of them (Mr Taylor) with continued and marked success. MR À BECKETT (1810–1856) delighted in puns and burlesque; he produced above thirty dramatic pieces, and wrote the *Comic Blackstone* and *Comic Histories of England* and *Rome*. He latterly filled the office of police magistrate—a man universally respected and beloved.

MARK LEMON (1809–1870) wrote a vast number of dramatic pieces—above fifty, it is said—but his highest honours were derived from his editorship of *Punch*, a valuable weekly periodical, witty without coarseness, and satirical without scurrility—which he conducted from its commencement, July 17, 1841, till his death. Mr Lemon was author also of occasional poems and prose sketches.

CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS (1815–1874) succeeded Mark Lemon as editor of *Punch*, to which he had for many years been a regular contributor. Mr Brooks was a native of London, studied for the law, and was articled to a solicitor (his uncle) at Oswestry; but he early adopted literature as a profession. He was engaged on the *Morning Chronicle*, writing the parliamentary summary of that journal for five years. He also travelled in the south of Russia, Asia Minor, and Egypt as special commissioner for the *Chronicle*, investigating the condition of the labouring classes; and part of the results of his journey was published under the title of *The Russians in the South*. Mr Brooks was author of several successful dramas and of four novels—*Aspen Court*, *The Gordian Knot*, *The Silver Cord*, and *Sooner or Later*. All these works are distinguished by witty and sparkling dialogue, by variety of incident and knowledge of the world, especially of town life and character. We subjoin one short extract from *The Gordian Knot:*

Portrait of Douglas Jerrold.

Margaret found herself alone; but not being one of the persons who find themselves bores, and must always seek companionship, she sat down, and amused herself with one of the new books on the table. And as the volume happened to be a fresh and noble poem by a poetess who is unreasonable enough to demand that those who would understand her magnificent lines shall bestow on them some little thought in exchange for the great thought that has produced them (and then the reader is but like the scrubby Diomed giving his brass arms for the golden harness of splendid Sarpedon), Margaret's earnest attention to Mrs Browning rendered the reader unaware that another person had entered the room.

His footfall was so light that her not hearing his approach was not surprising; and as he stood for a minute or more watching her intelligent face as it expressed the pleasure she felt as rose-leaf after rose-leaf of an involved and beautiful thought unfolded and expanded to her mind. Then, as she raised her eyes, her half-formed smile changed to a look of surprise as she found herself confronted by a stranger; and she coloured highly as that look was returned by a pleasant glance and a bow, respectful and yet playful, as the situation and the difference of age might warrant.

Before her stood a gentleman, considerably below the middle height, and in form delicate almost to fragility, but whose appearance was redeemed from aught of feebleness by a lion-like head, and features which, classically chiselled, told of a mental force and will rarely allotted. The hair, whose gray was almost whiteness, was long and luxuriant, and fell back from a noble forehead. The eye, set back under a bold strong brow, yet in itself somewhat prominent, was in repose, but its depths were those that, under excitement, light up to a glow. About the flexible mouth there lingered a smile, too gentle to be called mocking, but evidence of a humour ready at the slightest call—and yet the lips could frame themselves for stern or passionate utterances at need. The slight stoop was at first taken by Margaret for part of the bow with which the stranger had greeted her, but she perceived that it was habitual, as the latter, resting his small white hands on the head of an ivory-handled cane, said in a cheerful and kindly voice, and with a nod at the book: 'Fine diamonds in a fine casket there, are there not?'

His tone was evidently intended to put Margaret at her ease, and to make her forget that she had been surprised; and his manner was so pleasant, and almost fatherly, that she felt herself in the presence of some one of a kindred nature to that of her Uncle Cheriton. By a curious confusion of idea, to be explained only by the suddenness of the introduction, Margaret seized the notion that her other uncle was before her. I am sorry, however, to say that neither the poetess's page nor the visitor's phrase inspired her with a cleverer answer to his speech than a hesitating 'O—O yes, very.'

And then she naturally expected to receive her relative's greeting; but as she rose, the gentleman made a slight and courteous gesture, which seemed to beg her to sit, or do exactly what she liked, and she resumed her chair in perplexity. Her companion looked at her again with some interest, and his bright eye then fell upon Bertha's volume, which Margaret had laid on the table.

'Ah,' he said, pointing to the word on the cover, 'those five letters again in conspiracy against the peace of mankind. They ought to be dispersed by a social police. But may one look?'

'There is scarcely anything there,' said Margaret, as he opened the book. 'Only a few pages have been touched.'

'Ah, I see,' he said. 'Just a few songsters, as the bird-catchers put some caged birds near the nets, to persuade the others that the situation is eligible. But,' he continued, turning on until he came to a drawing, 'this is another kind of thing. This is capital.' It was a sketch by Margaret, and represented her cousin Latimer, in shooting-costume, and gun in hand. At his feet lay a hare, victim of his skill. 'Capital,' he repeated. 'Your own work?'

'Yes,' said Margaret; 'the likeness happened to be thought fortunate, and so'——

'No, no; you draw charmingly. I'll give you a motto for the picture. Shall I?'

'Please. I am glad of any contribution.'

He took a pen, and in a curious little hand wrote below the sketch:

And Beauty draws us with a single hare.

'I shall not find any poetry of yours here,' he said. 'You read Mrs Browning, and so you know better. What a treasure-house of thought that woman is! Some of the boxes are locked, and you must turn the key with a will; but when you *have* opened, you are rich for life.'

TOM TAYLOR is said to have produced about a hundred dramatic pieces, original and translated. Many of these have been highly successful, and in particular we may mention *Still Waters Run Deep*, *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Victims*, *An Unequal Match*, *The Contested Election*, *The Overland Route*, *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, and *Joan of Arc*. The two last mentioned are historical dramas of a superior class, and to *Joan of Arc*, Mrs Tom Taylor (*née* Laura Barker, distinguished as a musical composer) contributed an original overture and entr'acte. At the Literary Fund banquet, London, in June 1873, Mr Taylor said that, 'while serving literature as his mistress, he had served the state as his master—a jealous one, like the law, if not so jealous—and while contributing largely to literature grave and gay, by help of the invaluable three hours before breakfast, he had given the daily labour of twenty-two of his best years to the duties of a public office.' In 1850 Mr Taylor was appointed Assistant-secretary to the Board of Health; and in 1854, on the reconstruction of that Board, he was made Secretary of the Local Government Act Office, a department of the Home Office connected with the administration of the Sanitary Act of 1866. From this public employment he retired in 1872. Besides his dramatic pieces Mr Taylor has been a steady contributor to *Punch*, and on the death of Shirley Brooks became editor of that journal. He has added to our literature the *Autobiography of B. R. Haydon*, 1853, compiled and edited from the journals of that unfortunate artist; also the *Autobiography and Correspondence of the late C. R. Leslie, R.A.*, 1859; and the *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, 1865—the last having been commenced by Leslie shortly before his death, and left in a very incomplete state. Mr Taylor is a native of Sunderland, born in 1817; he studied at Glasgow University, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a Fellow. He held for two years the Professorship of English Literature at University College, London; was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1845, and went the northern circuit until his appointment to the Board of Health in 1850. A rare combination of taste and talent, industry and private worth, has insured Mr Taylor a happy and prosperous life, with the esteem and regard of all his literary and artistic contemporaries.

WESTLAND MARSTON, ETC.

There are numerous other dramatists: MR WESTLAND MARSTON (born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1820) produced *The Patrician's Daughter*, 1841; *The Heart and the World*, 1847; *Strathmore*, a tragedy, 1849; &c.—MR ROBERT B. BROUGH (born in London in 1828) has produced several burlesque and other dramatic pieces.—In the list of modern dramatists are MR PLANCHÉ, MR BUCKSTONE, MR OXENFORD, MR LEMAN REDE, MR SULLIVAN, MR STIRLING COYNE, MR EDWARD FITZBALL, MR DION BOUCICAULT, MR W. S. GILBERT, &c. The play-goers of the metropolis welcome these 'Cynthias of the minute,' and are ever calling for new pieces, but few modern dramas can be said to have taken a permanent place in our literature.

NOVELISTS.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

This distinguished American novelist (1789–1851) has obtained great celebrity in England and over all Europe for his pictures of the sea, sea-life, and wild Indian scenery and manners. His imagination is essentially poetical. He invests the ship with all the interest of a living being, and makes his readers follow its progress, and trace the operations of those on board, with intense and never-flagging anxiety. Of humour he has scarcely any perception; and in delineating character and familiar incidents, he often betrays a great want of taste and knowledge of the world. 'When he attempts to catch the ease of fashion,' it has been truly said, 'he is singularly unsuccessful.' He belongs, like Mrs Radcliffe, to the romantic school of novelists—especially to the sea, the heath, and the primeval forest. Mr Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, son of Judge William Cooper. After studying at Yale College, he entered the navy as a midshipman; and though he continued only six years a sailor, his nautical experience gave a character and colour to his after-life, and produced impressions of which the world has reaped the rich result. On his marriage, in 1811, to a lady in the state of New York, Mr Cooper left the navy. His first novel, *Precaution*, was published anonymously in 1819, and attracted little attention; but in 1821 appeared his story of *The Spy*, founded upon incidents connected with the American Revolution. This is a powerful and interesting romance, and it was highly successful. The author's fame was still more increased by his novels of *The Pioneers* and *The Pilot*, published in 1823; and these were succeeded by a long train of fictions—*Lionel Lincoln*, 1825; *The Last of the Mohicans*, 1826; *The Red Rover* and *The Prairie*, 1827; *Travelling Bachelor*, 1828; *Wept of Wish-ton Wish*, 1829; *The Water Witch*, 1830; *Bravo*, 1831; *Heidenmauer*, 1832; *Headsman*, 1833; *Monikins*, 1835; *Homeward Bound* and *Home as Found*, 1838; *The Pathfinder* and *Mercedes of Castile*, 1840; *The Deerslayer*, 1841; *The Two Admirals* and *Wing and Wing*, 1842; *Ned Myers* and *Wyandotte*, 1843; *Afloat and Ashore* and *Miles Wallingford*, 1844; *The Chainbearer* and *Satanstoe*, 1845; *The Redskins*, 1846; *The Crater*, 1847; *Jack Tier* and *Oak Openings*, 1848; *The Sea Lions*, 1849; and *The Ways of the Hour*, 1850. Of this numerous family of creations, the best are—*The Spy*, *The Pilot*, *The Prairie*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, and *The Red Rover*. In these his characteristic excellences—his noble marine painting and delineations of American scenery and character—are all combined. Besides his novels,

Cooper wrote ten volumes of sketches of European travels, a *History of the Navy of the United States*, and various treatises on the institutions of America, in which a strong democratic spirit was manifested. In these he does not appear to advantage. He seems to have cherished some of the worst prejudices of the Americans, and, in his zeal for republican institutions, to have forgotten the candour and temper becoming an enlightened citizen of the world. In the department of fiction, however, Cooper has few superiors, and his countrymen may well glory in his name. He 'emphatically belongs to the American nation,' as Washington Irving has said, while his painting of nature under new and striking aspects, has given him a European fame that can never wholly die.

A Virgin Wilderness—Lake Otsego.

On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that scarce an opening could be seen; the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting one unvaried line of unbroken verdure. As if vegetation were not satisfied with a triumph so complete, the trees overhung the lake itself, shooting out towards the light; and there were miles along its eastern shore where a boat might have pulled beneath the branches of dark Rembrandt-looking hemlocks, quivering aspens, and melancholy pines. In a word, the hand of man had never yet defaced or deformed any part of this native scene, which lay bathed in the sunlight, a glorious picture of affluent forest grandeur, softened by the balminess of June, and relieved by the beautiful variety afforded by the presence of so broad an expanse of water.

Death of Long Tom Coffin.

Lifting his broad hands high into the air, his voice was heard in the tempest. 'God's will be done with me,' he cried: 'I saw the first timber of the *Ariel* laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I wish to live no longer.' But his shipmates were far beyond the sounds of his voice before these were half uttered. All command of the boat was rendered impossible, by the numbers it contained, as well as the raging of the surf; and as it rose on the white crest of a wave, Tom saw his beloved little craft for the last time. It fell into a trough of the sea, and in a few moments more its fragments were ground into splinters on the adjoining rocks. The cockswain [Tom] still remained where he had cast off the rope, and beheld the numerous heads and arms that appeared rising, at short intervals, on the waves, some making powerful and well-directed efforts to gain the sands, that were becoming visible as the tide fell, and others wildly tossed, in the frantic movements of helpless despair. The honest old seaman gave a cry of joy as he saw Barnstable [the commander, whom Tom had forced into the boat] issue from the surf, where one by one several seamen soon appeared also, dripping and exhausted. Many others of the crew were carried in a similar manner to places of safety; though, as Tom returned to his seat on the bowsprit, he could not conceal from his reluctant eyes the lifeless forms that were, in other spots, driven against the rocks with a fury that soon left them but few of the outward vestiges of humanity.

Dillon and the cockswain were now the sole occupants of their dreadful station. The former stood in a kind of stupid despair, a witness of the scene; but as his curdled blood began again to flow more warmly to his heart, he crept close to the side of Tom, with that sort of selfish feeling that makes even hopeless misery more tolerable, when endured in participation with another.

'When the tide falls,' he said in a voice that betrayed the agony of fear, though his words expressed the renewal of hope, 'we shall be able to walk to land.'

'There was One and only One to whose feet the waters were the same as a dry deck,' returned the cockswain; 'and none but such as have His power will ever be able to walk from these rocks to the sands.' The old seaman paused, and turning his eyes, which exhibited a mingled expression of disgust and compassion, on his companion, he added with reverence: 'Had you thought more of Him in fair weather, your case would be less to be pitied in this tempest.'

'Do you still think there is much danger?' asked Dillon.

'To them that have reason to fear death. Listen! Do you hear that hollow noise beneath ye?'

''Tis the wind driving by the vessel!'

''Tis the poor thing herself,' said the affected cockswain, 'giving her last groans. The water is breaking up her decks; and in a few minutes more, the handsomest model that ever cut a wave will be like the chips that fell from her in framing!'

'Why then did you remain here?' cried Dillon wildly.

'To die in my coffin, if it should be the will of God,' returned Tom. 'These waves are to me what the land is to you; I was born on them, and I have always meant that they should be my grave.'

'But I—I,' shrieked Dillon, 'I am not ready to die!—I cannot die!—I will not die!'

'Poor wretch!' muttered his companion; 'you must go like the rest of us: when the death-watch is called, none can skulk from the muster.'

'I can swim,' Dillon continued, rushing with frantic eagerness to the side of the wreck. 'Is there no billet of wood, no rope, that I can take with me?'

'None; everything has been cut away, or carried off by the sea. If ye are about to strive for your life, take with ye a stout heart and a clean conscience, and trust the rest to God.'

'God!' echoed Dillon, in the madness of his frenzy; 'I know no God! there is no God that knows me!'

'Peace!' said the deep tones of the cockswain, in a voice that seemed to speak in the elements; 'blasphemer, peace!'

The heavy groaning produced by the water in the timbers of the *Ariel*, at that moment added its impulse to the raging feelings of Dillon, and he cast himself headlong into the sea. The water thrown by the rolling of the surf on the beach was necessarily returned to the ocean, in eddies, in different places favourable to such an action of the element. Into the edge of one of these counter-currents, that was produced by the very rocks on which the schooner lay, and which the watermen call the 'under-tow,' Dillon had unknowingly thrown his person; and when the waves had driven him a short distance from the wreck, he was met by a stream that his most desperate efforts could not overcome. He was a light and powerful swimmer, and the struggle was hard and protracted. With the shore immediately before his eyes, and at no great distance, he was led, as by a false phantom, to continue his efforts, although they did not advance him a foot. The old seaman, who at first had watched his motions with careless indifference, understood the danger of his situation at a glance, and, forgetful of his own fate, he shouted aloud, in a voice that was driven over the struggling victim to the ears of his shipmates on the sands: 'Sheer to port, and clear the undertow! Sheer to the southward!'

Dillon heard the sounds, but his faculties were too much obscured by terror to distinguish their object; he, however, blindly yielded to the call, and gradually changed his direction until his face was once more turned towards the vessel. Tom looked around him for a rope, but all had gone over with the spars, or been swept away by the waves. At this moment of disappointment, his eyes met those of the desperate Dillon. Calm and inured to horrors as was the veteran seaman, he invol-

untarily passed his hand before his brow to exclude the look of despair he encountered; and when, a moment afterwards, he removed the rigid member, he beheld the sinking form of the victim as it gradually settled in the ocean, still struggling with regular but impotent strokes of the arms and feet to gain the wreck, and to preserve an existence that had been so much abused in its hour of allotted probation. 'He will soon meet his God, and learn that his God knows him!' murmured the cockswain to himself. As he yet spoke, the wreck of the *Ariel* yielded to an overwhelming sea, and after a universal shudder, her timbers and planks gave way, and were swept towards the cliffs, bearing the body of the simple-hearted cockswain among the ruins.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham (1788–1845), under the name of Thomas Ingoldsby, contributed to *Bentley's Miscellany* a series of papers, *The Ingoldsby Legends*, which were afterwards collected into volumes, and went through several editions. To the third series (1847) was prefixed a life of the author by his son. Mr Barham also wrote a novel, *My Cousin Nicholas*. The Ingoldsby papers, prose and verse, contain sallies of quaint humour, classic travesties and illustrations, droll rhymes, banter and irony, with a sprinkling of ghost stories and medieval legends. The intimate friend of Theodore Hook, Mr Barham had something of Hook's manner, with a love of punning and pleasantry as irrepressible as that of Hood, though accompanied with less literary power. Few of the readers of *Ingoldsby*, unless moving in a certain circle, imagined that their author was a dignitary of the Church, a minor canon of St Paul's, a rector and royal chaplain. He appears to have been a learned and amiable, no less than witty and agreeable man.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT.

This popular naval writer—the best painter of sea characters since Smollett—commenced what proved to be a busy and highly successful literary career in 1829, by the publication of *The Naval Officer*, a nautical tale in three volumes. This work partook too strongly of the free spirit of the sailor, but amidst its occasional violations of taste and decorum, there was a rough racy humour and dramatic liveliness that atoned for many faults. In the following year, the captain was ready with other three volumes, more carefully finished, and presenting a well-compacted story, entitled *The King's Own*. Though occasionally a little awkward on land, Captain Marryat was at home on the sea; and whether serious or comic—whether delineating a captain, midshipman, or common tar, or even a carpenter—he evinced a minute practical acquaintance with all on board ship, and with every variety of nautical character. *Newton Foster, or the Merchant Service*, 1832, was Marryat's next work, and is a tale of various and sustained interest. It was surpassed, however, by its immediate successor, *Peter Simple*, the most amusing of all the author's works. His naval commander, Captain Savage, Chucks the boatswain, O'Brien the Irish lieutenant, and Muddle the carpenter, are excellent individual portraits—as distinct and life-like as Tom Bowling, Hatchway, or Pipes. The scenes in the West Indies display the higher powers of the novelist; and the escape from the French prison interests us almost as deeply as the similar efforts of Caleb Williams. Continuing his nautical scenes and portraits—Captain Marryat wrote about thirty volumes—as *Jacob Faithful* (one of his best productions), *The Phantom Ship*, *Midshipman Easy*, *The Pacha of Many Tales*, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, *The Pirate and the Three Cutters*, *Poor Jack*, *Joseph Rushbrook the Poacher*, *Masterman Ready*, &c. In the hasty production of so many volumes, the *quality* could not always be equal. The nautical humour and racy dialogue could not always be produced at will, of a new and different stamp at each successive effort. Such, however, was the fertile fancy and active observation of the author, and his lively powers of amusing and describing, that he has fewer repetitions and less tediousness than almost any other writer equally voluminous. His next novel, *Percival Keene*, 1842, betrayed no falling-off, but, on the contrary, is one of the most vigorous and interesting of his 'sea changes.' In 1843 he published a *Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet*, in which fact and fiction are blended with little artistic skill, and which was proved to be chiefly a compilation. Two other works of mediocre character followed—*The Settlers in Canada*, 1844, and *The Mission, or Scenes in Africa*, 1845. In 1846 he regained something of his old nautical animation in *The Privateersman One Hundred Years Ago*.

Captain Marryat made a trip to America in 1837, the result of which he gave to the world in 1839 in three volumes, entitled *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions*. This was flying at higher game than any he had previously brought down; but the real value of these volumes consists in their resemblance to parts of his novels—in humorous caricature and anecdote, shrewd observation, and lively or striking description. His account of the American navy is valuable; and so practical and sagacious an observer could not visit the schools, prisons, and other public institutions of the New World without throwing out valuable reflections, and noting what is superior or defective. He was no admirer of the democratic government of America; indeed, his *Diary* is as unfavourable to the national character as the sketches of Mrs Trollope or Captain Hall. But it is in relating traits of manners, peculiarities of speech, and other singular or ludicrous characteristics of the Americans, that Captain Marryat excelled. These are as rich as his fictitious delineations, and, like them, probably owe a good deal to the suggestive fancy and love of drollery proper to the novelist. The success of this *Diary* induced the author to add three additional volumes to it in the following year, but the continuation is greatly inferior.

The life of this busy novelist terminated, after a long and painful illness, at Langham, in Norfolk, August 9, 1848. Captain Marryat was the second son of Joseph Marryat, Esq., M.P., of Wimbledon House, Surrey, and was born in the year 1792. He entered the navy at an early age, and was a midshipman on board the *Impérieuse* when that ship was engaged as part of Lord Cochrane's squadron in supporting the Catalonians against the French. On board the *Impérieuse* young Marryat was concerned in no less than fifty engagements. After one of these, an officer, who had an aversion to

the youth, seeing him laid out, as if dead, among his fallen comrades, exclaimed: 'Here 's a young cock who has done crowing. Well, for a wonder, this chap has cheated the gallows!' Marryat faintly raising his head, exclaimed: 'You 're a liar!' Afterwards the 'chap' served in the attack on the French fleet in Aix Roads and in the Walcheren expedition. In 1814, as lieutenant of the *Newcastle*, he cut out four vessels in Boston Bay, an exploit of great difficulty and daring. During the Burmese war, he commanded the *Larne*, and was for some time senior officer on the station. His services were rewarded by professional promotion and honours. He was a Companion of the Bath, a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, an officer of the Legion of Honour, &c. The latter years of the novelist were spent in the pleasant but not profitable occupations of a country gentleman. His receipts from farming, in one year, were £154, 2s. 9d.; his expenditure, £1637, os. 6d.! He spent large sums on his place in Norfolk. At one time, we are told, he had a hobby for making a decoy; he flooded some hundred acres of his best grazing-ground, got his decoy into full working order, so as to send some five thousand birds yearly to the London market, and then—drained it again. In February 1848, Captain Marryat received intelligence of the death of his son, lieutenant on board the *Avenger* steam-frigate, which was lost on the rocks off Galita. This bereavement tended to hasten the death of the able and accomplished novelist. In 1872, *The Life and Letters of Captain Marryat* were published by his daughter, Mrs Ross Church.

A Prudent Sea Captain—Abuse of Ship's Stores.

From *The King's Own.*

'Well, Mr Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?'

'Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow.'

'Well?'—'Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom.'

'Very good. And what is Hilton about?'—'He has finished the spare leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant.'

'A job for the second lieutenant, sir! How often have I told you, Mr Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission!'—'His standing bed-place is broken, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two.'

'Mr Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober last night.'—'Please your honour,' replied the carpenter, 'I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh.'

'Take you care, Mr Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?'—'Why, Thomson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jib-boom; I've saved the heel to return.'

'Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?'

'No, sir; it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole.'

'Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now, let me see—oh, the painters must go on shore to finish the attics.'

'Yes, sir; but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jealousees* to be painted vermilion; she says it will look more rural.'—'Mrs Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's stores by this time to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?'—'Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace.'

'By the by—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat's masts?'—'Only the one carried away, sir.'

'Then you must expend two more. Mrs C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles—you know how I mean?'

'Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I haven't glass enough. They grumbled at the yard last time.'—'Mrs. C. must wait a little. What are the armourers about?'

'They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship.'

'Who dares say that?'—'The first lieutenant, sir.'

'Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we 'll get the forge up.'

'The armourer has made six rakes and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he can't make a spade.'

'Then I 'll take his warrant away, by heavens! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor this time; but take care. Send the boatswain to me.'

CAPTAINS GLASSCOCK AND CHAMIER—MR HOWARD—M. SCOTT—J. HANNAY.

A few other authors have, like Captain Marryat, presented us with good pictures of maritime life and adventures. *The Naval Sketch-book*, 1828; *Sailors and Saints*, 1829; *Tales of a Tar*, 1830; *Land Sharks and Sea Gulls*, 1838; and other works, by CAPTAIN GLASSCOCK, R.N., are all genuine tales of the sea, and display a hearty comic humour and rich phraseology, with as cordial a contempt for regularity of plot. Captain Glasscock died in 1847. He was one of the inspectors under the Poor Relief Act in Ireland, and in that capacity, as well as in his naval character, was distinguished by energy and ability.—*Rattlin the Reefer*, and *Outward Bound, or a Merchant's Adventures*, by MR HOWARD, are better managed as to fable—particularly *Outward Bound*, which is a well-constructed tale—but have not the same breadth of humour as Captain Glasscock's novels.—*The Life of a Sailor* and *Ben Brace*, by CAPTAIN CHAMIER, are excellent works of the same class, replete with nature, observation, and humour.—*Tom Cringle's Log*, by MICHAEL SCOTT, and *The Cruise of the Midge*—both originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*—are also veritable productions of the sea—a little coarse, but spirited, and shewing us 'things as they are.' Mr Scott, who was a native of Glasgow, spent a considerable part of his life—from 1806 to 1822—in a mercantile situation at Kingston, in Jamaica. He settled in his native city as a merchant, and died there in 1835, aged forty-six.—MR JAMES HANNAY also added to our nautical sketches. He may, however, be characterised as a critical and miscellaneous writer of scholastic taste and acquirements. Mr Hannay was a native of Dumfries, a cadet of an old Galloway family, and was born in 1827. He served in the navy for five years—from 1840 to

1845, and was afterwards engaged in literature, writing in various periodicals — including the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, the *Athenæum*, &c.—and he published the following works: *Biscuits and Grog*, *The Claret Cup*, and *Hearts are Trumps*, 1848; *King Dobbs*, 1849; *Singleton Fontenoy*, 1850; *Sketches in Ultramarine*, 1853; *Satire and Satirists*, a series of six lectures, 1854; *Eustace Conyers*, a novel in three volumes, 1855; &c. Mr Hannay died at Barcelona (where he resided as British consul), January 8, 1873, in the forty-sixth year of his age. We subjoin from *Eustace Conyers* a passage descriptive of

Nights at Sea.

Eustace went on deck. A dark night had come on by this time. The ship was tranquilly moving along with a fair wind. Few figures were moving on deck. The officer of the watch stood on the poop. The man at the wheel and quarter-master stood in silence before the binnacle; inside which, in a bright spot of light, which contrasted strongly with the darkness outside, lay the compass, with its round eloquent face, full of meaning and expression to the nautical eye. The men of the watch were lying in black heaps in their sea-jackets, along both sides of the ship's waist. Nothing could be stiller than the whole scene. Eustace scarcely heard the ripple of the ship's motion, till he leant over the gangway, and looked out on the sea.

Nights like these make a man meditative; and sailors are more serious than is generally supposed; being serious just as they are gay, because they give themselves up to natural impressions more readily than other people. At this moment, the least conventional men now living are probably afloat. If you would know how your ancestors looked and talked, before towns became Babylonish, or trade despotic, you must go and have a cruise on salt water, for the sea's business is to keep the earth fresh; and it preserves character as it preserves meat. Our Frogley Foxes and Pearl Studdses are exceptions; the results of changed times, which have brought the navy into closer relation with the shore than it was in old days; and sprinkled it with the proper denizens of other regions. Our object is to shew how the character of the sailor born is affected by contact with the results of modern ages. Can we retain the spirit of Benbow minus that pigtail to which elegant gentlemen have a natural objection? Can we be at once polished yet free from what the newspapers call 'juvenile extravagance?' Such is our ambition for Eustace. Still, we know that Pearl Studds would go into action as cheerfully as any man, and fears less any foe's face than the banner of Levy, and we must do him no injustice.

Such nights, then, Eustace already felt as fruitful in thought. If he had been pining for a little more activity, if he had drooped under the influence of particular kinds of talk, a quiet muse on deck refreshed him. The sea regains all its natural power over the spirit, when the human life of the ship is hushed. In the presence of its grand old familiar majesty you forget trouble, and care little for wit. Hence, the talk of the middle watch, which occupies the very heart of the night, from twelve to four, is the most serious, the deepest, the tenderest, the most confidential of the twenty-four hours; and by keeping the middle with a man, you learn him more intimately than you would in any other way. Even Studds in the middle watch, at least after the 'watch-stock,' or refreshment, was disposed of, grew a somewhat different man. A certain epicurean melancholy came over the spirit of Studds, like moonlight falling on a banquet-table after the lamps are out! 'By Jove, sir,' he would sigh, speaking of the hollowness of life generally; and he was even heard to give tender reminiscences of one 'Eleanor,' whose fortune would probably have pleased him as much as her beauty, had not both been transferred in matrimony to the possession of a Major Jones.

Hannay was very profuse, and often very happy, in similes, a few of which we subjoin.

Detached Similes.

Many a high spirit, which danger, and hardship, and absence from home could never turn from its aims, has shrunk from the chill thrown on its romantic enthusiasm. The ruder the hand, the more readily it brushes away the fine and delicate bloom from the grape. And the bloom of character is that light enthusiasm which makes men love their work for the beauty in it—which is the essence of excellence in every pursuit carried on in this world.

From *nil admirari* to worldly ambition is only a short step. It is an exchange of passive selfishness for active selfishness—that's all.

Consistency.—There may be consistency and yet change. Look at a growing tree, how that changes! But for regular consistency, there's nothing like a broomstick; for it never puts out a fresh leaf.

There were signs of energy about the boy, which on a small scale predicted power. Mr Conyers studied them, as Watt studied the hissing of a tea-kettle, descrying far off the steam-engine.

Could he place him but safely under the influence of one of the leading ambitions of mankind? A ship goes along so merrily with a trade-wind.

A party is like a mermaid; the head and face may enchant and attract you, and yet in a moment you shall be frightened off by a wag of the cold, scaly, and slimy tail.

(Of Sir W. Scott.) We do not hear so much of him as his contemporaries did, of course; but just as we don't have any longer yesterday's rain, which is the life of to-day's vegetation.

(Of Thackeray's poetical vein.) He was not essentially poetical, as Tennyson, for instance, is. Poetry was not the predominant mood of his mind, or the intellectual law by which the objects of his thought and observation were arranged and classified. But *inside* his fine sagacious common-sense understanding, there was, so to speak, a pool of poetry—like the *impluvium* in the hall of a Roman house, which gave an air of coolness, and freshness, and nature, to the solid marble columns and tesselated floor.

MRS CATHERINE GRACE FRANCES GORE.

This lady (1799-1861) was a clever and prolific writer of tales and fashionable novels. Her first work, *Theresa Marchmont*, was published in 1823; her next was a small volume containing two tales, *The Lettre de Cachet* and *The Reign of Terror*, 1827. One of these relates to the times of Louis XIV., and the other to the French Revolution. They are both interesting, graceful tales—superior, we think, to some of the more elaborate and extensive fictions of the authoress. A series of *Hungarian Tales* succeeded. In 1830 appeared *Women as they Are, or the Manners of the Day*, three volumes—an easy, sparkling narrative, with correct pictures of modern society; much lady-like writing on dress and fashion; and some rather misplaced derision or contempt for 'excellent wives' and 'good sort of men.' This novel soon went through a second edition; and Mrs Gore continued the same style of fashionable portraiture. In 1831, she issued *Mothers and Daughters, a Tale of the*

Year 1830. Here the manners of gay life—balls, dinners, and fêtes—with clever sketches of character and amusing dialogues, make up the customary three volumes. The same year we find Mrs Gore compiling a series of narratives for youth, entitled *The Historical Traveller*. In 1832 she came forward with *The Fair of May Fair*, a series of fashionable tales, that were not so well received. The critics hinted that Mrs Gore had exhausted her stock of observation; and we believe she went to reside in France, where she continued some years. Her next tale was entitled *Mrs Armytage*, which appeared in 1836; and in the following year came out *Mary Raymond* and *Memoirs of a Peeress*. In 1838, *The Diary of a Désennuyée*, *The Woman of the World*, *The Heir of Selwood*, and *The Book of Roses, or Rose-fancier's Manual*, a delightful little work on the history of the rose, its propagation and culture. France is celebrated for its rich varieties of the queen of flowers, and Mrs Gore availed herself of the taste and experience of the French floriculturists. Mrs Gore long continued to furnish one or two novels a year. She had seen much of the world both at home and abroad, and was never at a loss for character or incident. The worst of her works must be pronounced clever. Their chief value consists in their lively caustic pictures of fashionable and high society. Besides her long array of regular novels, Mrs Gore contributed short tales and sketches to the periodicals, and was perhaps unparalleled for fertility. All her works were welcome to the circulating libraries. They are mostly of the same class—all pictures of existing life and manners; but the want of genuine feeling, of passion and simplicity, in her living models, and the endless frivolities of their occupations and pursuits, make us sometimes take leave of Mrs Gore's fashionable triflers in the temper with which Goldsmith parted from Beau Tibbs—'The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy.'

Mrs Gore was a native of East Retford, Nottinghamshire, daughter of Mr Moody, a wine-merchant of that town. In 1823 she was married to Captain C. A. Gore, by whom she had two children, a son and daughter; the latter married, in 1853, to Lord Edward Thynne.

Character of a Prudent Worldly Lady.

From *Women as they Are.*

Lady Lilfield was a thoroughly worldly woman—a worthy scion of the Mordaunt stock. She had professedly accepted the hand of Sir Robert because a connection with him was the best that happened to present itself in the first year of her *début*—the 'best match' to be had at a season's warning! She knew that she had been brought out with the view to dancing at a certain number of balls, refusing a certain number of good offers, and accepting a better one, somewhere between the months of January and June; and she regarded it as a propitious dispensation of Providence to her parents and to herself, that the comparative proved a superlative—even a high-sheriff of the county, a baronet of respectable date, with ten thousand a year! She felt that her duty towards herself necessitated an immediate acceptance of the dullest 'good sort of man' extant throughout the three kingdoms; and the whole routine of her after-life was regulated by the same rigid code of moral selfishness. She was penetrated with a most exact sense of what was due to her position in the world; but she was equally precise in her appreciation of all that, in her turn, she owed to society; nor, from her youth upwards—

Content to dwell in decencies for ever—

had she been detected in the slightest infraction of these minor social duties. She knew with the utmost accuracy of domestic arithmetic—to the fraction of a course or an *entrée*—the number of dinners which Beech Park was indebted to its neighbourhood—the complement of laundry-maids indispensable to the maintenance of its county dignity—the aggregate of pines by which it must retain its horticultural precedence. She had never retarded by a day or an hour the arrival of the family-coach in Grosvenor Square at the exact moment creditable to Sir Robert's senatorial punctuality; nor procrastinated by half a second the simultaneous bobs of her ostentatious Sunday school, as she sailed majestically along the aisle towards her tall, stately, pharisaical, squire-archical pew. True to the execution of her tasks—and her whole life was but one laborious task—true and exact as the great bell of the Beech Park turret-clock, she was enchanted with the monotonous music of her own cold iron tongue; proclaiming herself the best of wives and mothers, because Sir Robert's rent-roll could afford to command the services of a first-rate steward, and butler, and housekeeper, and thus insure a well-ordered household; and because her seven substantial children were duly drilled through a daily portion of rice-pudding and spelling-book, and an annual distribution of mumps and measles! All went well at Beech Park; for Lady Lilfield was 'the excellent wife,' of 'a good sort of man!'

So bright an example of domestic merit—and what country neighbourhood cannot boast of its duplicate?—was naturally superior to seeking its pleasures in the vapid and varying novelties of modern fashion. The habits of Beech Park still affected the dignified and primeval purity of the departed century. Lady Lilfield remained true to her annual eight rural months of the county of Durham; against whose claims Kemp Town pleaded, and Spa and Baden bubbled in vain. During her pastoral seclusion, by a careful distribution of her stores of gossiping, she contrived to prose, in undetected tautology, to successive detachments of an extensive neighbourhood, concerning her London importance—her court dress—her dinner-parties—and her refusal to visit the Duchess of ——; while, during the reign of her London importance, she made it equally her duty to bore her select visiting list with the history of the new Beech Park school-house—of the Beech Park double dahlias—and of the Beech Park privilege of uniting, in an aristocratic dinner-party, the abhorrent heads of the rival political factions—the *Bianchi e Neri*—the houses of Montague and Capulet of the county palatine of Durham. By such minute sections of the wide chapter of colloquial boredom, Lady Lilfield acquired the character of being a very charming woman throughout her respectable clan of dinner-giving baronets and their wives; but the reputation of a very miracle of prosiness among those

Men of the world who know the world like men.

She was but a weed in the nobler field of society.

Exclusive London Life.

A squirrel in a cage, which pursues its monotonous round from summer to summer, as though it had forgotten the gay green-wood and glorious air of liberty, is not condemned to a more monotonous existence than the fashionable world in the unvarying routine of its amusements; and when a London beauty expands into ecstasies concerning the delights of London to some country neighbour on a foggy autumn day, vaguely alluding to the 'countless' pleasures and 'diversified' amusements of London, the country neighbour may be

assured that the truth is not in her. Nothing can be more minutely monotonous than the recreations of the really fashionable; monotony being, in fact, essential to that distinction. Tigers may amuse themselves in a thousand irregular diverting ways; but the career of a genuine exclusive is one to which a mill-horse would scarcely look for relief. London houses, London establishments, are formed after the same unvarying model. At the fifty or sixty balls to which she is to be indebted for the excitement of her season, the fine lady listens to the same band, is refreshed from a buffet prepared by the same skill, looks at the same diamonds, hears the same trivial observations; and but for an incident or two, the growth of her own follies, might find it difficult to point out the slightest difference between the fête of the countess on the first of June and that of the marquis on the first of July. But though twenty seasons' experience of these desolating facts might be expected to damp the ardour of certain dowagers and dandies who are to be found hurrying along the golden railroad year after year, it is not wonderful that the young girls their daughters should be easily allured from their dull school-rooms by fallacious promises of pleasure.

MRS FRANCES TROLLOPE.

Another keen observer and caustic delineator of modern manners, MRS FRANCES TROLLOPE, was the authoress of a long series of fictions. This lady had nearly reached her fiftieth year before she entered on that literary career which proved so prolific and distinguished. She first came before the public in 1832, when her *Domestic Manners of the Americans* appeared, and excited great attention. The work was the result of three years' residence and travels in the United States, commencing in 1829. Previous to this period, Mrs Trollope had resided at Harrow. She drew so severe a picture of American faults and foibles—of their want of delicacy, their affectations, drinking, coarse selfishness, and ridiculous peculiarities—that the whole nation was incensed at their English satirist. There is much exaggeration in Mrs Trollope's sketches; but having truth for their foundation, her book is supposed to have had some effect in reforming the 'minor morals' and social habits of the Americans. The same year our authoress continued her satiric portraits, in a novel entitled *The Refugee in America*, marked by the same traits as her former work, but exhibiting little art or talent in the construction of a fable. Mrs Trollope now tried new ground. In 1833, she published *The Abbess*, a novel; and in the following year, *Belgium and Western Germany in* 1833, countries where she found much more to gratify and interest her than in America, and where she travelled in generally good-humour. The only serious evil which Mrs Trollope seems to have encountered in Germany was the tobacco-smoke, which she vituperates with unwearied perseverance. In 1836 she renewed her war with the Americans in *The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw*, a tale in which she powerfully depicts the miseries of the black and coloured population of the Southern States. In this year, also, she published *Paris and the Parisians in* 1835. In 1837 appeared *The Vicar of Wrexhill*, her best novel, an able and interesting work, full of prejudices, but containing some excellent painting of manners and eccentricities. In 1838 our authoress appeared again as a traveller: *Vienna and the Austrians* was of the same cast as *Belgium and Germany*, but more deformed by prejudice. Between 1838 and 1843, Mrs Trollope threw off seven or eight novels, and an account of a *Visit to Italy*. The smart caustic style of our authoress was not so well adapted to the classic scenes, manners, and antiquities of Italy, as to the broader features of American life and character, and this work was not so successful as her previous publications. Returning to fiction, we find Mrs Trollope, as usual, abounding. Three novels, of three volumes each, were the produce of 1843—*Hargrave*, *Jessie Phillips*, and *The Laurringtons*. The first is a sketch of a man of fashion; the second, an attack on the new English poor-law; and the third, a lively satire on 'superior people,' the 'bustling Botherbys' of society. Other novels followed; but these later works of Mrs Trollope are much inferior to her early novels: the old characters are reproduced, and coarseness is too often substituted for strength. The indefatigable novelist died at Florence (where she had for several years resided) October 6, 1863, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

Mrs Trollope was born at Stapleton, near Bristol, daughter of the Rev. William Milton. She was married in 1809 to Thomas Anthony Trollope, a barrister, by whom she had six children. 'The wife of a barrister who had not been fortunate,' says the *Athenæum* (1863), 'Frances Trollope found herself, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish a home in America, here in England, with the world to begin again, a husband too ill to aid her, and children who needed aid and could as yet give none. Many men in like circumstances would have appealed to public charity, but the true woman's heart did not fail her. She wrote for bread, and reaped that and honour.' She has been honoured too in her surviving sons, Anthony and Thomas Adolphus Trollope.

MARGUERITE, COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

This lady, long known in the world of fashion and light literature, was born at Knockbrit, near Clonmel, September 1, 1790. Her father, Edmund Power, was a small proprietor in Ireland—a *squireen*—who is said to have forced his daughter, when only fifteen, into a marriage with a Captain Farmer. The marriage was unhappy; Marguerite left her husband, and Captain Farmer was accidentally killed. This was in 1817. In a few months afterwards, Marguerite was united to an Irish peer, Charles Gardiner, Earl of Blessington. Her rank, her beauty, and literary tastes now rendered her the centre of a brilliant circle, and the doting husband revelled in every species of extravagant display. In 1822 they set out on a continental tour. They visited Byron in Genoa; and Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron* (published after the death of the poet) present a faithful and interesting—though of course incomplete—picture of the noble bard. In May 1829, Lady Blessington was again left a widow, but with a jointure of about £2000 a year. A daughter of the deceased earl, by a former marriage, became the wife of Count Alfred D'Orsay, son of a French general officer, and remarkable for his handsome appearance and varied accomplishments. This marriage also proved unfortunate; the parties separated, and while the lady remained in Paris, the count accompanied Lady

Blessington to England. This connection was only broken by death. It gave rise to scandalous rumours, yet the countess and her friend maintained a conspicuous place in society. Count D'Orsay was the acknowledged leader of fashion, besides being an accomplished artist in both painting and sculpture. A career of gaiety and splendour soon involved the countess in debt. She then applied herself to literature, and produced several light sketchy works, now forgotten. Latterly, the popularity of the countess greatly declined. She was forced to break up her establishment in Gore House, Kensington; all was sold off, and Lady Blessington and D'Orsay repaired to Paris. She died June 4, 1849. The count survived her just three years. The most favourable—perhaps the truest—view of this once popular lady is thus given in the epitaph written for her tomb by Mr Procter (Barry Cornwall): 'In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men, famous for art and science, in distant lands sought her friendship; and the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters of her own country found an unfailing welcome in her ever-hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help and sympathy, and useful counsel; and she died lamented by many friends. Those who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over the place of her rest.'

MRS S. C. HALL.

MRS S. C. HALL, authoress of *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, and various other works, 'is a native of Wexford, though by her mother's side she is of Swiss descent. Her maiden name was Fielding, by which, however, she was unknown in the literary world, as her first work was not published till after her marriage to Samuel Carter Hall in 1824. She first quitted Ireland at the early age of fifteen, to reside with her mother in England, and it was some time before she revisited her native country; but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child have made such a vivid and lasting impression on her mind, and all her sketches evince so much freshness and vigour, that her readers might easily imagine she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. To her early absence from her native country is probably to be traced one strong characteristic of all her writings—the total absence of party feeling on subjects connected with politics or religion.'* Mrs Hall's first work appeared in 1829, and was entitled *Sketches of Irish Character*. These bear a closer resemblance to the tales of Miss Mitford than to the Irish stories of Banim or Griffin, and the works of Miss Edgeworth probably directed Mrs Hall to the peculiarities of Irish character. They contain some fine rural description, and are animated by a healthy tone of moral feeling and a vein of delicate humour. The coquetry of her Irish girls—very different from that in high life—is admirably depicted. In 1831 she issued a second series of *Sketches of Irish Character*, fully equal to the first, and which was well received. The Rapparee is an excellent story, and some of the satirical delineations are hit off with great truth and liveliness. In 1832 she ventured on a larger and more difficult work—an historical romance in three volumes, entitled *The Buccaneer*. The scene of this tale is laid in England at the time of the Protectorate, and Oliver himself is among the characters. The plot of *The Buccaneer* is well managed, and some of the characters—as that of Barbara Iverk, the Puritan—are skilfully delineated; but the work is too feminine, and has too little of energetic passion for the stormy times in which it is cast. In 1834 Mrs Hall published *Tales of Woman's Trials*, short stories of decidedly moral tendency, written in the happiest style of the authoress. In 1835 appeared *Uncle Horace*, a novel; and in 1838, *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, three volumes. The latter had been previously published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and enjoyed great popularity. The principal tale in the collection, *The Groves of Blarney*, was dramatised at one of the theatres with distinguished success. In 1840 Mrs Hall issued *Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes*, in which her knowledge of Irish character is again displayed. Katey Macane, an Irish cook, who adopts Marian, a foundling, and watches over her with untiring affection, is equal to any of the Irish portraitures since those of Miss Edgeworth. The next work of our authoress was a series of *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, contributed to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and afterwards published in a collected form. In 1840, Mrs Hall aided her husband in a work chiefly composed by him, and which reflects credit upon his talents and industry—*Ireland, its Scenery, Character*, &c. Topographical and statistical information is here blended with the poetical and romantic features of the country—the legends of the peasantry—scenes and characters of humour or pathos—and all that could be gathered in five separate tours through Ireland, added to early acquaintance and recollection of the country. The work was highly embellished by British artists, and extended to three large volumes. In 1845, Mrs Hall published what is considered by many her best novel, *The Whiteboy*—a striking Irish story—and a fairy tale, *Midsummer Eve;* in 1857, *A Woman's Story;* in 1862, *Can Wrong be Right?* in 1868–9, *The Fight of Faith*. To the *Art Journal*, conducted by her husband, Mrs Hall has contributed many pleasant and picturesque sketches, some of which have been collected and re-issued under the title of *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, *The Book of the Thames*, &c. Mrs Hall has also produced some pleasing children's books. In tasteful description of natural objects, and pictures of everyday life, Mrs Hall has few superiors. Her humour is not so broad or racy as that of Lady Morgan, nor her observations so exact and extensive as Miss Edgeworth's: her writings are also unequal, but in general they constitute easy delightful reading, and possess a simple truth and purity of sentiment.

Depending upon Others.

From *Sketches of Irish Character*.

'*Independence!*'—it is the word, of all others, that Irish—men, women, and children—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who 'love the land,' or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of

* *Dublin University Magazine* for 1840.

human-kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village, such as are abundant in every neighbourhood. Shane Thurlough, 'as dacent a boy,' and Shane's wife, as 'clane-skinned a girl,' as any in the world. There is Shane, an active handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him. 'Good-morrow, Shane!' 'Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady; and won't ye step in and rest—it 's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!' 'Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day; if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days.' 'Sure it 's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe; and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it; and *depinding* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.' 'But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one?' 'To Carrick! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground—saving your presence—for I *depinded* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue-maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it.' 'Where 's your pretty wife, Shane?' 'She 's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am, dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the faut this time anyhow. The child 's taken the small-pox, and she *depinded* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow-pox, and I *depinded* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, becase the boy 's her bachelor; but out o' sight, out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it natural, and the woman 's in heart trouble—to say nothing o' myself—and it the first, and all.' 'I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men.' 'That 's a true word, my lady, only she 's fidgety-like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.' 'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane.' 'Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too. I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. But where 's the good? says I; sure he 'll bring it next time.' 'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself.' 'Och, ma'am dear, don't mintion it; sure it 's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent-like: "Shane, you 've an eye to squire's new lodge," says he. "Maybe I have," says I. "I am yer man," says he. "How so?" says I. "Sure I 'm as good as married to my lady's maid," said he; "and I 'll spake to the squire for you my own self." "The blessing be about you," says I, quite grateful—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it—and, *depinding* on him, I thought all safe. And what d' ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the squire over, to be sure—and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle.' 'It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr Clurn.' 'That 's a true word for ye ma'am, dear; but it 's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depind* on.'

G. P. R. JAMES.

MR GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES was one of Scott's historical imitators. If he had not written so much—if, instead of employing an amanuensis, to whom he dictated his 'thick-coming fancies,' he had concentrated his whole powers on a few congenial subjects or periods of history, and resorted to the manual labour of penmanship as a drag-chain on the machine, he might have attained to the highest honours of this department of literature. As it is, he has furnished many light, agreeable, and picturesque books—none of questionable tendency. Mr James's first appearance as an author was made at the age of seventeen, when he published some eastern tales, entitled *The String of Pearls*. In 1822 he published a *History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince*. In 1825, he struck into that path in which he was so indefatigable, and produced his historical romance of *Richelieu*, a very attractive fiction. In 1830, he issued two romances, *Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold*, and *De L'Orme*. Next year he produced *Philip Augustus;* in 1832, a *History of Charlemagne*, and a tale, *Henry Masterton;* in 1833, *Mary of Burgundy, or the Revolt of Ghent;* in 1834, *The Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall;* in 1835, *One in a Thousand, or the Days of Henri Quatre*, and *The Gipsy, a Tale;* in 1837, *Attila*, a romance, and *The Life and Times of Louis XIV.;* in 1838, *The Huguenot, a Tale of the French Protestants*, and *The Robber;* in 1839, *Henry of Guise;* and other works of fiction of a similar character. Altogether, the original works of Mr James extend to one hundred and eighty-nine volumes, and he edited about a dozen more! 'There seems,' says a lively writer, 'to be no limit to his ingenuity, his faculty of getting up scenes and incidents, dilemmas, artifices, *contre-temps*, battles, skirmishes, disguises, escapes, trials, combats, adventures.' The sameness of the author's style and characters is, however, too marked to be pleasing.

Mr James was a native of London, born in the year 1801. He early commenced writing tales, encouraged by Washington Irving; and the success of *Richelieu* proved an incentive to exertion. During the reign of William IV., the honorary office of Historiographer of Great Britain was conferred upon him; but he afterwards relinquished it, and proceeded with his family to the United States. He was six years (from 1852 to 1858) consul at Richmond, Virginia; and at the expiration of that period, was appointed consul at Venice, which office he held till his death, June 6, 1860.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

Among our modern authors, the name of EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, afterwards LORD LYTTON, was long conspicuous. It is half a century since he appeared as an author, and during that time till his death there was, as Scott said of Byron, 'no reposing under the shade of his laurels—no living upon the resource of past reputation: his foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists.' He is remarkable also as having sought and obtained distinction in almost every department of literature—in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, philosophical essay, and political disquisition. Like Cowley, too, he is memorable as having appeared as an author, in a printed volume, in his fifteenth year. This early and indefatigable candidate for literary distinction enjoyed advantages in the circumstances of his birth, education, and for-

tune. He was born in May 1805, the youngest son of General Bulwer of Haydon Hall and Wood-Dalling, in the county of Norfolk. His mother, an amiable and accomplished woman, was of the ancient family of Lytton of Knebworth, in Hertfordshire; and on her death in 1843, the novelist succeeded to her valuable estate, and took the name of Lytton.* General Bulwer died in 1807, and the charge of his three sons fell to his widow, whose care and tenderness have been commemorated by the youngest and most distinguished of her children. 'From your graceful and accomplished taste,' says the novelist, in the dedication of his works to his mother, 'I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you who were my first guide were my earliest critic.' He is said to have written verses when he was only five or six years old. In June 1820, appeared his first volume, *Ismael, an Oriental Tale, with other Poems, written between the Age of Thirteen and Fifteen.* The boyish rhymes are, of course, merely imitative. His next public appearance was as the successful candidate for the prize poem in Cambridge University; he was then a fellow-commoner of Trinity Hall; and in 1825 he carried off the Chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem. The subject selected by Bulwer was Sculpture, and his verses are above the average of prize poems. The long vacation in his college terms was spent by our author in rambles over England and Scotland and France. In 1826 he published a volume of miscellaneous verse, entitled *Weeds and Wild Flowers;* and in 1827, a poetical narrative, called *O'Neill, or the Rebel.* The latter was in the style of Byron's *Corsair*, echoing the false sentiment and morbid feeling of the noble poet, but wanting the poetic ardour, condensed energy of expression, and graceful picturesqueness which gild, if they do not redeem, the errors of Byron's style. A love of poetry, however intense, even when combined with general literary talent and devoted study of the art 'unteachable, untaught,' will never make a poet; and of this truism Lytton Bulwer was a striking illustration. He returned again and again to his first love and early ambition, and at times seemed to be on the brink of complete success; yet, with all his toil and repeated efforts, he never was able to reach the summit of the sacred mount. The following is a favourable specimen of these poetic aspirations:

Eternal air—and thou, my mother earth,
Hallowed by shade and silence—and the birth
Of the young moon (now watching o'er the sleep
Of the dim mountains and the dreaming deep);
And by yon star, Heaven's eldest born—whose light
Calls the first smile upon the cheek of Night;
And beams and bodes, like faith beyond the tomb,
Life through the calm, and glory through the gloom;
My mother earth—and ye, her loftier race,
Midst whom my soul hath held its dwelling-place;
Rivers, and rocks, and valleys, and ye shades
Which sleep at noonday o'er the haunted glades
Made musical by waters and the breeze,
All idly dallying with the glowing trees;
And songs of birds which, ever as they fly,
Breathe soul and gladness to the summer sky;
Ye courts of Nature, where aloof and lone
She sits and reigns with darkness for her throne;
Mysterious temples of the breathing God,
If 'mid your might my earliest steps have trod;
If in mine inmost spirit still are stored
The wild deep memories childhood most adored;
If still amid the drought and waste of years,
Ye hold the source of smiles and pangless tears:
Will ye not yet inspire me?—for my heart
Beats low and languid—and this idle art,
Which I have summoned for an idle end,
Forsakes and flies me like a faithless friend.
Are all your voices silent? I have made
My home as erst amid your thickest shade:
And even now your soft air from above
Breathes on my temples like a sister's love.
Ah! could it bring the freshness of the day
When first my young heart lingered o'er its lay,
Fain would this wintry soul and frozen string
Recall one wind—one whisper from the spring!

In the same year, 1827, Bulwer published his first novel, *Falkland*, a highly coloured tale of love and passion, calculated to excite and inflame, and evidently based on admiration of the peculiar genius and seductive errors of Byron. Taking up the style of the fashionable novels—rendered popular by Theodore Hook, but then on the wane—Bulwer next came forward with *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, 1828. This is a novel full of brilliant and witty writing, sarcastic levity, representations of the manners of the great, piquant remark, and scenes of intrigue and passion. There was a want of skill in the construction of the story, for the tragic and satirical parts were not well adjusted; but the picture of a man of fashion—a Charles Surface of the nineteenth century—was attractive, and a second edition of *Pelham* was called for in a few months. Towards the close of the same year, Bulwer issued another novel, *The Disowned*, intended by the author to contain 'scenes of more exciting interest and vivid colouring, thoughts less superficially expressed, passions more energetically called forth, and a more sensible and pervading moral tendency.' This was aiming at a high mark; but the labour was too apparent. The scene of the novel was laid in the last century—the days of Chesterfield, George Selwyn, and Horace Walpole; but it had no peculiar character or appropriate illustration, and consequently did not attain to the popularity of *Pelham*. *Devereux, a Novel*, 1829, was a more finished performance. 'The lighter portion,' said one of the critics in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'does not dispute the field with the deeper and more sombre, but follows gracefully by its side, relieving and heightening it. We move, indeed, among the great, but it is the great of other times—names familiar in our mouths—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans; amidst manners perhaps as frivolous as those of the day, but which the gentle

* His full name, like that of his brother-novelist, Mr James, might serve in point of length for a Spanish hidalgo. It was Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer Lytton. His brother, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer (in 1871 raised to the peerage as Lord Dalling and Bulwer, and who died in 1872), was a well-known diplomatist, and author of several works—*An Autumn in Greece; France, Social and Literary; The Monarchy of the Middle Classes;* a *Life of Lord Byron*, prefixed to a Paris edition of the poet's works; *Historical Characters, Life of Lord Palmerston*, &c. Lord Dalling was described as 'the prop and pillar of the Palmerstonian policy in the East.' In 1827 Lord Lytton was married to Rosina, daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq. of Lizzard Connel, county of Limerick—an unhappy connection which was soon dissolved. The lady wrote several novels not deficient in talent, but wild and extravagant. The issue of this marriage was a son and daughter. The latter died in 1848; the former, Edward Robert, now Lord Lytton, has already been noticed as a poet.

touch of time has already invested with an antiquarian dignity; the passions of men, the machinery of great motives and universal feelings, occupy the front; the humours, the affections, the petty badges of sects and individuals, retire into the shadows of the background: no undercurrent of persiflage or epicurean indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which refreshes its pictures of life with living waters; its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and undeviating faith.' In 1830 Bulwer brought out another work of fiction, *Paul Clifford*, the hero being a romantic highwayman, familiar with the haunts of low vice and dissipation, but afterwards transformed and elevated by the influence of love. Parts are ably written, but the general effect of the novel was undoubtedly injurious to the public taste and morals. The author seemed to be sinking into a representative of the artificial, unnatural school—an embodiment of Moore's sentimentalist—

> A fine, sallow, sublime sort of Werther-faced man,
> With moustaches that gave—what we read of so oft—
> The dear Corsair expression, half-savage, half-soft.

And with this sickly sentimentalism there was a great deal of prolix description. The love of satire, which had mingled largely in all Bulwer's works, took a more definite shape in 1831, in *The Siamese Twins*, a poem satirical of fashion, of travellers, of politicians, London notoriety, and various other things, discussed or glanced at in sportive or bitter mood, and in verses that flow easily, and occasionally express vigorous and lively thoughts. Among the miscellaneous poems that follow *The Siamese Twins*, is one entitled *Milton*, which was subsequently corrected and enlarged, and is unquestionably Bulwer's best poetical production. He tried fiction again—the poetical satire having proved a comparative failure—and produced, in 1831, *Eugene Aram*, a story of English life, founded on the history of the clever murderer of that name. This novel was suggested to Bulwer, and partly sketched out, by Godwin. The character of the sordid but ingenious Eugene Aram is idealised by the fancy of the novelist. He is made an enthusiastic student and amiable visionary. The humbling part of his crime was, he says, 'its low calculations, its poor defence, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy: these made his chiefest penance.' Unconscious that detection was close at hand, Aram is preparing to wed an interesting and noble-minded woman, the generous Madeline; and the scenes connected with this ill-fated passion possess a strong and tragical interest. Throughout the work are scattered some beautiful moral reflections and descriptions, imbued with poetical feeling and expression. What lover of literature, for example, does not sympathise with this passage?

Admiration of Genius.

There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own. Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world—a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion—for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains!—dies with him.

There was strong interest, though a want of simplicity and nature, in *Eugene Aram;* but Bulwer's next novel, *Godolphin*, published anonymously, was in all respects an inferior work. About this time, he undertook the management of the *New Monthly Magazine*—which had attained a high reputation under the editorship of Campbell—and published in that work several essays and criticisms, subsequently collected and issued under the title of *The Student.* In 1833 appeared his *England and the English*, a series of observations on society, literature, the aristocracy, travelling, and other characteristics and peculiarities of the English people. Some of these are acute and clever, but many are tinged with prejudice, and a desire to appear original and sarcastic. *The Pilgrims of the Rhine* (1834)—a fanciful and beautifully illustrated work—was Bulwer's next offering; and it was almost immediately afterwards succeeded by one of his best romances, *The Last Days of Pompeii.* This brilliant and interesting classic story was followed by one still more vigorous and masterly, the tale of *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes*, which is the most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's romantic fictions. His tendency to minute and prolonged description is, in these works, relieved by the associations connected with his story, and by historical information, while the reader's interest in the characters and incidents is seldom permitted to flag. Bulwer might then be said to have attained the acme of popularity as an imaginative writer, but he was still to appear as a master of the English domestic novel.

Ambitious of shining in politics as in literature, our author had obtained a seat in the House of Commons. In 1831 he was returned for the borough of St Ives, and in the following year for the city of Lincoln, which he continued to represent until the year 1842. He was a supporter of extreme Reform principles; and in 1835 he conferred a signal favour on his party by a political pamphlet, entitled *The Crisis*, which had almost unexampled success. Lord Melbourne, in return for this powerful support, offered Bulwer an appointment in his administration. He declined to accept office; but in 1838 the honour of a baronetcy was conferred upon him. He afterwards greatly modified his political opinions—conscientiously, there is every reason to believe—and in 1852 he was returned as a Conservative member for Hertfordshire, the county in which his property was situated. His few parliamentary speeches were able and comprehensive. They evinced little of the partisan or keen debater, but were marked by a thoughtful earnestness, and by large and liberal views of our national interests and

dependencies. In politics, he was still the man of letters—not a political adventurer; and in the busiest portions of his public life, literature was never neglected.

In 1837 appeared Bulwer's novel of *Ernest Maltravers*. He designed this story to illustrate 'what, though rare in novels, is common in human life—the affliction of the good, the triumph of the unprincipled.' The character of Maltravers is far from pleasing; and Alice Darvil is evidently a copy from Byron's Haidee. Ferrers, the villain of the tale, is also a Byronic creation; and, on the whole, the violent contrasts and gloomy delineations of this novel render it more akin to the spurious offspring of sentimental romance, than to the family of the genuine English novel. A continuation of this work was given in the following year, under the title of *Alice, or the Mysteries*, with no improvement as to literary power or correct moral philosophy, but still containing some fresh and exquisite descriptions, and delightful portraiture. His next work was *Athens*, partly historical and partly philosophical. In the same year (1838) we had *Leila, or the Siege of Granada*, and *Calderon the Courtier*—light and sketchy productions. Passing over the dramas of Bulwer, we come to *Night and Morning*, a novel with a clear and simple plot, and some good characters. Gawtrey, a swindler, is well drawn, and the account of his death affords a specimen of the novelist's 'scenic' style. Gawtrey is the chief of a gang of coiners in Paris; they are detected, and Gawtrey, with his associate Morton, is pursued to the attic in which they live.

Death of Gawtrey the Coiner.

At both doors now were heard the sound of voices. 'Open, in the king's name, or expect no mercy!' 'Hist!' said Gawtrey. 'One way yet—the window—the rope.'

Morton opened the casement—Gawtrey uncoiled the rope. The dawn was breaking; it was light in the streets, but all seemed quiet without. The doors reeled and shook beneath the pressure of the pursuers. Gawtrey flung the rope across the street to the opposite parapet; after two or three efforts, the grappling-hook caught firm hold—the perilous path was made.

'Go first,' said Morton; 'I will not leave you now; you will be longer getting across than I shall. I will keep guard till you are over.'

'Hark! hark!—are you mad? *You* keep guard! What is your strength to mine? Twenty men shall not move that door, while my weight is against it. Quick, or you destroy us both! Besides, you will hold the rope for me; it may not be strong enough for my bulk of itself. Stay!—stay one moment. If you escape, and I fall—Fanny—my father, he will take care of her—you remember—thanks! Forgive me all! Go; that 's right!'

With a firm pulse, Morton threw himself on that dreadful bridge; it swung and crackled at his weight. Shifting his grasp rapidly—holding his breath—with set teeth—with closed eyes—he moved on—he gained the parapet—he stood safe on the opposite side. And, now straining his eyes across, he saw through the open casement into the chamber he had just quitted. Gawtrey was still standing against the door to the principal staircase, for that of the two was the weaker and the more assailed. Presently the explosion of a firearm was heard; they had shot through the panel. Gawtrey seemed wounded, for he staggered forward, and uttered a fierce cry; a moment more, and he gained the window—he seized the rope—he hung over the tremendous depth! Morton knelt by the parapet, holding the grappling-hook in its place, with convulsive grasp, and fixing his eyes, bloodshot with fear and suspense, on the huge bulk that clung for life to that slender cord!

'*Le voilà! le voilà!*' cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtrey; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprung upon the parapet, and Gawtrey, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol—Gawtrey arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of the law shuddered as they eyed him; his hair bristling—his cheek white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eyes glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half laugh, half yell—of scorn and glee, broke from Gawtrey's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet.

'You are saved!' cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage, and despair, and agony, appalled even the hardiest on whose ear it came. Morton sprung to his feet, and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass—the strong man of passion and levity—the giant who had played with life and soul, as an infant with the baubles that it prizes and breaks—was what the Cæsar and the leper alike are, when all clay is without God's breath—what glory, genius, power, and beauty, would be for ever and for ever, if there were no God!

This novel of *Night and Morning* was followed by *Day and Night, Lights and Shadows, Glimmer and Gloom*, an affected title to a picturesque and interesting story. *Zanoni*, 1842, is more unconnected in plot and vicious in style than the previous fictions of Bulwer, and possesses no strong or permanent interest. *Eva, the Ill-omened Marriage, and other Tales and Poems*, 1842, was another attempt of our author to achieve poetical honours, ever present to his imagination, but, like the flowers on the mountain cliff,

Not to be come at by the willing hand.

We give, however, from the volume a happy definition:

Talent and Genius.

Talent convinces—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
Genius, the sudden Iris of the skies,
On cloud itself reflects its wondrous dyes:
And, to the earth, in tears and glory given,
Clasps in its airy arch the pomp of Heaven!
Talent gives all that vulgar critics need—
From its plain horn-book learn the dull to read;
Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull—
From eyes profane a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask—'What Hamlet means?'

The next work of our author was *The Last of the Barons*, 1843, an historical romance, describing the times of Warwick the King-maker, and containing the most beautiful of Bulwer's female creations, the character of Sybill. Though too much elaborated in some parts, and even dreary as a story, this romance, viewed as a whole, is a powerful and great work. In 1844 the novelist appeared as a translator: he gave to the world a version of Schiller's poems—executed carefully, as all Bulwer's works are, and occasionally with poetic spirit and felicity. He then ventured on an original poetical work, *The New Timon*, a poem partly satirical and partly narrative, which he issued anonymously, the first part appearing at Christmas 1845, and three others being subsequently added. *Timon* is a romance of London, exhibiting, on the groundwork of an improbable plot, sketches of the leading public men and authors of the metropolis—eulogising some, vituperating others, and dealing about praise and censure with a degree of rashness, levity, and bad taste almost inconceivable in so practised a writer and so accomplished a man. Among those whom he assailed, both in verse and prose, was Alfred Tennyson, who was designated 'School Miss Alfred;' and the poetry of the laureate—so highly original, refined, and suggestive—was classed among

> The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
> Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats.

That the satirist was unable to appreciate the works of Wordsworth, Keats, or Tennyson, is incredible. We must impute this *escapade* to a desire to say smart and severe things, as Pope and Byron had said before him, and to try his artistic hand in a line of authorship sure to attract attention. The disguise of the *New Timon* was seen through, and 'Miss Alfred' is believed to have rebuked the audacity of the assailant in a very masculine reply.* But whatever were his affectations or blunders, Bulwer persevered, and he at last wrought out works worthy of his fame. His next novel, however, was not a happy effort. *Lucretia, or the Children of Night*, was written to exhibit some of the workings of the arch-ruler of civilisation, Money, 'which ruins virtues in the spendthrift, no less than engenders vices in the miser.' The subject is treated in a melodramatic style, with much morbid sentiment and unnecessary horrors; and the public condemnation of the tale was so emphatic, that Sir Edward (who was tremblingly alive to criticism on his works) deemed it necessary to reply in *A Word to the Public*. In this pamphlet the novelist sought to vindicate the moral tendency of his tales, and to defend the introduction of crime and terror in works of fiction. His reasoning was just in the abstract, but had no particular reference to the story in question, which was defective as a work of art; and, notwithstanding his defence, Sir Edward, in a subsequent edition, modified some of the incidents and details. As a contrast to *Lucretia*, he next presented the public with a tale of English domestic life, *The Caxtons, a Family Picture*, which appeared in monthly parts in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and in 1849 was collected and issued in the usual three-volume form. Free from all mysticism and terror, and abounding in humour, quaint fancies, and delineation of character, this work was highly successful. The characters were modelled upon the creations of Sterne—the head of the family being a simple, learned, absent recluse, who speculates like Mr Shandy; while his brother the half-pay captain, his son Pisistratus—the historian of the family—his gentle, affectionate wife, and the eccentric family doctor, are all more or less copies from the elder novelist, retaining much of his genial spirit, whim, and satire, but with none of his grossness. While this work was in progress, delighting the readers of the magazine, its untiring author issued another historical romance, *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*, a story of love and war, of Gothic and Celtic superstitions and character, presenting much animated description, though somewhat overlaid with archæological details. The same year (1848), alternating, as before, poetical with prose fiction, and again assuming the anonymous guise, Sir Edward came forward with the first part of a metrical romance, *King Arthur, by the Author of the New Timon*. The concluding portion was published early in 1849, and with it the name of the author was given. A serio-comic legendary poem in twelve books was a bold experiment. Sir Edward had bestowed on the work much thought and labour. It exhibits a great amount of research, of curious mythological and Scandinavian lore, and of ingenious allusions to modern events and characters, mixed up with allegorical and romantic incidents. We have the wandering king sent out by Merlin in quest of chivalrous adventures, guided by his emblematic silver dove (love), and protected by his magic sword (heroic patriotism) and by his silver shield (freedom). He vanquishes, of course, all enemies, and ranges through all regions, having also his ladye-love, Ægle, a fair maid of Etruria. But with all its variety, its ingenuity, and learned lore, *King Arthur* is found to be tedious. The charm of human interest is wanting, and the vivifying soul of poetry which lightens up the allegories of Spenser and Ariosto is absent from the pages of their modern imitator.

* We know him, out of Shakspeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke—
The Old Timon with his noble heart,
That strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old; here comes the New:
Regard him—a familiar face;
I thought we knew him. What! it 's you,
The padded man that wears the stays;

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote:
O Lion, you that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*. . . .

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what the hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to sting.

An artist, sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame. . . .

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?. . .

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest—
That fierce old man—to take his name,
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest.

Punch, 1846.

The blending of satire and comic scenes with romantic fable, though sanctioned by the example of Ariosto, was also a perilous attempt; and we cannot say that the covert descriptions of Louis-Philippe, Guizot, or the Parisian February revolution, are either very just or very effective. Here is the portrait of the French minister:

With brow deject, the mournful Vandal took
Occasion prompt to leave his royal guest,
And sought a friend who served him, as a book
Read in our illness, in our health dismissed;
For seldom did the Vandal condescend
To that poor drudge which monarchs call a friend!

And yet Astutio was a man of worth
Before the brain had reasoned out the heart;
But now he learned to look upon the earth
As peddling hucksters look upon the mart;
Took souls for wares, and conscience for a till;
And damned his fame to save his master's will.

Much lore he had in men, and states, and things,
And kept his memory mapped in prim precision,
With histories, laws, and pedigrees of kings,
And moral saws, which ran through each division,
All neatly coloured with appropriate hue—
The histories black, the morals heavenly blue!

But state-craft, mainly, was his pride and boast;
The 'golden medium' was his guiding star,
Which means, 'move on until you're uppermost,
And then things can't be better than they are!'
Brief, in two rules he summed the ends of man—
'Keep all you have, and try for all you can!'

In 1851 Bulwer wrote a comedy, *Not so Bad as we Seem*, which was performed at Devonshire House, in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art—an institution for decayed and destitute authors and artists, projected by Charles Dickens and others, but which proved a failure. The Queen and Prince Consort were present at this dramatic representation, and among the amateur performers were Dickens, Forster, R. H. Horne, Mark Lemon, and Frank Stone.

The later works of this eminent author fulfilled the promise of healthful moral feeling, and the more complete mastery of his intellectual resources, indicated in the family picture of the Caxtons. *My Novel, or Varieties of English Life*, 1853, and *What will He Do with It?* 1858, are genuine English stories, uniting the characteristics of town and country life, and presenting the contrasts of national character. His country squires and clergymen are perhaps too good, and his manufacturers and borough Radicals too coarse and vulgar. He views society too exclusively from the atmosphere of Almack's and May Fair. He is also more apt to describe his characters than to develop them in action and dialogue; and his digressions, though always ingenious, even when they are pedantic and egotistic, are sometimes misplaced. These are his most prominent defects or drawbacks. But there is so much variety in his portraits, so much to delight the fancy and exercise the understanding, that it is on these English tales, as we conceive, that the novelist's fame will ultimately rest. His *Caxtoniana*, a series of essays (1863) and contributions to the Reviews, are also worthy of his reputation. In the course of his long career he exhibited an amazing versatility of intellect and noble perseverance. He worked himself free of the pruriency and affectations of his early manner, and displayed the matured powers of the artist, with deeper and broader sympathies, and a wiser philosophy of human life.

In 1853 Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer received from the university of Oxford the degree of D.C.L.; in 1856 he was elected Rector of the university of Glasgow; and in 1858 he joined the administration of the Earl of Derby as Secretary for Colonial Affairs. In 1866 he was elevated to the peerage as Baron Lytton. His literary industry was never relaxed. He successively produced *The Lost Tales of Miletus*, a collection of ancient legends in original rhythmical strophes (1866); a translation of *Horace's Odes* (1869); *Walpole, or Every Man has his Price*, a rhyming comedy (1869); and *The Coming Race* (1870). The last is a narrative of imaginary travels; it was published anonymously, and excited much attention and speculation, running rapidly through several editions. In this curious work Lord Lytton seems to have been indebted for some hints to a Latin work by Holberg, the Danish poet, *Nicolai Klimnii Iter Subterrâneum*, of which a translation is given in Weber's Popular Romances. Both profess to be the narrative of an underground journey, the countries that are the scene of the travels being alike situated in the interior of the earth. In 1872-3, a novel, *The Parisians*, appeared in monthly parts in *Blackwood's Magazine;* and Lord Lytton had just completed another work, *Kenelm Chillingly*, when his busy career terminated. He was seized with a severe pain—a terrible agony—from inflammation in the ear and head, which in three days proved fatal. He died at Torquay on the 18th of January 1873, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The sudden death of Lord Lytton was much regretted. He was at the head of our literature, with the single exception of Mr Carlyle; his works were popular over all Europe, and his fertility and industry seemed unabated. His son, the present Lord Lytton, has, with a just pride, said of his father: 'Whether as an author, standing apart from all literary cliques and coteries, or as a politician, never wholly subject to the exclusive dictation of any political party, he always thought and acted in sympathy with every popular aspiration for the political, social, and intellectual improvement of the whole national life.'* Lord Lytton left an unfinished romance, *Pausanias, the Spartan*, which was published (edited by his son) in 1876.

Imagination on Canvas and in Books.

It is when we compare works of imagination in writing with works of imagination on the canvas, that we can best form a critical idea of the different schools which exist in each; for common both to the author and the painter are those styles which we call the familiar, the picturesque, and the intellectual. By recurring to this comparison, we can without much difficulty classify works of fiction in their proper order, and estimate the rank they should severally hold. The intellectual will probably never be the most widely popular for the moment. He who prefers to study in this school, must be prepared for much depreciation, for its greatest excellences, even if he achieve them, are not the most obvious to the many. In discussing, for instance, a modern work, we hear it praised, perhaps,

* Prefatory Memoir to *Speeches of Edward, Lord Lytton*, 1874.

for some striking passage, some prominent character; but when do we ever hear any comment on its harmony of construction, on its fitness of design, on its ideal character, on its essentials—in short, as a work of art? What we hear most valued in a picture, we often find the most neglected in a book—namely, *the composition;* and this, simply, because in England painting is recognised as an art, and estimated according to definite theories. But in literature, we judge from a taste never formed—from a thousand prejudices and ignorant predilections. We do not yet comprehend that the author is an artist, and that the true rules of art by which he should be tested are precise and immutable. Hence the singular and fantastic caprices of the popular opinion—its exaggerations of praise or censure—its passion and reaction. These violent fluctuations betray both a public and a criticism utterly unschooled in the elementary principles of literary art, and entitle the humblest author to dispute the censure of the hour, while they ought to render the greatest suspicious of its praise.

It is, then, in conformity, not with any presumptuous conviction of his own superiority, but with his common experience and common sense, that every author who addresses an English audience in serious earnest, is permitted to feel that his final sentence rests not with the jury before which he is first heard. The literary history of the day consists of a series of judgments set aside.

But this uncertainty must more essentially betide every student, however lowly, in the school I have called the intellectual, which must ever be more or less at variance with the popular canons; it is its hard necessity to use and disturb the lazy quietude of vulgar taste, for unless it did so, it could neither elevate nor move. He who resigns the Dutch art for the Italian, must continue through the dark to explore the principles upon which he founds his design—to which he adapts his execution; in hope or in despondence, still faithful to the theory which cares less for the amount of interest created, than for the sources from which the interest is to be drawn—seeking in action the movement of the prouder passions or the subtler springs of conduct—seeking in repose the colouring of intellectual beauty.

The low and the high of art are not very readily comprehended; they depend not upon the worldly degree or the physical condition of the characters delineated; they depend entirely upon the quality of the emotion which the characters are intended to excite; namely, whether of sympathy for something low, or of admiration for something high. There is nothing high in a boor's head by Teniers—there is nothing low in a boor's head by Guido. What makes the difference between the two? The absence or presence of the ideal! But every one can judge of the merit of the first, for it is of the familiar school; it requires a connoisseur to see the merit of the last, for it is of the intellectual.

Power and Genius—Idols of Imagination.

From *The Last of the Barons.*

The father and child seated themselves on the parapet, and saw, below, the gay and numerous vessels that glided over the sparkling river, while the dark walls of Baynard's Castle, the adjoining bulwark and battlements of Montfichet, and the tall watch-tower of Warwick's mighty mansion, frowned, in the distance, against the soft blue sky.

'There,' said Adam quietly, and pointing to the feudal roofs—'there seems to rise power; and yonder' (glancing to the river)—'yonder seems to flow genius! A century or so hence, the walls shall vanish, but the river shall roll on. Man makes the castle, and founds the power—God forms the river, and creates the genius. And yet, Sybill, there may be streams as broad and stately as yonder Thames, that flow afar in the waste, never seen, never heard by man. What profits the river unmarked? what the genius never to be known?'

It was not a common thing with Adam Warner to be thus eloquent. Usually silent and absorbed, it was not his gift to moralise or declaim. His soul must be deeply moved before the profound and buried sentiment within it could escape into words.

Sybill pressed her father's hand, and, though her own heart was very heavy, she forced her lips to smile, and her voice to soothe. Adam interrupted her.

'Child, child, ye women know not what presses darkest and most bitterly on the minds of men. You know not what it is to form out of immaterial things some abstract but glorious object—to worship—to serve it—to sacrifice to it, as on an altar, youth, health, hope, life—and suddenly, in old age, to see that the idol was a phantom, a mockery, a shadow laughing us to scorn, because we have sought to clasp it.'

'O yes, father, women have known that illusion.'

'What! Do they study?'

'No, father, but they feel!'

'Feel! I comprehend thee not.'

'As man's genius to him, is woman's heart to her,' answered Sybill, her dark and deep eyes suffused with tears. 'Doth not the heart create—invent? Doth it not dream? Doth it not form its idol out of air? Goeth it not forth into the future, to prophesy to itself? And, sooner or later, in age or youth, doth it not wake itself at last, and see how it hath wasted its all on follies? Yes, father, my heart can answer, when thy genius would complain.'

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

MR W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, son of a solicitor in Manchester, was born in 1805. He has written several novels and romances, partly founded on English history and manners. His first novel, *Sir John Chiverton*, appeared in 1825. His next work, *Rookwood*, 1834, is a very animated narrative, in which the adventures of Turpin the highwayman are graphically related, and some of the vulgar superstitions of the last century coloured with a tinge of romance. In the interest and rapidity of his scenes and adventures, Mr Ainsworth evinced a dramatic power and art, but no originality or felicity of humour or character. His romance, *Crichton*, 1836, is founded on the marvellous history of the Scottish cavalier, but is scarcely equal to the first. He has since written *Jack Sheppard* (1839), a sort of Newgate romance, *The Tower of London, Guy Fawkes, Old St Paul's, Windsor Castle, The Lancashire Witches, The Star Chamber, The Flitch of Bacon, The Spendthrift*, &c. There are rich, copious, and brilliant descriptions in some of these works, but their tendency must be reprobated. To portray scenes of low successful villainy, and to paint ghastly and hideous details of human suffering, can be no elevating task for a man of genius, nor one likely to promote among novel-readers a healthy tone of moral feeling or sentiment. The story of *Jack Sheppard*, illustrated by the pencil of Cruikshank, had immense success, and was dramatised.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

The RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, son of Mr Isaac D'Israeli, author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, was born in London, December 21, 1804. He was privately educated, and placed in a solicitor's office, in order to give him some knowledge

of business. His inclination, however, was for literature, not law, and in 1826 he appeared as an author, publishing *Vivian Grey*, a novel in two volumes. A second part was added in the following year. The work was read with great avidity. It contained so many and such direct references to public men and recent events—such sarcastic views of society and character in high life—and was at once so arrogant, egotistic, and clever, that it became the book of the season and the talk of the town. Passages of glowing sentiment and happy description gave evidence of poetic feeling and imagination. In 1828, the young novelist continued his vein of sarcasm in *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla*, an adaptation of Swift's *Gulliver* to modern times and circumstances. He then sought out new scenes abroad, travelling over Italy and Greece, residing for a winter in Constantinople, and exploring Syria, Egypt, and Nubia. On his return to England, Mr Disraeli began to mingle in the political contests and excitement caused by the Reform Bill and the advent of the Whigs to power. He was ambitious of a seat in parliament, and made three unsuccessful efforts for this purpose—the first two as an extreme Reformer, and the third in the character of a Conservative. He quarrelled with O'Connell and Joseph Hume, wrote furious letters against all gainsayers, and sent a challenge to O'Connell's son. He then became the Coryphæus of the party denominated 'Young England,' and professed to look for the elements of national regeneration and welfare in the exertions and energies of the 'heroic youth' of the country. From 1830 to 1833 he produced several works of fiction—*The Young Duke*, *Contarini Fleming*, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, *The Rise of Iskander*, *Ixion in Heaven*, &c. The best of these is *Contarini Fleming*, which he afterwards termed *The Psychological Romance*. Though in the highest degree improbable as a story, and exaggerated in tone and sentiment, passages of fine imagination, satire, and description abound in this romance. The hero seemed to be a self-delineation of the author—an idealised Disraeli, revelling in scenes of future greatness, baffling foreign diplomatists and political intriguers, and trampling down all opposition by the brilliancy of his intellect and the force of his will. In *Alroy*, the author's imagination ran to waste. It is written in a strain of Eastern hyperbole, in a sort of lyrical prose, and is without purpose, coherence, or interest. Nothing daunted by the ridicule heaped on this work, Mr Disraeli made a still bolder flight next year. In 1834 appeared, in quarto, *The Revolutionary Epick, the Work of Disraeli the Younger, Author of The Psychological Romance*. Such a title was eminently provocative of ridicule, and the feeling was heightened by the preface, in which the author stated that his poem was suggested on the plains of Troy, but that 'the poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his time.' He instanced the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, the *Divine Comedy*, and the *Paradise Lost*, adding: 'And the Spirit of my Time, shall it alone be uncelebrated? For me remains the *Revolutionary Epick*.' Accordingly, the Genius of Feudalism and the Genius of Federalism are made to appear before the throne of Demogorgon, to plead in blank verse the cause of their separate political systems, and Faith and Fealty and 'Young England' are triumphant. No work of Mr Disraeli's was ever without some passage of originality or power, and a few of the monologues and descriptions in this epic are wrought up with considerable effect; but on the whole it is heavy and incongruous, and was universally considered a failure. Some political dissertations succeeded—*The Crisis Examined*, *Vindication of the English Constitution*, *Letters of Runnymede*, &c. These are strongly anti-Whiggish, written after the model of Junius, and abound in elaborate sarcasm and invective, occasionally degenerating into bombast, but with traces of that command of humorous illustration which afterwards distinguished Mr Disraeli as a parliamentary debater. The years 1836 and 1837 were marked by the production of two more novels—*Henrietta Temple, a Love Story*, and *Venetia*. The former is one of the most pleasing and consistent of the author's fictions; the second is an attempt to portray the characters of Byron and Shelley in connection with a series of improbable incidents. Shortly after the appearance of his tale of *Venetia*, its author was gratified by the acquisition of that long-coveted honour, a seat in parliament. He was returned for the borough of Maidstone, along with Mr Wyndham Lewis, who died in 1838; and in the following year Mr Disraeli married the widow of his late colleague, who, in 1868, was elevated to the peerage with the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield. Mr Disraeli's first speech was looked forward to with some interest, for he had menaced O'Connell with the threat, 'We shall meet at Philippi,' and had piqued the public curiosity by his political reveries and bold satire; so that a performance rich in amusement, if not one of high triumph, was anticipated. In style and delivery the speech resembled Mr Disraeli's oriental magnificence: it was received with shouts of derisive laughter, in the midst of which the speaker fairly broke down, but in conclusion he thundered out with prophetic sagacity: 'I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when *you will* hear me.' It was long, however, before he ventured on a second attempt; and when he did come forward again on that trying arena, it was obvious that he had profited by the failure and by the subsequent discipline it had led him to undertake. It is not within our province to review the political career of Mr Disraeli. In time his talent, or rather genius, took a practical shape; his taste and ambition were chastened, and his efforts as a politician and debater were crowned with brilliant success. 'It is a common opinion,' as he has himself said, 'that a man cannot at the same time be successful both in meditation and in action. But in life it is wisest to judge men individually, and not decide upon them by general rules. The common opinion in this instance may be very often correct; but where it fails to apply its influence, may involve us in fatal mistakes. A literary man who is a man of action is a two-edged weapon; nor should it be forgotten that Caius Julius and Frederick the Great were both eminently literary characters, and yet were perhaps the two most distinguished men of action of ancient and modern times.' Before the novelist had succeeded in realising this rare combination, he continued his literary labours. In 1839 he produced a tragedy, *Alcaros*, which is alike deficient in poetic power

and artistic skill. In 1844 and 1845 he was successful with two semi-political novels, *Coningsby, or the New Generation*, and *Sybil, or the Two Nations*. The former was a daring attempt to portray the public men of his own times—to delineate the excesses of the Marquis of Hertford, the subserviency and Irish assurance of Mr John Wilson Croker (Rigby), the tuft-hunting and dissipation of Theodore Hook, and the political influence and social life of men like the Duke of Rutland and Lord Lonsdale. The lower class of trading politicians and supple subordinates was well drawn in the trio Messrs Earwig, Tadpole, and Taper; while the doctrines of 'Young England' were exemplified in the hero, Coningsby (the Hon. Mr Smythe), in Sidonia the Jew (obviously Mr Disraeli himself), and in the various dialogues and episodes scattered throughout the work. Pictures of high life and fashionable frivolities vary the graver scenes, and defects in our domestic institutions and arrangements are commented upon in the author's pointed and epigrammatic style. These opinions of the 'new generation' are often false in sentiment and utterly impracticable—such as the proposed revival of May-games and other rustic sports, with profuse hospitality on the part of land-owners—while the historical retrospects of public affairs and English rulers are glaringly partial and unjust. The same defects characterise *Sybil*, but with less interest in the narrative portions of the work. It is, indeed, more strictly a collection of political essays and conversations than a novel. One peculiarity in these works, and one which has become characteristic of Mr Disraeli, is his chivalrous defence of the Jews. Touched by hereditary associations and poetic fancy, he places the Hebrew race above all others. But even in their day of power the Jews yielded to various conquerors, and their depressed political condition cannot but be regarded as a proof of inferiority. The next flight of our author was towards the East. *Tancred, or the New Crusade*, 1847, is extravagant and absurd in its whole conception and plot, yet contains some gorgeous descriptions of oriental life and scenery. The hero, Tancred, a young English nobleman, desires to 'penetrate the great Asian mystery,' and travels over the Holy Land, encountering perils and adventures; he fights, loves, and meditates; but in the end, when the reader expects to be able to 'pluck the heart out of this great mystery,' the English father and mother appear in Jerusalem, and bear off the errant and enthusiastic crusader. With this second 'wild and wondrous tale' Mr Disraeli's career as a novelist closed for a quarter of a century. He was now immersed in politics, and conspicuous as a debater. When Sir Robert Peel avowed and acted upon his conversion to the principles of free-trade, he was assailed, night after night, by Mr Disraeli in speeches memorable for their bitterness, their concentrated sarcasm, and studied invective. No minister since Walpole had been so incessantly and perseveringly attacked. He denounced Sir Robert Peel as the head of an 'organised hypocrisy,' and as a politician who had 'found the Whigs bathing, and stolen their clothes.' The Opposition at this time was led by Lord George Bentinck; and when the chief was cut off by a sudden and premature death, Mr Disraeli commemorated his services in a volume entitled *Lord George Bentinck, a Political Biography*, 1851. A few months after this period, the Earl of Derby was called upon to form a Conservative administration, and Mr Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. He retired with his party after about nine months' possession of office; but when Lord Derby returned again to power in 1858, Mr Disraeli resumed his former important appointment. In 1859, the defeat of the administration again led to his retirement. In February 1868 he attained the highest parliamentary distinction—he was appointed first Lord of the Treasury or Premier. This office he held till December of the same year, when the Conservative administration was supplanted by that of Mr Gladstone. In 1870 Mr Disraeli astonished the world by appearing again as a novelist—author of *Lothair*, the weakest of all his novels, yet the one which has had the greatest circulation. In 1874 Mr Disraeli was once more restored to his high office of First Minister of the Crown, and in 1876 he was called to the House of Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield.

The Principle of Utility.

'In this country,' said Sidonia, 'since the peace, there has been an attempt to advocate a reconstruction of society on a purely rational basis. The principle of utility has been powerfully developed. I speak not with lightness of the labours of the disciples of that school. I bow to intellect in every form: and we should be grateful to any school of philosophers, even if we disagree with them; doubly grateful in this country, where for so long a period our statesmen were in so pitiable an arrear of public intelligence. There has been an attempt to reconstruct society on a basis of material motives and calculations. It has failed. It must ultimately have failed under any circumstances: its failure in an ancient and densely peopled kingdom was inevitable. How limited is human reason, the profoundest inquirers are most conscious. We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not reason that besieged Troy; it was not reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world; that inspired the Crusades; that instituted the monastic orders; it was not reason that produced the Jesuits; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.' 'And you think, then, that as imagination once subdued the state, imagination may now save it?' 'Man is made to adore and to obey: but if you will not command him—if you give him nothing to worship—he will fashion his own divinities, and find a chieftain in his own passions.' 'But where can we find faith in a nation of sectaries? Who can feel loyalty to a sovereign of Downing Street?' 'I speak of the eternal principles of human nature; you answer me with the passing accidents of the hour. Sects rise and sects disappear. Where are the Fifth-monarchy men? England is governed by Downing Street: once it was governed by Alfred and Elizabeth.'

Jerusalem.—From 'Tancred.'

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome:

for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolan and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city! There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin Church; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek; Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian—these also are Christian churches which cannot call him child.

He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel, because he, in common with all the people of that isle, recognises in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer. Then why does he come alone? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science, to repair first to a spot, which all his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock hither. Then why do they not now? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed? Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths? The land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles? The land of prophets and apostles? Is it not the land upon whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed with man, and the flesh of whose anointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at the powers of evil? Is it to be believed that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others—that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Attica or Rome?

There may be some who maintain this; there have been some, and those, too, among the wisest and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that oriental intellect to which they owed their civilisation, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago, Europe made a violent and apparently successful effort to disembarrass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilised of its kingdoms, about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom, the divine image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions; while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples, and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name, and memory, and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling at this moment at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had not actively shared in that insurrection against the first and second Testament which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom

they considered infidels! and now, instead of the third crusade, they expend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem, on which such vast treasure, such prodigies of valour, and such ardent belief had been wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the Holy Sepulchre, than any of the invading host of Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognised the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor. In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century, the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him, as, with all their brilliant qualities and all the sympathy of Europe, was the final doom of the Godfreys, the Baldwins, and the Lusignans.

The Hebrew Race.—From 'Coningsby.'

'You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place; a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the Life of Mohammed. But for the German professors of this race, their name is Legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone. I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious. A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now there has been no friendship between the court of St Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it, and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, has not been very agreeable to the czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St Petersburg. I had on my arrival an interview with the Russian minister of finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuovo Christiano, a Jew of Aragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid I went straight to Paris, to consult the president of the French council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of hosts?'—'And is Soult a Hebrew?'—'Yes, and several of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example—his real name was Manasseh.—But to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and meditative capacity. We fixed on Prussia, and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages to what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes. Favoured by nature and by nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel; they are our Olynthians, our Philippics. Favoured by nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature, we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles—after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled—deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled—we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery; during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon, and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? And as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza! But the passionate and creative genius that is the nearest link to divinity, and which no human tyrant can destroy, though it can divert it—that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence—has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations—the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted—have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of music; that science of harmonious sounds which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past; though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children, under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, springs from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds, to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your "Muscadins" of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering homage to the sweet singers of Israel.'

Pictures of Swiss Scenery and of the City of Venice.

It was in Switzerland that I first felt how constantly to contemplate sublime creation develops the poetic

power. It was here that I first began to study nature. Those forests of black gigantic pines rising out of the deep snows; those tall white cataracts, leaping like headstrong youth into the world, and dashing from their precipices as if allured by the beautiful delusion of their own rainbow mist; those mighty clouds sailing beneath my feet, or clinging to the bosoms of the dark green mountains, or boiling up like a spell from the invisible and unfathomable depths; the fell avalanche, fleet as a spirit of evil, terrific when its sound suddenly breaks upon the almighty silence, scarcely less terrible when we gaze upon its crumbling and pallid frame, varied only by the presence of one or two blasted firs; the head of a mountain loosening from its brother peak, rooting up, in the roar of its rapid rush, a whole forest of pines, and covering the earth for miles with elephantine masses; the supernatural extent of landscape that opens to us new worlds; the strong eagles and the strange wild birds that suddenly cross you in your path, and stare, and shrieking fly—and all the soft sights of joy and loveliness that mingle with these sublime and savage spectacles, the rich pastures and the numerous flocks, and the golden bees and the wild-flowers, and the carved and painted cottages, and the simple manners and the primeval grace —wherever I moved, I was in turn appalled or enchanted; but whatever I beheld, new images ever sprang up in my mind, and new feelings ever crowded on my fancy. . . .

If I were to assign the particular quality which conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sound disturbs your reveries; fancy, therefore, is not put to flight. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel everything. And we feel thus keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in wonderful creations of art, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in their more various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influence over the imagination than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all this in a city too, which, although her lustre be indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love—these are the Graces that have invested with an ever-charming cestus this Aphrodite of cities.

SAMUEL WARREN.

In vivid painting of the passions, and depicting scenes of modern life, the tales of MR SAMUEL WARREN (born in Denbighshire in 1807) enjoyed on their appearance a high degree of popularity. His *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, two volumes, 1837, contain many touching and beautiful stories. His *Ten Thousand a Year* (1841), though in some parts ridiculously exaggerated, and liable to the suspicion of being a satire upon the middle classes, is also an amusing and able novel. The same remark applies to his third work of fiction, *Now and Then* (1847). After the Great Exhibition of 1851, Mr Warren published a slight work, *The Lily and the Bee*, which was almost inconceivably puerile and absurd. In 1854 he produced a work on the *Moral and Intellectual Development of the Age*. He has contributed various articles to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and has written several professional works, besides editing *Blackstone's Commentaries*. In 1859 Mr Warren was appointed one of the two Masters in Lunacy.

MRS BRAY.

MRS ANNA ELIZA BRAY has written several novels, and other works, descriptive and biographical. A native of Devonshire, this lady became in 1818 the wife of Mr Charles Stothard, author of *The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain;* and on the premature death of Mr Stothard, his widow published Memoirs of his life. She was afterwards married to the Rev. Mr Bray, vicar of Tavistock. The novels of Mrs Bray are—*De Foix, or Sketches of Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century*, 1826; *The White Hoods*, 1828; *The Protestant*, 1829; *Fitz of Fitzford; Henry de Pomeroy; Talba, or the Moor of Portugal; Trelawney of Trelawney; Trials of Domestic Life;* &c. Mrs Bray has also published *Traditions and Sketches of Devonshire* (being a series of letters addressed to Southey the poet); *Tours in Normandy and Switzerland;* and a *Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A.*, 1851. In 1844 a collected edition of Mrs Bray's works of fiction was published in ten volumes. She has since added several works—*Life of Handel*, 1857; *The Good St Louis and his Times; Hartland Forest*, 1871; &c.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER.

MR CROKER (1798–1854) was one of the most industrious and tasteful collectors of the legendary lore, the poetical traditions, and antiquities of Ireland. He was a native of Cork—a city famous also as the birthplace of Maginn, Maclise, and Mahony (Father Prout). In 1824 appeared Mr Croker's *Researches in the South of Ireland;* in 1825, the first portion of his *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, to which two additional volumes were added in 1827. His other works are—*Legends of the Lakes, or Sayings and Doings at Killarney*, two volumes, 1828; *Daniel O'Rourke, or Rhymes of a Pantomime founded on that Story*, 1829; *Barney Mahoney*, 1832; *My Village versus Our Village*, 1832; *Popular Songs of Ireland*, 1839; *Historical Songs of Ireland*, 1841; &c. Mr Croker edited various works illustrative of the history of his country. He held the office of clerk in the Admiralty, to which he had been appointed through the influence of his countryman and namesake, John Wilson Croker. The tales of *Barney Mahoney* and *My Village* are Mr Crofton Croker's only strictly original works. Neither is of the first class. Miss Mitford, in *Our Village*, may have occasionally dressed or represented her village *en vaudeville*, like the back-scene of a theatre, but Mr Croker in *My Village* errs on the opposite side. He gives us a series of Dutch paintings, too little relieved by imagination or passion to excite or gratify the curiosity of the reader. He is happiest among the fanciful legends of his native country, treasuring up their romantic features, quoting fragments of song, describing a lake or ruin, hitting off a dialogue or merry jest, and chronicling the peculiarities of his countrymen in their humours, their superstition, and rustic simplicity. The following is related by one of his characters:

The Last of the Irish Serpents.

Sure everybody has heard tell of the blessed St Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he 'bothered

all the varmint' entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, or made to drown himself. St Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and shew his teeth at him like anything. 'Oh,' says St Patrick, says he, 'where 's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I 'm going to civilise the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.' The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine boults upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. ''Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.' 'I thank you kindly, St Patrick, for your civility,' says the sarpint; 'but I think it 's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. 'Too small!' says St Patrick: 'stop, if you please,' says he; 'you're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I 'll tell you what,' says he, 'I 'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there 'll be plenty of room for you.' The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he; 'I 've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does St Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St Patrick began at once to boult the nine iron boults. 'Oh, murder! won't you let me out, St Patrick?' says the sarpint; 'I 've lost the bet fairly, and I 'll pay you the gallon like a man.' 'Let you out, my darling?' says St Patrick; 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man (continued Picket) besides myself has heard the sarpint crying out from within the chest under the water: 'Is it to-morrow yet?—is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be.—And that's the way St Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Few authors succeed in achieving so brilliant a reputation as that which was secured by MR CHARLES DICKENS in a few years. The sale of his works has been almost unexampled, and several of them have been translated into various languages, including even the Dutch and Russian. Writings so universally popular must appeal to passions and tastes common to mankind in every country, and at the same time must possess originality, novelty of style or subject, and force of delineation. Mr Dickens was born February 7, 1812, at Landport, in Portsea, in that middle rank of English life, within and below which his sympathies and powers as a novelist were bounded. His father was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, and was then stationed in the Portsmouth Dockyard. He was a good-natured thriftless man; but both he and his wife lived to enjoy the prosperity of their celebrated son. Charles was the second in a family of eight children, two of whom died in infancy, and only one of whom (a sister) survived her distinguished brother. When only two years old, Charles was brought with his parents to London; but their home was soon afterwards again changed, as the elder Dickens was placed upon duty in Chatham. There Charles lived till he was about nine years of age, and made his first acquaintance with *Don Quixote* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, with *Gil Blas*, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphry Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Arabian Nights*, and *Tales of the Genii*, some of the essayists, and Mrs Inchbald's collection of farces. The dramatic spirit was always strong in him. The family was again moved to London; and the circumstances of the elder Dickens getting embarrassed, he was before long imprisoned in the Marshalsea for debt. Almost everything in the house was by degrees sold or pawned, the books among other things, and little Charles was the agent in these sorrowful transactions. About the same time a relative of the family took a share in a blacking warehouse, which was started in opposition to 'Warren's Blacking.' Charles, then a weakly, sensitive child, was sent to work in this establishment at a wage of six or seven shillings a week, his occupation being to cover the blacking-pots with paper. In a fragment of autobiography which he left unpublished, Charles describes his wretchedness at this time. It does not appear that he was over-wrought or received unkind treatment, but a sense of degradation settled on his mind, his lively imagination intensified the misery of his situation, and he suffered bitterly while suffering in silence. He was only eleven or twelve years old when he left this uncongenial employment. Writing about a quarter of a century afterwards, he says: 'From that hour till this my father and my mother have been stricken dumb upon it. I have never heard the least allusion to it, however far off and remote, from either of them. I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with any one, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain which I then dropped, thank God.' He adds that he never had the courage to go back to the place where his servitude began (about Hungerford Stairs) until the very nature of the ground was changed! The bitterness with which Dickens speaks of this portion of his life, and of the seeming neglect of his parents, appears rather the reflection of what he felt in after-life, in the midst of his success, than what he experienced at the time. It reminds us of Swift's recollection of what he deemed the sordid parsimony and neglect of his uncle, on whose protection he was thrown. In both cases there was an unhealthy morbid feeling. The affairs of the elder Dickens afterwards improved a little, and Charles was put to school. When about fifteen he was placed in an attorney's office among the inferior grade of young clerks. Having probably small prospect of advancement there, he took to the study of short-hand, frequented the British Museum, and read diligently. 'Pray, Mr Dickens,' said a friend one day to the young student's father, 'where was your son educated?'

'Why, indeed, sir—ha! ha!—he may be said to have educated himself.' In *Pickwick*, Mr Weller speaks in a similar strain about his hopeful son Sam: 'I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was wery young, and shift for his-self.' Charles got to practise as a reporter in the law-courts, his father having also taken to it in aid of the family resources. At the age of nineteen the persevering youth made his way into the Gallery of the House of Commons, first as a reporter for the *True Sun*, and afterwards for the *Morning Chronicle*. At this employment Dickens distinguished himself: out of eighty or ninety reporters he was acknowledged as the best. The situation was one calculated to sharpen his faculties and store his mind with miscellaneous information. Parliamentary reporting is more of a mental than mechanical labour. To the power of writing rapidly, there must be joined quickness of apprehension, judgment to select and condense, and a degree of imagination, ready sympathy, or dramatic talent which identifies the reporter with the speaker, and enables him to render his meaning faithfully and vividly. The difficulty is, to find the mechanical art combined with the intellectual qualifications; but these Dickens possessed in perfection. The Reporters' Gallery was a good field of discipline and observation for the future novelist, and out of it, in his long unemployed forenoons, he had the range of the world of London—its oddities, humours, streets and houses—which he made his favourite study. One day he ventured to drop a story he had written into the letter-box of the *Old Monthly Magazine;* it appeared in all the glory of print; and the young author followed it up with other sketches, signed 'Boz,' which appeared in that magazine and in the *Evening Chronicle*. In consideration of the *Chronicle* sketches, his salary was raised from five to seven guineas a week.

The year 1836 was a memorable one in Dickens's career. In that year he collected into two volumes the first series of *Sketches by Boz*, for the copyright of which he received £150, and which was repurchased next year for £2000! On 31st March he commenced the *Pickwick Papers*, the foundation of his fame. On the 2d of April he was married to Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr George Hogarth, one of his fellow-workers on the *Chronicle*. In August he closed his connection with the Reporters' Gallery, trusting henceforth to literature as a profession; and in the same month he agreed to edit *Bentley's Miscellany* (which was to be started in the following January), and to contribute to it a serial story; and before the year was out he had written two dramatic pieces—*The Strange Gentleman*, a farce, acted in September, and *The Village Coquettes*, an opera, performed in December 1836. *Pickwick* was commenced with illustrations by a comic draughtsman named Seymour; but between the first and second number, the artist, in some moment of despondency, committed suicide. Another artist, Mr Hablot Browne, was procured, and continued the illustrations under the name of 'Phiz.' Boz and Phiz, after the first four or five numbers, became the rage of the town. The sale before the close of the work had risen to 40,000! Though defective in plan and arrangement, as Dickens himself admits—in fact, originally intended as only a representation of a club of oddities—the characters, incidents, and dialogues in this new series of sketches were irresistibly ludicrous and attractive. Criticism was lost in laughter. The hero, Pickwick, is almost as genial, unsophisticated, and original as My Uncle Toby; while his man, Sam Weller, and Sam's father, Mr Weller, senior, were types of low life new to fiction. They were caricatures, as every one saw; but so many curious traits of character were depicted, with such overflowing, broad, kindly humour, felicities of phrase and slang expression, and such a mass of comic incidents and details, that the effect of the whole was to place Dickens at one bound at the head of all his contemporary novelists. The pictorial accompaniments aided greatly in the success of the work. What Boz conceived and described, Phiz represented with truth, spirit, and individuality. The intimate acquaintance evinced in *Pickwick* with the middle and low life of London, and of the tricks and knavery of legal and medical pretenders, the arts of bookmakers, and generally of particular classes and usages common to large cities, was a novelty in our literature. It was a restoration of the spirit of Hogarth adapted to the times in which the story appeared. 'So much cant,' as one of Dickens's critics remarks, 'had been in fashion about the wisdom of our ancestors, the glorious constitution, the wise balance of King, Lords, and Commons, and other such topics, which are embalmed in the *Noodle's Oration*, that a large class of people were ready to hail with intense satisfaction the advent of a writer who naturally, and without an effort, bantered everything in the world, from elections and law-courts, down to Cockney sportsmen, the boots at an inn, cooks and chambermaids.'

In the midst of the brilliant success of *Pickwick* a personal sorrow occurred, which illustrates the keen sensibility of the novelist. His wife's younger sister, Mary, who lived with them, and had made herself 'the ideal of his life,' died with a terrible suddenness that completely bore him down. The publication of *Pickwick* was interrupted for two months, the effort of writing it not being possible to him.* This Mary appears to have been the original of his Agnes in *David Copperfield*, in which novel he embodied much of his own early career and experiences.

While *Pickwick* was in progress, *Oliver Twist* was in course of publication in *Bentley's Miscellany*. It is a story of outlaw English life—of vice, wretchedness, and misery. The hero is an orphan brought up by the parish, and thrown among scenes and characters of the lowest and worst description. That he should not, under such training, have become utterly callous and debased, is an improbability which the author does not well get over; but the interest of the story is admirably sustained. The character of the ruffian Sikes, and the detail of his atrocities, particularly his murder of the girl Nancy, are brought out with extraordinary effect. The descriptive passages evince that close observation and skilful management of detail in which Dickens never fails, except when he attempts scenes in high life, or is led to carry his humour or pathos into the region of caricature. Take, for example, the following account of a scene of death witnessed by

* Forster's *Life of Dickens*. The epitaph of this young lady, written by Dickens, remains upon a gravestone in the cemetery at Kensal Green: 'Young, beautiful, and good, God in His mercy numbered her among His angels at the early age of seventeen.'

Oliver while acting in the capacity of attendant to an undertaker :

Death and Funeral of a Pauper.

There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him, and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess, opposite the door, there lay upon the ground something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy *felt* that it was a corpse.

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man; they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

'Nobody shall go near her,' said the man, starting fiercely up as the undertaker approached the recess. 'Keep back!—keep back, if you 've a life to lose!'

'Nonsense, my good man,' said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes—'nonsense!'

'I tell you,' said the man, clenching his hands and stamping furiously on the floor—'I tell you I won't have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her—she is so worn away.'

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving, but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

'Ah!' said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; 'kneel down, kneel down; kneel round her, every one of you, and mark my words. I say she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark! She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets, and they sent me to prison. When I came back she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it—they starved her!' He twined his hands in his hair, and with a loud scream rolled grovelling upon the floor, his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and having unloosened the man's cravat, who still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

'She was my daughter,' said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer more ghastly than even the presence of death itself. 'Lord, Lord! well, it *is* strange that I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it; it 's as good as a play, as good as a play!'

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

'Stop, stop!' said the old woman in a loud whisper. 'Will she be buried to-morrow, or next day, or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak; a good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go! Never mind: send some bread; only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?' she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat as he once more moved towards the door.

'Yes, yes,' said the undertaker; 'of course; anything, everything.' He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

The next day—the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr Bumble himself—Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode, where Mr Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down-stairs into the street.

'Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady,' whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; 'we are rather late, and it won't do to keep the clergyman waiting.—Move on, my men—as quick as you like.'

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on under their light burden, and the two mourners kept as near them as they could. Mr Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not so long as his master's, ran by the side.

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard in which the nettles grew and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived, and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay, with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him and read the paper.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr Bumble then thrashed a boy or two, to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial-service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

'Now, Bill,' said Sowerberry to the grave-digger, 'fill up.'

It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so full that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

'Come, my good fellow,' said Bumble, tapping the man on the back; 'they want to shut up the yard.'

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave-side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak—which the undertaker

had taken off—to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

'Well, Oliver,' said Sowerberry, as they walked home, 'how do you like it?'

'Pretty well, thank you, sir,' replied Oliver with considerable hesitation. 'Not very much, sir.'

'Ah! you'll get used to it in time, Oliver,' said Sowerberry. 'Nothing, when you *are* used to it, my boy.'

Oliver wondered in his own mind whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr Sowerberry used to it; but he thought it better not to ask the question, and walked back to the shop, thinking over all he had seen and heard.

Dickens's next work, *Nicholas Nickleby*, was also published in monthly numbers, 1838–39, and was no less extensively read. The plan of this work is more regular and connected than that of *Pickwick*, and the interest of the narrative is well sustained. The pedagogue Squeers, and his seminary of Dotheboys Hall, is one of the most amusing and graphic of English satirical delineations; and the picture it presents of imposture, ignorance, and brutal cupidity, is known to have been little, if at all, caricatured. The exposure was a public benefit. The ludicrous account of Mr Crummles and his theatrical company will occur to the reader as another of Dickens's happiest conceptions, though it is pushed into the region of farce. In several of our author's works there appears a minute knowledge of dramatic rules and stage affairs. He took great interest and pleasure in the business of the drama. As an amateur comedian—in which he occasionally appeared for benevolent objects—he is described as having been equal to the old masters of the stage, such as Charles Lamb loved to see and write about; and doubtless some of his defects as well as excellences as a novelist may be traced to this predilection. To paint strongly to the eye, and produce striking contrasts of a pathetic or grotesque description—to exaggerate individual oddities and traits of character, as marking individuals or classes—are almost inseparable from dramatic representation. Dickens was soon independent of all criticism. He was a recognised master of English fiction, and critics and readers alike looked forward with anxiety to each successive appearance of the popular novelist. In 1840, he commenced a new literary project, entitled *Master Humphrey's Clock*, designed, like the *Tales of My Landlord*, to comprise different tales under one general title, and joined by one connecting narrative. The outline was by no means prepossessing; but as soon as the reader had got through this exterior scaffolding, and entered on the first story, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, there was no lack of interest. The effects of gambling are depicted with great force. There is something very striking in the conception of the helpless old gamester, tottering upon the verge of the grave, and at that period when most of our other passions are as much worn out as the frame which sustains them, still maddened with that terrible infatuation, which seems to shoot up stronger and stronger as every other desire and energy dies away. Little Nell, the grandchild, is a beautiful creation of pure-mindedness and innocence, yet with those habits of pensive reflection, and that firmness and energy of mind, which misfortune will often ingraft on the otherwise buoyant and unthinking spirit of childhood; and the contrast between her and her grandfather, now dwindled in every respect but the one into a second childhood, and comforted, directed, and sustained by her unshrinking firmness and love, is very finely managed. The death of Nell is the most pathetic and touching of the author's serious passages—it is also instructive in its pathos, for we feel with the author, that 'when Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.' The horrors of the almost hopeless want which too often prevails in the great manufacturing towns, and the wild and reckless despair which it engenders, are described with equal mastery of colouring and effect. The account of the wretch whose whole life had been spent in watching, day and night, a furnace, until he imagined it to be a living being, and its roaring the voice of the only friend he had ever known, although grotesque, has something in it very terrible: we may smile at the wildness, yet shudder at the horror of the fancy. A second story, *Barnaby Rudge*, is included in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, and this also contains some excellent minute painting, a variety of broad humour and laughable caricature, with some masterly scenes of passion and description. The account of the excesses committed during Lord George Gordon's riots in 1780 may vie with Scott's narrative of the Porteous Mob; and poor Barnaby Rudge with his raven may be considered as no unworthy companion to Davie Gellatley. There is also a picture of an old English inn, the *Maypole*, near Epping Forest, and an old innkeeper, John Willet, which is perfect in its kind—such, perhaps, as only Dickens could have painted, though Washington Irving might have made the first etching. Of the success of this work and of its author, we have a passing glimpse in one of Lord Jeffrey's letters, dated May 4, 1841: 'I have seen a good deal of Charles Dickens, with whom I have struck up what I mean to be an eternal and intimate friendship. I often sit an hour *tête-à-tête* or take a long walk in the park with him—the only way really to know or be known by either man or woman. Taken in this way, I think him very amiable and agreeable. In mixed company, where he is now much sought after as a lion, he is rather reserved, &c. He has dined here, and me with him, at rather too sumptuous a dinner for a man with a family, and only beginning to be rich, though selling 44,000 copies of his weekly [monthly] issues.' *

In 1841 Dickens was entertained to a great public dinner in Edinburgh, Professor Wilson in the chair; after which he made a tour in the

* *Life of Lord Jeffrey*, vol. ii. p. 338. In fact 60,000 copies of *Master Humphrey* were printed at first, and many thousands afterwards. Jeffrey's letters shew the affectionate interest which the then aged critic took in the fame and prosperity of the young novelist.

Highlands, visiting Glencoe and neighbouring scenery—'tremendous wilds, really fearful in their grandeur and amazing solitude.' Next year he made a trip to America, of which he published an account in 1842, under the somewhat quaint title of *American Notes for General Circulation*. This work disappointed the author's admirers, who may be considered as forming nearly the whole of the reading public. The field had already been well gleaned, the American character and institutions frequently described and generally understood, and Dickens could not hope to add to our knowledge on any of the great topics connected with the condition or future destinies of the New World. His descriptive passages (as that on the Falls of Niagara) are often overdone. The newspaper press he describes as corrupt and debased beyond any experience or conception in this country. He also joins with Captain Basil Hall, Mrs Trollope, and Captain Marryat, in representing the social state and morality of the people as low and dangerous, destitute of high principle or generosity. So acute and practised an observer as Dickens could not travel without noting many oddities of character and viewing familiar objects in a new light. The following is a sketch of an *original* met with by our author on board a Pittsburg canal-boat:

A Man from the Brown Forests of the Mississippi.

A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabbish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey; indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there of course it stops, the passengers being conveyed across it by land-carriage, and taken on afterwards by another canal-boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boat; one is called the *Express*, and one—a cheaper one—the *Pioneer*. The *Pioneer* gets first to the mountain, and waits for the *Express* people to come up, both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the *Express* company, but when we had crossed the mountain, and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draft all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases, but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but, being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck—we were nearly all on deck—and, without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows: 'This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with down-easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure nohow; and no two ways about *that;* and so I tell you. Now, I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If down-easters and men of Boston raising like this, I am glad of it, but I'm none of that raising, nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is.' At the end of every one of these short sentences, he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away were got rid of. When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, 'Much obliged to you, sir:' whereunto the brown forester—waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before—replied: 'No, you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have pinted out the way. Down-easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am;' and so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services, and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburg, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance: '*I* an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi. *I* am!' I am inclined to argue from this that he had never left off saying so.

Another American sketch is full of heart:

The Bustling, Affectionate, little American Woman.

There was a little woman on board with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St Louis in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months, having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was; and all day long she wondered whether 'he' would be at the wharf; and whether 'he' had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, 'he' would know it, meeting it in the street; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely, that all the other lady-passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you, inquiring every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen-dried, apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lapdog), old enough to moralise on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest when the little woman called it

by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him, in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good-humour, tied a handkerchief round her head, and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shewn by the single ones, and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last there were the lights of St Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps; and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear 'him' asking for her—but I did not see her do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats to find a landing-place; and everybody looked for the husband, and nobody saw him, when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there!—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow; and in a moment afterwards there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin to look at the baby as he lay asleep!

In the course of the year 1843, Dickens entered upon a new tale, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which many of his American reminiscences are embodied. The quackeries of architects are admirably ridiculed in the character of Pecksniff; and the nurse, Mrs Gamp, with her *eidolon*, Mrs Harris, is one of the most finished and original of the author's portraits. About Christmas of the same year the fertile author threw off a light production in his happiest manner, *A Christmas Carol, in Prose*, which enjoyed vast popularity, and was dramatised at the London theatres. A goblin story, *The Chimes*, greeted the Christmas of 1844; and a fairy tale, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, was ready for the same genial season in 1845. These little annual stories are imbued with excellent feeling, and are redolent of both tenderness and humour. A residence in Italy furnished Dickens with materials for a series of sketches, originally published in a new morning paper, *The Daily News*, which was for a short time under the charge of our author: they were afterwards collected and republished in a volume, bearing the title of *Pictures from Italy*, 1846. It is perhaps characteristic of Dickens that Rome reminded him of London!

We began in a perfect fever to strain our eyes for Rome; and when, after another mile or two, the Eternal City appeared, at length, in the distance, it looked like—I am half afraid to write the word—London. There it lay under a thick cloud, with innumerable towers, and steeples, and roofs of houses rising up into the sky, and high above them all, one dome. I swear that, keenly as I felt the seeming absurdity of the comparison, it was so like London, at that distance, that if you could have shewn it me in a glass, I should have taken it for nothing else.

Though of the slightest texture, and generally short, these Italian pictures of Dickens are not unworthy of his graphic pencil. We extract his concluding sentences:

Farewell to Italy.

Beyond the walls [of Florence] the whole sweet valley of the Arno, the convent at Fiesole, the tower of Galileo, Boccaccio's house, old villas, and retreats; innumerable spots of interest, all glowing in a landscape of surpassing beauty steeped in the richest light, are spread before us. Returning from so much brightness, how solemn and how grand the streets again, with their great, dark, mournful palaces, and many legends—not of siege, and war, and might, and Iron Hand alone, but of the triumphant growth of peaceful arts and sciences.

What light is shed upon the world at this day, from amidst these rugged palaces of Florence! Here, open to all comers, in their beautiful and calm retreats, the ancient sculptors are immortal, side by side with Michael Angelo, Canova, Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, poets, historians, philosophers—those illustrious men of history, beside whom its crowned heads and harnessed warriors shew so poor and small, and are so soon forgotten. Here, the imperishable part of noble minds survives, placid and equal, when strongholds of assault and defence are overthrown; when the tyranny of the many, or the few, or both, is but a tale; when pride and power are so much cloistered dust. The fire within the stern streets, and among the massive palaces and towers, kindled by rays from heaven, is still burning brightly, when the flickering of war is extinguished, and the household fires of generations have decayed; as thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the hour, have faded out of the old squares and public haunts, while the nameless Florentine lady, preserved from oblivion by a painter's hand, yet lives on in enduring grace and truth.

Let us look back on Florence while we may, and when its shining dome is seen no more, go travelling through cheerful Tuscany, with a bright remembrance of it; for Italy will be the fairer for the recollection. The summer time being come; and Genoa, and Milan, and the Lake of Como lying far behind us; and we resting at Faido, a Swiss village, near the awful rocks and mountains, the everlasting snows and roaring cataracts, of the Great St Gothard, hearing the Italian tongue for the last time on this journey: let us part from Italy, with all its miseries and wrongs, affectionately, in our admiration of the beauties, natural and artificial, of which it is full to overflowing, and in our tenderness towards a people naturally well disposed, and patient, and sweet-tempered. Years of neglect, oppression, and misrule, have been at work, to change their nature and reduce their spirit; miserable jealousies fomented by petty princes to whom union was destruction, and division strength, have been a canker at the root of their nationality, and have barbarised their language; but the good that was in them ever, is in them yet, and a noble people may be one day raised up from these ashes. Let us entertain that hope! And let us not remember Italy the less regardfully, because in every fragment of her fallen temples, and every stone of her deserted palaces and prisons, she helps to inculcate the lesson that the wheel of Time is rolling for an end, and that the world is, in all great essentials, better, gentler, more forbearing, and more hopeful as it rolls!

The novelist afterwards visited Switzerland, and resided several summers in France; and his letters written during these residences abroad, have all the liveliness, humour, and interest of his published works. In 1848 appeared his novel of *Dombey and Son*, and in 1850, *David Copperfield*, perhaps the most perfect, natural, and agreeable of his novels. In this story, Dickens introduced much of his own life and experience, his father

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

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sitting for the character of Micawber, one of the most humorous and finished of his portraitures. In his next work, *Bleak House*, he also drew from living originals—Savage Landor and Leigh Hunt. The latter, though a faithful, was a depreciatory sketch, and led to much remark, which its author regretted. In 1850, Dickens commenced a literary periodical, *Household Words*, which he carried on with marked success until 1859, when, in consequence of a disagreement with his publishers (in which Dickens was clearly and decidedly in the wrong), he discontinued it, and established another journal of the same kind, under the title of *All the Year Round*. His novels subsequent to *Bleak House* were—*Hard Times*, 1854; *Little Dorrit*, 1855; *A Tale of Two Cities*, 1859; *Great Expectations*, 1861; *Our Mutual Friend*, 1865. During part of this time, he was engaged in giving public readings from his works, by which he realised large sums of money,* and gratified thousands of his admirers in England, Ireland, and Scotland. He also extended his readings to America, having revisited that country in 1867, and met with a brilliant reception. His health, however, suffered from the excitement and fatigue of these readings, into which he threw a great amount of dramatic power and physical energy. The combined effects of a love of money and a love of applause urged him on incessantly long after he should have ceased. He gave his final reading in London, March 15, 1870, and in the same month appeared the first part of a new novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which promised to be one of the best of his long file of fictions. About half of this novel was written, when its author one afternoon, whilst at dinner, was struck down by an attack of apoplexy. He lingered in a state of unconsciousness for about twenty-four hours, and died on the evening of the 9th of June 1870. He was interred in Westminster Abbey. The sudden death of an author so popular and so thoroughly national, was lamented by all classes, from the sovereign downwards, as a personal calamity. It was not merely as a humorist—though that was his great distinguishing characteristic—that Charles Dickens obtained such unexampled popularity. He was a public instructor, a reformer, and moralist. 'Ah!' said he, speaking of the glories of Venice, 'when I saw those places, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift one's self above the dust of all the doges in their graves, and stand upon a giant's staircase that Samson couldn't overthrow!' Whatever was good and amiable, bright and joyous in our life and nature, he loved, supported, and augmented by his writings; whatever was false, hypocritical, and vicious, he held up to ridicule, scorn, or contempt.

The collected works of Dickens have been published in various forms, the best being the 'Library Edition,' twenty-six volumes, which contains the original illustrations. A *Life of Charles Dickens*, by his friend and counsellor on all occasions, MR JOHN FORSTER, is published in three volumes.

* It may be worthy of note, as illustrating the popularity of Dickens's works and public readings, that, on his death, his real and personal estate amounted to £93,000. Of this, upwards of £40,000 was made by the readings in Great Britain and America.

W. M. THACKERAY.

While Dickens was in the blaze of his early fame, another master of English fiction, dealing with the realities of life and the various aspects of English society, was gradually making way in public favour, and attaining the full measure of his intellectual strength. WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY—the legitimate successor of Henry Fielding—was a native of Calcutta, born in the year 1811. His family was originally from Yorkshire, but his great-grandfather, Dr Thomas Thackeray, became Master of Harrow School. The youngest son of this Dr Thackeray, William Makepeace, obtained an appointment in the East India Company's service; and his son, Richmond Thackeray, father of the novelist, followed the same career, filling, at the time of his death in 1816 (at the early age of thirty), the office of Secretary to the Board of Revenue at Calcutta. The son, with his widowed mother, left India, and arrived in England in 1817. 'When I first saw England,' he said in one of his lectures, 'she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over rocks and hills, till we passed a garden where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man; "that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on!" There were people in the British dominions besides that poor black who had an equal terror and horror of the Corsican ogre.' Young Thackeray was placed in the Charterhouse School of London, which had formerly received as gown-boys or scholars the melodious poet Crashaw, Addison, Steele, and John Wesley. Thackeray has affectionately commemorated the old Carthusian establishment in several of his writings, and has invested it with a strong pathetic interest by making it the last refuge and death-scene of one of the finest of his characters, Colonel Newcome. From the Charterhouse, Thackeray went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and whilst resident there in 1829 he made his first appearance as an author. In conjunction with a college friend (Mr Lettsom), he carried on for a short time a light humorous weekly miscellany entitled *The Snob*. In 1830–31, he was one of 'at least a score of young English lads who used to live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital,' and who were received with the kindliest hospitality by the Grand Duke and Duchess.* He did not remain at college to take his degree. His great ambition was to be an artist, and for this purpose he studied at Rome and Paris.† On attaining his majority he became

* Lewes's *Life of Goethe*. At this time Mr Thackeray saw Goethe, and had the good-luck, he says, to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of his costume at the court entertainments. 'My delight in those days,' he adds, 'was to make caricatures for children. I was touched to find [on revisiting Weimar in 1853] that they were remembered, and some even kept until the present time; and very proud to be told, as a lad, that the great Goethe had looked at some of them.'

† A volume of his sketches, fragments, and drawings was published in 1875, copied by a process that gives a faithful reproduction of the original. The volume was entitled *The Orphan of Pimlico*, and was enriched with a preface and editorial notes by Miss Thackeray. The drawings display the artist's keen sense of humour and perception of character, and are more quaint and amusing than sarcastic.

possessed of a considerable fortune, but some losses and speculations reduced his patrimony. At one time he lent, or rather gave, £500 to Dr Maginn, and many other instances of his liberality might be recorded. Thackeray first became known through *Fraser's Magazine*, to which he was for several years a regular contributor, under the names of 'Michael Angelo Titmarsh,' 'George Fitz-Boodle, Esquire,' 'Charles Yellowplush,' &c. —names typical of his artistic and satirical predilections. Tales, criticism, descriptive sketches, and poetry were all dashed off by his ready pen. They were of unequal merit, and for some time attracted little attention; but John Sterling, among others, recognised the genius of Thackeray in his tale of *The Hoggarty Diamond*, and ranked its author with Fielding and Goldsmith. His style was that of the scholar combined with the shrewdness and knowledge of a man of the world. 'Titmarsh' had both seen and read much. His school and college life, his foreign travels and residence abroad, his artistic and literary experiences, even his 'losses,' supplied a wide field for observation, reflection, and satire. He was thirty years of age or more ere he made any bold push for fame. By this time the mind was fully stored and matured. Thackeray never, we suspect, paid much attention to what Burke called the 'mechanical part of literature'—the mere collocation of words and construction of sentences; but, of course, greater facility as well as more perfect art would be acquired by repeated efforts. The great regulators—taste, knowledge of the world, and gentlemanly feeling—he possessed ere he began to write. In 1836, as he has himself related, he offered Dickens to undertake the task of illustrating one of his works—*Pickwick*—but his drawings were considered unsuitable. In the same year he joined with his step-father, Major Carmichael Smyth, and others in starting a daily newspaper, *The Constitutional*, which was continued for about a twelvemonth, but proved a loss to all concerned. Thackeray entered himself of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar (May 1848), but apparently without any intention of following the profession of the law. Under his pseudonym of Titmarsh, literary Cockney and sketcher, he had published several works—*The Paris Sketch-book*, two volumes, 1840; *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, *The Chronicle of the Drum*, 1841; and *The Irish Sketch-book*, 1843. None of these became popular, though the Irish sketches are highly amusing, and contain some of Thackeray's happiest touches. The following incident, for example, is admirably told. The tourist meets with a set of jovial Irish yachtsmen, bound, like himself, for Killarney:

Car-travelling in Ireland.

The Irish car seems accommodated for any number of persons. It appeared to be full when we left Glengariff, for a traveller from Beerhaven and five gentlemen from the yacht took seats upon it with myself; and we fancied it was impossible more than seven should travel by such a conveyance, but the driver shewed the capabilities of his vehicle presently. The journey from Glengariff to Kenmare is one of astonishing beauty; and I have seen Killarney since, and am sure that Glengariff loses nothing by comparison with this most beautiful of lakes. Rock, wood, and sea, stretch around the traveller a thousand delightful pictures; the landscape is at first wild, without being fierce, immense woods and plantations enriching the valleys, beautiful streams to be seen everywhere. Here, again, I was surprised at the great population along the road; for one saw but few cabins, and there is no village between Glengariff and Kenmare. But men and women were on the banks and in the fields; children, as usual, came trooping up to the car; and the jovial men of the yacht had great conversation with most of the persons whom we met on the road. A merrier set of fellows it were hard to meet. 'Should you like anything to drink, sir?' says one, commencing the acquaintance; 'we have the best whisky in the world, and plenty of porter in the basket.' Therewith, the jolly seaman produced a long bottle of grog, which was passed round from one to another; and then began singing, shouting, laughing, roaring for the whole journey—'British sailors have a knack, pull away, yeho, boys! Hurroo! my fine fellow, does your mother know you're out? Hurroo! Tim Hurlihy? you're a fluke, Tim Hurlihy!' One man sang on the roof, one hurrooed to the echo, another apostrophised the aforesaid Hurlihy, as he passed grinning on a car; a fourth had a pocket-handkerchief flaunting from a pole, with which he performed exercises in the face of any horseman whom he met; and great were their yells as the ponies shied off at the salutation, and the riders swerved in their saddles. In the midst of this rattling chorus we went along; gradually the country grew wilder and more desolate, and we passed through a grim mountain region, bleak and bare; the road winding round some of the innumerable hills, and once or twice, by means of a tunnel, rushing boldly through them. One of these tunnels, they say, is a couple of hundred yards long; and a pretty howling, I need not say, was made through that pipe of rock by the jolly yacht's crew. 'We saw you sketching in the blacksmith's shed at Glengariff,' says one, 'and we wished we had you on board. Such a jolly life as we had of it!' They roved about the coast, they sailed in their vessel, they feasted off the best of fish, mutton, and whisky; they had Gamble's turtle-soup on board, and fun from morning till night, and *vice versâ*. Gradually it came out that there was not, owing to the tremendous rains, a dry corner in their ship—that they slung two in a huge hammock in the cabin, and that one of their crew had been ill, and shirked off. What a wonderful thing pleasure is! to be wet all day and night; to be scorched and blistered by the sun and rain; to beat in and out of little harbours, and to exceed diurnally upon whisky punch. Faith, London and an arm-chair at the club are more to the tastes of some men!

The pencil of Titmarsh, in this and some other of his works, comes admirably in aid of his pen; and the Irish themselves confessed that their people, cabins, and costume had never been more faithfully depicted. About the time that these Irish sketches appeared, their author was contributing, under his *alter ego* of Fitz-Boodle, to *Fraser's Magazine*, his tale of *Barry Lyndon*, which appears to us the best of his short stories. It is a relation of the adventures of an Irish *picaroon*, or gambler and fortune-hunter, and abounds in racy humour and striking incidents. The commencement of *Punch*—the wittiest of periodicals—in 1841 opened up a new field for Thackeray, and his papers, signed 'The Fat Contributor,' soon became famous. These were followed by *Jeames's Diary* and the *Snob Papers*, distinguished by their inimitable vein of irony and wit; and he also made various contributions in verse. A journey to the East next led to *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, by way of Lisbon, Athens, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, by M. A. Titmarsh.* This volume appeared in 1846; and in the following year he

issued a small Christmas book, *Mrs Perkins's Ball*. But before this time Thackeray had commenced, in monthly parts, his story of *Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero*, illustrated by himself, or, to use his own expression, 'illuminated with the author's own candles.' The first number appeared in February 1847. Every month added to the popularity of this work; and ere it was concluded it was obvious that Thackeray's probationary period was past—that Michael Angelo Titmarsh and George Fitz-Boodle would disappear from *Fraser*, and their author take his place in his own proper name and person as one of the first of English novelists, and the greatest social satirist of his age. In regularity of story and consistency of detail—though these by no means constitute Thackeray's strength—*Vanity Fair* greatly excels any of his previous works, while in delineation of character it stands pre-eminent. Becky Sharp and Amelia Sedley—one recognised as the 'impersonation of intellect without virtue, and the other as that of virtue without intellect'—are not only perfectly original characters, but are drawn with so much dramatic power, knowledge of life, and shrewd observation, as to render them studies in human nature and moral anatomy. Amidst all her selfishness, Becky preserves a portion of the reader's sympathy, and we follow her with unabated interest through her vicissitudes as French teacher, governess, the wife of the heavy dragoon, the lady of fashion, and even the desperate and degraded swindler. From part of this demoralisation we could have wished that Becky had been spared by her historian, and the story would have been complete, morally and artistically, without it. But there are few scenes, even the most cynical and humiliating, that the reader desires to strike out: all have such an air of truth, and are lively, biting, and humorous. The novelist had soared far beyond the region of mere town-life and snobbism. He had also greatly heightened the interest felt in his characters by connecting them with historical events and places. We have a picture of Brussels in 1815; and as Fielding in *Tom Jones* glanced at some of the incidents of the Jacobite rising in '45, Thackeray reproduced, as it were, the terrors and anxieties felt by thousands as to the issue of the great struggles at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

Having completed *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray published another Christmas volume, *Our Street*, 1848, to which a companion-volume, *Dr Birch and his Young Friends*, was added next year. He had also entered upon another monthly serial—his second great work—*The History of Pendennis* (1849-1850). This was an attempt to describe the gentlemen of the present age—'no better nor worse than most educated men.' And even these educated men, according to the satirist, cannot be painted as they are, with the notorious foibles and selfishness of their education. 'Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost powers *a man*. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the natural in our art.' This is rather too broadly stated, but society, no doubt, considers that it would not be benefited by such toleration. Thackeray, however, has done more than most men to strip off conventional disguises and hypocrisies, and he affords glimpses of the interdicted region—too near at times, but without seeking to render evil attractive. His hero, Pendennis, is scarcely a higher model of humanity than Tom Jones, though the difference in national manners and feelings, brought about during a hundred years, has saved him from some of the descents into which Jones was almost perforce drawn. Thackeray's hero falls in love at sixteen, his juvenile flame being a young actress, who jilts him on finding that his fortune is not what she believed it to be. This boyish passion, contrasted with the character of the actress and that of her father—a drunken Irish captain—is forcibly delineated. Pendennis is sent to the university, gets into debt, is plucked, and returns home to his widowed mother, who is ever kind, gentle, and forgiving, but without any strong sense or firmness—another favourite type of character with Thackeray. The youth then becomes a law student, but tires of the profession, and adopts that of literature. In this he is ultimately successful, and by means of his novels and poetry, aided by the services of his uncle, Major Pendennis, he obtains an introduction into fashionable society. A varied career of this kind affords scope for the author's powers of description, and for the introduction of characters of all grades and pretensions. Major Pendennis—an antiquated beau, a military Will Honeycomb, and a determined tuft-hunter—is a finished portrait. The sketches of literary life—professional writers—may be compared with a similar description in *Humphry Clinker;* and the domestic scenes in the novel are true to nature, both in their satirical views of life and in incidents of a tender and pathetic nature. *Pendennis* was concluded in 1850. In the Christmas of that year Thackeray republished one of his Titmarsh contributions to *Fraser*, 1846, a mock continuation of Scott's *Ivanhoe*, entitled *Rebecca and Rowena*. This piece was certainly not worthy of resuscitation. An original Christmas tale was ready next winter—*The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, in which Mr M. A. Titmarsh was revived, in order to conduct and satirise the Kicklebury family—mother, daughter, courier, and footman, in all their worldly pride, vulgarity, and grandeur, as they cross the Channel, and proceed to their destination at 'Rougetnoirburg.' This is a clever little satire—faithful though bitter, as all continental travellers admit; but it was seized upon by the *Times* newspaper as illustrating that propensity charged upon the novelist of representing only the dark side of human nature—its failings and vices—as if no real goodness or virtue existed in the world: The accusation thus brought against Thackeray he repelled, or rather ridiculed, in a reply entitled *An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer*, prefixed to a second edition of the Christmas volume. One passage on verbal criticism may be quoted as characteristic.

'It has been customary,' says the critic, 'of late years for the purveyors of amusing literature to put forth certain opuscules, denominated Christmas books, with the ostensible intention of swelling the tide of exhilaration, or other expansive emotions, incident upon the exodus of the old or the inauguration of the new year.'

That is something like a sentence (rejoins Titmarsh), not a word scarcely but 's in Latin, and the longest and handsomest out of the whole dictionary. That is proper economy—as you see a buck from Holywell Street put every pinchbeck pin, ring, and chain which he possesses about his shirt, hands, and waistcoat, and then go and

cut a dash in the park, or swagger with his order to the theatre. It costs him no more to wear all his ornaments about his distinguished person than to leave them at home. If you can be a swell at a cheap rate, why not? And I protest, for my part, I had no idea what I was really about in writing and submitting my little book for sale, until my friend the critic, looking at the article, and examining it with the eyes of a connoisseur, pronounced that what I had fancied simply to be a book was in fact 'an opuscule denominated so-and-so, and ostensibly intended to swell the tide of expansive emotion incident upon the inauguration of the new year.' I can hardly believe as much even now—so little do we know what we really are after, until men of genius come and interpret.

In the summer of 1851 Thackeray appeared as a lecturer. His subject was *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century;* and all the rank and fashion, with no small portion of the men of letters of London, flocked to Willis's Rooms to hear the popular novelist descant on the lives and works of his great predecessors in fiction from Swift to Goldsmith. The lectures were afterwards repeated in Scotland and in America; and they are now published, forming one of the most delightful little books in the language. Ten thousand copies of the cheap edition of this volume were sold in one week. To Swift, Thackeray was perhaps too severe —to Fielding, too indulgent; Steele is painted *en beau* in cordial love, and with little shadow; yet we know not where the reader will find in the same limited compass so much just and discriminating criticism, or so many fine thoughts and amusing anecdotes, as those which this loving brother of the craft has treasured up regarding his 'fellows' of the last century. The Queen Anne period touched upon in these lectures formed the subject of Thackeray's next novel, *Esmond*, published in three volumes, 1852. The work is in the form of an autobiography. The hero, Colonel Henry Esmond, is a Cavalier and Jacobite, who, after serving his country abroad, mingles with its wits and courtiers at home; plots for the restoration of the Chevalier St George; and finally retires to Virginia, where, in his old age, he writes this memoir of himself and of the noble family of Castlewood, of which he is a member. Historical events and characters are freely introduced. Esmond serves under Marlborough at Blenheim and Ramilies, and we have a portrait of the great general as darkly coloured as the portrait of him by Macaulay. The Chevalier is also brought upon the stage; and Swift, Congreve, Addison, and Steele are among the interlocutors. But the chief interest of the work centres in a few characters—in Esmond himself, the pure, disinterested, and high-minded Cavalier; in Lady Castlewood; and in Lady Castlewood's daughter, Beatrix, a haughty and spoiled, yet fascinating beauty. Esmond woos Beatrix—a hopeless pursuit of many years; but he is finally rejected; and in the end he is united to Lady Castlewood—to the mother instead of the daughter—for whom he had secretly cherished from his boyhood an affection amounting to veneration. It required all Thackeray's art and genius to keep such a plot from revolting the reader, and we cannot say that he has wholly triumphed over the difficulty. The boyish passion is true to nature. At that period of life the mature beauty is more overpowering to the youthful imagination than any charmer of sixteen. But when Esmond marries he is forty, and the lady is ten years his senior. The romance of life is over. The style of the Queen Anne period is admirably copied in thought, sentiment, and diction, and many striking and eloquent passages occur throughout the work. It is a grand and melancholy story, standing in the same relation to Thackeray's other works that Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* does to the Waverley group.

We give one extract—sardonic and sad—from *Esmond:*

Decay of Matrimonial Love.

'Twas easy for Harry to see, however much his lady persisted in obedience and admiration for her husband, that my lord tired of his quiet life, and grew weary, and then testy, at those gentle bonds with which his wife would have held him. As they say the Grand Lama of Thibet is very much fatigued by his character of divinity, and yawns on his altar as his bonzes kneel and worship him, many a home-god grows heartily sick of the reverence with which his family devotees pursue him, and sighs for freedom and for his old life, and to be off the pedestal on which his dependants would have him sit for ever, whilst they adore him, and ply him with flowers, and hymns, and incense, and flattery: so, after a few years of his marriage, my honest Lord Castlewood began to tire; all the high-flown raptures and devotional ceremonies with which his wife, his chief priestess, treated him, first sent him to sleep, and then drove him out of doors; for the truth must be told, that my lord was a jolly gentleman, with very little of the august or divine in his nature, though his fond wife persisted in revering it—and besides, he had to pay a penalty for this love, which persons of his disposition seldom like to defray; and, in a word, if he had a loving wife, he had a very jealous and exacting one. Then he wearied of this jealousy; then he broke away from it; then came, no doubt, complaints and recriminations; then, perhaps, promises of amendment not fulfilled; then upbraidings not the more pleasant because they were silent, and only sad looks and tearful eyes conveyed them. Then, perhaps, the pair reached that other stage which is not uncommon in married life, when the woman perceives that the god of the honeymoon is a god no more; only a mortal like the rest of us—and so she looks into her heart, and, lo! *vacuæ sedes et inania arcana.* And now, supposing our lady to have a fine genius and a brilliant wit of her own, and the magic spell and infatuation removed from her which had led her to worship as a god a very ordinary mortal—and what follows? They live together, and they dine together, and they say 'My dear' and 'My love' as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself: that dream of love is over, as everything else is over in life; as flowers and fury, and griefs and pleasures, are over.

The next work of Thackeray is considered his masterpiece. It is in the old vein—a transcript of real life in the present day, with all its faults and follies, hypocrisy and injustice. The work came recommended by the familiar and inviting title of *The Newcomes: Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq.* It was issued in the monthly form, and was completed in 1855. The leading theme or moral of the story is the misery occasioned by forced and ill-assorted marriages. That unhallowed traffic of the great and worldly is denounced with all the author's moral indignation and caustic severity, and its results are developed

in incidents of the most striking and affecting description. Thus of one fair victim we read:

Lady Clara Newcome.

Poor Lady Clara! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond, simple, little heart, could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master whose scorn and cruelty terrified you; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be happy. Suppose a little plant; very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture; suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect; consigned to cruel usage, to weary loneliness, to bitter insulting recollections of the past; suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by tyranny—and then, quick, let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart (if Mr Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him), and to shew society injured through him! Let us console that martyr, I say, with thumping damages; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch!—let us lead her out and stone her. . . . So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue! The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplores her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad, she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it, and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People as criminal, but undiscovered, make room for her, as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man she loves best, that his friends who see her treat her with but a doubtful respect, and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the country town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she is splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to the table: he is driven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers around her, but she fears to visit them, lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities, blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children.

Could anything more sternly or touchingly true be written? The summation of Clara's miseries, item by item, might have been made by Swift, but there is a pathos and moral beauty in the passage that the Dean never reached. The real hero of the novel is Colonel Newcome—a counterpart to Fielding's Allworthy. The old officer's high sense of honour, his simplicity, his never-failing kindness of heart, his antique courtesy—as engaging as that of Sir Roger de Coverley—his misfortunes and ruin through the knavery of others—and his death as a 'poor brother' in the Charterhouse, form altogether so noble, so affecting a picture, and one so perfectly natural and life-like, that it can scarcely be even recalled without tears. The author, it was said, might have given a less painful end to the good Colonel, to soothe him after the buffetings of the world. The same remark was made on Scott's treatment of his Jewess Rebecca, and we have no doubt Thackeray's answer would be that of Scott—'A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with worldly prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit.' The best of Thackeray's female portraits—his highest compliment to the sex—is in this novel. Ethel Newcome, in her pride and sensibility—the former balancing, and at last overcoming, the weaknesses induced by the latter—is drawn with great delicacy and truth; while in the French characters, the family of De Florac and others, we have an entirely new creation—a cluster of originals. The gay *roué*, Paul de Florac—who plays the Englishman in top-boots and buckskins—could only be hit off by one equally at home in French and in English society. Of course there are in *The Newcomes* many other personages and classes—as the sanctimonious fop, the coarse and covetous trader, the parasite, the schemer, &c.—who are drawn with the novelist's usual keen insight and minute detail, though possessing fewer features of novelty or interest. Recurring to the pleasant and profitable occupation of lecturing, Thackeray crossed the Atlantic, taking with him four more lectures—*The Four Georges*—which, after being delivered in the United States in 1855-56, were, on his return, repeated in London, and in most of the large towns in England and Scotland. The Hanoverian monarchs afforded but little room for eulogistic writing or fine moral painting; and the dark shades—the coarseness, immorality, and heartlessness that pervaded the courts of at least the First, Second, and Fourth of the Georges—were exhibited without any relief or softening. George III., as the better man, fared better with the lecturer; and the closing scene, when, old, blind, and bereft of reason, the monarch sank to rest, was described with great pathos and picturesque effect. The society, literature, manners, and fashion of the different periods were briefly touched upon—somewhat in the style of Horace Walpole; and we believe Thackeray contemplated, among his future tasks, expanding these lectures into memoirs of the different reigns. The novelist now aimed at a different sort of public distinction. The representation of the city of Oxford becoming vacant, he offered himself as a candidate—the advocate of all liberal measures—but was defeated by Mr Cardwell (July 1857), the numbers being 1085 to 1018. Before the close of the year Thackeray was at the more appropriate occupation of another serial. The Castlewood family was revived, and in *The Virginians* we had a tale of the days of George II.—of Chesterfield, Queensberry, Garrick, and Johnson—the gaming-table, coffee-house, and theatre, but with Washington, Wolfe, and the American war in the background. As a story, *The Virginians* is defective. The incidents hang loosely together, and want progressive interest, but the work abounds in passages of fine philosophic humour and satire. The author frequently stops to moralise and preach *sotto voce* to his readers, and in these digressions we have some of his choicest and most racy sentences. Youth and love are his favourite themes. There is a healthy natural world both within and without the world of fashion—particularly *without*. Mere wealth and *ton* go for nothing in the composition

of happiness, and genuine, manly love is independent of the sunshine of prosperity. We quote a few of his 'mottoes of the heart' and satirical touches.

Recollection of Youthful Beauty.

When cheeks are faded and eyes are dim, is it sad or pleasant, I wonder, for the woman who is a beauty no more, to recall the period of her bloom? When the heart is withered, do the old love to remember how it once was fresh, and beat with warm emotions? When the spirits are languid and weary, do we like to think how bright they were in other days; the hope how buoyant, the sympathies how ready, the enjoyment of life how keen and eager? So they fall—the buds of prime, the roses of beauty, the florid harvests of summer—fall and wither, and the naked branches shiver in the winter.

Indifference of the World.

The world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends, and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Pshaw! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens, it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner pretty much as before.

Lackeys and Footmen in the Last Century.

Lackeys, liveries, footmen—the old society was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentle men or women could scarce move without one, sometimes two or three vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footmen's gallery; an army of the liveried race hustled round every chapel-door. They swarmed in anterooms, they sprawled in halls and on landings, they guzzled, devoured, debauched, cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails [or gratuities]. That noble old race of footmen is well-nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens, nay, camps and villages, of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked-hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory.

The English Country Gentleman.

To be a good old country gentleman, is to hold a position nearest the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent-roll, and the rents paid regularly by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as His Honour; to have no tenant holding back with his money, excepting just one, perhaps, who does so just in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to shew his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a week, love the sport of all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; to have not only a good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers, the first man in the parish, the benefactor of the parish, with a consciousness of consummate desert, saying, 'Have mercy upon us miserable sinners,' to be sure, but only for form's sake, and to give other folks an example:—a G. O. C. G. a miserable sinner! So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honoured by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, amongst whom his story of Grouse in the gun-room causes laughter from generation to generation; this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give any man good health and temper, five thousand a year, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I'll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable anything. If you were a Royal Highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until your R. H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, &c.? You might, when racked with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrow-root and a little sherry—you might *then* be humiliated, and acknowledge your shortcomings and the vanity of things in general; but in high health, sunshine, spirits, that word 'miserable' is only a form. You can't think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you are to be miserable, what is Colin Ploughman with the ague, seven children, two pounds a year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a week? No; a healthy, rich, jolly country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery; if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.

The following passage in *The Four Georges* is one of the most striking and affecting in our literature:

Death of George the Third.

All history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and reason again fled.

What preacher need moralise on this story; what words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O brothers!' I said to those who heard me first in America—'O brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and

who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries: "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"

> Vex not his ghost—Oh, let him pass!—he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.'

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave; sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy.

We add one specimen of Thackeray's verse, which differs very little from his prose: the colour and flavour are the same.

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here 's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace;
He 'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
'How 's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?'
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—
'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'—
'It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest Terré 's run his race.'—
'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'—
'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'—

'Oh oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer;
'Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il?'—
'Tell me a good one.'—'That I can, sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal.'—
'So Terré's gone,' I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner place;
'He 's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustomed corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanished many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, cari luoghi,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the Gazette;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse.

For two years (1860–62) Thackeray conducted *The Cornhill Magazine*, and in the pages of this popular miscellany appeared his *Roundabout Papers*—a series of light graceful essays and sketches; also two novels, *Lovel the Widower*, and *Philip on his Way through the World*, which were scarcely worthy of his reputation. He had commenced another story, *Dennis Duval*, of which four monthly portions were published; and he contemplated Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Anne, as a continuation of Macaulay's History. All his schemes, however, were frustrated by his sudden and lamentable death. His health had long been precarious, and on the day preceding his death he had been in great suffering. Still he moved about; 'he was out several times,' says Shirley Brooks, 'and was seen in Palace Gardens, Kensington, reading a book. Before the dawn on Thursday (December 24, 1863) he was where there is no night.' 'Never more,' said the *Times*, 'shall the fine head of Mr Thackeray, with its mass of silvery hair, be seen towering among us.' He had died in bed alone and unseen, struggling, as it appeared, with a violent spasmodic attack, which had caused the effusion on the brain of which he died. The medical attendants who conducted the *post-mortem* examination stated that the brain was of great size, weighing 58½ ounces. *Non omnis moriuus est.* 'He will be remembered,' says James Hannay, 'for ages to come, as long as the hymn of praise rises in the old Abbey of Westminster, and wherever the English tongue is native to men, from the banks of the Ganges to those of the Mississippi.'

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

As a novelist, poet, theologian, and active philanthropist, Mr Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, Hampshire, and Canon of Westminster, was one of the most remarkable and meritorious men of his age. His views of social reform verge upon Chartism, and, in some instances, are crude and impracticable in the present state of society; but his zeal, disinterestedness, and unceasing perseverance in seeking to remedy evils which press upon the working-classes, no one doubts or questions, while the genius he brought to bear on his various duties and tasks reflects honour on our literature. Mr Kingsley was a native of Devonshire, born at Holne Vicarage, near Dartmoor, in 1819. He studied at King's College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, and intended to follow the profession of the law. He soon, however, abandoned this intention, and entered the church, obtaining first the curacy, and then the rectory of Eversley, which he has invested with affectionate interest and celebrity. Mr Kingsley's first appearance as an author was in 1844, when he published a collection of *Village Sermons*—plain, earnest, useful discourses. He has published several other volumes of sermons and lectures; but it is from his imaginative works that Mr Kingsley derives his chief fame. In 1848 he appeared as a dramatic poet, author of *The Saint's Tragedy*, or the story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgravine of Thuringia, and a saint of the Romish calendar. This poem is a sort of protest against superstitious homage and false miracles, but it gives also a vivid picture of life in the middle ages, and is animated by a poetical imagination. His next work was one of fiction—*Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: an Autobiography*, two volumes, 1849. The design of this tale is to shew the evils of competition and the grievances of the artisan class. The hardships which drove Alton to become a Chartist, and his mental struggles as he oscillated between infidelity and religion, are powerfully depicted, though the story is in some respects a painful one, and in parts greatly exaggerated. Mr Kingsley's remedy for the evils of competition and the tyranny of masters in large towns is the adoption of the associative principle among the workmen—combining capital and labour—and in the case of the tailors and a few other trades, the scheme was tried. The same social topics are discussed in Mr Kingsley's *Yeast, a Problem*, 1851, which is devoted more particularly to the condition of the agricultural labourers, and is written with a plainness and vehemence that deterred fastidious readers. Mr Kingsley put his views into a more definite shape in a lecture on the *Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture*, published also in 1851. But in this tract the author's denunciation of large towns and mill-owners, and his proposal to restore the population to the land, are erroneous both in theory and sentiment. 'The earth,' he says, 'hath bubbles, and such cities as Manchester are of them. A short-sighted and hasty greed created them, and when they have lasted their little time and had their day, they will vanish like bubbles.' Such 'Christian Socialiasm' as this would throw back society into ignorance and poverty, instead of solving the problem as to the rich and the poor. *Phaethon, or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers*, 1852, and *Hypatia, or New Friends with an Old Face*, 1853, were Mr Kingsley's next works. These were followed by a series of lectures, delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, on *Alexandria and her Schools*, 1854; and in the following year our author took a higher and more genial position as a man of letters by his novel of *Westward Ho!* and his delightful little treatise of *Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore*. In his *Westward Ho!* Mr Kingsley threw himself into the exciting and brilliant Elizabethan period, professing to relate the 'Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, of Burrough, in the county of Devon, in the reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth; rendered into modern English by Charles Kingsley.' Here we have Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, and the other great names of Devonshire once more in action; we have adventures in the Spanish Main and South American continent, the memorable chase and defeat of the Spanish Armada, the plots of Jesuits, the pride of Spaniards, English burghers, Puritans, seamen, and soldiers—an endless variety of incidents and characters, with descriptions of scenery which for rich colouring and picturesqueness have rarely been surpassed. Believing that the Protestantism of the Elizabethan age was all-important to the cause of freedom as well as true religion, Mr Kingsley gives no quarter to its opponents, and has marred the effect of parts of his narrative by frequent and bitter assaults on the Romish Church. In the delineation of passion—especially the passion of love, as operating on grave and lofty minds like that of Amyas Leigh—Mr Kingsley is eminently successful. He is more intent on such moral painting and on the development of character, than on the construction of a regular story. But the most popular passages in his tale—the most highly wrought and easily remembered—are his pictures of wild Indian life and scenery. In these we have primeval innocence and intense enjoyment, in connection with the gorgeous, unchecked luxuriance of nature—as if the pictorial splendour of the *Fairy Queen* had been transported to this wild Arcadia of the west. Passing over some sermons and occasional tracts, we come to Mr Kingsley's next novel, *Two Years Ago*, published in 1857. This work is of the school or class of *Alton Locke*, exhibiting contrasts of social life and character, with references to modern events, as the gold-digging in Australia, the Crimean war, and the political institutions of the United States. The story is deficient in clearness and interest, but contains scenes of domestic pathos and descriptions of external nature worthy the graphic pencil and vivid imagination of its author. Reverting again to poetry—though few of his prose pages are without some tincture of the poetical element—Mr Kingsley, in 1858, published *Andromeda, and other Poems*, a classic theme adopted from a Greek legend, and expressed in hexameter verse, carrying the reader

> Over the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore to the southward.

The poetry of Mr Kingsley, like that of Lord Lytton, is rather a graceful foil to his other works, than the basis of a reputation; but we quote a

pathetic lyric of the sea, which, set to music by Hullah, has drawn tears from many bright eyes, and perhaps—what the author would have valued more—prompted to acts of charity and kindness:

Three Fishers went Sailing.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west, as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Scene in the Indian Forest—Sir Amyas Paulet pursues Two of his missing Seamen.

Forth Amyas went, with Ayacanora as a guide, some five miles upward along the forest slopes, till the girl whispered, 'There they are;' and Amyas, pushing himself gently through a thicket of bamboo, beheld a scene which, in spite of his wrath, kept him silent, and perhaps softened, for a minute.

On the further side of a little lawn, the stream leaped through a chasm beneath overarching vines, sprinkling eternal freshness upon all around, and then sank foaming into a clear rock-basin, a bath for Dian's self. On its further side, the crag rose some twenty feet in height, bank upon bank of feathered ferns and cushioned moss, over the rich green beds of which drooped a thousand orchids, scarlet, white, and orange, and made the still pool gorgeous with the reflection of their gorgeousness. At its more quiet outfall, it was half-hidden in huge fantastic leaves and tall flowering stems; but near the water-fall the grassy bank sloped down toward the stream, and there, on palm-leaves strewed upon the turf, beneath the shadow of the crags, lay the two men whom Amyas sought, and whom, now he had found them, he had hardly heart to wake from their delicious dream.

For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird, came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge wild plantains bent beneath their load of fruit.

There, on the stream bank, lay the two renegades from civilised life. They had cast away their clothes, and painted themselves, like the Indians, with arnotta and indigo. One lay lazily picking up the fruit which fell close to his side; the other sat, his back against a cushion of soft moss, his hands folded languidly upon his lap, giving himself up to the soft influence of the narcotic coca-juice, with half-shut dreamy eyes fixed on the everlasting sparkle of the water-fall—

While beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Did pass into his face.

Somewhat apart crouched their two dusky brides, crowned with fragrant flowers, but working busily, like true women, for the lords whom they delighted to honour. One sat plaiting palm-fibres into a basket; the other was boring the stem of a huge milk-tree, which rose like some mighty column on the right hand of the lawn, its broad canopy of leaves unseen through the dense underwood of laurel and bamboo, and betokened only by the rustle far aloft, and by the mellow shade in which it bathed the whole delicious scene.

Amyas stood silent for a while, partly from noble shame at seeing two Christian men thus fallen of their own self-will; partly because—and he could not but confess that—a solemn calm brooded above that glorious place, to break through which seemed sacrilege even while he felt it duty. Such, he thought, was Paradise of old; such our first parents' bridal bower! Ah! if man had not fallen, he too might have dwelt for ever in such a home—with whom? He started, and shaking off the spell, advanced sword in hand.

The women saw him, and sprang to their feet, caught up their long pocunas, and leaped like deer each in front of her beloved. There they stood, the deadly tubes pressed to their lips, eyeing him like tigresses who protect their young, while every slender limb quivered, not with terror, but with rage. Amyas paused, half in admiration, half in prudence; for one rash step was death. But rushing through the canes, Ayacanora sprang to the front, and shrieked to them in Indian. At the sight of the prophetess the women wavered, and Amyas, putting on as gentle a face as he could, stepped forward, assuring them in his best Indian that he would harm no one.

'Ebsworthy! Parracombe! Are you grown such savages already, that you have forgotten your captain? Stand up, men, and salute!' Ebsworthy sprang to his feet, obeyed mechanically, and then slipped behind his bride again, as if in shame. The dreamer turned his head languidly, raised his hand to his forehead, and then returned to his contemplation. Amyas rested the point of his sword on the ground, and his hands upon the hilt, and looked sadly and solemnly upon the pair. Ebsworthy broke the silence, half reproachfully, half trying to bluster away the coming storm.

'Well, noble captain, so you've hunted out us poor fellows; and want to drag us back again in a halter, I suppose?'

'I came to look for Christians, and I find heathens; for men, and I find swine. I shall leave the heathens to their wilderness, and the swine to their trough. Parracombe!'

'He's too happy to answer you, sir. And why not? What do you want of us? Our two years' vow is out, and we are free men now.'

'Free to become like the beasts that perish? You are the Queen's servants still, and in her name I charge you'——

'Free to be happy,' interrupted the man. 'With the best of wives, the best of food, a warmer bed than a duke's, and a finer garden than an emperor's. As for clothes, why the plague should a man wear them where he don't need them? As for gold, what's the use of it where Heaven sends everything ready-made to your hands? Hearken, Captain Leigh. You've been a good captain to me, and I'll repay you with a bit of sound advice. Give up your gold-hunting, and toiling and moiling after honour and glory, and copy us. Take

that fair maid behind you there to wife; pitch here with us; and see if you are not happier in one day than ever you were in all your life before.'

'You are drunk, sirrah! William Parracombe! Will you speak to me, or shall I heave you into the stream to sober you?' 'Who calls William Parracombe?' answered a sleepy voice.' 'I, fool!—your captain.' 'I am not William Parracombe. He is dead long ago of hunger, and labour, and heavy sorrow, and will never see Bideford town any more. He is turned into an Indian now; and he is to sleep, sleep, sleep for a hundred years, till he gets his strength again, poor fellow'——

'Awake, then, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light! A christened Englishman, and living thus the life of a beast!'

'Christ shall give thee light?' answered the same unnatural, abstracted voice. 'Yes; so the parsons say. And they say, too, that he is Lord of heaven and earth. I should have thought his light was as near us here as anywhere, and nearer too, by the look of the place. Look round,' said he, waving a lazy hand, 'and see the works of God, and the place of paradise, whither poor weary souls go home and rest, after their masters in the wicked world have used them up, with labour and sorrow, and made them wade knee-deep in blood—I'm tired of blood, and tired of gold. I'll march no more; I'll fight no more; I'll hunger no more after vanity and vexation of spirit. What shall I get by it? Maybe I shall leave my bones in the wilderness. I can but do that here. Maybe I shall get home with a few pezos, to die an old cripple in some stinking hovel, that a monkey would scorn to lodge in here. You may go on; it'll pay you. You may be a rich man, and a knight, and live in a fine house, and drink good wine, and go to court, and torment your soul with trying to get more, when you've got too much already; plotting and planning to scramble upon your neighbour's shoulders, as they all did—Sir Richard, and Mr Raleigh, and Chichester, and poor dear old Sir Warham, and all of them that I used to watch when I lived before. They were no happier than I was then; I'll warrant they are no happier now. Go your ways, captain; climb to glory upon some other backs than ours, and leave us here in peace, alone with God and God's woods, and the good wives that God has given us, to play a little like school children. It's long since I've had play-hours; and now I'll be a little child once more, with the flowers, and the singing birds, and the silver fishes in the stream, that are at peace, and think no harm, and want neither clothes, nor money, nor knighthood, nor peerage, but just take what comes; and their heavenly Father feedeth them, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—and will he not much more feed us, that are of more value than many sparrows?'

'And will you live here, shut out from all Christian ordinances?'

'Christian ordinances! Adam and Eve had no parsons in Paradise. The Lord was their priest, and the Lord was their shepherd, and he'll be ours too. But go your ways, sir, and send up Sir John Brimblecombe, and let him marry us here church fashion—though we have sworn troth to each other before God already—and let him give us the Holy Sacrament once and for all, and then read the funeral-service over us, and go his ways, and count us for dead, sir—for dead we are to the wicked worthless world we came out of three years ago. And when the Lord chooses to call us, the little birds will cover us with leaves, as they did the babies in the wood, and fresher flowers will grow out of our graves, sir, than out of yours in that bare Northam churchyard there beyond the weary, weary, weary sea.'

His voice died away to a murmur, and his head sank on his breast. Amyas stood spell-bound. The effect of the narcotic was all but miraculous in his eyes. The sustained eloquence, the novel richness of diction in one seemingly drowned in sensual sloth, were in his eyes the possession of some evil spirit. And yet he could not answer the Evil One. His English heart, full of the divine instinct of duty and public spirit, told him that it must be a lie: but how to prove it a lie? And he stood for full ten minutes searching for an answer, which seemed to fly further and further off the more he sought for it. . . .

A rustle! a roar! a shriek! and Amyas lifted his eyes in time to see a huge dark bar shoot from the crag above the dreamer's head, among the group of girls. A dull crash, as the group flew asunder; and in the midst, upon the ground, the tawny limbs of one were writhing beneath the fangs of a black jaguar, the rarest and most terrible of the forest kings. Of one? But of which? Was it Ayacanora? And sword in hand, Amyas rushed madly forward: before he reached the spot, those tortured limbs were still.

It was not Ayacanora; for with a shriek which rang through the woods, the wretched dreamer, wakened thus at last, sprang up and felt for his sword. Fool! he had left it in his hammock! Screaming the name of his dead bride, he rushed on the jaguar, as it crouched above its prey, and seizing its head with teeth and nails, worried it, in the ferocity of his madness, like a mastiff dog.

The brute wrenched its head from his grasp, and raised its dreadful paw. Another moment, and the husband's corpse would have lain by the wife's. But high in air gleamed Amyas's blade; down, with all the weight of his huge body and strong arm, fell that most trusty steel; the head of the jaguar dropped grinning on its victim's corpse:

> And all stood still who saw him fall,
> While men might count a score.

'O Lord Jesus,' said Amyas to himself, 'thou hast answered the devil for me! And this is the selfish rest for which I would have bartered the rest which comes by working where thou hast put me!'

They bore away the lithe corpse into the forest, and buried it under soft moss and virgin mould; and so the fair clay was transfigured into fairer flowers, and the poor gentle untaught spirit returned to God who gave it. And then Amyas went sadly and silently back again, and Parracombe walked after him, like one who walks in sleep. Ebsworthy, sobered by the shock, entreated to come too; but Amyas forbade him gently. 'No, lad; you are forgiven. God forbid that I should judge you or any man. Sir John shall come up and marry you; and then, if it still be your will to stay, the Lord forgive you, if you be wrong; in the meanwhile, we will leave with you all that we can spare. Stay here, and pray to God to make you, and me too, wiser men.'

And so Amyas departed. He had come out stern and proud, but he came back again like a little child.

The other works of Canon Kingsley are *Miscellanies* from *Fraser's Magazine*, 1859; *The Water Babies*, 1863; *Hereward, the Last of the English*, 1866; *The Hermits*, 1867; *How and Why*, 1869. *At Last, a Christmas in the West Indies*, 1871; *Health and Education*, 1874. Mr Kingsley was made Canon of Chester in 1869, which he resigned in 1873, when made Canon of Westminster. This popular author and good man died at his parsonage of Eversley, Hampshire, January 23, 1875, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

In the real as distinguished from the ideal school of fiction, CHARLOTTE BRONTË (afterwards Nicholls), by her tale of *Jane Eyre*, attained immediate and remarkable popularity. Its Yorkshire scenes and characters were new to readers, and the whole had the stamp of truth and close

observation. The life of Charlotte Brontë was one of deep and painful interest. Her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë—who survived to a great age, outliving all his gifted children—was a native of the county Down in Ireland. One of a family of ten, the children of a small farmer, Patrick Brontë saw the necessity for early exertion. At the age of sixteen he opened a school, then became a tutor in a gentleman's family, and afterwards, at the age of twenty-five, entered himself of St John's College, Cambridge. Having taken his degree, he obtained a curacy in Essex, whence he removed to Yorkshire—first to Hartshead, near Leeds. At Hartshead he married a gentle, serious young Cornish woman, Maria Branwell, by whom in little more than six years he had six children. In 1820 the family moved to another Yorkshire home, Mr Brontë having obtained the living of Haworth, four miles from Keighley. The income of the minister, £170 per annum, might have sufficed for humble comfort, but the parsonage was bleak and uncomfortable—a low oblong stone building, standing at the top of the straggling village on a steep hill, without the shelter of a tree, with the churchyard pressing down on it on both sides, and behind a long tract of wild moors. Charlotte Brontë thus describes the scene:

Description of Yorkshire Moors.

A village parsonage amongst the hills bordering Yorkshire and Lancashire. The scenery of these hills is not grand—it is not romantic; it is scarcely striking. Long low moors, dark with heath, shut in little valleys, where a stream waters, here and there, a fringe of stunted copse. Mills and scattered cottages chase romance from these valleys: it is only higher up, deep in amongst the ridges of the moors, that Imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot; and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven—no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it inborn: these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the gazer must *itself* brim with a 'purple light,' intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June; out of his heart must well the freshness that in later spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss, and cherishes the starry flowers that spangle for a few weeks the pasture of the moor-sheep. Unless that light and freshness are innate and self-sustained, the drear prospect of a Yorkshire moor will be found as barren of poetic as of agricultural interest: where the love of wild nature is strong, the locality will perhaps be clung to with the more passionate constancy, because from the hill-lover's self comes half its charm.

The population of Haworth and its neighbourhood was chiefly engaged in the worsted manufacture. They were noted for a wild lawless energy, and were divided by sectarian differences. The Brontë family kept aloof unless when direct service was required, and the minister always carried a pistol with him on his walks. He was an eccentric, half-misanthropical man, with absurd notions on the subject of education. He kept his children on a vegetable diet, and clothed them in the humblest garments, that they might grow up hardy and indifferent to dress. He took his meals in his own room. His wife died the year after the arrival of the family at Haworth, and the poor children were mostly left to themselves, occupying a room called the 'children's study'—though the eldest *student* was only about seven years of age—or they wandered hand in hand over the moors. They were all small and feeble, stunted in their growth, but with remarkable precocity of intellect. The eccentric minister one day made an experiment to test their powers of reflection or understanding. He had a mask in the house, and thinking they might speak with less timidity if thus concealed, he told them all to stand and speak boldly from under cover of the mask. The youngest, about four years of age, was asked what a child like her most wanted; she answered: 'Age and experience.' The next was asked what had best be done with her brother, who was sometimes a naughty boy: 'Reason with him,' she said; 'and when he won't listen to reason, whip him.' The boy was then questioned as to the best way of knowing the difference between the intellects of man and woman, and he replied: 'By considering the difference between them as to their bodies.' Charlotte was asked what was the best book in the world: 'The Bible,' she said; 'and next to that, the Book of Nature.' Another was asked what was the best education for a woman, and she replied: 'That which would make her rule her house well.' Lastly, the oldest—about ten years of age—was asked what was the best mode of spending time, and she answered: 'By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity.' These extraordinary little reasoners took a great interest in politics and public events; they read and discussed the newspapers, and set up among themselves 'little magazines' in imitation of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Tales, dramas, poems, and romances were all attempted by the girls; and in one period of fifteen months, before she was fifteen years of age, Charlotte had filled twenty-two volumes with original compositions, written in a hand so painfully small and close as scarcely to be decipherable without the aid of a magnifying-glass. Four of the girls were at length sent out to be educated. An active, wealthy clergyman, the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, established a school for the education of the daughters of poor clergymen at a place called Cowan's Bridge, between Leeds and Kendal. Each pupil paid £14 a year, with £1 of entrance-money. The institution, however, was badly managed. The food was insufficient and badly cooked, and one of the teachers—satirised in *Jane Eyre* as 'Miss Scatcherd'—tyrannised over one of the Brontës with inhuman severity. A fever afterwards broke out in the school, and the little band of sisters returned to the old stone parsonage and the 'children's study' at Haworth. Death, however, soon thinned the affectionate group. Maria died in 1825 in her twelfth year, and in the same year Elizabeth, aged eleven. Branwell, the only boy of the family, was educated at home; he had the family talent and precocity, wrote verses, and had a turn for drawing, but ultimately became idle and dissipated, and occasioned the most poignant distress to his sisters. The latter made many efforts to place themselves in an independent position. They went out as governesses, but disliked the occupation. Charlotte wrote to Southey, sending some of her poetry, and the laureate replied in a kindly but discouraging tone. The project of keeping a school was then suggested. The aunt—who had come from Cornwall and assisted at Haworth since

the death of her sister—advanced a little money, and Charlotte and Emily proceeded to Brussels in order to acquire a knowledge of foreign languages. They entered a *pensionnat*, and remained from February to September 1842, when they were recalled by the death of their aunt. Charlotte again returned to Brussels, and officiated about a twelvemonth as a teacher, her salary being just £16 per annum, out of which she had to pay ten francs a month for German lessons. In January 1844 she was again at Haworth. The sisters advertised that they would receive pupils in the parsonage; but no pupils came. They then ventured on the publication of a volume of their poems. The death of their aunt had somewhat improved their circumstances, and a sum of £31, 10s. was spent in printing the *Poems, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.* This ambiguous choice of names was dictated, as Charlotte relates, by 'a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while they did not like to declare themselves women.' The volume had little success. The best of the pieces are those by Emily, who had more vivacity and force of character than her sisters. Mrs Gaskell, in her interesting *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, has the following remarkable statement relative to Emily, and the passage also illustrates Charlotte's novel of *Shirley:*

Emily Brontë and her Dog 'Keeper.'

From her, many traits in Shirley's character were taken: her way of sitting on the rug reading, with her arm round her rough bull-dog's neck; her calling to a strange dog running past with hanging head and lolling tongue, to give it a merciful draught of water, its maddened snap at her, her nobly stern presence of mind, going right into the kitchen, and taking up one of Tabby's [the old servant in the parsonage] red-hot Italian irons to sear the bitten place, and telling no one, till the danger was well-nigh over, for fear of the terrors that might beset their weaker minds. All this, looked upon as a well-invented fiction in *Shirley*, was written down by Charlotte with streaming eyes; it was the literal account of what Emily had done. The same tawny bull-dog (with his 'strangled whistle') called 'Tartar' in *Shirley*, was 'Keeper' in Haworth parsonage—a gift to Emily. With the gift came a warning. Keeper was faithful to the depths of his nature as long as he was with friends; but he who struck him with a stick or whip roused the relentless nature of the brute, who flew at his throat forthwith, and held him there till one or the other was at the point of death. Now Keeper's household fault was this: he loved to steal up-stairs, and stretch his square, tawny limbs on the comfortable beds, covered over with white delicate counterpanes. But the cleanliness of the parsonage arrangements was perfect, and Emily declared that if he was found again transgressing, she herself, in defiance of warning and his well-known ferocity of nature, would beat him so severely, that he would never offend again. In the gathering dusk of the evening, Tabby came to tell Emily that Keeper was lying on the best bed in drowsy voluptuousness. Charlotte saw Emily's whitening face and set mouth, but dared not interfere; no one dared when Emily's eyes glowed in that manner out of the paleness of her face, and when her lips were so compressed into stone. She went up-stairs, and Tabby and Charlotte stood in the gloomy passage below. Down-stairs came Emily, dragging after her the unwilling Keeper, his hind-legs set in a heavy attitude of resistance, held by the 'scuft of his neck,' but growling low and savagely all the time. The watchers would fain have spoken, but durst not, for fear of taking off Emily's attention, and causing her to avert her head for a moment from the enraged brute. She let him go, planted in a dark corner at the bottom of the stairs; no time was there to fetch stick or rod, for fear of the strangling clutch at her throat—her bare clenched fist struck against his red fierce eyes, before he had time to make his spring, and, in the language of the turf, she 'punished' him till his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind stupefied beast was led to his accustomed lair to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by the very Emily herself. The generous dog owed her no grudge; he loved her dearly ever after; he walked first among the mourners at her funeral; he slept moaning for nights at the door of her empty room; and never, so to speak, rejoiced, dog-fashion, after her death.

Each of the three sisters commenced a novel; Charlotte's was called *The Professor*, Emily's *Wuthering Heights*, and Anne's *Agnes Grey*. When completed, the tales were sent to London. Charlotte's was rejected by several publishers; and her sisters', after various refusals, were only accepted on terms 'impoverishing to their authors.' Charlotte, however, was encouraged to try a longer work in a more saleable form, and the very day that *The Professor* was returned, *Jane Eyre* was commenced. It was finished, accepted by Smith, Elder, & Co., and published in October 1847. Its success was instant and remarkable. Three editions were called for within a twelvemonth. A new genius had arisen, 'capable of depicting the strong, self-reliant, racy, and individual characters which lingered still in the north.' This individuality of character and description, eulogised by Mrs Gaskell, constitutes the attraction and the value of the novel, for the plot is in many parts improbable, and some of the scenes are drawn with coarseness, though with piquancy and power. A masculine vigour and originality pervade the work. There was truth in the observation, that Jane Eyre was too like Richardson's Pamela in her intercourse with her Master, though the inherent indelicacy of such passages—of which the authoress was unconscious—was soon forgotten in the strong interest excited by Jane's misfortunes and moral heroism. Much of Charlotte's own history, down even to her petite figure and plain face, is embodied in the story of the heroine. The authorship had been kept a secret. But when success was assured, Charlotte carried a copy of the novel to her father; he read it in his study, and at tea-time said: 'Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is *much better than likely.*' He had tried book-making himself, but with very different powers and different results.* In December 1847, *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, by Emily and Anne Brontë, were published. The former had some strong delineation—a finished picture of a villain—but the effect was unpleasing. A second tale by Anne, *The Tenant of Wildfell*

* Mrs Gaskell was probably not aware—and Charlotte Brontë might wish to conceal—that the singular minister of Haworth, while resident at Hartshead, published two small volumes of verse—*Cottage Poems*, 1811; and *The Rural Minstrel, a Miscellany of Descriptive Poems*, 1813—the year after his marriage. His name is prefixed to both—'By the Rev. Patrick Brontë, B.A., Minister of Hartshead-cum-Clifton, near Leeds, Yorkshire:' and both volumes bear the imprint, 'Halifax, printed and sold by P. K. Holden, for the author.' There would have been difficulty in ushering them into the world in any other way, for assuredly no publisher would, at his own cost, have undertaken the risk. The poems have nothing but their piety to recommend them.

Hall, is an improvement on the former work, and was more successful. Both of these novelists, however, were now fast sinking into the grave. Emily first declined, and Charlotte has told the melancholy sequel in a few brief but impressive words.

Death of Emily and Anne Brontë.

Never in all her life had she [Emily] lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render. Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848 [in her thirtieth year]. We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with a slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. She was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849 [aged twenty-nine].

Charlotte alone was now left with the aged father, for Branwell, after sinking from vice to vice, had died the year before, in his thirty-first year. Literary labour was indispensable; and Charlotte completed her tale of *Shirley*, another series of Yorkshire delineations, fresh and vigorous as the former, and as well received by the public. It was published in 1849. With the publication of *Shirley* ended the mystery of the authorship. A Haworth man, residing in Liverpool, read the novel, and recognised the localities and dialect; he guessed it to be Miss Brontë's, and communicated his discovery to a Liverpool paper, after which Miss Brontë paid a visit to London, and the fact was made distinctly known. It was three years after this ere she appeared again as a novelist. Her experiences at the pensionnat in Brussels, and the insight she had obtained into French character, suggested the subject of her next work, *Villette*, which was published in 1853. In mere literary merit and skill of construction, it is superior to *Shirley*, but it had not the same strong interest or air of reality. This was to be the last of Charlotte Brontë's triumphs. Her father's curate, Mr Nicholls, had entertained a deep and enduring attachment for her. The old minister was at first opposed to the match; but he at length yielded, and Charlotte was married in June 1854. A few months of happy wedded life brightened the close of her strange and sad career, in which she had displayed the virtues of a noble self-sacrificing nature, and she died March 31, 1855, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Her first novel, *The Professor*, has since been published, but it will not bear comparison with her other works.

Charlotte Brontë's Protest against Pharisaism.

From Preface to Second Edition of *Jane Eyre*.

To that class in whose eyes whatever is unusual is wrong; whose ears detect in each protest against bigotry —that parent of crime—an insult to piety, that regent of God on earth, I would suggest to such doubters certain obvious distinctions; I would remind them of certain simple truths.

Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift an impious hand to the crown of thorns. These things and deeds are diametrically opposed; they are as distinct as vice from virtue. Men too often confound them: they should not be confounded: appearance should not be mistaken for truth; narrow human doctrines, that only tend to elate and magnify a few, should not be substituted for the world-redeeming creed of Christ. There is—I repeat it—a difference; and it is a good, and not a bad action to mark broadly and clearly the line of separation between them.

The world may not like to see these ideas dissevered, for it has been accustomed to blend them; finding it convenient to make external show pass for sterling worth —to let white-washed walls vouch for clean shrines. It may hate him who dares to scrutinise and expose—to raze the gilding, and shew base metal under it—to penetrate the sepulchre, and reveal charnel relics: but hate as it will, it is indebted to him.

Ahab did not like Micaiah, because he never prophesied good concerning him, but evil: probably he liked the sycophant son of Chenaanah better; yet might Ahab have escaped a bloody death, had he but stopped his ears to flattery, and opened them to faithful counsel.

There is a man in our own days whose words are not framed to tickle delicate ears; who, to my thinking, comes before the great ones of society much as the son of Imlah came before the throned kings of Judah and Israel; and who speaks truth as deep, with a power as prophet-like and as vital—a mien as dauntless and as daring. Is the satirist of *Vanity Fair* admired in high places? I cannot tell; but I think if some of those amongst whom he hurls the Greek-fire of his sarcasm, and over whom he flashes the levin-brand of his denunciation, were to take his warnings in time—they or their seed might yet escape a fatal Ramoth-Gilead.

Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognised; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things.

The Orphan Child.—From 'Jane Eyre.'

My feet they are sore, and my limbs they are weary;
Long is the way, and the mountains are wild;
Soon will the twilight close moonless and dreary
Over the path of the poor orphan child.

Why did they send me so far and so lonely,
Up where the moors spread and gray rocks are piled?

Men are hard-hearted, and kind angels only
Watch o'er the steps of a poor orphan child.

Yet distant and soft the night-breeze is blowing,
Clouds there are none, and clear stars beam mild;
God in his mercy protection is shewing,
Comfort and hope to the poor orphan child.

Ev'n should I fall o'er the broken bridge passing,
Or stray in the marshes, by false lights beguiled,
Still will my Father, with promise and blessing,
Take to his bosom the poor orphan child.

There is a thought that for strength should avail me,
Though both of shelter and kindred despoiled;
Heaven is a home, and a rest will not fail me;
God is a friend to the poor orphan child.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

A series of Irish novels, totally different in character from those of Banim or Carleton, but as distinctly and truly national, has been written by MR LEVER, who commenced his career in 1839 with *The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*. The author was born in Dublin, August 31, 1806. He studied medicine, and practised in Ireland. When the cholera broke out in 1832 he exerted himself nobly, and was rewarded with the appointment of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels. The success of *Harry Lorrequer* determined Mr Lever in favour of the literary profession. In 1841 he produced *Charles O'Malley*, which was highly popular; and for thirty years afterwards scarcely a year passed without a novel from the gay and brilliant author. Among them were *Jack Hinton; Tom Burke of Ours; The O'Donoghue, a Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago; The Knight of Gwynne, a Tale of the Union; Roland Cashel, The Daltons, The Dodd Family Abroad, The Martins of Cro' Martin, The Fortunes of Glencore, Davenport Dunn, Maurice Tierney, Sir Jasper Carew, Luttrell of Arran, Sir Brook Fossbrooke, That Boy of Norcott's, Paul Gosslett's Confessions, A Day's Ride, Con Cregan, The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly*, &c. His last novel, *Lord Kilgobbin*, was produced only a few months before his death, and aware that his end was near at hand, he said: 'I hope this effort may be my last.' He died of heart-disease at Trieste, June 1, 1872. Besides his long file of novels, Lever published in *Blackwood's Magazine* (where many of his fictions also first appeared) a series of papers 'upon men and women, and other things in general, by Cornelius O'Dowd.' These are clever sarcastic and humorous essays, which, when collected, formed three volumes of admirable light reading. For about three years (1842-45) Mr Lever conducted the *Dublin University Magazine*. The novels of this versatile and lively author had all a considerable sale—some of the early ones rivalled the works of Dickens in popularity. *Charles O'Malley* has gone through twelve editions. Besides his strange adventures, his battle-scenes, and romantic exploits, Mr Lever has a rich, racy, national humour. His heroes have all a strong love of adventure, a national proneness to blundering, and a tendency to get into scrapes and questionable situations. The author's chief fault is his sometimes mistaking farce for comedy—mere animal spirits for wit or humour. In *Glencore* he tried the higher style of fiction—'the detection of character, and the unravelment of that tangled skein which makes up human motives;' but his satire and serious painting are not equal to his light-hearted gaiety, rollicking fun, and broad, laughable caricature. In *The Dodd Family* is an excellent view of foreign life. During the latter part of his life Mr Lever constantly resided abroad. He was many years in Florence; in 1858 he was appointed vice-consul at Spezia, where he remained till 1867, when he was transferred to Trieste. In 1871 the university of Dublin conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

Dispensing Charity among the Irish Poor.

From *The Martins of Cro' Martin.*

Most of those who came were desirous of tickets for dispensary aid, for sickness has its permanent home in the Irish cabin, and fever lurks amidst the damp straw and the smoky atmosphere of the poor peasant's home. Some, however, came for articles of clothing, or for aid to make and repair them; others, for some little assistance in diet, barley for a sick man's drink, a lemon, or an orange, to moisten the parched lips of fever; others, again, wanted leave to send a grandchild or a niece to the school; and, lastly, a few privileged individuals appeared to claim their weekly rations of snuff or tobacco—little luxuries accorded to old age—comforts that solaced many a dreary hour of a joyless existence. Amongst all the crowded mass, there was not one whom Mary had not known and visited in their humble homes. Thoroughly conversant with their condition and their necessities, she knew well their real wants; and if one less hopeful than herself might have despaired to render any actual relief to such wide-spread misery, she was sanguine enough to be encouraged by the results before her, small and few as they were, to think that possibly the good time was yet to come when such efforts would be unneeded, and when Ireland's industry, employed and rewarded, would more than suffice for all the requirements of her humble poor.

'Jane Maloney,' said Mary, placing a small packet on the table. 'Give this to Sally Kieran as you pass her door; and here 's the order for your own cloak.'

'May the heavens be your bed. May the holy '——

'Catty Honan,' cried Mary, with a gesture to enforce silence. 'Catty, your grand-daughter never comes to the school now that she has got leave. What 's the reason of that?'

'Faix, your reverance miss, 'tis ashamed she is by rayson of her clothes. She says Luke Cassidy's daughters have check aprons.'

'No more of this, Catty. Tell Eliza to come on Monday, and if I 'm satisfied with her, she shall have one too.'

'Two ounces of tea for the Widow Jones.'

'Ayeh,' muttered an old hag, 'but it 's weak it makes it without a little green in it!'

'How are the pains, Sarah?' asked Mary, turning to a very feeble-looking old creature with crutches.

'Worse and worse, my lady. With every change of the weather they come on afresh.'

'The doctor will attend you, Sally, and if he thinks wine good for you, you shall have it.'

''Tis that same would be the savin' of me, Miss Mary,' said a cunning-eyed little woman, with a tattered straw bonnet on her head, and a ragged shawl over her.

'I don't think so, Nancy. Come up to the house on Monday morning, and help Mrs Taafe with the bleaching.'

'So this is the duplicate, Polly?' said she, taking a scrap of paper from an old woman, whose countenance indicated a blending of dissipation with actual want.

'One-and-fourpence was all I got on it, and trouble enough it gave me.' These words she uttered with a heavy sigh, and in a tone at once resentful and complaining.

'Were my uncle to know that you had pawned your cloak, Polly, he'd never permit you to cross his threshold.'

'Ayeh, it's a great sin, to be sure,' whined out the hag, half insolently.

'A great shame and a great disgrace it certainly is; and I shall stop all relief to you till the money be paid back.'

'And why not?'—'To be sure!'—'Miss Mary is right!'—'What else could she do?' broke in full twenty sycophant voices, who hoped to prefer their own claims by the cheap expedient of condemning another.

'The Widow Hannigan?'

'Here, miss,' simpered out a smiling, little old creature, with a curtsey, as she held up a scroll of paper in her hand.

'What's this, Widow Hannigan?'

''Tis a picture Mickey made of you, miss, when you was out riding that day with the hounds; he saw you jumping a stone wall.'

Mary smiled at the performance, which certainly did not promise future excellence, and went on: 'Tell Mickey to mend his writing; his was the worst copy in the class; and here's a card for your daughter's admission into the infirmary. By the way, widow, which of the boys was it I saw dragging the river on Wednesday?'

'Faix, miss, I don't know. Sure it was none of ours would dare to'——

'Yes, they would, any one of them; but I'll not permit it; and what's more, widow, if it occur again, I'll withdraw the leave I gave to fish with a rod.'

'Teresa Johnson, your niece is a very good child, and promises to be very handy with her needle. Let her hem these handkerchiefs, and there's a frock for herself. My uncle says, Tom shall have half his wages paid him till he's able to come to work again.'

But why attempt to follow out what would be but the long unending catalogue of native misery—that dreary series of wants and privations to which extreme destitution subjects a long-neglected and helpless people. There was nothing from the cradle to the coffin, from the first wailing wants of infancy to the last requirement of doting old age, that they did not stand in need of. A melancholy spectacle, indeed, was it to behold an entire population so steeped in misery, so utterly inured to wretchedness, that they felt no shame at its exposure, but rather a sort of self-exaltation at any opportunity of displaying a more than ordinary amount of human suffering and sorrow—to hear them how they caressed their afflictions, how they seemed to fondle their misfortunes, vying with each other in calamity, and bidding higher and higher for a little human sympathy. Mary Martin set herself stoutly to combat this practice, including, as it does, one of the most hopeless features of the national character. To inculcate habits of self-reliance, she was often driven, in violation of her own feelings, to favour those who least needed assistance, but whose efforts to improve their condition might serve as an example.

SAMUEL LOVER—LEITCH RITCHIE.

Another Irish worthy, SAMUEL LOVER (1798–1868), a native of Dublin, produced a number of good Irish songs—*The Angels' Whisper*, *Molly Bawn*, *The Four-leaved Shamrock*, &c. His Irish novels—*Rory O'More* (1839), *Handy Andy* (1842), and *Treasure Trove* (1844), were well received. His short Irish sketches, however, are much better; and by reciting some of these, and singing his fine wild songs, he made up a public entertainment which he gave with great success in Ireland, England, and America.

The Angels' Whisper.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried: 'Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me.'

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face while she bended her knee.
'Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

'And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me;
And say thou wouldst rather they 'd watched o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said: 'I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.'

LEITCH RITCHIE (1800–1865), a native of Greenock, was author of four novels—*Schinderhannes*, *The Game of Life*, *The Magician*, and *Wearyfoot Common*, 1855. He wrote various short tales and continental tours, and for several years bore a part in conducting *Chambers's Journal*.

THOMAS HUGHES.

Tom Brown's School-days, by an Old Boy, 1857, gives an excellent account of Rugby School under Dr Arnold; also some delightful sketches of scenery, rural customs, and sports in Berkshire. The hero, Tom Brown, is the son of a Berkshire squire; he is genial, good-humoured, and high-spirited; he fights his way nobly at Rugby, and battles against bullying, tossing, and other evils of our public schools. The tone and feeling of the volume are admirable, and it was pleasant to see so healthy and wise a book—for so it may be termed—in its sixth edition within twelve months. Several more editions have since been published. The same author has still further commemorated his beloved Berkshire in *The Scouring of the White Horse, or the Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk*, 1858. In this work the country games, traditions, and antiquarian associations of Berkshire are described.

The Browns.

The Browns have become illustrious by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle, within the memory of the young gentlemen who are now matriculating at the universities. Notwithstanding the well-merited but late fame which has now fallen upon them, any one at all acquainted with the family must feel that much has yet to be written and said before the British nation

will be properly sensible of how much of its greatness it owes to the Browns. For centuries, in their quiet, dogged, homespun way, they have been subduing the earth in most English counties, and leaving their mark in American forests and Australian uplands. Wherever the fleets and armies of England have won renown, there stalwart sons of the Browns have done yeomen's work. With the yew-bow and cloth-yard shaft at Cressy and Agincourt—with the brown bill and pike under the brave Lord Willoughby—with culverin and demi-culverin against Spaniards and Dutchmen—with hand-grenade and sabre, and musket and bayonet, under Rodney and St Vincent, Wolfe and Moore, Nelson and Wellington, they have carried their lives in their hands; getting hard knocks and hard work in plenty, which was on the whole what they looked for, and the best thing for them: and little praise or pudding, which indeed they, and most of us, are better without. Talbots and Stanleys, St Maurs and such-like folk, have led armies and made laws time out of mind; but those noble families would be somewhat astounded—if the accounts ever came to be fairly taken—to find how small their work for England has been by the side of that of the Browns.

The author of *Tom Brown's School-days* is Thomas Hughes, a Chancery barrister (appointed Queen's Counsel in 1869), son of John Hughes, Esq., of Oriel College, Oxford, author of the *Itinerary of Provence*, and editor of the *Boscobel Tracts*. Sir Walter Scott pronounced this gentleman 'a poet, a draughtsman, and a scholar.' The once famous ballad of *The One-horse Shay* and other political *jeux d'esprit* in *John Bull*, were by the elder Mr Hughes. His son, born in 1823, was educated at Rugby under Dr Arnold. Mr Hughes was for some time an active member of parliament, warmly advocating the interests, without flattering the prejudices, of the working-classes. In all social questions he takes a deep interest, and evinces a manly, patriotic spirit.

MRS CROWE.

This lady differs from most of her sister-novelists in a love of the supernatural and mysterious. She possesses dramatic skill in describing characters and incidents, and few who have taken up one of her stories will lay down the volume until it has been read through. Mrs Crowe's first publication was a tragedy, *Aristodemus*, 1838. Her next work was addressed to the many. *The Adventures of Susan Hopley*, 1841, is a novel of English life, and was very successful. It was followed by *Men and Women, or Manorial Rights*, 1843—a tale less popularly attractive than *Susan Hopley*, but undoubtedly superior to it in most essential points. Mrs Crowe next translated *The Seeress of Prevorst*, revelations concerning the inner life of man, by Justinus Kerner; and two years afterwards (1847), she published *The Story of Lilly Dawson*. The heroine, when a child, falls into the hands of a family of English smugglers, desperadoes of the Dirk Hatteraick stamp; and the account given of the gradual development of her intellect and affections amidst scenes of brutal violence and terror, with the story of her subsequent escape and adventures when the world was all before her, form a narrative of psychological as well as of romantic interest. Among the opinions and reflections thrown out by the authoress is an admission that the intellectual faculty of woman is inferior in quality and calibre to that of man:

If, as we believe, under no system of training, the intellect of woman would be found as strong as that of man, she is compensated by her intuitions being stronger—if her reason be less majestic, her insight is clearer—where man reasons, she sees. Nature, in short, gave her all that was needful to enable her to fill a noble part in the world's history, if man would but let her play it out, and not treat her like a full-grown baby, to be flattered and spoiled on the one hand, and coerced and restricted on the other, vibrating betwixt royal rule and slavish serfdom.

In 1848 Mrs Crowe issued two volumes representing *The Night-side of Nature, or Ghosts and Ghost-seers*. Some of the stories are derived from the German, and others are relations of supernatural events said to have happened in this country, some of them within the author's knowledge. A three-volume novel from her pen appeared in 1852, *The Adventures of a Beauty*, describing the perplexities arising out of a secret marriage contracted by a wealthy baronet's son with the daughter of a farmer; and another domestic story, *Linny Lockwood*, two volumes, 1854, appears to complete the round of Mrs Crowe's works of fiction. The novelist, we may add, is a native of Borough Green, county of Kent; her maiden name was Catherine Stevens, and in 1822 she was married to Colonel Crowe.

Stages in the History of Crime.

It is in the annals of the doings and sufferings of the good and brave spirits of the earth that we should learn our lessons. It is by these that our hearts are mellowed, our minds exalted, and our souls nerved to go and do likewise. But there are occasionally circumstances connected with the history of great crimes that render them the most impressive of homilies; fitting them to be set aloft as beacons to warn away the frail mortal, tossed on the tempest of his passions, from the destruction that awaits him if he pursues his course; and such instruction we hold may be best derived from those cases in which the subsequent feelings of a criminal are disclosed to us; those cases, in short, in which the chastisement proceeds from within instead of from without; that chastisement that no cunning concealment, no legal subtlety, no eloquent counsel, no indulgent judge can avert. . . .

One of the features of our time—as of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of its crimes. Every phasis of human affairs, every advance in civilisation, every shade of improvement in our material comforts and conveniences, gives rise to new modes and forms—nay, to actual new births—of crime, the germs of which were only waiting for a congenial soil to spring in; whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions accommodated to new circumstances.

There are thus stages in the history of crime indicative of ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals, crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes 'make quick conveyance' with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and lifelong incarcerations; when the passions, yet rife, unsubdued by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and tortuous methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilisation advances, it descends to a

lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squalid districts of poverty and wretchedness; the last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

But we are often struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colours the page of continental criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrear of the stage we have reached, and, certainly, some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises which, in this country, could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have been met with immediate detection and punishment.

There is also frequently a singular complication or imbroglio in the details, such as would be impossible in this island of daylight—for, enveloped in fog as we are physically, there is a greater glare thrown upon our actions here than among any other nation of the world perhaps—an imbroglio that appears to fling the narrative back into the romantic era, and to indicate that it belongs to a stage of civilisation we have already passed.

MISS PARDOE.

JULIA PARDOE (1806-1862), born at Beverley, in Yorkshire, the daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, was an extensive writer in fiction, in books of travels, and in historical memoirs. Her most successful efforts have been those devoted to Eastern manners and society. She is said to have produced a volume of Poems at the age of thirteen. The first of her works which attracted any attention was *Traits and Traditions of Portugal*, published in 1833. Having proceeded to the East, Miss Pardoe wrote *The City of the Sultan*, 1836; which was succeeded in 1839 by *The Romance of the Harem* and *The Beauties of the Bosphorus*. In 1857, reverting to these Eastern studies and observations, Miss Pardoe produced a pleasant collection of oriental tales, entitled *Thousand and One Days*. A visit to Hungary led to *The City of the Magyar, or Hungary and its Institutions*, 1840, and to a novel, entitled *The Hungarian Castle*. Another journey called forth *Recollections of the Rhône and the Chartreuse;* while studies in French history suggested *Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century*, 1847. The novels of Miss Pardoe are numerous. Among them are *Reginald Lyle*, *Flies in Amber*, *The Jealous Wife*, *Poor Relations*, and *Pilgrimages in Paris*—the last published in 1858, and consisting of short romantic tales which had appeared in various periodicals. Her historical works include *The Court of Francis I.*, *Memoirs of Marie de' Medici*, *Episodes of French History*, &c.

MRS ANNE MARSH—LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

The domestic novels of these ladies have been received with great favour. They are earnest, impassioned, and eloquent expositions of English life and feeling—those of Lady Fullerton, perhaps too uniformly sad and gloomy. MRS MARSH (1799-1874) was a Staffordshire lady, daughter of Mr James Caldwell of Linleywood, Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme. She does not seem to have entered on her career as an authoress until 1834, when she published *Two Old Men's Tales*. Between that year and 1836 she had issued several publications—*Tales of the Woods and Fields*, *The Triumphs of Time*, *Emelia Wyndham*, and *Mount Sorel*. These she followed up some years later by *Father Darcy*, an historical romance; *Mordant Hall*, *Lettice Arnold*, *The Wilmingtons*, *Time the Avenger*, *Castle Avon*, *The Rose of Ashurst*, *Evelyn Marston*, and *Norman's Bridge*, a family history of three generations. Besides these works of fiction, Mrs Marsh published one work of an historical character relating to the Protestant Reformation in France, but it was never completed. The death of her brother about 1858 devolving on her the estate of Linleywood, Mrs Marsh took the additional name and arms of Caldwell.

LADY FULLERTON, daughter of the first Earl Granville, was married in 1833 to A. G. Fullerton, Esq. of Ballintoy Castle, county of Antrim, Ireland. In 1844 she published *Ellen Middleton*, a domestic story, which was followed by *Grantley Manor*, 1847; *Lady Bird*, 1852; the *Life of St Francis of Rome*, and *La Comtesse de Bonneval*, 1857; *Rose Leblanc*, 1861; *Laurentia*, 1861; *Constance Sherwood*, 1865; *A Stormy Life*, 1867; *Mrs Gerald's Niece*, 1869; &c.

MISS KAVANAGH.

A series of tales, having moral and benevolent aims, has been produced by MISS JULIA KAVANAGH. In 1847 she published a Christmas book, *The Three Paths;* and in 1848, *Madeleine, a Tale of Auvergne; founded on Fact*. The 'fact' that gave rise to this interesting story is the devotion of a peasant-girl, who by her labour founded a hospital in her native village. *Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century*, two volumes, 1850, was Miss Kavanagh's next work—an ambitious and somewhat perilous theme; but the memoirs and anecdotes of the *belles esprits* who ruled the Parisian courts and coteries are told with discretion and feeling as well as taste. French society and scenery supplied materials for another fiction, *Nathalie*, 1851; after which Miss Kavanagh gave short biographies of women eminent for works of charity and goodness, entitling the collection, *Women of Christianity*, 1852. She has since published *Daisy Burns*, 1853; *Grace Lee*, 1855; *Rachel Gray*, 1856; *Adèle*, 1858; *A Summer and Winter in the Two Sicilies*, two vols. 1858; *Seven Years, and other Tales*, 1859; *French Women of Letters*, 1861; *English Women of Letters*, 1862; *Queen Mab*, 1863; *Beatrice*, 1865; *Sybil's Second Love*, 1867; *Dora*, 1868; *Sylvia*, 1870; &c. In fiction and memoirs, Miss Kavanagh is always interesting, delicate in fancy and feeling, and often rich in description. She is not so able in construction as some of her contemporaries, but she has dealt with very various types of character, and always with a certain grace and careful decision. This lady is a native of Ireland, born at Thurles, in Tipperary, in the year 1824; but she was educated in France.

MRS GASKELL.

About the same time that Charlotte Brontë was drawing scenes and characters from Yorkshire, another lady-novelist was depicting the condition

of the manufacturing classes in Lancashire. MRS ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL (*née* Stevenson), wife of the Rev. W. Gaskell, Unitarian minister, Manchester, in 1848 published anonymously *Mary Barton, a Tale of Manchester Life.* The work is a faithful and painfully interesting picture of the society of the manufacturing capital. The heroine is the daughter of a factory operative; and the family group, with their relatives and friends, are drawn with a distinctness and force that leave no doubt of its truth. The authoress says she had often thought how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed her daily in the streets of Manchester.

'I had always,' she adds, 'felt a deep sympathy with the care-worn men, who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want: tossed to and fro by circumstances apparently in even a greater degree than other men. A little manifestation of this sympathy, and a little attention to the expression of feelings on the part of some of the work-people with whom I was acquainted, had laid open to me the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful among them; I saw that they were sore and irritable against the rich, the even tenor of whose seemingly happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own. Whether the bitter complaints made by them, of the neglect which they experienced from the prosperous—especially from the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up—were well founded or no, it is not for me to judge. It is enough to say, that this belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures, taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge in too many of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester.'

The effects of bad times, political agitation, and 'strikes,' are depicted and brought home more vividly to the reader by their connection with the characters in the novel. The Lancashire dialect is also occasionally introduced, adding to the impression of reality made by the whole work; and though the chief interest is of a painful character, the novelist reflects the lights as well as the shades of artisan life. Her powers of description may be seen from the beautiful opening scene:

Picture of Green Heys Fields, Manchester.

There are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as 'Green Heys Fields,' through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land), there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these commonplace but thoroughly rural fields, with the busy, bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farm-house, with its rambling outbuildings, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighbourhood. Here in their seasons may be seen the country business of haymaking, ploughing, &c., which are such pleasant mysteries for towns-people to watch; and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life—the lowing of cattle, the milkmaids' call, the clatter and cackle of poultry in the old farm-yards. You cannot wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday-time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe, the charm of one particular stile, that it should be, on such occasions, a crowded halting-place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farm-yard, belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farm-house is covered by a rose-tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers, planted long ago, when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage, balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks and wallflowers, onions and jessamine, in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farm-house and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture-field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile, on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may often be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge-bank.

I do not know whether it was on a holiday granted by the masters, or a holiday seized in right of nature and her beautiful spring-time by the workmen; but one afternoon—now ten or a dozen years ago—these fields were much thronged. It was an early May evening—the April of the poets; for heavy showers had fallen all the morning, and the round, soft white clouds which were blown by a west wind over the dark-blue sky, were sometimes varied by one blacker and more threatening. The softness of the day tempted forth the young green leaves, which almost visibly fluttered into life; and the willows, which that morning had had only a brown reflection in the water below, were now of that tender gray-green which blends so delicately with the spring harmony of colours.

Groups of merry, and somewhat loud-talking girls, whose ages might range from twelve to twenty, came by with a buoyant step. They were most of them factory-girls, and wore the usual out-of doors dress of that particular class of maidens—namely, a shawl, which at mid-day, or in fine weather, was allowed to be merely a shawl, but towards evening, or if the day were chilly, became a sort of Spanish mantilla or Scotch plaid, and was brought over the head and hung loosely down, or was pinned under the chin in no unpicturesque fashion. Their faces were not remarkable for beauty; indeed, they were below the average, with one or two exceptions; they had dark hair, neatly and classically arranged; dark eyes, but sallow complexions and irregular features. The only thing to strike a passer-by was an acuteness and intelligence of countenance which has often been noticed in a manufacturing population.

There were also numbers of boys, or rather young men, rambling among these fields, ready to bandy jokes with any one, and particularly ready to enter into conversation with the girls, who, however, held themselves aloof, not in a shy, but rather in an independent way, assuming an indifferent manner to the noisy wit or obstreperous compliments of the lads. Here and there came a sober, quiet couple, either whispering lovers, or husband and wife, as the case might be; and if the latter, they were seldom unencumbered by an infant, carried for the most part by the father, while occasionally even three or four little toddlers had been carried or dragged thus far, in order that the whole family might enjoy the delicious May afternoon together.

In 1850 Mrs Gaskell published *The Moorland Cottage*—a short domestic tale; in 1853, *Ruth*, a novel in three volumes, and *Cranford*, a collection of sketches that had appeared in a periodical work; in 1855, *North and South*, another story of the manufacturing districts, which had also

been originally published in the periodical form; and in 1859, *Round the Sofa*. In 1860 appeared *Right at Last;* and in 1863, *Silvia's Lovers*. These novels were all popular. The authoress was a prose Crabbe—earnest, faithful, and often spirited in her delineations of humble life. By confining herself chiefly to the manufacturing population, she threw light on conditions of life, habits, and feelings comparatively new and original in our fictitious literature. Her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, 1857, has all the interest of a romance, and is worthy of the authoress of *Mary Barton*. Mrs Gaskell died at Alton, November 12, 1865, aged fifty-four.

Yorkshiremen of the West Riding.

From *Life of Charlotte Brontë.*

Even an inhabitant of the neighbouring county of Lancaster is struck by the peculiar force of character which the Yorkshiremen display. This makes them interesting as a race; while, at the same time, as individuals, the remarkable degree of self-sufficiency they possess gives them an air of independence rather apt to repel a stranger. I use this expression 'self-sufficiency' in the largest sense. Conscious of the strong sagacity and the dogged power of will which seem almost the birthright of the natives of the West Riding, each man relies upon himself, and seeks no help at the hand of his neighbour. From rarely requiring the assistance of others, he comes to doubt the power of bestowing it: from the general success of his efforts, he grows to depend upon them, and to over-esteem his own energy and power. He belongs to that keen, yet short-sighted class who consider suspicion of all whose honesty is not proved as a sign of wisdom. The practical qualities of a man are held in great respect; but the want of faith in strangers and untried modes of action, extends itself even to the manner in which the virtues are regarded; and if they produce no immediate and tangible result, they are rather put aside as unfit for this busy, striving world; especially if they are more of a passive than an active character. Their affections are strong, and their foundations lie deep; but they are not —such affections seldom are—wide-spreading, nor do they shew themselves on the surface. Indeed, there is little display of any of the amenities of life among this wild, rough population. Their accost is curt; their accent and tone of speech blunt and harsh. Something of this may, probably, be attributed to the freedom of mountain air, and of isolated hill-side life, something be derived from their rough Norse ancestry. They have a quick perception of character, and a keen sense of humour; the dwellers among them must be prepared for certain uncomplimentary, though most likely true observations, pithily expressed. Their feelings are not easily roused, but their duration is lasting. Hence, there is much close friendship and faithful service. From the same cause also come enduring grudges, in some cases amounting to hatred, which occasionally has been bequeathed from generation to generation. I remember Miss Brontë once telling me that it was a saying round about Haworth: 'Keep a stone in thy pocket seven year; turn it and keep it seven year longer, that it may be ever ready to thy hand when thine enemy draws near.'

The West Riding men are sleuth-hounds in pursuit of money. . . . These men are keen and shrewd; faithful and persevering in following out a good purpose, fell in tracking an evil one. They are not emotional; they are not easily made into either friends or enemies; but once lovers or haters, it is difficult to change their feeling. They are a powerful race both in mind and body, both for good and for evil.

The woollen manufacture was introduced into this district in the days of Edward III. It is traditionally said that a colony of Flemings came over and settled in the West Riding to teach the inhabitants what to do with their wool. The mixture of agricultural with manufacturing labour that ensued and prevailed in the West Riding up to a very recent period, sounds pleasant enough at this distance of time, when the classical impression is left, and the details forgotten, or only brought to light by those who explore the few remote parts of England where the custom still lingers. The idea of the mistress and her maidens spinning at the great wheels while the master was abroad ploughing his fields, or seeing after his flocks on the purple moors, is very poetical to look back upon; but when such life actually touches on our own days, and we can hear particulars from the lips of those now living, there come out details of coarseness—of the uncouthness of the rustic mingled with the sharpness of the tradesman—of irregularity and fierce lawlessness—that rather mar the vision of pastoral innocence and simplicity. Still, as it is the exceptional and exaggerated characteristics of any period that leave the most vivid memory behind them, it would be wrong, and in my opinion faithless, to conclude that such and such forms of society and modes of living were not best for the period when they prevailed, although the abuses they may have led into, and the gradual progress of the world, have made it well that such ways and manners should pass away for ever, and as preposterous to attempt to return to them, as it would be for a man to return to the clothes of his childhood.

A uniform edition of Mrs Gaskell's novels and tales has been published in seven volumes.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS.

This gentleman's first work was a Life of his father, William Collins, the celebrated English painter. It was published in 1848, and was universally recognised as a valuable addition to our art biography. MR COLLINS then tried another field. He turned to fiction, and in 1850 published a classic romance of the fifth century, entitled *Antonina, or the Fall of Rome*. Though much inferior to Bulwer's historical romances, the work evinced Mr Collins's art in constructing an interesting story, and this dramatic faculty—rather than skill in depicting character—has distinguished his subsequent productions. These are—*Rambles beyond Railways, or Notes in Cornwall*, 1851; *Basil*, a novel, 1852; *Mr Wray's Cash-box*, 1852; *Hide and Seek*, 1854; *After Dark*, 1856; *The Dead Secret*, 1857. The last of these tales appeared in *Household Words*, and kept its readers in breathless suspense—the delight of all lovers of romance—until the secret was unfolded. Mr Collins is author also of a drama, *The Frozen Deep*, performed in 1857 by Mr Dickens, by the dramatist himself, and other friends, amateur actors, in aid of the family of Douglas Jerrold, the Queen having previously witnessed a private representation of the piece. The late works of Mr Collins are—*The Queen of Hearts*, 1859; *The Woman in White*, 1860; *No Name*, 1862; *My Miscellanies*, 1863; *Armadale*, 1866; *The Moonstone*, 1868; *Man and Wife*, 1870; *Poor Miss Finch; The Law and the Lady;* &c. This popular novelist is a native of London, born in January 1824. He was intended for a commercial life, then studied law in Lincoln's Inn; but in his twenty-fourth year he entered on his natural field—the literary profession.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

In the description of daring feats and romantic adventures—scenes in the desert, the forest, and wild hunting-ground—CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, of the United States army, has earned great popularity, especially with the young. He seems to have made Cooper the novelist his model, but several of his works are more particularly devoted to natural history. This gentleman is a native of the north of Ireland, son of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in the year 1818. In his twentieth year he went abroad to 'push his fortune.' He set out for Mexico, made trading excursions with the Indians up the Red River, and afterwards sailed up the Missouri, and settled on the prairies for a period of four or five years. He then took to the literary profession in Philadelphia; but in 1845, when war was declared between the United States and Mexico, Mr Reid obtained a commission in the American army, and distinguished himself by his gallantry. He led the forlorn-hope at the assault of the castle of Chapultepec, and was severely wounded. The Mexican war over, Captain Reid organised a body of men to aid the Hungarians in their struggle for independence, but the failure of the insurrection prevented his reaping any fresh laurels as a soldier. He now repaired to England and resumed his pen. His personal experiences had furnished materials of a rare and exciting kind, and he published a series of romances and other works, which were well received. In 1849 appeared *The Rifle Rangers;* in 1850, *The Scalp Hunters;* in 1852, *The Desert Home* and *Boy Hunters;* in 1853, *The Young Voyageurs;* in 1854, *The Forest Exiles;* in 1855, *The Bush Boys*, *The Hunter's Feast*, and *The White Chief;* in 1856, *The Quadroon, or a Lover's Adventures in Louisiana;* in 1857, *The Young Yägers;* in 1858, *The Plant Hunters* and *The War Trail;* in 1859, *Oceola;* &c. As a vivid describer of foreign scenes, Captain Reid is entitled to praise; but his incidents, though exciting, are often highly improbable.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS—ANGUS B. REACH—ALBERT SMITH.

The author of *Caleb Stukeley* and other tales, MR SAMUEL PHILLIPS (1815–1854), was for some years literary critic of the *Times*, and afterwards literary director of the Crystal Palace. The only works to which he put his name were certain guide-books to the Palace. Mr Phillips was by birth a Jew, son of a London tradesman. In his fifteenth year he appeared as an actor in Covent Garden Theatre; but his friends placed him in the London University, and whilst there, he attracted the attention of the Duke of Sussex by an essay on Milton. Through the Duke's assistance he was sent to Göttingen University. His novel of *Caleb Stukeley* appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and was reprinted in 1843. Its success led to other contributions to *Blackwood—We are all Low People There*, and other tales. He occasionally sent letters to the *Times*, and ultimately formed a regular engagement with the conductors of that paper. His reviews of books were vigorous and slashing; Dickens, Carlyle, Mrs Stowe, and other popular writers were boldly assailed by the anonymous critic, and his articles became the talk of the town. Two volumes of these literary essays have since been published. The tales of Mr Phillips all bear the impress of his energetic mind and shrewd caustic observation. With better health, he would probably have been more genial, and have accomplished some complete artistic work.

As a first-class journalist and happy descriptive writer, few young men rose into greater favour and popularity than MR ANGUS BETHUNE REACH (1821–1856). He was a native of Inverness; but before he had reached his twentieth year he was in London, busily employed on the *Morning Chronicle*, as reporter and critic, and let us add, honourably supporting his parents, on whom misfortune had fallen. Besides contributing to the magazines, Mr Reach wrote two novels—*Clement Lorimer*, one volume, 1848; and *Leonard Lindsay*, two volumes, 1850. He wrote also a number of light satires, dramatic pieces, and sketches of social life—*The Natural History of Bores and Humbugs*, *The Comic Bradshaw*, *London on the Thames*, *The Man of the Moon*, &c. Being despatched to France as a Commissioner for the *Morning Chronicle*, he enriched his note-book with sketches social, picturesque, and legendary, published with the title of *Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone*, 1852. The disappointment he experienced in traversing what is considered the most poetic region of France, he thus describes:

The South of France.

We entered Languedoc, the most early civilised of the provinces which now make up France—the land where chivalry was first wedded to literature—the land whose tongue laid the foundations of the greater part of modern poetry—the land where the people first rebelled against the tyranny of Rome—the land of the Menestrals and the Albigenses. People are apt to think of this favoured tract of Europe as a sort of terrestrial paradise—one great glowing odorous garden—where, in the shade of the orange and the olive tree, queens of love and beauty crowned the heads of wandering troubadours. The literary and historic associations have not unnaturally operated upon our common notions of the country; and for the 'south of France,' we are very apt to conjure up a brave, fictitious landscape. Yet, this country is no Eden. It has been admirably described in a single phrase, the 'Austere South of France.' It *is* austere—grim—sombre. It never smiles: it is scathed and parched. There is no freshness or rurality in it. It does not seem the country, but a vast yard—shadeless, glaring, drear, and dry. Let us glance from our elevated perch over the district we are traversing. A vast, rolling wilderness of clodded earth, browned and baked by the sun; here and there masses of red rock heaving themselves above the soil like protruding ribs of the earth, and a vast coating of drouthy dust, lying like snow upon the ground. To the left, a long ridge of iron-like mountains—on all sides rolling hills, stern and kneaded, looking as though frozen. On the slopes and in the plain, endless rows of scrubby, ugly trees, powdered with the universal dust, and looking exactly like mopsticks. Sprawling and straggling over the soil beneath them, jungles of burnt-up leafless bushes, tangled and apparently neglected. The trees are olives and mulberries—the bushes, vines. Glance again across the country. It seems a solitude. Perhaps one or two distant figures, gray with dust, are labouring to break the clods with wooden hammers; but that is all. No cottages—no farm-houses—no hedges—all one rolling sweep of iron-like, burnt-up, glaring land. In the dis-

tance you may espy a village. It looks like a fortification—all blank, high stone walls, and no windows, but mere loopholes. A square church tower gloomily and heavily overtops the houses, or the dungeon of an ancient fortress rears its massive pile of mouldering stone. Where have you seen such a landscape before? Stern and forbidding, it has yet a familiar look. These scrubby, mop-headed trees—these formal square lines of huge edifices—these banks and braes, varying in hue from the gray of the dust to the red of the rock—why, they are precisely the backgrounds of the pictures of the renaissance painters of France and Italy.

With his various tasks and incessant labour, the health of the young littérateur gave way. Mental disease prostrated him, and for the last two years of his life he was helpless. One eminent and generous man of letters—Mr Thackeray—by special lectures and personal bounty, contributed largely to the comfort of the sufferer; and another —Mr Shirley Brooks—undertook, and for many months cheerfully fulfilled, some of his friend's literary engagements. The Literary Fund also lent assistance. It is gratifying to note these instances of sympathy, but more important to mark the warning which Mr Reach's case holds out to young literary aspirants of the dangers of over-application.

MR ALBERT SMITH (1816–1860), born at Chertsey, is best known for his illustrated lectures or amusing monologues in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, in which he described a visit to Constantinople, the ascent of Mont Blanc, and a trip to China in 1858–9. Of these tours he also published accounts. Mr Smith studied medicine both in London and Paris, but began early to write for the magazines, and threw off numerous tales and sketches—as *The Adventures of Mr Ledbury*, *The Scattergood Family*, *Christopher Tadpole*, *The Pottleton Legacy*, several dramatic pieces, &c. His lectures—somewhat in the style of Mathews's 'At Home,' but with the addition of very fine scenery—were amazingly successful: 'Mont Blanc' was repeated above a thousand times, and almost invariably to crowded houses.

MRS ELLIS.

This lady is the Hannah More of the present generation. She has written fifty or sixty volumes, nearly all conveying moral or religious instruction. Her principal works are—*The Women of England*, 1838; *A Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees*, 1841; *The Daughters of England*, 1842; *The Wives of England* and *The Mothers of England*, 1843; *Prevention Better than Cure*, 1847; *Hints on Formation of Character*, 1848. Several short tales and poems have also been published by Mrs Ellis. This accomplished and industrious lady (*née* Sarah Stickney) was in 1837 married to the distinguished missionary, the Rev. William Ellis, author of *Polynesian Researches in the Society and Sandwich Islands*, four volumes, 1832.

MISS C. M. YONGE—MISS SEWELL—MISS JEWSBURY.

A not less voluminous writer is CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE, a native of Hampshire, born in 1823. Her novel, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, 1853, at once established her reputation. She had, however, previous to this date written several other tales—*Henrietta's Wish*, *Venneth*, and *Langley School*, 1850; *The Kings of England*, *The Two Guardians*, and *Landmarks of Ancient History*, 1852; &c. The popularity of *The Heir of Redclyffe* induced the authoress to continue what may be called the regular novel style; and in *Heart's Ease*, 1854; *Daisy Chain*, 1856; and *Dynevor Terrace*, 1857, we have interesting, well-constructed tales. Since then she has produced several other works—*The Young Stepmother*, *Hopes and Fears*, *The Lances of Lynwood*, *Clever Woman of the Family*, *Prince and the Page*, &c. The children's books of Miss Yonge have also been exceedingly popular; and all her works, like those of Mrs Ellis, have in view the moral improvement of the young, more particularly those of her own sex. Miss Yonge is said to have given £2000, the profits of her tale *Daisy Chain*, towards the building of a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand, and also a portion of the proceeds of the *Heir of Redclyffe* to fitting out the missionary ship *Southern Cross*, for the use of Bishop Selwyn.

ELIZABETH MISSING SEWELL, a native of the Isle of Wight, born in 1815, is authoress of various works of what is called 'High Church fiction,' but works affording moral instruction, blended with delicate womanly pictures of life and character. The best known of these are *Amy Herbert*, 1844; *Gertrude* and *Sketches*, 1847; *Katherine Ashton*, 1854; *Margaret Percival*, 1858; &c. Miss Sewell has written various religious works, sketches of continental travel, &c.

GERALDINE JEWSBURY is more ambitious in style, but not always so successful. Her works are—*Zoe*, 1845; *The Half-Sisters*, 1848; *Constance Herbert* and *Right or Wrong*, 1859; &c. Of these, *Constance Herbert* is the best, both for the interest of the story and its literary merits. Miss Jewsbury has written a story for children, *Angelo, or the Pine Forest in the Alps*, 1855. The elder sister of this lady, Maria Jane, wife of the Rev. W. Fletcher, accompanied her husband to India, and died at Bombay in 1833; she was an amiable, accomplished woman, authoress of various essays, sketches, and poems, including two volumes, *Phantasmagoria*, 1829, which Professor Wilson characterised as 'always acute and never coarse.'

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

This distinguished American author was born on the 4th July 1804—the American Independence Day. He was a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was early in the field as a contributor to periodical literature. Two volumes of these pieces were collected and published under the title of *Twice-told Tales* (1837 and 1842.) In 1845 appeared *Mosses from an old Manse*, and in 1850 *The Scarlet Letter*, which may be said to have given its author a European reputation. He afterwards joined with some friends in a scheme like the contemplated Pantisocracy of Southey and Coleridge—a society called the Brook Farm Community, from which Arcadian felicity and plenty were anticipated, but which ended in failure. In 1851, Mr Hawthorne produced *The House of the Seven Gables*, and in 1852 *The Blithedale Romance*. He published also a *Life of General Pierce*, and *A Wonder Book*, a second series of

which, called *Tanglewood Tales*, was published in 1853. On the accession of General Pierce to the presidency in 1852, Hawthorne was appointed consul for the United States at Liverpool, which he held for about five years. A visit to Italy gave occasion to his writing *Transformation* (1860)—a novel which gives an admirable view of Roman life, antiquities, and art. How graphic and striking and true, for example, is the picture presented by the opening scene!

The Capitol at Rome.

Four individuals, in whose fortunes we should be glad to interest the reader, happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the sculpture-gallery in the Capitol at Rome. It was that room (the first after ascending the staircase) in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death-swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the Amazon, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno; all famous productions of antique sculpture, and still shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol (as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the human soul, with its choice of innocence or evil at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assaulted by a snake.

From one of the windows of this saloon, we may see a flight of broad stone steps descending alongside the antique and massive foundation of the Capitol, towards the battered triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, right below. Farther on, the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond—yet but a little way, considering how much history is heaped into the intervening space—rises the great sweep of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of arches. Far off, the view is shut in by the Alban Mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change, as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

We glance hastily at these things—at this bright sky, and those blue, distant mountains, and at the ruins, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a threefold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon—in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftenest at Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a bygone life, of which this spot was the centre, that the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere. Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, all matters that we handle or dream of nowadays look evanescent and visionary alike.

Mr Hawthorne returned to America, and published *Our Old Home*, two vols., 1863, giving an account of England, but written in a tone of querulous discontent and unfairness which pained his friends on both sides of the Atlantic. Part of this must be attributed to ill-health, which continued to increase till the death of the novelist, which took place at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864. An interesting volume of Memorials of Hawthorne has been published by HENRY A. PAGE. His widow also edited and published *Passages from the American Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, two vols., 1868; *Passages from the English Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, two vols., 1870; and *Septimius*, an unfinished romance, 1871. The three early romances, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Seven Gables*, and *Blithedale*, are the most popular and original of Mr Hawthorne's works. The first of these pictures of New England life and Puritanism is on a painful subject, for *The Scarlet Letter* is the badge of the heroine's shame, and her misery and degradation form the leading theme of the story. But it is intensely interesting, and its darker shades are relieved by passages of fine description. Perhaps its only fault is one which attaches also to Scott's *Waverley*—a too long and tedious introduction. The second romance does not possess the same harrowing interest, but it has greater variety, and the inmates of the old house are drawn with consummate skill. *The Blithedale Romance* is a story founded on the Socialist experiment at Brook Farm. A strain of weird fancy and sombre thought pervades most of Hawthorne's writings.

A Socialist Experiment.

The peril of our new way of life was not lest we should fail in becoming practical agriculturists, but that we should probably cease to be anything else. While our enterprise lay all in theory, we had pleased ourselves with delectable visions of the spiritualisation of labour. It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial of worship. Each stroke of the hoe was to uncover some aromatic root of wisdom, heretofore hidden from the sun. Pausing in the field, to let the wind exhale the moisture from our foreheads, we were to look upward, and catch glimpses into the far-off soul of truth. In this point of view, matters did not turn out quite so well as we anticipated. It is very true that, sometimes, gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was, at such moments, a novelty, an unwonted aspect, on the face of nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look, and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals. But this was all. The clods of earth which we so constantly belaboured and turned over and over, were never etherialised into thought. Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish. Our labour symbolised nothing, and left us mentally sluggish in the dusk of the evening. Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar—the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity—are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance.

In quaint description and love of odd localities, Mr Hawthorne, in his short pieces, reminds us of Charles Lamb. He is a humorist with poetical fancy and feeling. In his romances, however, he puts forth greater power—a passionate energy and earnestness, with a love of the supernatural, but he never loses the simplicity and beauty of his style.

Autumn at Concord, Massachusetts.

Alas for the summer! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and in the hedgerows,

and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid as they were a month ago; and yet, in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine, there is an autumnal influence. I know not how to describe it. Methinks there is a sort of coolness amid all the heat, and a mildness in the brightest of the sunshine. A breeze cannot stir without thrilling me with the breath of autumn; and I behold its pensive glory in the far, golden gleams among the huge shadows of the trees.

The flowers, even the brightest of them, the golden rod and the gorgeous cardinals—the most glorious flowers of the year—have this gentle sadness amid their pomp. Pensive autumn is expressed in the glow of every one of them. I have felt this influence earlier in some years than in others. Sometimes autumn may be perceived even in the early days of July. There is no other feeling like that caused by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy of the year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time. . . .

I scarcely remember a scene of more complete and lovely seclusion than the passage of the river through this wood [North Branch]. Even an Indian canoe, in olden times, could not have floated onward in deeper solitude than my boat. I have never elsewere had such an opportunity to observe how much more beautiful reflection is than what we call reality. The sky and the clustering foliage on either hand, and the effect of sunlight as it found its way through the shade, giving lightsome hues in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tints—all these seemed unsurpassably beautiful when beheld in upper air. But on gazing downward, there they were, the same even to the minutest particular, yet arrayed in ideal beauty, which satisfied the spirit incomparably more than the actual scene. I am half convinced that the reflection is indeed the reality, the real thing which Nature imperfectly images to our grosser sense. At any rate the disembodied shadow is nearest to the soul. There were many tokens of autumn in this beautiful picture. Two or three of the trees were actually dressed in their coats of many colours—the real scarlet and gold which they wear before they put on mourning.

Sunday, September 23.—There is a pervading blessing diffused over all the world. I look out of the window, and think: 'O perfect day! O beautiful world! O good God!' And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. Our Creator would never have made such weather, and given us the deep heart to enjoy it, above and beyond all thought, if He had not meant us to be immortal. It opens the gates of heaven, and gives us glimpses far inward.

The English Lake Country—Grasmere.

I question whether any part of the world looks so beautiful as England—this part of England at least—on a fine summer morning. It makes one think the more cheerfully of human life to see such a bright universal verdure; such sweet, rural, peaceful, flower-bordered cottages—not cottages of gentility, but dwellings of the labouring poor; such nice villas along the roadside so tastefully contrived for comfort and beauty, and adorned more and more, year after year, with the care and afterthought of people who mean to live in them a great while, and feel as if their children might live in them also. And so they plant trees to overshadow their walks, and train ivy and all beautiful vines up against their walls—and thus live for the future in another sense than we Americans do. And the climate helps them out, and makes everything moist and green, and full of tender life, instead of dry and arid, as human life and vegetable life are so apt to be with us. Certainly, England can present a more attractive face than we can, even in its humbler modes of life—to say nothing of the beautiful lives that might be led, one would think, by the higher classes, whose gateways, with broad, smooth, gravelled drives leading through them, one sees every mile or two along the road, winding into some proud seclusion. All this is passing away, and society must assume new relations; but there is no harm in believing that there has been something very good in English life—good for all classes—while the world was in a state out of which these forms naturally grew.

MRS STOWE.

No work of fiction, perhaps, ever had so large an immediate sale as the American story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. It first appeared in parts in a weekly journal, *The Washington National Era*, 1850; and when completed, it was published in a collected form, and in less than a year 200,000 copies are said to have been sold in the United States. It was soon imported into this country, and there being no restraining law of international copyright, it was issued in every form from the price of a shilling upwards. At least half a million copies must have been sold in twelve months. So graphic and terrible a picture of slavery in the Southern States of America could not fail to interest all classes; and though 'Uncle Tom' may have been drawn too saint-like, and Legree, the slave-owner, too dark a fiend, it is acknowledged that the characters and incidents in the tale are founded on facts and authentic documents. To verify her statements, Mrs Stowe, in 1853, published a *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in which she had collected advertisements of the sale of slaves, letters from the sufferers, and arguments in support of slavery from newspapers, law reports, and even sermons.

Mrs Stowe visited England the same year (1853), and was received with great distinction. In London she received an address from the ladies of England, presented to her in Stafford House—the residence of the Duke of Sutherland—by Lord Shaftesbury. She afterwards travelled over the country, and from England she proceeded to France and Switzerland. An account of this European tour was published by Mrs Stowe, under the title of *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*. There are some pleasant passages of description in this work, but on the whole it is unworthy of the authoress. So much tuft-hunting, vanity, and slip-slop criticism could hardly have been expected from one who had displayed so much mastery over the stronger feelings and passions of our nature, and so much art in the construction of a story. Receptions, breakfast-parties, and personal compliments make up a large portion of these *Memories*, but here is one pleasing extract:

English Trees—Warwick Castle.

When we came fairly into the court-yard of the castle, a scene of magnificent beauty opened before us. I cannot describe it minutely. The principal features are the battlements, towers, and turrets of the old feudal castle, encompassed by grounds on which has been expended all that princely art of landscape gardening for which England is famous—leafy thickets, magnificent trees, openings and vistas of verdure, and wide sweeps of grass, short, thick, and vividly green, as the velvet moss we sometimes see growing on rocks in New England. Grass is an art and a science in England—it is an institution. The pains that are taken in sowing, tending, cutting, clipping, rolling, and otherwise nursing and coaxing it, being seconded by the misty breath and often falling tears of the climate, produce results which must be seen to be appreciated. So again of trees in England.

Trees here are an order of nobility; and they wear their crowns right kingly. A few years ago, when Miss Sedgwick was in this country, while admiring some splendid trees in a nobleman's park, a lady standing by said to her encouragingly: 'O well, I suppose your trees in America will be grown up after a while!' Since that time, another style of thinking of America has come up, and the remark that I most generally hear made is: 'Oh, I suppose we cannot think of shewing you anything in the way of trees, coming as you do from America!' Throwing out of account, however, the gigantic growth of our western river-bottoms, where I have seen sycamore trunks twenty feet in diameter—leaving out of account, I say, all this mammoth arboria—these English parks have trees as fine and as effective, of their kind, as any of ours; and when I say their trees are an order of nobility, I mean that they pay a reverence to them such as their magnificence deserves. Such elms as adorn the streets of New Haven, or overarch the meadows of Andover, would in England be considered as of a value which no money could represent; no pains, no expense would be spared to preserve their life and health; they would never be shot dead by having gas-pipes laid under them, as they have been in some of our New England towns; or suffered to be devoured by canker-worms for want of any amount of money spent in their defence. Some of the finest trees in this place are magnificent cedars of Lebanon, which bring to mind the expression in the Psalms, 'Excellent as the cedars.' They are the very impersonation of kingly majesty, and are fitted to grace the old feudal stronghold of Warwick the king-maker. These trees, standing as they do amid magnificent sweeps and undulations of lawn, throwing out their mighty arms with such majestic breadth and freedom of outline, are themselves a living, growing, historical epic. Their seed was brought from the Holy Land in the old days of the Crusades; and a hundred legends might be made up of the time, date, and occasion of their planting.

In 1856, Mrs Stowe published another novel written to expose the evils of slavery and the state of Southern society in America—namely, *Dred, a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*, a work much inferior to *Uncle Tom*. Before the period of her European fame, the authoress had contributed tales and sketches to American periodicals, the most popular of which was *The May Flower, or Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims*, 1849; a number of children's books, religious poems, and anti-slavery tracts have proceeded from her fertile pen. Among her late separate works may be mentioned *The Minister's Wooing*, 1859—an excellent novel, descriptive of Puritan life in New England; *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, 1862; *Agnes of Sorrento*, 1862; *Little Foxes, or the Insignificant Little Habits which mar Domestic Happiness*, 1865; *Light after Darkness*, 1867; *Men of our Times, or Leading Patriots of the Day*, 1868; *Old Town Folks*, 1869; *Little Pussy Willow*, 1870; *My Wife and I*, 1871; *Pink and White Tyranny*, 1871; *Old Town Fireside Stories* (humorous little tales), *Palmetto Leaves*, 1873; &c. One publication of Mrs Stowe's which appeared simultaneously in America and England—*The True Story of Lady Byron's Life*, 1869—excited a strong and painful interest. This was a narrative disclosing what the authoress termed 'a terrible secret' confided to her thirteen years before by Lady Byron. The secret was that Lord Byron was guilty of incest with his half-sister, Mrs Leigh, to whom he had dedicated some of the most touching and beautiful of his verses. So revolting an accusation called forth a universal burst of indignation. When examined, the statement was found to be inaccurate in dates and in some of its leading features. Letters written by Lady Byron to Mrs Leigh in terms of the warmest affection, after the separation of the poet and his wife, were produced, and a formal contradiction to some of the principal allegations was given by the descendants and representatives of both Lord and Lady Byron. Mrs Stowe attempted a vindication next year, but it was a failure. No new evidence was adduced, and her defence consisted only of strong assertions, of aspersions on the character of Byron, and of extracts from the most objectionable of his writings. The whole of this affair on the part of the clever American lady was a blunder and a reproach. No one, however, ventured to think she had fabricated the story. Lady Byron was the delinquent; on that subject Lady Byron was a monomaniac. 'Her mind was not a weak one, but she had impaired it by religious speculations beyond her reach, and by long brooding over her trials, involving some real, and many imaginary wrongs. She could at first account for her gifted husband's conduct on no hypothesis but insanity; and now, by a sort of Nemesis, there is no other hypothesis on which the moralist can charitably account for hers; but there is this marked difference in their maladies—he morbidly exaggerated his vices, and she her virtues' (*Quarterly Review*). This seems to be the true view of the case.

We add a few sentences from *The Minister's Wooing*.

A Moonlight Scene.

Mary returned to the quietude of her room. The red of twilight had faded, and the silver moon, round and fair, was rising behind the thick boughs of the apple trees. She sat down in the window, thoughtful and sad, and listened to the crickets, whose ignorant jollity often sounds as mournfully to us mortals as ours may to superior beings. There the little, hoarse, black wretches were scraping and creaking, as if life and death were invented solely for their pleasure, and the world were created only to give them a good time in it. Now and then a little wind shivered among the boughs, and brought down a shower of white petals which shimmered in the slant beams of the moonlight; and now a ray touched some small head of grass, and forthwith it blossomed into silver, and stirred itself with a quiet joy, like a new-born saint just awaking in Paradise. And ever and anon came on the still air the soft eternal pulsations of the distant sea—sound mournfullest, most mysterious, of all the harpings of Nature. It was the sea—the deep, eternal sea—the treacherous, soft, dreadful, inexplicable sea.

Love.

It is said that, if a grape-vine be planted in the neighbourhood of a well, its roots, running silently under ground, wreath themselves in a network around the cold clear waters, and the vine's putting on outward greenness and unwonted clusters and fruit is all that tells where every root and fibre of its being has been silently stealing. So those loves are most fatal, most absorbing, in which, with unheeded quietness, every thought and fibre of our life twines gradually around some human soul, to us the unsuspected well-spring of our being. Fearful it is, because so often the vine must be uprooted, and all its fibres wrenched away; but till the hour of discovery comes, how is it transfigured by a new and beautiful life!

There is nothing in life more beautiful than that

trance-like quiet dawn which precedes the rising of love in the soul, when the whole being is pervaded imperceptibly and tranquilly by another being, and we are happy, we know not and ask not why, the soul is then receiving all and asking nothing. At a later day she becomes self-conscious, and then come craving exactions, endless questions—the whole world of the material comes in with its hard counsels and consultations, and the beautiful trance fades for ever. . . .

Do not listen to hear whom a woman praises, to know where her heart is; do not ask for whom she expresses the most earnest enthusiasm. But if there be one she once knew well, whose name she never speaks; if she seem to have an instinct to avoid every occasion of its mention; if, when you speak, she drops into silence and changes the subject—why, look there for something!—just as, when getting through deep meadow-grass, a bird flies ostentatiously up before you, you may know her nest is not there, but far off under distant tufts of fern and buttercup, through which she has crept, with a silent flutter in her spotted breast, to act her pretty little falsehood before you.

MRS LYNN LINTON—MRS HENRY WOOD.

MRS ELIZA LINTON, a popular novelist, is a native of the picturesque Lake country. She was born at Keswick in 1822, daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite in Cumberland. In 1858 she was married to Mr W. J. Linton, engraver. Mrs Linton appeared as an authoress in 1844, when she published *Azeth the Egyptian*, which was followed by *Amymone, a Romance of the Days of Pericles*, 1848; *Realities*, 1851; *Witch Stories*, 1861; *Lizzie Lorton*, 1866; *Patricia Kemball;* and other works of fiction, with various piquant essays and critical contributions to the periodical press. Mrs Linton has also published an account of 'The Lake Country,' with illustrations by Mr Linton. The novels of this lady represent, in clear and vigorous English, the world of to-day. All the little frivolities, the varieties, the *finesse* of women, all the empty pretence and conscious self-deception of men, she paints with real power and with a peculiar tinge of cynicism, which is so regularly recurrent as to make the reader a little doubtful of its genuineness. In *Patricia Kemball* she lays bare the hollow hearts and secret vices of society; the real heroine, Dora, is insincere, and instigates to crime, yet is represented as 'a girl of the period.' Mrs Linton has real constructive faculty, with descriptive and satirical power. Her earlier novels are healthier in tone and feeling than her later ones. She appears to be passing into sensationalism and love-stories based on intrigue; and though professedly she would by these teach a high moral, we doubt if the bulk of her readers will draw the lesson she intends. The *History of Joshua Davidson* sufficiently shews that Mrs Lynn Linton has latterly been exercised in seeking a solution of the great social problems of the day—the 'enigmas of life.' Her book cannot be regarded otherwise than as a rejection of Christianity as a creed impossible of application to our complex modern society, or as applicable only in the form of an undisguised communism.

MRS HENRY WOOD (*née* Price), born in Worcestershire in 1820, has written a great number of novels (twenty are enumerated in Bentley's catalogue), beginning with *Danebury House*, 1860; *East Lynne*, which was published in 1861, and met with great success; *The Channings* (1862); *Mrs Halliburton's Troubles, Verner's Pride, Bessy Rane, Roland Yorke, Lady Adelaide's Oath*, &c. Mrs Wood has edited a monthly magazine, *The Argosy*, and has contributed, during an active literary life, to various other periodicals. In her novels she contrives to unite plot and melodrama with healthy moral teaching. She has shewn talent in dealing with character alone, as seen in her anonymous *Johnny Ludlow Papers*, which were highly praised by critics who had spoken contemptuously of the novels published under her own name.

MISS ANNE MANNING—MISS RHODA BROUGHTON, &C.

A series of novels, most of them cast in an antique autobiographical form, commenced in 1850 with *The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mrs Milton*, an ideal representation of Milton's first wife, written and printed in the style of the period. This has been followed by *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, 1851; *Edward Osborne*, 1852; *The Provocations of Madame Palissy*, 1853; *Chronicles of Merrie England*, 1854; *Caliph Haroun Alraschid*, 1855; *Good Old Times*, 1856; a *Cottage History of England, Masque of Ludlow*, &c., 1866. These works are stated to be written by a lady, MISS ANNE MANNING.

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON has constructive talent, combined with no ordinary knowledge of society, with little sentiment and some defiance—at least disregard—of conventionalisms. Her novels are—*Nancy; Good-bye, Sweetheart; Red as a Rose is She; Cometh up as a Flower*, &c. Not unlike Miss Broughton is MRS EDWARDS, who has written *Steven Lawrence, Yeoman, Archie Lovell*, &c. Mrs Edwards's heroes are of the masculine sort, and in her *Archie Lovell* (which was very popular) she has delineated some of the features of the fashionable Bohemianism of the day. HOLME LEE (whose real name is Harriet Parr) is one of the purest and brightest of the domestic school of novelists, and also a writer of some excellent essays. She has but slight skill in plot, but has a firm hold of certain ranges of character, and superior analytical faculty. The unwearying industry of 'Holme Lee' has enabled her to reside on a small property of her own in the Isle of Wight. Her novels are—*Against Wind and Tide, Sylvan Holt's Daughter, Kathie Brande, Warp and Woof, Maude Talbot, The Beautiful Miss Barrington*, &c. MRS RIDDELL made a reputation among the novel-readers by her novel, *George Geith*, a really powerful fiction. In her later works she has gone too far in the direction of plot and sensation merely. In 1875 an anonymous novel, *Coming through the Rye*, became at once popular, and various authors were named. At length it was found that it was written by MISS MATHER, a lady known as the author of some poems.

CHARLES READE.

The novels of MR CHARLES READE have been among the most popular and most powerful of our recent works of fiction. In 1853 appeared his *Peg Woffington*, a lively, sparkling story of town-life and the theatres a century ago, when Garrick, Quin, and Colley Cibber were their great names. The heroine, Peg Woffington, was an

actress, remarkable for beauty and for her personation of certain characters in comedy. Walpole thought her an 'impudent Irish-faced girl,' but he admitted that 'all the town was in love with her.' Mr Reade's second heroine was of a very different stamp. His *Christie Johnstone*, 1853, is a tale of fisher-life in Scotland, the scene being laid at Newhaven on the Forth. A young lord, Viscount Ipsden, is advised by his physician, as a cure for *ennui* and dyspepsia, to make acquaintance with people of low estate, and to learn their ways, their minds, and their troubles. He sails in his yacht to the Forth, accompanied by his valet.

Newhaven Fisherwomen.

'Saunders! do you know what Dr Aberford means by the lower classes?' 'Perfectly, my lord.' 'Are there any about here?' 'I am sorry to say they are everywhere, my lord.' 'Get me some'—(*cigarette*). Out went Saunders, with his usual graceful *empressement*, but an internal shrug of his shoulders. He was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face—pride at his success in diving to the very bottom of society, and contempt of what he had fished up thence. He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce*, but impressively: 'This is low enough, my lord.' Then glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched, over the forehead, about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks unencumbered. They had cotton jackets, bright red and yellow, mixed in patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings, but bobtailed below the waist; short woollen petticoats, with broad vertical stripes, red and white most vivid in colour; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats, the outer one was kilted, or gathered up towards the front; and the second, of the same colour, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it, and black hair, and glorious black eyebrows. The other was fair, with a massive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold; and a blue eye, which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and lashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty.

Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle and a leg with a noble swell; for nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the ideas of ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who, with their airy-like sylphs, and their smoke-like verses, fight for want of flesh in woman and want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties. *They are*, my lads. *Continues!* These women had a grand corporeal trait; they had never known a corset! so they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads—actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom. What with their own radiance, and the snowy cleanliness and brightness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ipsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, said, 'How do you do?' and smiled a welcome. 'Fine, hoow 's yoursel?' answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face. 'What'n lord are ye?' continued she. 'Are ye a juke? I wad like fine to hae a crack wi' a juke.' Saunders, who knew himself the cause of this question, replied, *sotto voce*, 'His lordship is a viscount.' 'I dinna ken't,' was Jean's remark; 'but it has a bonny soond.' 'What mair would ye hae?' said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his lordship as the likeliest to know, she added: 'Nobeelity is just a soond itsel, I'm tauld.' The viscount finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not attended much to, answered drily: 'We must ask the republicans; they are the people that give their minds to such subjects.' 'And yon man,' asked Jean Carnie, 'is he a lord, too?' 'I am his lordship's servant,' replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just. 'Na!' replied she, not to be imposed upon. 'Ye are statelier and prooder than this ane.' 'I will explain,' said his master. 'Saunders knows his value; a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount.'

Mr Reade is not very happy with his Scotch dialogue. His novel, however, is lively and interesting, and Christie, like Peg Woffington, is ably drawn. This type of energetic impassioned women is characteristic of all Mr Reade's novels. In 1856 appeared *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, the scene of which is partly laid in Australia, and which introduces us to life in the bush, and to a series of surprising adventures. This was followed by *White Lies*, 1857; *The Course of True Love Never did Run Smooth*, 1857; *Jack of all Trades*, 1858; *Love me Little, Love me Long*, 1859; and *The Cloister and the Hearth, a Tale of the Middle Ages*, 1861. The last is a powerful romance—the author's noblest work. It was followed by *Hard Cash*, 1863; and by *Griffith Gaunt, or Jealousy*, 1868—both remarkable fictions, though deformed by coarse, overdrawn scenes, and painful disclosures of immorality, crime, and suffering. The other novels of Mr Reade are *Foul Play*, 1868; *Put Yourself in his Place*, 1870; and *A Terrible Temptation*, 1871.

Before his successful career as a novelist, Mr Reade had produced some dramatic pieces—*Gold*, 1850; and, in association with Mr Tom Taylor, a drama entitled *Two Loves and a Life*, 1854; *The King's Rivals*, 1854; *Masks and Faces*, 1854; on the last of these was founded the story of Peg Woffington. Mr Reade is an Oxfordshire man, a D.C.L. of the university, youngest son of a squire of the same name; born in 1814, graduated at Magdalen Hall, elected to one of the Vinerian Fellowships in 1842, and called to the bar in 1843.

G. R. GLEIG—W. H. MAXWELL—JAMES GRANT.

Various military narratives, in which imaginary scenes and characters are mixed up with real events and descriptions of continental scenery, have been written by the above gentlemen. The REV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG (son of Bishop Gleig of Brechin, and born in 1796) in the early part of his life served in the army, but afterwards entered the church, and is now Chaplain-General to the Forces. A portion of his military experience is given in his work, *The Subaltern*, 1825, which gives an accurate and lively account of some of the scenes in the Peninsular war. He has since proved one of our most voluminous writers. Among his works are—*The Chelsea Pensioners*, 1829; *The Country Curate*, 1834; *The Chronicles of Waltham*, 1835; *The Hussar*, 1837;

Traditions of Chelsea College, 1838; *The Only Daughter*, 1839; *The Veterans of Chelsea Hospital*, 1841; *The Light Dragoon*, 1844; *Story of the Battle of Waterloo;* &c. Mr Gleig has also written *Lives of British Military Commanders*, a *History of British India*, a *Familiar History of England*, a *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*, *Memoirs of Warren Hastings*, a *Military History of Great Britain*, an account of *Sale's Brigade in Afghanistan*, *Campaigns of the British Army in Washington*, a *Life of Lord Clive*, three volumes of travels in Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary; two volumes of *Essays* contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, several volumes of sermons and educational treatises, &c. Many of these works of Mr Gleig bear traces of haste and mere book-making; the *Memoirs of Hastings*, though poor, had the merit of producing one of Macaulay's best essays. The latest of Mr Gleig's works is a *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, 1871, reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*.

WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL (1795–1861) is said to have been the first who suggested the military novel, afterwards so popular with Charles Lever. Mr Maxwell travelled for some time with the British army in the Peninsula, but took orders in the church, and became rector of Ballagh in Connaught. He was a voluminous writer, author, among other works, of *Stories of Waterloo*, 1829; *Wild Sports of the West*, 1833; *The Dark Lady of Doona*, 1836; *The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War*, 1837; *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, 3 vols., 1839–41; *Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune*, 1842; *Hector O'Halloran*, 1844; *History of the Irish Rebellion of* 1798 (illustrated by Cruikshank), 1845; *Adventures of Captain O'Sullivan*, 1846; *Hillside and Border Sketches*, 1847; *Bryan O'Lynn*, 1848; &c.

A number of military novels and memoirs of eminent commanders have been written by MR JAMES GRANT (born in Edinburgh in 1822), who served for a short time in the 62d Regiment. Among these are—*The Romance of War*, 1846, to which a sequel was added the following year; *Adventures of an Aide-de-camp*, 1848; *Walter Fenton, or the Scottish Cavalier*, 1850; *Bothwell*, 1851; *Jane Seton*, 1853; *Philip Rollo*, 1854; *The Yellow Frigate*, 1855; *The Phantom Regiment*, 1856; and every succeeding year a military novel, the latest being *Under the Red Dragon*, 1872. Besides these, Mr Grant has written *Memoirs of Kirkaldy of Grange*, 1849; *Memorials of Edinburgh Castle*, 1850; *Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn*, 1851. Familiar with military affairs and with Scottish history, some of Mr Grant's novels present animated pictures of the times, though often rambling and ill constructed.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

One of the most original novelists of the day, especially in describing humble Scottish life and feeling, whose genius 'loves to dwell on the border-land between poetry and prose, between this world and romance,' is MR GEORGE MACDONALD. Born at Huntly, county of Aberdeen, December 10, 1824, Mr MacDonald went to college at Aberdeen in his sixteenth year, and pursued his studies with a view to devoting his life to science, particularly chemistry. He afterwards attended the Theological College at Highbury, and became the minister of a Congregational church at Arundel in Sussex. He remained three years in Arundel, and then removed to Manchester. He was compelled, however, to give up preaching on account of the state of his health, which has always been delicate and precarious. A short residence in Algiers restored Mr MacDonald to comparative vigour, and returning to London, he took to literature as a profession. In 1856, his first work, *Within and Without*, a poem, appeared. This was followed by *Phantastes, a Faerie Romance*, as wild as Hogg's *Kilmeny*, but also, like it, full of poetic beauty and power. A long series of novels and imaginative works succeeded. *David Elginbrod*, 1862; *The Portent, a Story of Second Sight*, 1864; *Adela Cathcart*, 1864; *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, 1865; *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood; Robert Falconer; Seaboard Parish; Wow o' Riven, or the Idiot's Home; At the Back of the North Wind; The Princess and the Goblin; Wilfrid Cumbermede; Malcolm; St Michael and the Dragon*, 1875; &c. Besides his numerous novels, Mr MacDonald has published a volume of poems and some theological works, as, *Unspoken Sermons*, 1869; *The Miracles of Our Lord*, 1870. In depicting certain phases of religious belief and development, and in exposing the harsher features of Calvinism, Mr MacDonald is original and striking, and scenes of that nature in his novels are profound as well as touching and suggestive. The following extract is from *Robert Falconer:*

Death of the Drinking, Fiddling Soutar (Shoemaker).

Silence endured for a short minute; then he called his wife. 'Come here, Bell. Gie me a kiss, my bonny lass. I hae been an ill man to you.'

'Na, na, Sandy. Ye hae aye been gude to me—better nor I deserved. Ye hae been naebody's enemy but yer ain.'

'Haud yer tongue. Ye 're speykin' waur blethers nor the minister, honest man! And, eh! ye war a bonny lass when I merried ye. I hae blaudit (spoiled) ye a'thegither. But gin I war up, see gin I wadna gie ye a new goon, an' that wad be something to make ye like yersel' again. I 'm affrontet wi' mysel' 'at I had been sic a brute o' a man to ye. But ye maun forgie me noo, for I do believe i' my hert 'at the Lord 's forgien me. Gie me anither kiss, lass. God be praised, and mony thanks to *you*. Ye micht hae run awa' frae me lang or noo, an' a'body wad hae said ye did richt.—Robert, play a spring.'

Absorbed in his own thoughts, Robert began to play *The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn*.

'Hoots! hoots!' cried Sandy angrily. 'What are you aboot? Nae mair o' that. I hae dune wi' that. What 's i' the heid o' ye, man?'

'What 'll I play then, Sandy?' asked Robert meekly.

'Play the *The Lan' o' the Leal*, or *My Nannie's Awa'*, or something o' that kin'. I 'll be leal to ye noo, Bell. An' we winna pree o' the whusky nae mair, lass.'

'I canna bide the smell o't,' cried Bell sobbing.

Robert struck in with *The Land o' the Leal*. When he had played it over two or three times, he laid the fiddle in its place, and departed—able just to see, by the light of the neglected candle, that Bell sat on the bedside stroking the *rosiny* hand of her husband, the rhinoceros-hide of which was yet delicate enough to let the love through to his heart. After this the soutar never called his fiddle his *auld wife*.

Robert walked home with his head sunk on his breast. Dooble Sanny [Double Sandy], the drinking, ranting, swearing soutar, was inside the wicket-gate. . . . Hence-

forth Robert had more to do in reading the New Testament than in playing the fiddle to the soutar, though they never parted without an air or two. Sandy continued hopeful and generally cheerful, with alternations which the reading generally fixed on the right side for the night. Robert never attempted any comments, but left him to take from the Word what nourishment he could. There was no return of strength, and the constitution was gradually yielding.

The rumour got abroad that he was a 'changed character'—how, is not far to seek, for Mr Macleary fancied himself the honoured instrument of his conversion, whereas paralysis and the New Testament were the chief agents, and even the violin had more share in it than the minister. For the spirit of God lies all about the spirit of man like a mighty sea, ready to rush in at the smallest chink in the walls that shut him out from his own—walls which even the tone of a violin afloat on the wind of that spirit is sometimes enough to rend from battlement to base, as the blast of the rams' horns rent the walls of Jericho. And now, to the day of his death, the shoemaker had need of nothing. Food, wine, and delicacies were sent him by many who, while they considered him outside of the kingdom, would have troubled themselves in no way about him. What with visits of condolence and flattery, inquiries into his experience, and long prayers by his bedside, they now did their best to send him back among the swine. The soutar's humour, however, aided by his violin, was a strong antidote against these evil influences.

'I doobt I 'm gaein' to dee, Robert,' he said at length one evening, as the lad sat by his bedside.

'Weel, that winna do ye nae ill,' answered Robert; adding, with just a touch of bitterness: 'ye needna care aboot that.'

'I do *not* care aboot the deein' o't. But I jist want to live lang eneuch to lat the Lord ken 'at I 'm in doonricht earnest aboot it. I hae nae chance o' drinkin' as lang as I 'm lyin' here.'

'Never ye fash yer heid aboot that. Ye can lippen (trust) that to him, for it 's his ain business. He 'll see 'at ye 're a' richt. Dinna ye think at' he 'll lat ye off.'

'The Lord forbid,' responded the soutar earnestly. 'It maun be a' pitten richt. It wad be dreidfu' to be latten off. I wadna hae him content wi' cobbler's wark. I hae 't,' he resumed, after a few minutes' pause: 'the Lord 's easy pleased, but ill to satisfee. I 'm sair pleased wi' your playin', Robert, but it 's naething like the richt thing yet. It does me gude to hear ye, though, for a' that.'

The very next night he found him evidently sinking fast. Robert took the violin, and was about to play, but the soutar stretched out his left hand, and took it from him, laid it across his chest and his arm over it, for a few moments, as if he were bidding it farewell, then held it out to Robert, saying: 'Hae, Robert, she 's yours. Death 's a sair divorce. Maybe they 'll hae an orra fiddle whaur I 'm gaein', though. Think o' a Rothieden soutar playing afore his Grace!'

Robert saw that his mind was wandering, and mingled the paltry honours of earth with the grand simplicities of heaven. He began to play the *Land o' the Leal*. For a little while Sandy seemed to follow and comprehend the tones, but by slow degrees the light departed from his face. At length his jaw fell, and with a sigh the body parted from Dooble Sanny, and he went to God. His wife closed mouth and eyes without a word, laid the two arms straight by his sides, then seating herself on the edge of the bed, said: 'Dinna bide, Robert. It 's a ower noo. He 's gane hame. Gin I war only wi' him, wharever he is!' She burst into tears, but dried her eyes a moment after.

Bible Class in the Fisher Village.—From 'Malcolm.'

He now called up the Bible class, and Malcolm sat beside and listened. That morning they had read one of the chapters in the history of Jacob.

'Was Jacob a good man?' he asked as soon as the reading, each of the scholars in turn taking a verse, was over. An apparently universal expression of assent followed; halting in its wake, however, came the voice of a boy near the bottom of the class: 'Wasna he some double, sir?' 'You are right Sheltie,' said the master; 'he *was* double. I must, I find, put the question in another shape: was Jacob a bad man?'

Again came such a burst of 'yeses' that it might have been taken for a general hiss. But limping in the rear came again the half dissentient voice of Sheltie: 'Pairtly, sir.' You think then, Sheltie, that a man may be both bad and good?' 'I dinna ken, sir; I think he may be whiles ane and whiles the other, and whiles maybe it wad be ill to say which. Our colly's whiles in twa minds whether he 'll do what he 's telled or no.'

'That 's the battle of Armageddon, Sheltie, my man. It 's aye raging, as gun roared or bayonet clashed. Ye maun up and do your best in 't, my man. Gien ye die fechting like a man, ye 'll flee up with a quiet face and wide open een; and there 's a great One that will say to ye, 'Weel done, laddie!' But gien ye gie in to the enemy, he 'll turn ye into a creeping thing that eats dirt; and there 'll no be a hole in a' the crystal wa' of the New Jerusalem near enough to let ye creep through.'

'I reckon, sir,' said Sheltie, 'Jacob hadna foughten out his battle.'

'That 's just it, my boy. And because he would not get up and fight manfully, God had to take him in hand. Ye 've heard tell of generals, when their troops were rinnin' awa', having to cut this man down, shoot that ane, and lick another, till he turned them a' right face about, and drave them on to the foe like a spate (flood). And the trouble God took wi' Jacob was not lost upon him at last.'

'An' what came o' Esau, sir?' asked a pale-faced maiden with blue eyes. 'He wasna an ill kind o' a chield, was he, sir?'

'No, Mappy,' answered the master; 'he was a fine chield as you say, but he needed mair time and gentler treatment to make onything o' him. Ye see he had a guid heart, but was a duller kind o' creature a'thegither, and cared for naething he couldna see or handle. He never thought muckle about God at a'. Jacob was another sort—a poet kind o' a man, but a sneck-drawing creature for a' that. It was easier, however, to get the slyness out o' Jacob than the dullness out o' Esau. Punishment telled upon Jacob like upon a thin-skinned horse, whereas Esau was mair like the minister's powny, that can hardly be made to understand that ye want him to gang on.'

The Old Churchyard.—From 'Malcolm.'

The next day, the day of the Resurrection, rose glorious from its sepulchre of sea-fog and drizzle. It had poured all night long, but at sunrise the clouds had broken and scattered, and the air was the purer for the cleansing rain, while the earth shone with that peculiar lustre which follows the weeping which has endured its appointed night. The larks were at it again, singing as if their hearts would break for joy as they hovered in brooding exultation over the song of the future; for their nests beneath hoarded a wealth of larks for summers to come. Especially about the old church—half buried in the ancient trees of Lossie House, the birds that day were jubilant; their throats seemed too narrow to let out the joyful air that filled all their hollow bones and quills; they sang as if they must sing or choke with too much gladness. Beyond the short spire and its shining cock, rose the balls and stars and arrowy vanes of the house, glittering in gold and sunshine. The inward hush of the Resurrection, broken only by the prophetic birds, the poets of the groaning and travailing creation, held time and space as in a trance; and the centre from which radiated both the hush and the carolling expectation seemed to

Alexander Graham to be the churchyard in which he was now walking in the cool of the morning. It was more carefully kept than most Scottish churchyards, and yet was not too trim; Nature had a word in the affair—was allowed her part of mourning in long grass and moss and the crumbling away of stone. The wholesomeness of decay, which both in nature and humanity is but the miry road back to life, was not unrecognised here; there was nothing of the hideous attempt to hide death in the garments of life. The master walked about gently, now stopping to read some well-known inscription, and ponder for a moment over the words; and now wandering across the stoneless mounds, content to be forgotten by all but those who loved the departed. At length he seated himself on a slab by the side of the mound that rose but yesterday; it was sculptured with symbols of decay—needless, surely, where the originals lay about the mouth of every newly-opened grave, as surely ill befitting the precincts of a church whose indwelling gospel is of life victorious over death! 'What are these stones,' he said to himself, 'but monuments to oblivion.' They are not memorials of the dead, but memorials of the forgetfulness of the living. How vain it is to send a poor forsaken name, like the title-page of a lost book, down the careless stream of time! Let me serve my generation, and may God remember me!'

Mr MacDonald is a master of thought and sentiment, with fine fancy and descriptive power, but with little or no constructive tact. His ideas are apt to run away with him, and to cause one part of his story to move in a wholly different atmosphere from that of the other. The quaint realism of the first volume of *David Elginbrod* but indifferently reconciles itself with the spiritualistic effusiveness of the latter. The *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood* errs in the same way, and also *Malcolm;* yet what fine things are in those works! Mr MacDonald's peculiar reaction against Calvinism is seen in most of his novels, particularly in *Robert Falconer*, which is perhaps the ablest of his tales. His Scotch is the dialect of the east of Scotland, Moray and Aberdeen—not the classic Scotch of Burns and Scott. His latest novel, *St George and St Michael*, is English, and is a story of the time of the Commonwealth, the plot turning on the progress of the war. Lord Herbert, the inventor, is well drawn, and the novel has occasional touches of humour. Mr MacDonald has been very successful in fairy stories, after the model of the German *Marchen*, and his *Phantastes* is in its way quite inimitable. As in all his tales Mr MacDonald shews poetic feeling, we might expect to find him versifying, and accordingly he has written two or three volumes of poetry marked by penetration, sympathy, and subtle beauty of expression. In such lines as the following we see a fine lyrical power:

Come to us; above the storm
Ever shines the blue.
Come to us; beyond its form
Ever lies the True.

Mother, darling, do not weep—
All I cannot tell:
By and by, you 'll go to sleep,
And you 'll wake so well.

There is sunshine everywhere
For thy heart and mine:
God for every sin and care
Is the cure divine.

We 're so happy all the day
Waiting for another;
All the flowers and sunshine stay
Waiting for you, mother.

Most of Mr MacDonald's novels contain snatches of verse. In a longer poem, *Hidden Life*, in blank verse, is the following Wordsworthian passage:

Love-dreams of a Peasant Youth.

He found the earth was beautiful. The sky
Shone with the expectation of the sun.
He grieved him for the daisies, for they fell
Caught in the furrow, with their innocent heads
Just out imploring. A gray hedgehog ran
With tangled mesh of bristling spikes, and face
Helplessly innocent, across the field:
He let it run, and blessed it as it ran.
Returned at noon-tide, something drew his feet
Into the barn: entering, he gazed and stood.
For, through the rent roof lighting, one sunbeam
Blazed on the yellow straw one golden spot,
Dulled all the amber heap, and sinking far,
Like flame inverted, through the loose-piled mound,
Crossed the keen splendour with dark shadow-straws,
In lines innumerable. 'Twas so bright,
His eye was cheated with a spectral smoke
That rose as from a fire. He had not known
How beautiful the sunlight was, not even
Upon the windy fields of morning grass,
Nor on the river, nor the ripening corn.
As if to catch a wild live thing, he crept
On tiptoe silent, laid him on the heap,
And gazing down into the glory-gulf,
Dreamed as a boy half-sleeping by the fire;
And dreaming rose, and got his horses out.
God, and not woman, is the heart of all.
But she, as priestess of the visible earth,
Holding the key, herself most beautiful,
Had come to him, and flung the portals wide.
He entered in: each beauty was a glass
That gleamed the woman back upon his view.
Shall I not rather say, each beauty gave
Its own soul up to him who worshipped her,
For that his eyes were opened thus to see?
Already in these hours his quickened soul
Put forth the white tip of a floral bud,
Ere long to be a crown-like, aureole flower.
His songs unbidden, his joy in ancient tales,
Had hitherto alone betrayed the seed
That lay in his heart, close hidden even from him,
Yet not the less mellowing all his spring:
Like summer sunshine came the maiden's face,
And in the youth's glad heart, the seed awoke.
It grew and spread, and put forth many flowers,
And every flower a living open eye,
Until his soul was full of eyes within.
Each morning now was a fresh boon to him;
Each wind a spiritual power upon his life;
Each individual animal did share
A common being with him; every kind
Of flower from every other was distinct,
Uttering that for which alone it was—
Its something human, wrapt in other veil.
And when the winter came, when thick the snow
Armed the sad fields from gnawing of the frost,
When the low sun but skirted his far realms,
And sank in early night, he drew his chair
Beside the fire; and by the feeble lamp
Read book on book; and wandered other climes,
And lived in other lives and other needs,
And grew a larger self.

Mr MacDonald has occasionally lectured on the poets—Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, &c.

—to large intellectual audiences, in London and the provinces.

EDMUND YATES.

EDMUND HODGSON YATES, a miscellaneous writer and journalist (born in 1831), is author of several novels, including *Kissing the Rod*, and *Land at Last*, 1866; *Wrecked in Port*, 1869; *Dr Wainwright's Patient* and *Nobody's Fortune*, 1871; *The Castaway*, 1872; *Two by Tricks*, 1874; &c. Mr Yates was a contributor to Dickens's periodical *All the Year Round*, in which appeared his novel of *Black Sheep* and other works of fiction. As a dramatic writer and critic he is also well known. Indeed, for the drama, Mr Yates may be said to have a hereditary predilection, as his father was a popular and accomplished actor and theatrical manager.

MISS BRADDON—LOUISE DE LA RAMÉ.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON has produced about thirty novels, all of them shewing remarkable artistic skill in weaving the plot and arranging the incidents, so as to enchain the reader's attention. This is the distinguishing feature of the authoress, rather than delineation of character. Some of her tales have a strong fascinating interest, and abound in dramatic scenes and powerful description. Her novels are full of surprises—literally packed with incidents of the most striking character—winding out interminably, and threatening to collapse in conflicting lines of interest, but just at the right moment they reunite themselves again with ingenious consistency. *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Aurora Floyd* may be considered as representative works, skilful in plot, but dealing with repellant phases of life and character. The following are among the best known of Miss Braddon's works: *Lady Audley's Secret* (which had an amazing popularity, six editions being disposed of in as many weeks), *Henry Dunbar*, *Only a Clod*, *Dead-Sea Fruit*, *John Marchmont's Legacy*, *The Lady's Mile*, *Captain of the Vulture*, *Birds of Prey*, *Aurora Floyd*, *The Doctor's Wife*, *Eleanor's Victory*, *Sir Jasper's Tenant*, *Trail of the Serpent*, *Charlotte's Inheritance*, *Rupert Godwin*, *Ralph the Bailiff*, *The Lovels of Arden*, *To the Bitter End*, &c. Miss Braddon has also produced some dramatic pieces and a volume of *Poems* (1861), and she conducts a monthly magazine entitled *Belgravia*. The prolific authoress is a native of London, daughter of Mr Henry Braddon, a solicitor, and born in 1837.

A lady assuming the name of 'Ouida' (said to be LOUISE DE LA RAMÉ, of French extraction) is author of a number of novels, characterised by gentle and poetic feeling and sentiment. Among these are: *Folle-Farine; Idalia, a Romance; Chandos, a Novel; Under Two Flags; Cecil Castlemaine's Gage; Tricotrin, the Story of a Waif and Stray; Pascarèl, only a Story; Held in Bondage, or Granville de Vigne; A Dog of Flanders, and other Stories; Puck, his Vicissitudes, Adventures, &c.; Strathmore, or Wrought by his Own Hand, &c.; Two Little Wooden Shoes.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

Under the name of 'George Eliot,' as author, a series of novels by a lady (said to be a native of the fair and classic county of Warwick) has appeared, dating from 1857, which are remarkable for fresh original power and faithful delineation of English country-life. The first of these, entitled *Scenes of Clerical Life*, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and attracted much attention. It was followed in 1859 by *Adam Bede*, of which five editions were sold within as many months. The story of this novel is of the real school, as humble in most of its characters and as faithful in its portraiture as *Jane Eyre*. The opening sentences disclose the worldly condition of the hero, and form a fine piece of English painting. The scene is the workshop of a carpenter in a village, and the date of the story 1799:

Description of Adam Bede.

The afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there, busy upon doors and window-frames and wainscoting. A scent of pine-wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside the open door mingled itself with the scent of the elder-bushes, which were spreading their summer snow close to the open window opposite; the slanting sunbeams shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak panelling which stood propped against the wall. On a heap of those soft shavings a rough gray shepherd-dog had made himself a pleasant bed, and was lying with his nose between his fore-paws, occasionally wrinkling his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workmen, who was carving a shield in the centre of a wooden mantel-piece. It was to this workman that the strong barytone belonged which was heard above the sound of plane and hammer, singing:

'Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth'——

Here some measurement was to be taken which required more concentrated attention, and the sonorous voice subsided into a low whistle; but it presently broke out again with renewed vigour:

'Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear.'

Such a voice could only come from a broad chest, and the broad chest belonged to a large-boned muscular man, nearly six feet high, with a back so flat and a head so well poised, that when he drew himself up to take a more distant survey of his work, he had the air of a soldier standing at ease. The sleeve rolled up above the elbow shewed an arm that was likely to win the prize for feats of strength; yet the long supple hand, with its bony finger-tips, looked ready for works of skill. In his tall stalwartness, Adam Bede was a Saxon, and justified his name; but the jet-black hair, made the more noticeable by its contrast with the light paper-cap, and the keen glance of the dark eyes that shone from under strongly-marked, prominent, and mobile eyebrows, indicated a mixture of Celtic blood.

The real heroine of the tale is Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher; but Adam Bede's love is fixed on a rustic coquette and beauty, thus finely described as standing in the dairy of the Hall Farm:

Hetty Sorrel.

It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose-petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large dark eyes had a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark delicate rings on her forehead and about her white shell-like ears; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of

her pink and white neckerchief, tucked into her low plum-coloured stuff bodice; or how the linen butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines; or how her brown stockings and thick-soled buckled shoes, lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle; of little use, unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders, for otherwise, though you might conjure up the image of a lovely woman, she would not in the least resemble that distracted kitten-like maiden. Hetty's was a spring-tide beauty; it was the beauty of young frisking things, round-limbed, gamboling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence—the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.

Poor Hetty's vanity and beauty led her to ruin. She agrees to marry Adam Bede, but at length goes away to seek her former lover, Arthur Donnithorne, the gentleman, and to hide her shame. The account of her wanderings and her meditated suicide is related with affecting minuteness and true pathos. Hetty is comforted by the gentle Methodist enthusiast, Dinah Morris, who at last becomes the wife of Adam Bede. The other characters in the novel are all distinct, well-defined individuals. The vicar of the parish, Mr Irvine; the old bachelor schoolmaster, Bartle Massey; and Mr and Mrs Poyser of the Hall Farm, are striking, lifelike portraits. Mrs Poyser is an original, rich in proverbial philosophy, good sense, and amusing volubility. The following is a discussion on matrimony, the interlocutors being the schoolmaster, the gardener, and Mr and Mrs Poyser:

Dialogue on Matrimony.

'What!' said Bartle, with an air of disgust. 'Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam.'

'But it 's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle,' said Mr Poyser. 'Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they 'd all been like Dinah.'

'I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all,' said Bartle. 'I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I daresay she 's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two 'll come to five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.'

'Ay, ay!' said Mrs Poyser; 'one 'ud think, an' hear some folk talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, *they* can. Perhaps that 's the reason they can see so little o' this side on 't.'

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

'Ah;' said Bartle sneeringly, 'the women are quick enough—they 're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself.'

'Like enough,' said Mrs Poyser; 'for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man 's getting 's tongue ready; an' when he out wi' his speech at last, there 's little broth to be made on 't. It 's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men.'

'Match!' said Bartle; 'ay, as vinegar matches one's teeth. If a man says a word, his wife 'll match it with a contradiction; if he 's a mind for hot meat, his wife 'll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she 'll match him with whimpering. She 's such a match as the horse-fly is to th' horse: she 's got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Poyser, 'I know what the men like—a poor soft, as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an' say thank you for a kick, an' pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That 's what a man wants in a wife, mostly: he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he 's wise. But there 's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much o' themselves a'ready—an' that 's how it is there 's old bachelors.'

'Come, Craig,' said Mr Poyser jocosely, 'you mun get married pretty quick, else you 'll be set down for an old bachelor; an' you see what the women 'ull think on you.'

'Well,' said Mr Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, '*I* like a cleverish woman—a woman o' sperrit—a managing woman.'

'You 're out there, Craig,' said Bartle dryly; 'you 're out there. You judge o' your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don't value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now that 's the way you should choose women; their cleverness 'll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong flavoured.'

'What dost say to that?' said Mr Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

'Say!' answered Mrs Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; 'why, I say as some folk's tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there 's summat wrong i' their own inside.'

Of similar style with *Adam Bede*, and with no diminution of power or reality, appeared in 1859 *The Mill on the Floss*, and in 1861 *Silas Marner*, not inferior to any of its predecessors. Silas is a weaver, a Dissenter, wronged and injured, a solitary unhappy man. 'You were hard done by once, Mr Marner, and it seems as if you 'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it 's dark to you and me.' And this moral is evolved out of a painful but most interesting and powerful story. The fourth novel of the author was of a more ambitious cast: in 1863 was published *Romola*, an historical novel of Italian life in the days of Savonarola, a highly-finished, eloquent, artistic work, and by a select class considered the greatest intellectual effort of the author. It was, however, not so popular as its predecessors, and the author returned to the familiar English scenes. *Felix Holt, the Radical*, appeared in 1866. The title, and what by courtesy must be regarded as the main plot, have reference to politics, but most of the incidents and illustrations of character relate to religious and social peculiarities rather than to the party feelings of Tories, Whigs, or Radicals. Though inferior in sustained interest to the other English tales of the author, *Felix Holt* has passages of great vigour, and some exquisitely drawn characters—we may instance that of Rufus Lyon, a Dissenting minister—and also some fine, pure, and natural description. The next novel of this brilliant series was *Middlemarch, a*

Study of English Provincial Life, 1871-2. In 1876 appeared *Daniel Deronda*, a story of modern English life. The heroine of this story, a haughty capricious beauty, and some sketches in it of Jewish life and character, are as striking and original and powerfully drawn as anything in modern romance. Besides these prose fictions, George Eliot has sent forth an elaborate dramatic poem, *The Gypsy Queen*, 1868, which abounds in subtle philosophical thought, and in scenes and lines of great beauty, yet has no strong prevailing interest. A second poetical work, *Agatha, a Poem*, appeared in 1869.

George Eliot, we may add, is rich in reflective power and in the delineation of character. She also infuses into her writing a deep personal teaching which has laid hold of the most thoughtful, while hardly militating against the taste of careless or popular readers. This is distinctly seen in her *Mill on the Floss, Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*. In these we have a strong belief in the past as a great determining element in character and possibility. The same feature occurs in *The Spanish Gypsy*, in which the heroine fails to detach herself from a past that is, in certain respects, opposed to her highest aspirations. George Eliot has skilfully balanced depth of thought with ripe humour and invention. In her latest works she seems fond of drawing into her descriptions scientific and philosophical phrases, which occasionally seem out of place; there is also at times a slight touch of masculine coarseness in her metaphors and illustrations. The exquisite singer falls into a false note! But what are these to the fascination of her style and her characters, and her features of English scenery and life? And we may also instance the learning and imagination so prominent and so finely blended in *Romola*, which revives Italian life of the time of Savonarola.

Spring—Bright February Days.

Bright February days have a stronger charm of hope about them than any other days in the year. One likes to pause in the mild rays of the sun, and look over the gates at the patient plough-horses turning at the end of the furrow, and think that the beautiful year is all before one. The birds seem to feel just the same: their notes are as clear as the clear air. There are no leaves on the trees and hedgerows, but how green all the grassy fields are! and the dark purplish brown of the ploughed earth and of the bare branches is beautiful too. What a glad world this looks like, as one drives or rides along the valleys and over the hills! I have often thought so when in foreign countries, where the fields and woods have looked to me like our English Loamshire—the rich land tilled with just as much care, the woods rolling down the gentle slopes to the green meadows. I have come on something by the roadside which has reminded me that I am not in Loamshire: an image of a great agony—the agony of the cross. It has stood perhaps by the clustering apple blossoms, or on the broad sunshine by the corn-field, or at a turning by the wood where a clear brook was gurgling below; and surely, if there came a traveller to this world who knew nothing of the story of man's life upon it, this image of agony would seem to him strangely out of place in the midst of this joyous nature. He would not know that hidden behind the apple-blossoms, or among the golden corn, or under the shrouding boughs of the wood, there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish; perhaps a young blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from swift-advancing shame; understanding no more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb wandering farther and farther in the nightfall on the lonely heath; yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness.

Such things are sometimes hidden among the sunny fields and behind the blossoming orchards; and the sound of the gurgling brook, if you come close to one spot behind a small bush, would be mingled for your ear with a despairing human sob. No wonder man's religion has much sorrow in it: no wonder he needs a suffering God.—*Adam Bede.*

It was in the prime
Of the sweet spring-time.
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note,
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.
Little shadows danced,
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light,
And the thinnest self.

It was but a minute
In a far-off spring,
But each gentle thing,
Sweetly wooing linnet,
Soft-thrilled hawthorn tree
Happy shadowy elf
With the thinnest self,
Love still on in me;
O the sweet, sweet prime
Of the past spring-time.

Spanish Gypsy.

Ruined Castles on the Rhine.

From *The Mill on The Floss.*

Those ruins on the castled Rhine have crumbled and mellowed into such harmony with the green and rocky steeps, that they seem to have a natural fitness, like the mountain pine; nay, even in the day when they were built, they must have had this fitness, as if they had been raised by an earth-born race, who had inherited from their mighty parent a sublime instinct of form. And that was a day of romance! If those robber-barons were somewhat grim and drunken ogres, they had a certain grandeur of the wild beast in them—they were forest boars with tusks, tearing and rending, not the ordinary domestic grunter; they represented the demon forces for ever in collision with beauty, virtue, and the gentle uses of life; they made a fine contrast in the picture with the wandering minstrel, the soft-lipped princess, the pious recluse, and the timid Israelite. That was a time of colour, when the sunlight fell on glancing steel and floating banners; a time of adventure and fierce struggle—nay, of living religious art and religious enthusiasm: for were not cathedrals built in those days, and did not great emperors leave their western palaces to die before the infidel strongholds in the East! Therefore it is that these Rhine castles thrill me with a sense of poetry; they belong to the grand historic life of humanity, and raise up for me the vision of an epoch. But these dead-tinted, hollow-eyed angular skeletons of villages on the Rhine oppress me with the feeling that human life—very much of it—is a narrow, ugly, grovelling existence which even calamity does not elevate, but rather tends to exhibit in all its bare vulgarity of conception; and I have a cruel conviction that the lives these ruins are the traces of, were part of a gross sum of obscure vitality, that will be swept into the same oblivion with the generations of ants and beavers.

Saint Theresa—Unfulfilled Aspirations.

From *Middlemarch.*

Who that cares much to know the history of man, and how the mysterious mixture behaves under the varying experiments of time, has not dwelt, at least briefly, on

the life of Saint Theresa, has not smiled with some gentleness at the thought of the little girl walking forth one morning hand-in-hand with her still smaller brother, to go and seek martyrdom in the country of the Moors? Out they toddled from rugged Avila, wide-eyed and helpless-looking as two fawns, but with human hearts, already beating to a national idea; until domestic reality met them in the shape of uncles, and turned them back from their great resolve. That child-pilgrimage was a fit beginning. Theresa's passionate, ideal nature demanded an epic life: what were many-volumed romances of chivalry and the social conquests of a brilliant girl to her? Her flame quickly burned up that light fuel; and, fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self. She found her epos in the reform of a religious order.

That Spanish woman who lived three hundred years ago, was certainly not the last of her kind. Many Theresas have been born who found for themselves no epic life wherein there was a constant unfolding of far-resonant action; perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill-matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet, and sank unwept into oblivion. With dim lights and tangled circumstance they tried to shape their thought and deed in noble agreement; but after all, to common eyes their struggles seemed mere inconsistency and formlessness; for these later-born Theresas were helped by no coherent social faith and order which could perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul. Their ardour alternated between a vague ideal and the common yearning of womanhood; so that the one was disapproved as extravagance, and the other condemned as a lapse.

Some have felt that these blundering lives are due to the inconvenient indefiniteness with which the Supreme Power has fashioned the natures of women: if there were one level of feminine incompetence as strict as the ability to count three and no more, the social lot of women might be treated with scientific certitude. Meanwhile, the indefiniteness remains, and the limits of variation are really much wider than any one would imagine from the sameness of women's coiffure and the favourite love stories in prose and verse. Here and there a cygnet is reared uneasily among the ducklings in the brown pond, and never finds the living stream in fellowship with its own oary-footed kind. Here and there is born a Saint Theresa, foundress of nothing, whose loving heart-beats and sobs after an unattained goodness, tremble off, and are dispersed among hindrances, instead of centering in some long-recognisable deed.

Detached Thoughts.

Comprehensive talkers are apt to be tiresome when we are not athirst for information, but, to be quite fair, we must admit that superior reticence is a good deal due to the lack of matter. Speech is often barren; but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full nest. Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg; and when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion.

All knowledge which alters our lives, penetrates us more when it comes in the early morning: the day that has to be travelled with something new, and perhaps for ever sad in its light, is an image of the life that spreads beyond. But at night the time of rest is near.

We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring, that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same redbreasts that we used to call God's birds, because they do no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?

O the anguish of that thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we shewed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God has given us to know!

No story is the same to us after a lapse of time; or rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters. Melodies die out like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them.

The finest language, I believe, is chiefly made up of unimposing words, such as 'light,' 'sound,' 'stars,' 'music'—words really not worth looking at, or hearing in themselves, any more than 'chips' or 'sawdust:' it is only that they happen to be the signs of something unspeakably great and beautiful.

MRS CRAIK (MISS MULOCK).

In 1849 appeared *The Ogilvies*—'a first novel,' as the authoress timidly announced, but without giving her name. It was instantly successful, and appreciated as a work of genius, 'written with deep earnestness, and pervaded by a deep and noble philosophy.' The accomplished lady who had thus delighted and benefited society by her 'first novel' was DINAH MARIA MULOCK, born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire. The success of her story soon led to others, and we subjoin a list of the works of this authoress—a list which gives a picture of a wonderfully active literary career and prolific genius: NOVELS: *The Ogilvies*, 1849; *Olive*, 1850; *The Head of the Family*, 1851; *Agatha's Husband*, 1853; *John Halifax*, 1857; *A Life for a Life*, 1859; *Mistress and Maid*, 1863; *Christian's Mistake*, 1865; *A Noble Life*, 1866; *Two Marriages*, 1867; *The Woman's Kingdom*, 1869; *A Brave Lady*, 1870; *Hannah*, 1871. MISCELLANEOUS WORKS: *Avillion and other Tales*, 1853; *Nothing New*, 1857; *A Woman's Thoughts about Woman*, 1858; *Studies from Life*, 1861; *The Unkind Word and other Stories*, 1870; *Fair France*, 1871; *Sermons Out of Church*. CHILDREN'S BOOKS: *Alice Learmont, a Fairy Tale; Rhoda's Lessons, Cola Monti, A Hero, Bread upon the Waters, The Little Lychetts, Michael the Miner, Our Year, Little Sunshine's Holiday, Adventures of a Brownie.* Besides the above, this authoress has written a number of poetical pieces, and translated several works.

In 1865 Miss Mulock was married to Mr George Lillie Craik, publisher, son of the Rev. Dr Craik, Glasgow, and nephew of Professor Craik. As a moral teacher, none of the novelists of the present day excels Mrs Craik. She is not formally didactic—she insinuates instruction. A too prolonged feminine softness and occasional sentimentalism constitute the defects of her novels, though less prominent in her later works than in her first two novels. Her mission, it has justly been remarked, is to shew 'how the trials, perplexities, joys, sorrows, labours, and successes of life deepen or wither the character according to its inward bent—how continued insincerity gradually darkens and corrupts the life-springs of the mind—and how every event, adverse or fortunate, tends to strengthen and expand a high mind, and to break

the springs of a selfish or even merely weak and self-indulgent nature.'* In carrying out this moral purpose, Mrs Craik displays eloquence, pathos, a subdued but genial humour, and happy delineation of character. Of all her works, *John Halifax* (of which the eighteenth edition is now before us) is the greatest favourite, and is indeed a noble story of English domestic life.

Death of Muriel, the Blind Child.—From 'John Halifax.'

John opened the large Book—the Book he had taught all his children to long for and to love—and read out of it their favourite history of Joseph and his brethren. The mother sat by him at the fireside, rocking Maud softly on her knees. Edwin and Walter settled themselves on the hearth-rug, with great eyes intently fixed on their father. From behind him the candle-light fell softly down on the motionless figure in the bed, whose hand he held, and whose face he every now and then turned to look at—then, satisfied, continued to read. In the reading his voice had a fatherly, flowing calm—as Jacob's might have had, when 'the children were tender,' and he gathered them all round him under the palm-trees of Succoth—years before he cried unto the Lord that bitter cry (which John hurried over as he read): '*If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*'

For an hour, nearly, we all sat thus, with the wind coming up the valley, howling in the beech-wood, and shaking the casement as it passed outside. Within, the only sound was the father's voice. This ceased at last; he shut the Bible, and put it aside. The group—that last perfect household picture—was broken up. It melted away into things of the past, and became only a picture for evermore.

'Now, boys, it is full time to say good-night. There, go and kiss your sister.' 'Which?' said Edwin, in his funny way. 'We've got two now; and I don't know which is the biggest baby.' 'I'll thrash you if you say that again,' cried Guy. 'Which, indeed! Maud is but the baby. Muriel will be always sister.' 'Sister' faintly laughed, as she answered his fond kiss—Guy was often thought to be her favourite brother. 'Now, off with you, boys; and go down-stairs quietly—mind, I say quietly.'

They obeyed—that is, as literally as boy-nature can obey such an admonition. But an hour after, I heard Guy and Edwin arguing vociferously in the dark, on the respective merits and future treatment of their two sisters, Muriel and Maud.

John and I sat up late together that night. He could not rest, even though he told me he had left the mother and her two daughters as cosy as a nest of wood-pigeons. We listened to the wild night, till it had almost howled itself away; then our fire went out, and we came and sat over the last fagot in Mrs Tod's kitchen, the old Debateable Land. We began talking of the long-ago time, and not of this time at all. The vivid present—never out of either mind for an instant—we in our conversation did not touch upon, by at least ten years. Nor did we give expression to a thought which strongly oppressed me, and which I once or twice fancied I could detect in John likewise; how very like this night seemed to the night when Mr March died; the same silentness in the house, the same windy whirl without, the same blaze of the wood-fire on the same kitchen ceiling. More than once I could almost have deluded myself that I heard the faint moans and footsteps overhead; that the staircase door would open, and we should see there Miss March, in her white gown, and her pale, steadfast look.

'I think the mother seemed very well and calm to-night,' I said hesitatingly, as we were retiring. 'She is, God help her—and us all!' 'He will.' That was all we said.

He went up-stairs the last thing, and brought down word that mother and children were sound asleep.

'I think I may leave them until daylight to-morrow. And now, Uncle Phineas, go you to bed, for you look as tired as tired can be.'

I went to bed; but all night long I had disturbed dreams, in which I pictured over and over again, first the night when Mr March died, then the night at Longfield, when the little white ghost had crossed by my bed's foot, into the room where Mary Baines' dead boy lay. And continually, towards morning, I fancied I heard through my window, which faced the church, the faint, distant sound of the organ, as when Muriel used to play it.

Long before it was daylight I rose. As I passed the boys' room, Guy called out to me: 'Halloa! Uncle Phineas, is it a fine morning? for I want to go down into the wood and get a lot of beech-nuts and fir-cones for sister. It's her birthday to-day, you know.' It *was* for her. But for us—O Muriel, our darling, darling child!

Let me hasten over the story of that morning, for my old heart quails before it still. John went early to the room up-stairs. It was very still. Ursula lay calmly asleep, with Baby Maud in her bosom; on her other side, with eyes wide open to the daylight, lay—that which for more than ten years we had been used to call 'blind Muriel.' She saw now. . . . .

Just the same homely room—half bed-chamber, half a nursery—the same little curtainless bed where, for a week past, we had been accustomed to see the wasted figure and small pale face lying, in smiling quietude, all day long.

It lay there still. In it, and in the room, was hardly any change. One of Walter's playthings was in a corner of the window-sill, and on the chest of drawers stood the nosegay of Christmas roses which Guy had brought for his sister yesterday morning. Nay, her shawl—a white, soft, furry shawl, that she was fond of wearing—remained still hanging up behind the door. One could almost fancy the little maid had just been said 'good-night' to, and left to dream the childish dreams on her nursery pillow, where the small head rested so peacefully, with that pretty babyish nightcap tied over the pretty curls. There she was, the child who had gone out of the number of our children—our earthly children—for ever.

The Château of La Garaye.—From 'Fair France.'

Mrs Norton's poem has made well known that touching story of a devoted husband and his beautiful loving wife, whom a sudden accident changed into a crippled invalid for life; how they turned their house into a hospital, and both gave themselves to the end of their days to the duty of succouring the afflicted, with not only their personal fortune, but personal care. They quitted entirely the gay world in which they were born, and hid themselves in this far-away nook among their sick, whom they personally tended. For this end they both studied medicine and surgery; and the comtesse is reported to have been a famous oculist. They died—happily almost a quarter of a century before the brutalities of the Revolution destroyed the fruit of their labours, and made the Château of La Garaye the ruin it is now. . . .

It is that most touching form of ruin—no castle, not even a baronial mansion, only a house. The gates of the garden, where the lady of La Garaye may have cultivated her medicinal plants, are broken and lichen-covered; the gnarled apple-trees still bear fruit in their old age, and that day were a picture of rosy plenty; but over everything is thrown the shade of desolation. Round the shattered windows, from which many a sick face may have looked out, gazing its last on this beautiful world, and many another brightened into health as it caught its first hopeful peep at the half-forgotten

* *North British Review*, November 1858.

world outside; round these blank eyeless windows, climb gigantic brambles, trailing along heavy with fruit, as large and sweet as mulberries. Once more we gathered and ate, almost with solemnity. It was a subject too tender for much speaking about—that of a life, which, darkened for ever, took comfort in giving light and blessing to other lives sadder than its own—a subject that Dickens might have written about—Dickens, whom, as I set down his name here, I start to remember, has been these twenty-four hours—*only* twenty-four hours—one of us mortals no more, but a disembodied soul:

> Oh, the solemn and strange
> Surprise of the change!

Yet how soon shall we all become shadows—those who are written about, and those who write—shadows as evanescent as the gentle ghosts which seem to haunt this ruined house, this deserted, weed-covered garden, which scarcely more than a century ago was full of life—life with all its burdens and all its blessedness, its work and suffering, pleasure and pain, now swept away together into eternal rest!

The Last Look of England.—From 'Hannah.'

There is a picture familiar to many, for it was in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and few stopped to look at it without tears—'The Last Look of Home,' by Ford Madox Browne. Merely a bit of a ship's side—one of those emigrant ships such as are constantly seen at Liverpool, or other ports whence they sail—with its long row of dangling cabbages, and its utter confusion of cargo and passengers. There, indifferent to all, and intently gazing on the receding shore, sit two persons, undoubtedly a man and his wife, emigrants bidding adieu to home for ever. The man is quite broken-down, but the woman, sad as she looks, has hope and courage in her face. Why not? In one hand she firmly grasps her husband's; the other supports her sleeping babe. *She* is not disconsolate, for she carries her 'home' with her.

In the picture the man is not at all like Bernard certainly; but the woman is exceedingly like Hannah in expression at least, as she sat on the deck of the French steamer, taking her last look of dear old England, with its white cliffs glimmering in the moonlight, fainter and fainter every minute, across the long reach of Southampton Water.

Bernard sat beside her, but he too was very silent. He meant to go back again as soon as he had seen her and Rosie and Grace safely landed at Havre; but he knew that to Hannah this farewell of her native land was, in all human probability, a farewell 'for good.' Ay, for good, in the fullest sense; and she believed it; believed that they were both doing right, and that God's blessing would follow them wherever they went; yet she could not choose but be a little sad, until she felt the touch of the small, soft hand which, now as ever, was continuously creeping into Tannie's. Then she was content. If it had been God's will to give her no future of her own at all, she could have rested happily in that of the child and the child's father.

It happened to be a most beautiful night for crossing—the sea calm as glass, and the air mild as summer, though it was in the beginning of November. Hannah could not bear to go below, but with Rosie and Grace occupied one of those pleasant cabins upon deck, sheltered on three sides, open on the fourth. There, wrapt in countless rugs and shawls, Rosie being in an ecstasy at the idea of going to bed in her clothes, 'all under the tars' (*s* was still an impossible first consonant to the baby tongue), she settled down for the night, with her child in her arms, and her faithful servant at her feet. . . .

When she woke it was no longer moonlight, but daylight, at least daybreak; for she could discern the dark outline of the man at the wheel, the only person she saw on deck. The boat seemed to be passing swiftly and silently as a phantom ship through a phantom ocean; she hardly knew whether she was awake or asleep, dead or alive, till she felt the soft breathing of the child in her arms, and with a passion of joy remembered all.

A few minutes after, Hannah, raising her head as high as she could without disturbing Rosie, saw a sight which she had never seen before, and never in all her life may see again, but will remember to the end of her days.

Just where sea and sky met, was a long, broad line of most brilliant amber, gradually widening and widening as the sun lifted himself out of the water and shot his rays, in the form of a crown, right up into the still dark zenith. Then, as he climbed higher, every floating cloud—and the horizon seemed full of them—became of a brilliant rose hue, until the whole heaven blazed with colour and light. In the midst of it all, dim as a dream, but with all these lovely tints flitting over it, Hannah saw, far in the distance, the line of the French shore.

MRS OLIPHANT.

The tales illustrative of Scottish life by MRS OLIPHANT (*née* Margaret O. Wilson), have been distinguished by a graceful simplicity and truth. One of the first is in the form of an autobiography, *Passages in the Life of Mrs Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, 1849. The quiet pathos and domestic incidents of this story are not unworthy of Galt, whose *Annals of the Parish* probably suggested to Mrs Oliphant the outline of her tale. In 1851, *Merkland, a Story of Scottish Life*, appeared, and sustained the reputation of the authoress. There is here a plot of stirring interest and greater variety of characters, though the female portraits are still the best drawn. *Adam Græme of Mossgray*, 1852, presents another series of home pictures, but is inferior to its predecessors. *Harry Muir*, 1853, aims at inculcating temperance, and is a powerful pathetic tale. The hero is one of those characters common in life, but difficult to render interesting in fiction—a good-natured, pleasant youth, easily led into evil as well as good courses. *Magdalen Hepburn, a Story of the Scottish Reformation*, 1854, may be considered a historical romance, as Knox and other characters of his age are introduced, and the most striking scenes relate to the progress of the Reformation. The interior pictures of the authoress are still, however, the most winning portion of her works. *Lilliesleaf*, 1855, is a concluding series of *Passages in the Life of Mrs Margaret Maitland*, and the authoress has had the rare felicity of making the second equal to the first portion. *Zaidee, a Romance*, 1856, is in a style new to Mrs Oliphant. The scene is laid partly in Cheshire and partly abroad, and the heroine, like Jane Eyre, is an orphan, who passes through various trying scenes and adventures—nearly all interesting, though in many instances highly improbable. Two shorter tales, *Katie Stewart* and *The Quiet Heart*, have been published by Mrs Oliphant in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Almost every year has borne testimony to the talents and perseverance of this accomplished lady. Among her recent works of fiction are—*Agnes*, 1867; *The Brownlows*, 1868; *The Ministers Wife*, 1869; *Chronicles of Carlingford; Salem Chapel*, 1869; *John, a Love Story; Three Brothers; Son of the Soil*, 1870; *Squire Arden*, 1871; *Ombra*, 1872; *At His Gates*, 1872;

Innocent, 1873; *May*, 1873; *For Love and Life*, 1874; *A Rose in June*, 1874; *The Story of Valentine and his Brothers*, 1875; *Whiteladies*, 1875; *The Curate in Charge*, 1876; &c. Mrs Oliphant has been more versatile than any other of our living female novelists. She has tried the pure character story, with which, indeed, she may be said to have started in *Kate Stewart*, a tale of Fifeshire (to which county she belongs), and since then she has been sensational, domestic, and psychological by turns. Her critical and historical papers in *Blackwood* are ably and finely written. In her novels, Mrs Oliphant has great powers of construction, knowledge of human nature, and penetration, added to extensive knowledge of society, and the modes and manners of foreign countries. Her *Salem Chapel*, which first raised its author to wide popularity, is an excellent specimen of the story of character, full of shrewd observation; and the same remark applies to *The Chronicles of Carlingford*. In *The Squire of Arden* and in *Madonna Mary*, we have the novel of society and plot; whilst in such tales as *At His Gates* we find plot and sensation most prominent, and in *Agnes*, *The Minister's Wife*, *Innocent*, and *Valentine and his Brother*, we have what are really psychological stories, in which the morbid or exceptional type of character is a main element. Mrs Oliphant, however, takes care to accompany all such effects with enough of relief and variety of other characters and situations to maintain general interest. For example, the Italian child 'Innocent'—half idiot—is thrown into such situations as introduce us to many characters in whom we are deeply interested, though they never overshadow the chief figure; and in the father of 'Valentine and his brother,' we are introduced to various Scotch characters and to sketches of fine society abroad. In pathos, we think this accomplished novelist deficient—that is, inferior to herself in other respects—and occasionally careless as to style. She rambles into long-winded sentences and paragraphs in which repetition is frequent. But for this defect, her tale of *Whiteladies* would have been a most powerful story of motive and conscience, worthy of Hawthorne. *The Curate in Charge* is one of the happiest of her long file of creations. It may be considered an exposé of the evils of patronage in the church; and, though cynical, possesses scenes of true pathos—such as the death of the old curate, and the efforts of his daughters afterwards to support themselves. Mrs Oliphant's latest novel, *Phœbe, Junior*, is no less interesting and life-like.

An English Rector and Rectory.

'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone—she will never be young again if she should live a hundred years!'

These words were spoken in the garden of Dinglefield Rectory on a very fine summer day a few years ago. The speaker was Mr Damerel, the rector, a middle-aged man, with very fine, somewhat worn features, a soft benignant smile, and, as everybody said who knew him, the most charming manners in the world. He was a man of very elegant mind as well as manners. He did not preach often, but when he did preach all the educated persons of his congregation felt that they had very choice fare indeed set before them. I am afraid the poor folk liked the curate best, but then the curate liked them best, and it mattered very little to any man or woman of refinement what sentiment existed between the cottagers and the curate. Mr Damerel was perfectly kind and courteous to everybody, gentle and simple, who came in his way, but he was not fond of poor people in the abstract. He disliked everything that was unlovely, and alas! there are a great many unlovely things in poverty.

The rectory garden at Dinglefield is a delightful place. The house is on the summit of a little hill or rather tableland, for in the front, towards the green, all is level and soft as becomes an English village; but on the other side the descent begins towards the lower country, and from the drawing-room windows and the lawn, the view extended over a great plain, lighted up with links of the river, and fading into unspeakable hazes of distance, such as were the despair of every artist, and the delight of the fortunate people who lived there, and were entertained day by day with the sight of all the sunsets, the mid-day splendours, the flying shadows, and soft prolonged twilights. Mr Damerel was fond of saying that no place he knew so lent itself to idleness as this. 'Idleness! I speak as the foolish ones speak,' he would say, 'for what occupation could be more ennobling than to watch those gleams and shadows—all nature spread out before you, and demanding attention, though so softly that only they who have ears hear? I allow, my gentle Nature here does not shout at you, and compel your regard, like her who dwells among the Alps for instance. My dear, you are always practical—but so long as you leave me my landscape I want little more.'

Thus the rector would discourse. It was very little more he wanted—only to have his garden and lawn in perfect order, swept and trimmed every morning like a lady's boudoir, and refreshed with every variety of flower: to have his table not heavily loaded with vulgar English joints, but daintily covered, and oh! so daintily served; the linen always fresh, the crystal always fine, the ladies dressed as ladies should be: to have his wine, of which he took very little, always fine, of choice vintage, and with a bouquet that rejoiced the heart: to have plenty of new books: to have quiet undisturbed by the noise of the children, or any other troublesome noise such as broke the harmony of nature: and especially undisturbed by bills and cares, such as, he declared, at once shorten the life and take all pleasure out of it. This was all he required: and surely never man had tastes more moderate, more innocent, more virtuous and refined.

The little scene to which I have thus abruptly introduced the reader took place in the most delicious part of the garden. The deep stillness of noon was over the sunshiny world; part of the lawn was brilliant in light; the very insects were subdued out of their buzz of activity by the spell of the sunshine; but here, under the lime-tree, there was grateful shade, where everything took breath. Mr Damerel was seated in a chair which had been made expressly for him, and which combined the comfort of soft cushions with such a rustic appearance as became its habitation out of doors; under his feet was a soft Persian rug in colours blended with all the harmony which belongs to the Eastern loom; at his side a pretty carved table, with a raised rim, with books upon it, and a thin Venice glass containing a rose.

Another rose, the Rose of my story, was half-sitting, half-reclining on the grass at his feet—a pretty, light figure, in a soft muslin dress, almost white, with bits of soft rose-coloured ribbon here and there. She was the eldest child of the house. Her features I do not think were at all remarkable, but she had a bloom so soft, so delicate, so sweet, that her father's fond title for her, 'a Rose in June,' was everywhere acknowledged as appropriate. A rose of the very season of roses was this Rose. Her very smile, which came and went like breath, never away for two minutes together, yet never lasting beyond the time you took to look at her, was flowery too, I can scarcely tell why. For my own part, she always reminded me not so much of a

garden rose in its glory, as of a branch of wild roses all blooming and smiling from the bough, here pink, here white, here with a dozen ineffable tints. . . In all her life she had never had occasion to ask herself was she happy? Of course she was happy! Did not she live, and was not that enough?

Fiction and Biography.—From 'Agnes.'

It has always been my opinion that, as the great value of fiction lies in its power of delineating life, there may be cases in which it may assume to a certain extent the form of biography; I do not mean of autobiography, which is sufficiently common in novels; but that the writer of fiction may occasionally be permitted to supplement the work of the serious biographer—to depict scenes which never could be depicted as happening to any actual individual, and to reveal sentiments which may be in many minds, but which none would care in their own person to give expression to. I do not believe that there ever was, or could be, in this world a *wholly* true, candid, and unreserved biography, revealing all the dispositions, or even, without exception, all the facts of any existence. Indeed, the thing is next to impossible; since in that case, the subject of the biography must be a man or woman without reserve, without delicacy, and without those secrets which are inevitable even to the most stainless spirit. Even fiction itself, which is less responsible, can in many instances only skim the surface of the real. Most people must be aware, in their own experience, that of those passages of their lives which have affected them most they could give only the baldest description to their friends; and that their saddest and supremest moments are hidden in their own hearts, and never find any expression. It is only in the region of pure invention that the artist can find a model who has no secrets from him, but lies all open and disclosed to his investigation.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

The most prolific novelist of the present times—far exceeding Scott and Dickens in the number of his works—is MR ANTHONY TROLLOPE, second son of the late Mr T. A. Trollope, barrister, and of Mrs Trollope, noticed in a previous page as a distinguished authoress. Anthony was born April 24, 1815, and was educated at Winchester and Harrow. Having obtained an appointment in the General Post-office, he rose high in the service, and was despatched to Egypt, America, and other countries, in order to arrange postal conventions. He retired from the service in 1867, having made a handsome competency by his literary labours, which he was enabled to carry on during the busiest portions of his life by means of the invaluable habit of early rising. It was while stationed in Ireland, in the surveyor's department of the Post-office, that Mr Trollope commenced his career as an author. In 1847 he published the first of his long file of novels—an Irish story entitled *The Macdermotts of Ballycloran*. This was followed, a twelvemonth afterwards, by another Irish tale, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys, or Landlords and Tenants*. Conscious of his powers, and sure of readers, Mr Trollope continued to pour forth works of fiction, among which are the following: *La Vendée*, 1850; *The Warden*, 1855; *Barchester Towers*, 1857; *The Three Clerks*, 1858; *Doctor Thorne*, 1858; *The Bertrams*, 1859; *Castle Richmond*, 1860; *Framley Parsonage*, 1861; *Orley Farm*, 1861; *Tales of All Countries*, 1861; *Rachel Ray*, 1863; *Can You Forgive Her?* 1864; *The Small House at Allington*, 1864; *Miss Mackenzie*, 1865; *The Belton Estate*, 1866; *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, 1867; *The Claverings*, 1867; *Lotta Schmidt and other Stories*, 1867; *He Knew he was Right*, 1869; *Phineas Finn*, 1869; *An Editor's Tales*, 1870; *The Vicar of Bullhampton*, 1870; *Ralph the Heir*, 1871; *Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite*, 1871; *The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson; The Eustace Diamonds*, 1872-3; *The Golden Lion of Grandpere*, 1872-3; *Harry Heathcote of Gangoil, Lady Anna, Phineas Redux*, 1874; *The Way We Live Now*, and *Diamond Cut Diamond*, 1875; *The Prime Minister*, 1876; &c. Besides the above works of fiction, Mr Trollope has written *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, a pleasing volume of travels and description, published in 1859; *North America*, 2 vols., 1862; *Hunting Sketches*, 1865; *Travelling Sketches*, 1866; *Clergymen of the Church of England*, 1866 (these last three works were reprints from the *Pall Mall Gazette*); *British Sports and Pastimes*, 1868; *Australia and New Zealand*, 2 vols., 1873. Mr Trollope was for about three years editor of *Saint Paul's Magazine*, and he has contributed largely to other periodicals.

Mr Trollope is emphatically a 'man of the time,' the very antipodes of imaginative writers like George MacDonald. He is a realist, a painter of men and manners of the present day, a satirist within a certain range, ready to make use of any type that may present itself, and seem characteristic as a product of the special conditions of the present century. He is rather conservative and High Church, his best portraitures being those of the clergy. Who can ever forget Mr Slope, Dr Grantly, Bishop Prowdie or Mrs Prowdie? Ladies of rank, aspiring members of parliament (Irish and English), habitues of the clubs, Australian stockmen, female adventurers—all of these, and many more, he has taken up, and so set them in midst of their surroundings, that his pictures look like photographs, and they seem to be produced as easily as the photographer throws off his scenes and portraits.* Mr Trollope is eminently practical and also public-minded, for his characters frequently refer to great public questions, and suggest political changes. His humour is peculiar to himself, dry, direct, and with no infusion of sentiment. In his excellent story, *The Small House of Allington*, he will not allow sentiment to suggest even the slightest poetical justice in reference to his beautiful and brave, but unfortunate heroine, Lily Dale. The reality of his subsidiary characters, and his manner of seizing on peculiar traits without dwelling on them, so as to suggest *oddity*, separate him entirely from the school of Dickens, whilst his dislike of moralising, and his trick of satire, separate him as distinctly from the school of Thackeray, in whom tenderness always lies alongside the cynical touches and bitterness.

* In a lecture delivered in Natal by the Hon. Mr Broome, secretary to the colony, and republished in the literary journal *Evening Hours*, is the following:

'"Don't you ever," said a friend of mine to Mr Trollope, "find a difficulty in beginning?" "Not at all—why should I? I sit down to write, and what difficulty is there? I do just four hundred words in a quarter of an hour." Nothing seems to disturb the even tenor of Mr Trollope's pen. The other day, going out to Australia round the Cape, he had a cabin fitted with a desk, and wrote novels at sea just as usual for a certain time and a certain number of pages every morning. He published about one every two months for some time after he returned to England. But Mr Trollope's ruling passion is not novel-writing, but the hunting-field, and the last time I met him, in the vestibule of the Garrick Club, his arm was in a sling from a bad fall with the Berkshire hounds.'

Mr Trollope's style is clear, natural, sometimes eloquent, and without any trace of artifice.

The Archdeacon's Sanctum and the Old Church.

No room could have been more becoming for a dignitary of the church. Each wall was loaded with theology; over each separate book-case was printed in small gold letters the names of those great divines whose works were ranged beneath; beginning from the early fathers in due chronological order, there were to be found the precious labours of the chosen servants of the church down to the last pamphlet written in opposition to the consecration of Dr Hampden; and raised above this were to be seen the busts of the greatest among the great—Chrysostom, St Augustine, Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Laud, and Dr Philpotts.

Every application that could make study pleasant and give ease to the over-toiled brain was there: chairs made to relieve each limb and muscle; reading-desks and writing-desks to suit every attitude; lamps and candles mechanically contrived to throw their light on any favoured spot, as the student might desire; a shoal of newspapers to amuse the few leisure moments which might be stolen from the labours of the day; and then from the window a view right through a bosky vista, along which ran a broad green path from the rectory to the church, at the end of which the tawny-tinted fine old tower was seen with all its variegated pinnacles and parapets. Few parish churches in England are in better repair, or better worth keeping so, than that at Plumstead Episcopi; and yet it is built in a faulty style; the body of the church is low—so low that the nearly flat leaden roof would be visible from the churchyard, were it not for the carved parapet with which it is surrounded. It is cruciform, though the transepts are irregular, one being larger than the other; and the tower is much too high in proportion to the church: but the colour of the building is perfect; it is that rich yellow gray which one finds nowhere but in the south and west of England, and which is so strong a characteristic of most of our old houses of Tudor architecture. The stonework is also beautiful; the mullions of the windows and the rich tracery of the Gothic workmanship are as rich as fancy can desire; and though in gazing on such a structure, one knows by rule that the old priests who built it, built it wrong, one cannot bring one's self to wish that they should have made it other than it is.

A Low-church Chaplain.—From 'Barchester Towers.'

Mr Slope soon comforted himself with the reflection, that as he had been selected as chaplain to the bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the bishop's gift, without troubling himself with the bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway carriage, confronting the bishop and Mrs Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste, than the small details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore—he, Mr Slope—would in effect be bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and to give Mr Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind—Mrs Proudie would also choose to be bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manœuvre the lady. She must live much in London, while he would always be on the spot. She would necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe to the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway-carriage, and Mr Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is possessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn, and stoop low indeed, if need be, he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order; but such as they are, they are completely under control, and he knows the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves an impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state, and all womankind too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street. His looks and tones are extremely severe, so much so that one cannot but fancy that he regards the greater part of the world as being infinitely too bad for his care. As he walks through the streets, his very face denotes his horror of the world's wickedness; and there is always an anathema lurking in the corner of his eye.

In doctrine, he, like his patron, is tolerant of dissent, if so strict a mind can be called tolerant of anything. With Wesleyan Methodists he has something in common, but his soul trembles in agony at the iniquities of the Puseyites. His aversion is carried to things outward as well as inward. His gall rises at a new church with a high-pitched roof; a full-breasted black-silk waistcoat is with him a symbol of Satan; and a profane jest-book would not, in his view, more foully desecrate the church seat of a Christian, than a book of prayer printed with red letters, and ornamented with a cross on the back. Most active clergymen have their hobby, and Sunday observances are his. Sunday, however, is a word which never pollutes his mouth—it is always 'the Sabbath.' The 'desecration of the Sabbath,' as he delights to call it, is to him meat and drink—he thrives upon that as policemen do on the general evil habits of the community. It is the loved subject of all his evening discourses, the source of all his eloquence, the secret of all his power over the female heart. To him the revelation of God appears only in that one law given for Jewish observance. To him the mercies of our Saviour speak in vain. To him in vain has been preached that sermon which fell from divine lips on the mountain: 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'—'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' To him the New Testament is comparatively of little moment, for from it can he draw no fresh authority for that dominion which he loves to exercise over at least a seventh part of man's allotted time here below.

Mr Slope is tall, and not ill made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family, but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences, and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull, pale reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always punctiliously shaven. His face is nearly of the same colour as his hair, though perhaps a little redder: it is not unlike beef—beef, however, one would say, of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but

square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though his lips are thin and bloodless; and his big, prominent, pale brown eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature: it is pronounced straight and well formed; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-coloured cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration always exudes from him, the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant.

Such is Mr Slope—such is the man who has suddenly fallen into the midst of Barchester Close, and is destined there to assume the station which has heretofore been filled by the son of the late bishop.

The Humanity of the Age.

This is undoubtedly the age of humanity—as far, at least, as England is concerned. A man who beats his wife is shocking to us, and a colonel who cannot manage his soldiers without having them beaten is nearly equally so. We are not very fond of hanging; and some of us go so far as to recoil under any circumstances from taking the blood of life. We perform our operations under chloroform; and it has even been suggested that those schoolmasters who insist on adhering in some sort to the doctrines of Solomon should perform the operations in the same guarded manner. If the disgrace be absolutely necessary, let it be inflicted; but not the bodily pain.

So far as regards the low externals of humanity, this is doubtless a humane age. Let men, women, and children have bread; let them have, if possible, no blows, or, at least, as few as may be; let them also be decently clothed; and let the pestilence be kept out of their way. In venturing to call these low, I have done so in no contemptuous spirit; they are comparatively low if the body be lower than the mind. The humanity of the age is doubtless suited to its material wants, and such wants are those which demand the promptest remedy. But in the inner feelings of men to men, and of one man's mind to another man's mind, is it not an age of extremest cruelty?

There is sympathy for the hungry man, but there is no sympathy for the unsuccessful man who is not hungry. If a fellow-mortal be ragged, humanity will subscribe to mend his clothes; but humanity will subscribe nothing to mend his ragged hopes, so long as his outside coat shall be whole and decent.

To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. This is the special text that we delight to follow, and success is the god that we delight to worship. 'Ah, pity me! I have struggled and fallen—struggled so manfully, yet fallen so utterly—help me up this time that I may yet push forward again!' Who listens to such a plea as this? 'Fallen! do you want bread?' 'Not bread, but a kind heart and a kind hand.' 'My friend, I cannot stay by you; I myself am in a hurry; there is that fiend of a rival there even now gaining a step on me. I beg your pardon, but I will put my foot on your shoulder—only for one moment.' *Occupet extremus scabies.*

Yes. Let the devil take the hindmost; the three or four hindmost if you will; nay, all but those strong-running horses who can force themselves into noticeable places under the judge's eye. This is the noble shibboleth with which the English youth are now spurred on to deeds of—what shall we say?—money-making activity. Let every place in which a man can hold up his head be the reward of some antagonistic struggle, of some grand competitive examination. Let us get rid of the fault of past ages. With us, let the race be ever to the swift; the victory always to the strong. And let us always be racing, so that the swift and the strong shall ever be known among us. But what, then, for those who are not swift, not strong? *Væ victis!* Let them go to the wall. They can hew wood probably; or, at any-rate, draw water.

Letter-writing.

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, that of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.

A pleasant letter I hold to be the pleasantest thing that this world has to give. It should be good-humoured; witty it may be, but with a gentle diluted wit. Concocted brilliancy will spoil it altogether. Not long, so that it be not tedious in the reading; nor brief, so that the delight suffice not to make itself felt. It should be written specially for the reader, and should apply altogether to him, and not altogether to any other. It should never flatter—flattery is always odious. But underneath the visible stream of pungent water there may be the slightest under-current of eulogy, so that it be not seen, but only understood. Censure it may contain freely, but censure which, in arraigning the conduct, implies no doubt as to the intellect. It should be legibly written, so that it may be read with comfort; but no more than that. Caligraphy betokens caution, and if it be not light in hand, it is nothing. That it be fairly grammatical and not ill spelt, the writer owes to his schoolmaster, but this should come of habit, not of care. Then let its page be soiled by no business; one touch of utility will destroy it all. If you ask for examples, let it be as unlike Walpole as may be. If you can so write it that Lord Byron might have written it, you will not be very far from high excellence.

Early Days—Lovers' Walks.

Ah! those lovers' walks, those loving lovers' rambles. Tom Moore is usually somewhat sugary and mawkish; but in so much he was right. If there be an Elysium on earth, it is this. They are done and over for us, O my compatriots! Never again—unless we are destined to rejoin our houris in heaven, and to saunter over fields of asphodel in another and a greener youth—never again shall those joys be ours! And what can ever equal them? 'Twas then, between sweet hedgerows, under green oaks, with our feet rustling on the crisp leaves, that the world's cold reserve was first thrown off, and we found that those we loved were not goddesses, made of buckram and brocade, but human beings like ourselves, with blood in their veins and hearts in their bosoms—veritable children of Adam like ourselves.

'Gin a body meet a body comin' through the rye.' Ah, how delicious were those meetings! How convinced we were that there was no necessity for loud alarm! How fervently we agreed with the poet! My friends, born together with me in the consulship of Lord Liverpool, all that is done and over for us! There is a melancholy in this that will tinge our thoughts, let us draw ever so strongly on our philosophy. We can still walk with our wives, and that is pleasant too, very—of course. But there was more animation in it when we walked with the same ladies under other names. Nay, sweet spouse, mother of dear bairns, who hast so well done thy duty; but this was so, let thy brows be knit ever so angrily. That lord of thine has been indifferently good to thee, and thou to him hast been more

than good. Uphill together have we walked peaceably labouring; and now arm in arm ye shall go down the gradual slope which ends below there in the green churchyard. 'Tis good and salutary to walk thus. But for the full cup of joy, for the brimming springtide of human bliss, oh give me back——! Well, well, well; it is nonsense; I know it, but may not a man dream now and again in his evening nap, and yet do no harm?

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi.

How well Horace knew all about it, but that hanging up of the gittern;* one would fain have put it off, had falling hairs, and marriage vows, and obesity have permitted it.

THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

The elder brother of Mr Anthony Trollope. born in 1810, has also been a voluminous writer, Residing chiefly in Florence, many of his works are connected with Italian life and literature. His first two works were edited by his mother, and were books of travel—*A Summer in Brittany*, 1840; and *A Summer in Western France*, 1841. He afterwards added a volume descriptive of wanderings in Italy, Switzerland, France, and Spain. In 1856 he produced an interesting scholarly illustration of Italian history, *The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici*, in which he traces the influences that helped to form the monstrous character of the heiress of the Medici. In 1859 Mr Trollope added to his reputation by a biographical work, *A Decade of Italian Women*, which was followed in 1860 by *Filippo Strozzi*, a history of the last days of the old Italian liberty. Several novels were then successively produced: *Marietta*, 1862; *Giulio Malatesta*, 1863; *Beppo*, 1864; *Lindisfarn Chace*, 1864; *Gemma*, 1866; *Artingale Castle*, 1867; *The Dream Numbers*, 1868; *Leonora Casoloni*, 1868; *The Garstangs of Garstang Grange*, &c. Mr Trollope is author also of an elaborate historical work, a *History of the Commonwealth of Florence*, 4 vols., 1865.

THOMAS HARDY.

MR THOMAS HARDY has produced a series of novels of a fresh original character, specially illustrative of English peasant life and character: *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Desperate Remedies*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and *The Hand of Ethelberta*. The dialogues of his clowns and rustics remind one of the Elizabethan times, and in some of the rural nooks of England much of this primitive style of ideas and expression may yet linger. So far as modern novels are concerned, the style of Mr Hardy's fiction is quite unique. The following extracts are from *The Madding Crowd:*

The Great Barn and the Sheep-shearers.

Men thin away to insignificance and oblivion quite as often by not making the most of good spirits when they have them as by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable. Gabriel lately, for the first time since his prostration by misfortune, had been independent in thought and vigorous in action to a marked extent—conditions which, powerless without an opportunity, as an opportunity without them is barren, would have given him a sure and certain lift upwards when the favourable conjunction should have occurred. But this incurable loitering beside Bathsheba Everdene stole his time ruinously. The spring tides were going by without floating him off, and the neap might soon come which could not.

It was the first day of June, and the sheep-shearing season culminated, the landscape, even to the leanest pasture, being all health and colour. Every green was young, every pore was open, and every stalk was swollen with racing currents of juice. God was palpably present in the country, and the devil had gone with the world to town. Flossy catkins of the later kinds, fern-fronds like bishops' crosiers, the square-headed moschatel, the odd cuckoo-pint—like an apoplectic saint in a niche of malachite—clean white lady's-smocks, the toothwort approximating to human flesh, the enchanter's nightshade, and the black-petaled dole-ful-bells were among the quainter objects of the vegetable world in and about Weatherbury at this teeming time; and of the animal, the metamorphosed figures of Mr Jan Coggan, the master-shearer; the second and third shearers, who travelled in the exercise of their calling, and do not require definition by name; Henery Fray, the fourth shearer; Susan Tall's husband, the fifth; Joseph Poorgrass, the sixth; young Cain Ball as assistant-shearer, and Gabriel Oak as general supervisor. None of these were clothed to any extent worth mentioning, each appearing to have hit in the matter of raiment the decent mean between a high and low caste Hindu. An angularity of lineament and a fixity of facial machinery in general proclaimed that serious work was the order of the day.

They sheared in the great barn, called for the nonce the Shearing-barn, which on ground plan resembled a church with transepts. It not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity. Whether the barn had ever formed one of a group of conventual buildings nobody seemed to be aware; no trace of such surroundings remained. The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a wagon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament has been attempted. The dusky, filmed, chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves, and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nine-tenths of those in our modern churches. Along each side-wall was a range of striding buttresses, throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by lancet openings, combining in their proportions the precise requirements both of beauty and ventilation.

One could say about this barn, what could hardly be said of either the church or the castle, its kindred in age and style, that the purpose which had dictated its original erection was the same with that to which it was still applied. Unlike and superior to either of those two typical remnants of mediævalism, the old barn embodied practices which had suffered no mutilation at the hands of time. Here at least the spirit of the builders then was at one with the spirit of the beholder now. Standing before this abraded pile, the eye regarded its present usage; the mind dwelt upon its past history with a satisfied sense of functional continuity throughout—a feeling almost of gratitude, and quite of pride, at the permanence of the idea which had heaped it up. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple gray effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military com-

* I lately was fit to be called upon duty,
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty;
But now crowned with conquest, I hang up my arms—
My harp that campaigned it in midnight alarms.
Hor., Ode 26, Book iii.

peers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common stand-point. The lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.

To-day the large side-doors were thrown open towards the sun to admit a bountiful light to the immediate spot of the shearers' operations, which was the wood threshing-floor in the centre, formed of thick oak, black with age, and polished by the beating of flails for many generations, till it had grown as slippery and as rich in hue as the state-room floors of an Elizabethan mansion. Here the shearers knelt, the sun slanting in upon their bleached shirts, tanned arms, and the polished shears they flourished, causing them to bristle with a thousand rays strong enough to blind a weak-eyed man. Beneath them a captive sheep lay panting, increasing the rapidity of its pants as misgiving merged in terror, till it quivered like the hot landscape outside.

This picture of to-day in its frame of four hundred years ago did not produce that marked contrast between ancient and modern which is implied by the contrast of date. In comparison with cities, Weatherbury was immutable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times; in Paris, ten years, or five; in Weatherbury, three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breadth of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity.

So the barn was natural to the shearers, and the shearers were in harmony with the barn.

The spacious ends of the building, answering ecclesiastically to nave and chancel extremities, were fenced off with hurdles, the sheep being all collected in a crowd within these two inclosures; and in one angle a catching pen was formed, in which three or four sheep were continuously kept ready for the shearers to seize without loss of time. In the background, mellowed by tawny shade, were the three women, Maryann Money, and Temperance and Soberness Miller, gathering up the fleeces, and twisting ropes of wool with a wimble for tying them round. They were indifferently well assisted by the old maltster, who, when the malting season from October to April had passed, made himself useful upon any of the bordering farmsteads. Behind all was Bathsheba, carefully watching the men, to see that there was no cutting or wounding through carelessness, and that the animals were shorn close.

A Thunder-storm.

Bathsheba's property in wheat was safe for at any-rate a week or two, provided always that there was not much wind. Next came the barley. This it was only possible to protect by systematic thatching. Time went on, and the moon vanished, not to reappear. It was the farewell of the ambassador previous to war. The night had a haggard look, like a sick thing; and there came finally an utter expiration of air from the whole heaven in the form of a slow breeze, which might have been likened to a death. And now nothing was heard in the yard but the dull thuds of the beetle which drove in the spars, and the rustle of the thatch in the intervals.

A light flapped over the scene, as if reflected from phosphorescent wings crossing the sky, and a rumble filled the air. It was the first arrow from the approaching storm, and it fell wide.

The second peal was noisy, with comparatively little visible lightning. Gabriel saw a candle shining in Bathsheba's bedroom, and soon a shadow moved to and fro upon the blind.

Then there came a third flash. Manœuvres of a most extraordinary kind were going on in the vast firmamental hollows overhead. The lightning now was the colour of silver, and gleamed in the heavens like a mailed army. Rumbles became rattles. Gabriel from his elevated position could see over the landscape for at least half-a-dozen miles in front. Every hedge, bush, and tree was distinct as in a line engraving. In a paddock in the same direction was a herd of heifers, and the forms of these were visible at this moment in the act of galloping about in the wildest and maddest confusion, flinging their heels and tails high into the air, their heads to earth. A poplar in the immediate foreground was like an ink stroke on burnished tin. Then the picture vanished, leaving a darkness so intense that Gabriel worked entirely by feeling with his hands.

He had stuck his ricking-rod, groom, or poignard, as it was indifferently called—a long iron lance, sharp at the extremity and polished by handling—into the stack to support the sheaves. A blue light appeared in the zenith, and in some indescribable manner flickered down near the top of the rod. It was the fourth of the larger flashes. A moment later and there was a smack—smart, clear, and short. Gabriel felt his position to be anything but a safe one, and he resolved to descend.

Not a drop of rain had fallen as yet. He wiped his weary brow, and looked again at the black forms of the unprotected stacks. Was his life so valuable to him, after all? What were his prospects that he should be so chary of running risk, when important and urgent labour could not be carried on without such risk? He resolved to stick to the stack. However, he took a precaution. Under the staddles was a long tethering-chain, used to prevent the escape of errant horses. This he carried up the ladder, and sticking his rod through the clog at one end, allowed the other end of the chain to trail upon the ground. The spike attached to it he drove in. Under the shadow of this extemporised lightning-conductor he felt himself comparatively safe.

Before Oak had laid his hands upon his tools again, out leapt the fifth flash, with the spring of a serpent and the shout of a fiend. It was green as an emerald, and the reverberation was stunning. What was this the light revealed to him? In the open ground before him, as he looked over the ridge of the rick, was a dark and apparently female form. Could it be that of the only venturesome woman in the parish—Bathsheba? The form moved on a step; then he could see no more.

'Is that you, ma'am?' said Gabriel to the darkness.

'Who is there?' said the voice of Bathsheba.

'Gabriel. I am on the rick, thatching.'

'O Gabriel! and are you? I have come about them. The weather awoke me, and I thought of the corn. I am so distressed about it; can we save it anyhow? I cannot find my husband. Is he with you?'

'He is not here.'

'Do you know where he is?'

'Asleep in the barn.'

'He promised that the stacks should be seen to, and now they are all neglected! Can I do anything to help? Liddy is afraid to come out. Fancy finding you here at such an hour! Surely I can do something?'

'You can bring up some reed-sheaves to me, one by one, ma'am; if you are not afraid to come up the ladder in the dark,' said Gabriel. 'Every moment is precious now, and that would save a good deal of time. It is not very dark when the lightning has been gone a bit.'

'I 'll do anything!' she said, resolutely. She instantly took a sheaf upon her shoulder, clambered up close to his heels, placed it behind the rod, and descended for another. At her third ascent the rick suddenly brightened with the brazen glare of shining majolica; every knot in every straw was visible. On the slope in front of him appeared two human shapes, black as jet. The rick lost its sheen—the shapes vanished. Gabriel turned

his head. It had been the sixth flash which had come from the east behind him, and the two dark forms on the slope had been the shadows of himself and Bathsheba.

Then came the peal. It hardly was credible that such a heavenly light could be the parent of such a diabolical sound.

'How terrible!' she exclaimed, and clutched him by the sleeve. Gabriel turned, and steadied her on her aërial perch by holding her arm. At the same moment, while he was still reversed in his attitude, there was more light, and he saw as it were a copy of the tall poplar tree on the hill drawn in black on the wall of the barn. It was the shadow of that tree, thrown across by a secondary flash in the west.

The next flare came. Bathsheba was on the ground now, shouldering another sheaf, and she bore its dazzle without flinching—thunder and all—and again ascended with the load. There was then a silence everywhere for four or five minutes, and the crunch of the spars, as Gabriel hastily drove them in, could again be distinctly heard. He thought the crisis of the storm had passed. But there came a burst of light.

'Hold on!' said Gabriel, taking the sheaf from her shoulder, and grasping her arm again.

Heaven opened then, indeed. The flash was almost too novel for its inexpressibly dangerous nature to be at once realised, and Gabriel could only comprehend the magnificence of its beauty. It sprang from east, west, north, south. It was a perfect dance of death. The forms of skeletons appeared in the air, shaped with blue fire for bones—dancing, leaping, striding, racing around, and mingling altogether in unparalleled confusion. With these were intertwined undulating snakes of green. Behind these was a broad mass of lesser light. Simultaneously came from every part of the tumbling sky what may be called a shout; since, though no shout ever came near it, it was more of the nature of a shout than of anything else earthly. In the meantime one of the grisly forms had alighted upon the point of Gabriel's rod, to run invisibly down it, down the chain, and into the earth. Gabriel was almost blinded, and he could feel Bathsheba's warm arm tremble in his hand—a sensation novel and thrilling enough; but love, life, everything human, seemed small and trifling in such close juxtaposition with an infuriated universe.

Oak had hardly time to gather up these impressions into a thought, and to see how strangely the red feather of her hat shone in this light, when the tall tree on the hill before mentioned seemed on fire to a white heat, and a new one among these terrible voices mingled with the last crash of those preceding. It was a stupefying blast, harsh and pitiless, and it fell upon their ears in a dead, flat blow, without that reverberation which lends the tones of a drum to more distant thunder. By the lustre reflected from every part of the earth, and from the wide domical scoop above it, he saw that the tree was sliced down the whole length of its tall straight stem, a huge riband of bark being apparently flung off. The other portion remained erect, and revealed the bared surface as a strip of white down the front. The lightning had struck the tree. A sulphurous smell filled the air: then all was silent, and black as a cave in Hinnom. 'We had a narrow escape!' said Gabriel.

BRET HARTE,

The American humorist and painter of wild life in the West (see *ante*, page 479), has recently produced a novel—his first complete novel—in the regular three-volume shape, entitled *Gabriel Conroy* (1876). It is not skilfully constructed either as to plot or dialogue, and has less originality than the earlier sketches. It opens with the following description:

A Snow-storm in the Californian Sierras.

Snow everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak—filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March 1848, and still falling.

It had been snowing for ten days; snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp spongy flakes, in thin feathery plumes; snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines, like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it—it had so permeated, filled, and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills, that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast, awoke no sigh or complaint from the snow-packed rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbush; the overladen branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete.

Perhaps the best of all Bret Harte's productions is his *Luck of Roaring Camp*—so vivid, so original. The camp is one of Californian gold-diggers—a rough wild crew, but not devoid of tenderness. One wretched woman is among them, and she dies after giving birth to a child. The child is brought up by the men, and becomes the 'Luck' and favourite of the camp.

'Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foot-hills—that air pungent with balsamic odour, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophising the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."'

All went on prosperously till winter came with its floods, and then the 'luck' and light of the Roaring Camp perished:

Death and Destruction at the Diggings.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain-creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and débris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. 'Water put the gold into them gulches,' said Stumpy. 'It 's been here once, and will be here again!' And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees, and

crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to shew them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. 'He is dead,' said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. 'Dead?' he repeated feebly. 'Yes, my man, and you are dying too.' A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. 'Dying,' he repeated; 'he 's a-taking me with him—tell the boys I 've got the Luck with me now;' and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

The Chinese emigrants now form a large element in Californian society; and Bret Harte presents us with a type of the colony:

John Chinaman.

The expression of the Chinese face in the aggregate is neither cheerful nor happy. In an acquaintance of half a dozen years, I can only recall one or two exceptions to this rule. There is an abiding consciousness of degradation, a secret pain or self-humiliation visible in the lines of the mouth and eye. Whether it is only a modification of Turkish gravity, or whether it is the dread Valley of the Shadow of the Drug through which they are continually straying, I cannot say. They seldom smile, and their laughter is of such an extraordinary and sardonic nature—so purely a mechanical spasm, quite independent of any mirthful attribute—that to this day I am doubtful whether I ever saw a Chinaman laugh. A theatrical representation by natives, one might think, would have set my mind at ease on this point; but it did not. Indeed, a new difficulty presented itself—the impossibility of determining whether the performance was a tragedy or farce. I thought I detected the low comedian in an active youth who turned two somersaults, and knocked everybody down on entering the stage. But, unfortunately, even this classic resemblance to the legitimate farce of our civilisation was deceptive. Another brocaded actor, who represented the hero of the play, turned three somersaults, and not only upset my theory and his fellow-actors at the same time, but apparently ran amuck behind the scenes for some time afterward. I looked around at the glinting white teeth to observe the effect of these two palpable hits. They were received with equal acclamation, and apparently equal facial spasms. One or two beheadings which enlivened the play produced the same sardonic effect, and left upon my mind a painful anxiety to know what was the serious business of life in China. It was noticeable, however, that my unrestrained laughter had a discordant effect, and that triangular eyes sometimes turned ominously toward the 'Fanqui devil;' but as I retired discreetly before the play was finished, there were no serious results. I have only given the above as an instance of the impossibility of deciding upon the outward and superficial expression of Chinese mirth. Of its inner and deeper existence I have some private doubts. An audience that will view with a serious aspect the hero, after a frightful and agonising death, get up and quietly walk off the stage, cannot be said to have remarkable perceptions of the ludicrous.

I have often been struck with the delicate pliability of the Chinese expression and taste, that might suggest a broader and deeper criticism than is becoming these pages. A Chinaman will adopt the American costume, and wear it with a taste of colour and detail that will surpass those 'native, and to the manner born.' To look at a Chinese slipper, one might imagine it impossible to shape the original foot to anything less cumbrous and roomy, yet a neater-fitting boot than that belonging to the Americanised Chinaman is rarely seen on this side of the Continent. When the loose sack or paletot takes the place of his brocade blouse, it is worn with a refinement and grace that might bring a jealous pang to the exquisite of our more refined civilisation. Pantaloons fall easily and naturally over legs that have known unlimited freedom and bagginess, and even garrote collars meet correctly around sun-tanned throats. The new expression seldom overflows in gaudy cravats. I will back my Americanised Chinaman against any neophyte of European birth in the choice of that article. While in our own state the Greaser resists one by one the garments of the northern invader, and even wears the livery of his conqueror with a wild and buttonless freedom, the Chinaman, abused and degraded as he is, changes by correctly graded transition to the garments of Christian civilisation. There is but one article of European wear that he avoids. These Bohemian eyes have never yet been pained by the spectacle of a tall hat on the head of an intelligent Chinaman.

My acquaintance with John has been made up of weekly interviews, involving the adjustment of the washing accounts, so that I have not been able to study his character from a social view-point or observe him in the privacy of the domestic circle. I have gathered enough to justify me in believing him to be generally honest, faithful, simple, and painstaking. Of his simplicity let me record an instance where a sad and civil young Chinaman brought me certain shirts with most of the buttons missing, and others hanging on delusively by a single thread. In a moment of unguarded irony I informed him that unity would at least have been preserved if the buttons were removed altogether. He smiled sadly and went away. I thought I had hurt his feelings, until the next week when he brought me my shirts with a look of intelligence, and the buttons carefully and totally erased. At another time, to guard against his general disposition to carry off anything as soiled clothes that he thought could hold water, I requested him to always wait until he saw me. Coming home late one evening, I found the household in great consternation, over an immovable celestial who had remained seated on the front door-step during the day, sad and submissive, firm but also patient, and only betraying any animation or token of his mission when he saw me coming. This same Chinaman evinced some evidences of regard for a little girl in the family, who in her turn reposed such faith in his intellectual qualities as to present him with a preternaturally uninteresting Sunday-school book, her own property. This book John made a point of carrying ostentatiously with him in his weekly visits. It appeared usually on the top of the clean clothes, and was sometimes painfully clasped outside of the big bundle of soiled linen. Whether John believed he unconsciously imbibed some spiritual life through its pasteboard cover, as the prince in the *Arabian Nights* imbibed the medicine through the handle of the mallet, or whether he wished to exhibit a due sense of gratitude, or whether he hadn't any pockets, I have never been able to ascertain. In his turn, he would sometimes cut marvellous imitation roses from carrots for his little friend. I am inclined to think that the few roses strewn in John's path were such scentless imitations. The thorns only were real. From the persecutions of the young and old of a certain class, his life

was a torment. I don't know what was the exact philosophy that Confucius taught, but it is to be hoped that poor John in his persecution is still able to detect the conscious hate and fear with which inferiority always regards the possibility of even-handed justice, and which is the key-note to the vulgar clamour about servile and degraded races.

WILLIAM BLACK.

WILLIAM BLACK, a native of Glasgow, born in 1841, has produced several original and highly successful novels. In 1868 appeared *In Silk Attire;* in 1871, *A Daughter of Heth;* in 1872, *The Strange Adventures of a Phæton;* in 1873, *Kilmeny* and *Princess of Thule;* in 1875, *The Maid of Killeena* and *Three Feathers;* in 1876, *Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories; Madcap Violet*, &c.

Scene in the Hebrides.—From 'Princess of Thule.'

On a small headland of the distant island of Lewis, an old man stood looking out on a desolate waste of rain-beaten sea. It was a wild and a wet day. From out of the louring south-west, fierce gusts of wind were driving up volumes and flying rags of cloud, and sweeping onward at the same time the gathering waves that fell hissing and thundering on the shore. Far as the eye could reach, the sea and the air and the sky seemed to be one indistinguishable mass of whirling and hurrying vapour—as if beyond this point there were no more land, but only wind and water, and the confused and awful voices of their strife.

The short, thick-set powerfully built man who stood on this solitary point, paid little attention to the rain that ran off the peak of his sailor's cap, or to the gusts of wind that blew about his bushy gray beard. He was still following, with an eye accustomed to pick out objects far at sea, one speck of purple that was now fading into the gray mist of the rain; and the longer he looked the less it became, until the mingled sea and sky shewed only the smoke that the great steamer left in its wake. As he stood there, motionless and regardless of everything around him, did he cling to the fancy that he could still trace out the path of the vanished ship? A little while before, it had passed almost close to him. He had watched it steam out of Stornoway harbour. As the sound of the engines came nearer, and the big boat went by, so that he could have almost called to it, there was no sign of emotion on the hard and stern face—except, perhaps, that the lips were held firm, and a sort of frown appeared over the eyes. He saw a tiny white handkerchief being waved to him from the deck of the vessel; and he said, almost as though he were addressing some one there: 'My good little girl!'

But in the midst of that roaring of the sea and the wind, how could any such message be delivered? And already the steamer was away from the land, standing out to the lonely plain of waters, and the sound of the engines had ceased, and the figures on the deck had grown faint and visionary. But still there was that one speck of white visible; and the man knew that a pair of eyes that had many a time looked into his own—as if with a faith that such intercommunion could never be broken—were now trying, through overflowing and blinding tears, to send him a last look of farewell.

The gray mists of the rain gathered within their folds the big vessel, and all the beating hearts it contained; and the fluttering of that little token disappeared with it. All that remained was the sea whitened by the rushing of the wind, and the thunder of waves on the beach. The man who had been gazing so long down into the south-east, turned his face landward, and set out to walk over a tract of wet grass and sand towards a road that ran near by. There was a large wagonette of varnished oak, and a pair of small powerful horses waiting for him there; and having dismissed the boy who had been in charge, he took the reins and got up. But even yet the fascination of the sea and of that sad farewell was upon him; and he turned once more as if, now that sight could yield him no further tidings, he would send her one more word of good-bye. 'My poor little Sheila!' that was all he said; and then he turned to the horses, and sent them on, with his head down to escape the rain, and a look on his face like that of a dead man.

As he drove through the town of Stornoway, the children playing within the shelter of the cottage doors, called to each other in a whisper, and said: 'That is the King of Borva.' But the elderly people said to each other, with a shake of the head: 'It is a bad day, this day, for Mr Mackenzie, that he will be going home to an empty house. And it will be a ferry bad thing for the poor folk of Borva, and they will know a great difference, now that Miss Sheila is gone away, and there is nobody—not anybody at all—left in the island to tek the side of the poor folk.'

He looked neither to the right nor to the left, though he was known to many of the people—as he drove away from the town into the heart of the lonely and desolate land. The wind had so far died down, and the rain had considerably lessened; but the gloom of the sky was deepened by the drawing on of the afternoon, and lay heavily over the dreary wastes of moor and hill. What a wild and dismal country was that which lay before and all around him, now that the last traces of human occupation were passed! There was not a cottage, not a stone wall, not a fence to break the monotony of the long undulations of moorland which, in the distance, rose into a series of hills that were black under the darkened sky. Down from these mountains, ages ago, glaciers had slowly crept to eat out hollows in the plains below; and now in those hollows were lonely lakes, with not a tree to break the line of their melancholy shores. Everywhere around were the traces of the glacier drift—great gray boulders of gneiss fixed fast into the black peat-moss, or set amid the browns and greens of the heather. The only sound to be heard in this wilderness of rock and morass, was the rushing of various streams, rain-swollen and turbid, that plunged down their narrow channels to the sea.

The rain now ceased altogether; but the mountains in the far south had grown still darker; and to the fisherman passing by the coast, it must have seemed as though the black peaks were holding converse with the louring clouds, and that the silent moorland beneath was waiting for the first roll of the thunder. The man who was driving along the lonely route sometimes cast a glance down towards this threatening of a storm; but he paid little heed to it. The reins lay loose on the backs of the horses; and at their own pace they followed, hour after hour, the rising and falling road that led through the moorland and past the gloomy lakes. He may have recalled mechanically the names of those stretches of water—the Lake of the Sheiling, the Lake of the Oars, the Lake of the Fine Sand, and so forth—to measure the distance he had traversed; but he seemed to pay little attention to the objects around him, and it was with a glance of surprise that he suddenly found himself overlooking that great sea-loch on the western side of the island in which was his home.

He drove down the hill to the solitary little inn of Garra-na-hina. At the door, muffled up in a warm woollen plaid, stood a young girl, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and diffident in look.

'Mr Mackenzie,' she said, with that peculiar and pleasant intonation that marks the speech of the Hebridean who has been taught English in the schools; 'it was Miss Sheila wrote to me to Suainabost, and she said I might come down from Suainabost and see if I can be of any help to you in the house.'

'Ay, my good lass,' he said, putting his hand gently

on her head, 'and it was Sheila wrote to you?' 'Yes, sir, and I hef come down from Suainabost.' 'It is a lonely house you will be going to,' he said absently. 'But Miss Sheila said I wass—I wass to'—— But here the young girl failed in her effort to explain that Miss Sheila had asked her to go down to make the house less lonely.

Edinburgh on a Summer Night.

From *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.*

In the gathering darkness we approach Edinburgh. How long the way seemed on this the last night of our driving! The clear twilight faded away, and the skies overhead began to shew faint throbbings of the stars. A pale yellow glow on the horizon told us where the lights of Edinburgh were afire. The road grew almost indistinguishable; but overhead the great worlds became more visible in the deep vault of blue. In a perfect silence we drove along the still highway, between the dark hedges; and clearer and more clear became the white constellations trembling in the dark. There lay King Charles's wain as we had often regarded it from a boat at sea, as we lay idly on the lapping waves. The jewels on Cassiopeia's chair glimmered faint and pale; and all the brilliant stars of the Dragon's hide trembled in the dark. The one bright star of the Swan recalled many an evening in the olden times; and here, nearer at hand, Capella shone, and there Cepheus looked over to the pole-star as from the distance of another universe. Somehow it seemed to us that, under the great and throbbing vault, the sea ought to be lying clear and dark; but there were other masses we saw before us, where the crags of Arthur's Seat rose sharp and black into the sky. We ran in almost under the shadow of that silent mass of hill. We drew nearer to the town; and then we saw before us long and waving lines of red fire—the gas-lamps of a mighty street. We left the majesty of the night outside, and were soon in the heart of the great city. Our journey was at an end.

We sat down at the window of a Princes Street hotel. What in all the journey was there to equal the magic sight that lay before us? Beyond a gulf of blackness the old town of Edinburgh rose with a thousand points of fire into the clear sky of a summer night. The tall houses, with their eight or nine stories, had their innumerable windows ablaze; and the points of orange light shone in the still blue shadow until they seemed to form part of some splendid and enchanted palace built on the slopes of a lofty hill. And then beyond that we could see the great crags of the castle looming dark in the starlight, and we knew, rather than saw, that there were walls and turrets up there, cold and distant, looking down on the yellow glare of the city beneath. What was Cologne, and the coloured lamps of its steamers—as you see them cross the yellow waters of the Rhine when a full moon shines over the houses of Deutz—or what was Prague with its countless spires piercing the starlight, and its great bridge crossing over to the wooded heights of the Hradschin—compared to this magnificent spectacle in the noblest city of the world? The lights of the distant houses went out one by one. The streets became silent. Even the stars grew paler, but why was that? A faint light, golden and soft, began to steal along the Castle-hill; and the slow mild radiance touched the sharp slopes, the trees, and the great gray walls above, which were under the stars.

'Oh, my dear,' says Tita, quite gently to Bell, 'we have seen nothing like that, not even in your own country of the Lakes!'

ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY.

MISS THACKERAY, eldest and only surviving daughter of the great novelist, has distinguished herself in the same department of literature. Her principal works are—*The Story of Elizabeth, The Village on the Cliff, Old Kensington, Miss Angel; To Esther, and other Sketches; Toilers and Spinsters, Five Old Friends, Bluebeard's Keys*, &c. Miss Thackeray is a consummate artist. She makes no pretension to deep plot or sensation. Her novels are studies of character within rather confined limits, and with a certain kind of teaching or moralising which may have been derived from her gifted father, but is modified in passing through a truly womanly temperament. She is a student: you see the influence of books, and can follow her methods and see them repeated so exactly that you can predict the results. This was apparent in *The Village on the Cliff*, notwithstanding that Reine was original in conception; and it characterises her novel, *Old Kensington*, which is a resetting of the story of Angelica Kauffmann, the unfortunate painter, the friend of Reynolds and the rest of the distinguished people of that day, to many of whom we are here introduced. Miss Thackeray has succeeded remarkably in serious yet half-playful restorations of the old nursery tales, bringing out their purpose and moral by means of present-day characters skilfully chosen. Some of these have been collected into a volume under the title of *Five Old Friends with a New Face.* As her first work, *The Story of Elizabeth*, had appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and was republished in book form in 1863—the year of her father's death—she may be said to have just made her advent in literature as he passed away from among us. The careful and exquisite finish of her works—even the slightest of them—is likely to render them lasting as well as popular.

An English Country Sunday.

The ideal Sunday should be spent at a country-house not many miles from London. We will call it Pleasance. You should come to it through fresh country lanes and commons, and across broad fields where the cows are browsing. Pleasance should have a great hall through which the garden might shew, and from which the doors should lead into a library, a dining-room, a drawing-room, all with windows looking across the lawns and fields and green distant slopes and acres far away, gently rising and falling. There should be scattered here and there flocks and herds to give life and animation to the green pastures and the still waters, and close at hand a few great trees under which one or two people are strolling and enjoying the early spring. All the mists and shadows of London life are left behind, and lie in wait for them when they cross the river; here is only a bright winter's morning, the song of birds piping among the bare branches and bushes, with sudden notes and cadences of exceeding sweetness. In the ideal country-house there should be a farm-yard, with live toys for grown-up children: cocks that crow, hens sitting with their little bead-eyed yellow brood nestling round them. There should be cows that moo and shake their heads, and crop the grass with a pleasant crunch as you watch them in the meadow; or stand meekly in their stalls when milking-time has come, with their names, such as Cowslip, Daisy, Bluebell, painted over each pair of horns.

In the morning, instead of hurrying through the streets and past the closed shops and gin-palaces, to a crowded church with high square pews and dingy windows and dust, and a fierce-looking pew-opener in a front, you wend your way quietly across the fields, where the air is sweet with coming spring, and you pass by narrow swinging gates and under the elm-trees to

the church door. As you enter, though it seems dim at first, and the stained glass windows temper the light, yet you have a sense of the pleasant sights and sounds beyond the walls of the great arch of the sky overhead, of the birds joining in the chant, of the preacher without, telling in silent language of new hope, new life; of courage and endurance, of peace and beneficence and wisdom. There are still Sir Roger de Coverleys, thanks be to Heaven! nowadays, though perhaps they do not stand up and publicly rebuke the sleepy and inattentive; and as soon as Lady de Coverley sees you (for our Sir Roger is a married man), she finds room for you in her big pew, with a welcoming look, and makes you quite comfortable with hassocks and hymn-books, and psalters. Coming out of church, Lady de Coverley greets her acquaintance, and nods to the village children. There is a certain Amelia I know of, in little hobnailed shoes, who turns her back upon the congregation, and stands stock-still, tied up in a little flannel cape. There is also a delightful little fat ploughboy in a smock, who smiles so pleasantly that we all begin to laugh in return.

You cross the fields again on your way back to Pleasance. The cows have scarcely moved. A huge pig that was grazing under a tree has shifted a little, and instead of a side-view now presents its tail. The farm-yard, as you pass on your way to the house, is all alive in the mid-day sunshine. The Cochin-china cocks and hens, looking like enchanted princes and princesses, come ambling up to meet you, shaking out their soft golden plumage. The Spanish population, and the crève-cœurs, black robed, with crimson crests, are all in their respective countries, with beautiful sunset tints, purple, violet, green, and golden shewing among their feathers in the sunshine. There is great discussion going on among the Poles. Gallant generals, with spurs and cocked-hat and feathers, impatiently pace their confines; fiery young captains and aides-de-camp seem to be laying down the law; while the ladies, who also look very important, and are dressed in a semi-military costume, evidently join in the proceedings with the keenest interest. As for the white ducks, what do they care for anything that is going on? Their Sunday is spent squatting on the grass in the field with the young Alderney calves. They see both sides of the world at once with their bright eyes, and do not trouble themselves for anybody.

Some people like to go to church a second time; some go for a long walk in the afternoon; they have only to choose. Park, and lawn, and common, hills, and dales, lie before them; and though the distance begins to fade into the soft gray mist of an English March, yet even the mist is gentle and beautiful, and the air is moist and refreshing, and the brown turf yields under foot with a delightful spring.

Old Kensington.

A quarter of a century ago the shabby tide of progress had not spread to the quiet old suburb where Lady Sarah Francis's brown house was standing, with its many windows dazzling as the sun travelled across the old-fashioned house-tops to set into a distant sea of tenements and echoing life. The roar did not reach the old house. The children could listen to the cawing of the rooks, to the echo of the hours, as they struck on from one day to another, vibrating from the old brown tower of the church. At night the strokes seemed to ring more slowly than in the day. The church clock is silent now, but the rooks caw on undisturbed from one spring to another in the old Kensington suburb. There are tranquil corners still, and sunny silent nooks, and ivy wreaths growing in the western sun; and jessamines and vine-trees, planted by a former generation, spreading along the old garden walls. But every year the shabby stream of progress rises and engulfs one relic or another, carrying off many and many a landmark and memory. Last year only the old church was standing in its iron cage at the junction of the thoroughfares. There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging from the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In after-life, the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and in purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building; and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes. . . . The sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence:

> Prepare your glad voices;
> Let Hisrael rejoice,

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings and funny woollen knobs to their fustian caps, rejoicing though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times, thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice with one another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists.

Fishing Village in Normandy.

We have all of us, in the course of life's journeys, sometimes lived for a little while in places which were wearisome and monotonous to us at the time; which had little to attract or to interest; we may have left them without regret, never even wishing to return. But yet, as we have travelled away, we may have found that, through some subtle and unconscious attraction, sights, sounds, and peculiarities which we thought we had scarcely noticed, seem to be haunting us, as though unwilling to let us escape. And this peculiar distinctiveness and vividness does not appear to wear out with time and distance. The pictures are like those of a magic lantern, and come suddenly out of the dimness and darkness, starting into life when the lamp is lighted by some chance association; so clearly and sharply defined and coloured, that we can scarcely believe that they are only reflections from old slides which have been lying in our store for years past.

Petiport in Normandy, a dull little fishing-town upon the coast, stands almost opposite to Ryde in the Isle of Wight. The place is quite uninteresting, the district is not beautiful, but broad and fertile, and sad and pleasant together. The country-folks are high-spirited and sometimes gay, but usually grave, as people are who live by the sea. They are a well-grown stately race, good-mannered, ready and shrewd in their talk and their dealings; they are willing to make friends, but they are at the same time reserved and careful of what they say. English people are little known at Petiport—one or two had stayed at the Château de Tracy 'dans le temps,' they told me. But the strangers who came to lodge in the place for the sake of the sea-bathing and the fine sands, were from Caen and Bayeux for the most part, and only remained during a week or two.

Except just on fête-days and while the bathing time lasted, everything was very still at Petiport. Sometimes all the men would go away together in their boats, leaving the women and children alone in the village. I was there after the bathing season was over, and before the first fishing fleet left. The fishermen's wives were all busy preparing provisions, making ready, sewing at warm clothes, and helping to mend the nets before their husbands' departure. I could see them hard at work through the open doors, as I walked up the steep little village street.

Five o'clock on a fine Sunday—western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either

side, with tufted grasses and thin straggling flowers growing from the loose arid soil, far-away promontories, flashing and distant shores, which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles when the ripples meet the sands. The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant women and the wings of the sea-gulls as they go swimming through the air. Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the waters. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a darker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sweethearts in their gay-coloured Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossiping together, and baskets, and babies, and huge umbrellas.

MRS MACQUOID—HESBA STRETTON.

MRS KATHARINE S. MACQUOID has written many novels, but never surpassed her first, *Hester Kirton*, a story containing fine sketches of character. Her other works are—*Diane*, *The Evil Eye*, *Petty*, *My Story*, *Lost Rose*, &c.; also a pleasant volume, *Through Normandy* (1874).—HESBA STRETTON is author of several tales—*The Doctor's Dilemma*, *Hester Morley's Promise*, &c., and some excellent stories for children.

FLORENCE MARRYAT—ELIZABETH WETHERELL—SARAH TYTLER—C. C. FRASER-TYTLER—MISS CRAIK—MRS CHETWYND, &C.

FLORENCE MARRYAT, daughter of the nautical novelist, has a copious list: *Mad Dumaresq*, *No Intentions*, *Love's Conflict*, *Woman against Woman*, *Gerald Estcourt*, *Too Good for Him*, *Petronel*, *Nelly Brooke*, *Veronique*, *Her Lord and Master*, *Prey of the Gods*, *The Girls of Feversham*, &c. ELIZABETH WETHERELL has written a number of popular works of fiction—*Daisy*, *Willow Brook*, *Sceptres and Crowns*, *Queechy*, *Wide Wide World*, &c. A vivid and striking picture of the state of France in the time of the great Revolution is drawn in the novel entitled *Citoyène Jacqueline*, by SARAH TYTLER. The violence and strife of that reign of terror is contrasted with the grace and delicacy of the inmates of a château, from which the heroine is taken to unite at last the higher and lower sections of the *dramatis personæ*. Another semi-historical novel by the same author is entitled *Lady Bell*. Various other productions from her pen have enjoyed considerable popularity. Miss C. C. FRASER-TYTLER is author of *Mistress Judith*, *Jonathan*, &c.; and MISS GEORGIANA CRAIK, *Sylvia's Choice*, *Theresa*, &c. A novel evincing minute acquaintance with French domestic life, *The Hôtel du Petit St Jean*, is by the HON. MRS CHETWYND, who is author of another tale, *Vera*. A younger aspirant, MARIA M. GRANT, has three novels—*Artiste*, *Bright Morning*, *Victor Lescar*.

R. D. BLACKMORE—L. W. M. LOCKHART—JOHN SAUNDERS—JAMES PAYN—R. FRANCILLON.

Among the most successful portrayers of actual life is MR RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, author of *The Maid of Sker*, *Lorna Doone*, *Alice Lorraine*, *Cripps the Carrier*, &c. LAWRENCE W. M. LOCKHART, late captain 92d Highlanders, has written two popular novels—*Doubles and Quits* and *Fair to See*. JOHN SAUNDERS is author of *Guy Waterman*, *One Against the World*, and *Israel Mort*, *Overman*. The last has a rough strength and force which fixes the attention of the reader: Israel Mort is a miner, who raises himself to be successively overman, manager, and owner of a mine. MR JAMES PAYN has written several excellent works of fiction—*Lost Sir Massingberd*, *At Her Mercy*, *The Best of Husbands*, *Walter's Word*, *Fallen Fortunes*, *By Proxy*, &c. MR R. FRANCILLON is author of *Olympia*, *Pearl and Emerald*, *A Dog and his Shadow*.

AUGUSTUS GEORGE SALA—EDWARD JENKINS—WALTER THORNBURY.

One of the best imitators of Dickens was GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA (born in London in 1828), whose contributions to *Household Words* were highly amusing, and scarcely distinguishable from those of his model. As special correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr Sala has thrown off innumerable sketches of life and public events in foreign countries—in France, Italy, Spain, Russia, and America. A series of papers in the *Cornhill Magazine* (since published in one volume) on Hogarth, display familiarity with art as well as with history and general literature, and constitute perhaps the most finished of Mr Sala's works. He is emphatically a ready writer and traveller, at home in most countries and most phases of life.

Two stories by MR EDWARD JENKINS were written with a moral purpose—*Ginx's Baby*, 1870; and *The Devil's Chain*, 1875. The former exposes some of the defects in our social and charitable institutions, while the latter assails the demon of intemperance, but is overcharged with horrors and painful incidents. Mr Jenkins is the son of a clergyman who came to London from Canada about fifteen years ago. He is now one of the members of parliament for Dundee—an active and liberal public man.

One of the most versatile and indefatigable littérateurs—poet, novelist, art-critic, traveller, biographer, &c.—between 1845 and 1876, was MR WALTER THORNBURY (1828–1876), son of a London solicitor. His poetical works were—*Lays and Legends of the New World*, 1851; *Songs of Cavaliers and Roundheads*, 1857; and *Legendary and Historic Ballads*, 1875. His novels form a longer list: *Every Man his own Trumpeter*, 1858; *True as Steel*, 1863; *Wildfire*, 1864; *Haunted London*, 1865; *Tales for the Marines*, 1865; *Greatheart*, 1866; *The Vicar's Courtship*, 1869; and tales and sketches contributed to *Chambers's Journal*, *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round*. For some years Mr Thornbury was art-critic to the *Athenæum*, and he produced two volumes of sketches of *British Artists from Hogarth to Turner*, besides a *Life of Turner*, in two volumes, written under the supervision of Mr Ruskin. His productions as a tourist and traveller consist of two volumes entitled *Art and Nature at Home and Abroad*, *Life in Turkey*, *Life in Spain*, and *Experiences in the United States*. In general literature, besides innumerable light articles, he wrote *Monarchs of the Main*, three volumes, being a history of the Buccaneers;

Shakspere's England during the Reign of Elizabeth, &c. He worked on till within a few days of his death, which came suddenly; 'the result,' adds the *Athenæum*, 'of over-brainwork.'

Another victim to excessive literary labour and anxiety was MR MORTIMER COLLINS, who died in 1876 at the early age of forty-nine. He was author of several novels—*Sweet Anne Page*, 1868; *The Ivory Gate*, 1869; *Vivian Romance*, 1870; *Marquis and Merchant*, 1871; &c. He published also a volume of *Poems*, and latterly was a regular and popular contributor to *Punch*.

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

At the close of the French revolutionary war, countless multitudes were drawn from every part of Europe to Paris to witness the meeting of the allied sovereigns in 1814. Among them was 'one young man who had watched with intense interest the progress of the war from his earliest years, and who, having hurried from his paternal roof in Edinburgh on the first cessation of hostilities, then conceived the first idea of narrating its events, and amidst its wonders inhaled that ardent spirit, that deep enthusiasm which, sustaining him through fifteen subsequent years of travel and study, and fifteen more of composition, has at length realised itself in the present history.' The work thus characteristically referred to by its author, MR (afterwards SIR) ARCHIBALD ALISON, is *The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons*, ten volumes, 1839–42, and which has since, in various forms, gone through nine editions. It has been translated into all European languages, and even into Arabic and Hindustani. A work so popular must have substantial merits, or must supply a want universally felt. Having visited most of the localities described, many interesting minute touches and graphic illustrations have been added by the historian from personal observation, or the statements of eye-witnesses on the spot; and he appears to have been diligent and conscientious in consulting written authorities. The defects of the work are, however, considerable. The style is often careless, turgid, and obscure; and the high Tory prejudices of the author, with certain opinions on the currency question—the influence of which he greatly exaggerates—render him often a tedious as well as unsafe guide. His moral reflections and deductions are mostly superfluous, and quite unworthy of the author of the narrative portions of the history.* In a few instances he has been accused by his own Conservative friends of extracting military details from questionable sources, and forming rash judgments on questions of strategy. Thus he maintains that, in the great campaign of 1815, Napoleon 'surprised, out-manœuvred, and out-generaled' both Wellington and Blucher—a position which does not seem well supported, but which at least evinces the historian's determination to think for himself, and not to sacrifice his convictions to party. In describing the causes which led to the French Revolution, he also enumerates fairly the enormous wrongs and oppressions under which the people laboured; but with singular inconsistency he adds, that the immediate source of the convulsion was the spirit of innovation which overspread France. Carlyle more correctly assigns *famine* as the 'immediate' cause—the unprecedented scarcity and dearness of provisions; but, of course, a variety of other elements entered into the formation of that great convulsion. Some of the features of the Revolution are well drawn by Alison. The small number of persons who perpetrated the atrocities in Paris, and the apathy of the great body of the citizens, he thus describes:

The French Revolutionary Assassins.

The small number of those who perpetrated these murders in the French capital under the eyes of the legislature, is one of the most instructive facts in the history of revolutions. Marat had long before said, that with two hundred assassins at a louis a day, he would govern France, and cause three hundred thousand heads to fall; and the events of the 2d September seemed to justify the opinion. The number of those actually engaged in the massacres did not exceed three hundred; and twice as many more witnessed and encouraged their proceedings; yet this handful of men governed Paris and France, with a despotism which three hundred thousand armed warriors afterwards strove in vain to effect. The immense majority of the well-disposed citizens, divided in opinion, irresolute in conduct, and dispersed in different quarters, were incapable of arresting a band of assassins, engaged in the most atrocious cruelties of which modern Europe has yet afforded an example—an important warning to the strenuous and the good in every succeeding age, to combine for defence the moment that the aspiring and the desperate have begun to agitate the public mind, and never to trust that mere smallness of numbers can be relied on for preventing reckless ambition from destroying irresolute virtue. It is not less worthy of observation, that these atrocious massacres took place in the heart of a city where above fifty thousand men were enrolled in the National Guard, and had arms in their hands; a force specifically destined to prevent insurrectionary movements, and support, under all changes, the majesty of the law. They were so divided in opinion, and the revolutionists composed so large a part of their number, that nothing whatever was done by them, either on the 10th August, when the king was dethroned, or the 2d September, when the prisoners were massacred. This puts in a forcible point of view the weakness of such a force, which, being composed of citizens, is distracted by their feelings, and actuated by their passions. In ordinary times, it may exhibit an imposing array, and be adequate to the repression of the smaller disorders; but it is paralysed by the events which throw society into convulsions, and generally fails at the decisive moment when its aid is most required.

Another specimen of the author's style of summary and reflection may be given:

The Reign of Terror.

Thus terminated the Reign of Terror, a period fraught with greater political instruction than any of equal duration which has existed since the beginning of the world. In no former period had the efforts of the people so completely triumphed, or the higher orders been so thoroughly crushed by the lower. The throne had been

* Mr Disraeli touches sarcastically on these defects: 'Finally, Mr Rigby impressed on Coningsby to read the *Quarterly Review* with great attention; and to make himself master of Mr Wordy's *History of the Late War* in twenty volumes, a capital work, which proves that Providence was on the side of the Tories.'—*Coningsby*, Book III. c. 2.

overturned, the altar destroyed, the aristocracy levelled with the dust: the nobles were in exile, the clergy in captivity, the gentry in affliction. A merciless sword had waved over the state, destroying alike the dignity of rank, the splendour of talent, and the graces of beauty. All that excelled the labouring classes in situation, fortune, or acquirement, had been removed; they had triumphed over their oppressors, seized their possessions, and risen into their stations. And what was the consequence? The establishment of a more cruel and revolting tyranny than any which mankind had yet witnessed; the destruction of all the charities and enjoyments of life; the dreadful spectacle of streams of blood flowing through every part of France. The earliest friends, the warmest advocates, the firmest supporters of the people, were swept off indiscriminately with their bitterest enemies; in the unequal struggle, virtue and philanthropy sunk under ambition and violence, and society returned to a state of chaos, when all the elements of private or public happiness were scattered to the winds. Such are the results of unchaining the passions of the multitude; such the peril of suddenly admitting the light upon a benighted people. The extent to which blood was shed in France during this melancholy period, will hardly be credited by future ages. The Republican Prudhomme, whose prepossessions led him to anything rather than an exaggeration of the horrors of the popular party, has given the following appalling account of the victims of the Revolution:

Nobles,	1,278	
Noble women,	750	
Wives of labourers and artisans,	1,467	
Religieuses,	350	
Priests,	1,135	
Common Persons, not noble,	13,623	
Guillotined by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal,	18,603	18,603
Women died of premature childbirth,		3,400
In childbirth from grief,		348
Women killed in La Vendée,		15,000
Children killed in La Vendée,		22,000
Men slain in La Vendée,		900,000
Victims under Carrier at Nantes,		32,000
Of whom: Children shot,	500	
Of whom: Children drowned,	1,500	
Of whom: Women shot,	264	
Of whom: Women drowned,	500	
Of whom: Priests shot,	300	
Of whom: Priests drowned,	460	
Of whom: Nobles drowned,	1,400	
Of whom: Artisans drowned,	5,300	
Victims at Lyon,		31,000
Total,		1,022,351

In this enumeration are not comprehended the massacres at Versailles, at the Abbey, the Carmes, or other prisons on September 2, the victims of the Glacière of Avignon, those shot at Toulon and Marseille, or the persons slain in the little town of Bedoin, of which the whole population perished. It is in an especial manner remarkable in this dismal catalogue, how large a proportion of the victims of the Revolution were persons in the middling and lower ranks of life. The priests and nobles guillotined are only 2413, while the persons of plebeian origin exceed 13,000! The nobles and priests put to death at Nantes were only 2160; while the infants drowned and shot are 2000, the women 764, and the artisans 5300! So rapidly in revolutionary convulsions does the career of cruelty reach the lower orders, and so wide-spread is the carnage dealt out to them, compared with that which they have sought to inflict on their superiors. The facility with which a faction, composed of a few of the most audacious and reckless of the nation, triumphed over the immense majority of their fellow-citizens, and led them forth like victims to the sacrifice, is not the least extraordinary or memorable part of that eventful period. The bloody faction at Paris never exceeded a few hundred men; their talents were by no means of the highest order, nor their weight in society considerable; yet they trampled under foot all the influential classes, ruled mighty armies with absolute sway, kept 200,000 of their fellow-citizens in captivity, and daily led out several hundred persons, of the best blood in France, to execution. Such is the effect of the unity of action which atrocious wickedness produces; such the ascendency which in periods of anarchy is acquired by the most savage and lawless of the people. The peaceable and inoffensive citizens lived and wept in silence; terror crushed every attempt at combination; the extremity of grief subdued even the firmest hearts. In despair at effecting any change in the general sufferings, apathy universally prevailed, the people sought to bury their sorrows in the delirium of present enjoyments, and the theatres were never fuller than during the whole duration of the Reign of Terror. Ignorance of human nature can alone lead us to ascribe this to any peculiarity in the French character; the same effects have been observed in all parts and ages of the world, as invariably attending a state of extreme and long-continued distress. The death of Hebert and the anarchists was that of guilty depravity; that of Robespierre and the Decemvirs, of sanguinary fanaticism; that of Danton and his confederates, of stoical infidelity; that of Madame Roland and the Girondists, of deluded virtue; that of Louis and his family, of religious forgiveness. The moralist will contrast the different effects of virtue and wickedness in the last moments of life; the Christian will mark with thankfulness the superiority in the supreme hour to the sublimest efforts of human virtue, which was evinced by the believers in his own faith.

A continuation has been made to this work—*The History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in* 1815 *to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in* 1852, eight volumes, 1852–59. The author, however, had not exercised much care in this compilation. It is hastily and inaccurately written, and is disfigured by blunders, omissions, and inconsistencies. Some of the author's opinions or crotchets are pushed to a ridiculous extreme, as his delusion that most of the political changes of the previous thirty years—the abolition of the corn-laws, Catholic emancipation, and parliamentary reform—may all be traced to the act of 1826 which interdicted the further issue of £1 and £2 bank-notes! The diffuse style of narrative which was felt as a drawback on the earlier history, is still more conspicuous in this continuation—no doubt from want of time and care in the laborious work of condensation. The other writings of our author—exclusive of pamphlets on Free-trade and the Currency—are a *Life of Marlborough*, 1847 (afterwards greatly enlarged in the second edition, 1852), and *Essays, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous*, three volumes, 1850. These essays were originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which their author was a frequent contributor. The other works of Sir Archibald are—*Principles of Population*, 1840; *Free Trade and Protection*, 1844; *England in* 1815 *and in* 1845, &c.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON was the eldest son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of the *Essay on Taste*, &c. His mother was Dorothea, daughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh. He was born at Kenley in Shropshire in 1792. His father having in 1800 removed to Edinburgh to officiate in the Episcopal Chapel in the Cowgate, Archibald studied at Edinburgh University, was admitted to the bar in 1814, and in 1834 was appointed sheriff of Lanarkshire. He had distinguished himself professionally by his *Principles*

of the Criminal Law of Scotland, 1832, and his *Practice of the Criminal Law*, 1833. He was successively Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and Glasgow University, and subsequently the title of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the university of Oxford. In 1852 he was created a baronet by Lord Derby's administration. He died on the 23d of May 1867.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

The celebrated American historian, WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. His father was an eminent judge and lawyer. While a student in Harvard College, a slight accident threatened to deprive the future historian of sight, and in the result proved a severe interruption to his studies. One of his fellow-collegians threw a crust of bread at him, which struck one of his eyes, and deprived it almost wholly of sight, while the other was sympathetically affected. He travelled partly for medical advice, and visited England, France, and Italy, remaining absent about two years. On his return to the United States, he married and settled in Boston. His first literary production was an essay on *Italian Narrative Poetry*, contributed in 1824 to the *North American Review*, in which work many valuable papers from his pen afterwards appeared. Devoting himself to the literature and history of Spain, he fixed upon the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and commenced his history of that period. He had only, however, commenced his task when his eye gave way, and he enjoyed no use of it again for reading for several years. His literary enthusiasm, however, was too strong to be subdued even by this calamity; he engaged a reader, dictated copious notes, and from these notes constructed his composition, making in his mind those corrections which are usually made in the manuscript. Instead of dictating the work thus composed, he used a writing-case made for the blind, which he thus describes: 'It consists of a frame of the size of a piece of paper, traversed by brass wires as many as lines are wanted on the page, and with a sheet of carbonated paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the carbonated sheet, making indelible marks which he cannot see on the white page below.' In this way the historian proceeded with his task, finding, he says, his writing-case his best friend in his lonely hours. The sight of his eye partially returned, but never sufficiently to enable him to use it by candle-light. In 1837 appeared his history of *Ferdinand and Isabella*, in three volumes, and the work was eminently successful on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1843, *The Conquest of Mexico*, three volumes, and in 1847, *The Conquest of Peru*, two volumes, still further extended Mr Prescott's reputation, and it is calculated that latterly he received from £4000 to £5000 a year from the sale of his writings. The successful historian now made a visit to England, and was received with the utmost distinction and favour, the university of Oxford conferring upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. In 1854 his *History of Philip II.* was ready for the press, and he was to receive £1000 for each volume of the work, which, it was supposed, would extend to six volumes. A decision of the House of Lords, however, annulled this bargain. It was found that no American, not domiciled in England at the time of the publication of his book, could claim the benefit of our copyright law. 'If Mr Prescott had thought proper to have resided in England during, and for a certain time before and after the publication of the book, he might have reaped the full benefit of its great success on both sides of the Atlantic. But he would not take this course. At a great pecuniary sacrifice, he preferred to present the world with one signal example more of the injustice to which the writers of England and America are exposed by the want of a reasonable system of international copyright—a want for which the American legislature appears to be wholly responsible.'* Two volumes of *Philip II.* appeared in 1855, and the third volume in 1858. In the interval the author had experienced a shock of paralysis, and another shock on the 28th of January 1859 proved fatal. When sitting alone in his library, the historian was struck down by this sudden and terrible agent of death, and in less than two hours he expired. His remains were followed to the grave by a vast concourse of citizens and mourners.

As an historian, Prescott may rank with Robertson as a master of the art of narrative, while he excels him in the variety and extent of his illustrative researches. He was happy in the choice of his subjects. The very names of Castile and Aragon, Mexico and Peru, possess a romantic charm, and the characters and scenes he depicts have the interest and splendour of the most gorgeous fiction. To some extent the American historian fell into the error of Robertson in palliating the enormous cruelties that marked the career of the Spanish conquerors; but he is more careful in citing his authorities, in order, as he says, 'to put the reader in a position for judging for himself, and thus for revising, and, if need be, for reversing the judgments of the historian.'

View of Mexico from the Summit of Ahualco.

Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of colouring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize, and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets; and in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers

* *Memoir of Prescott*, by Sir William Stirling Maxwell, in *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed 'Venice of the Aztecs.' High over all rose the royal hill of Chapoltepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco; and still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels. Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins: even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and in the warm glow of their feelings they cried out: 'It is the promised land!'

Storming the Temple of Mexico.

Cortés, having cleared a way for the assault, sprung up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams, and burning rafters, which, thundering along the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards, and carried desolation through their ranks. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace, where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to fall back. The assailants pressed on, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation, that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the *teocalli*.

Cortés and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aërial battle-field, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the courtyard, who paused, as if by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the teocalli, was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for a thousand combatants. It was paved with broad flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block, and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet, at the further extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war-god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together. Cortés himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm. The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortés was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often repeated, but not by contemporary history.

The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force, rather than by superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armour of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet the loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable: it amounted to forty-five of their best men; and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopotchli, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the teocalli. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flame speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac.

Fatal Visit of the Inca to Pizarro and his Followers in the City of Caxamalca.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, 'which in our ears,' says one of the conquerors, 'sounded like the songs of hell!' Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board; others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahuallpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahuallpa halted, and turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, 'Where are the strangers?'

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahuallpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that 'the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four.' But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied: 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—'my god still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.'

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahuallpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed: 'Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.'

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time: 'Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once; I absolve you.' Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of 'St Jago and at them!' It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the plaza, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphureous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the plaza! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance, is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash, and hears the thunder bursting around

him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahuallpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice: 'Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca;' and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph shewed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

DR ARNOLD.

Early Roman history has of late formed the subject of investigation and discussion. The celebrated work of Niebuhr, the Prussian historian (1776–1831), was published in 1811, and again, much modified and enlarged, in 1827. For some time it attracted little attention in this country, but gradually followers and disciples sprung up. The leading theory of Niebuhr (derived from James Perizonius, an antiquary of the seventeenth century) was, that the commonly received history of the early centuries of Rome was in great part fabulous, founded on popular songs or lays chanted at the Roman banquets. Greece had her rhapsodists, the Teutonic nations their bards, and Rome, he concluded, had also her poetical chroniclers. To eliminate whatever portion of truth was contained in the stories of the mythic period—and Niebuhr believed that they did contain many authentic facts—was the chosen task of the learned Prussian, and of all those who adopted his 'ballad theory' as a sound historical hypothesis. One of the most enthusiastic of his admirers was DR THOMAS ARNOLD (1795-1842), the well-known and popular master of Rugby School. Arnold was a native of East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, where his father resided as collector of customs. He was educated at Winchester, and afterwards at Oxford, being elected a Fellow of Oriel College in 1815. He remained at Oxford four more years, employed in instructing pupils; and in his twenty-fifth year he settled at Laleham, near Staines, in Middlesex. At Laleham he took pupils as before, married, and spent nine years of happiness and study. He took priest's orders in 1828, and in that year occurred the great turning-point of his life—he was appointed to Rugby School. He longed to 'try whether our public school system has not in it some noble elements which may produce fruit even to life eternal,' and his exertions not only raised Rugby School to the highest popularity, but introduced a great change and improvement into all the public schools in England. He trusted much to the 'sixth form,' or elder boys, who exercise a recognised authority over the junior pupils, and these he inspired with love, reverence, and confidence. His interest in his pupils was that of a parent, and it was unceasing. On Sunday he preached to them; 'he was still the instructor and the schoolmaster, only teaching and educating with increased solemnity and energy.' All 'unpromising subjects,' or pupils likely to taint others, he removed from the school. 'It is *not* necessary,' he said, 'that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.' His firmness, his sympathy, his fine manly character, and devotion to duty, in time bound all good hearts to him. Out-of-doors, Arnold had also his battles to fight. He was a Liberal in politics, though not a partisan, and a keen church reformer. To the High Church party he was strenuously opposed. The Church, he said, meant not the priesthood, but the body of believers. Christianity recognised no priesthood—the whole body of believers were equally brethren. Nothing, he conceived, could save the Church but a union with the Dissenters; and the civil power was more able than the clergy, not only to govern, but to fix the doctrines of the Church. These Erastian views, propounded with his usual zeal and earnestness, offended and alarmed many of Arnold's own friends, especially those of the clergy, and he also failed to conciliate the Dissenters. The Whig government, in 1835, appointed him a Fellow in the Senate of the new university of London. Arnold, convinced that Christianity should be the basis and principle of all education in a Christian country, proposed that every candidate for a degree in the university should be examined on the Scriptures. This was resisted—at least to the extent that the examination should not be compulsory, but voluntary—and Arnold afterwards resigned his appointment. In 1841, he obtained one more congenial to his tastes and pursuits—he was nominated Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. His inaugural lecture was attended by a vast concourse of students and friends, for the popular tide had now turned in his favour, and his robust health promised a long succession of professorial triumphs, as well as of general usefulness. He had purchased a small property in Westmoreland—Fox How, situated in one of the most beautiful portions of the Lake country, with the now classic river Rotha, 'purior electro,' winding round his fields. At Fox How he spent his vacations; and he was preparing to return thither in the summer of 1842, when one night he was seized with spasms of the heart, and died ere eight o'clock next morning, June 12, 1842. The works of Dr Arnold give but a faint idea of what he accomplished. He was emphatically a man of action. His writings, however, are characteristic of the man—earnest, clear in conception and style, and independent in thought. His *History of Rome*, which he intended to carry down to the fall of the Western Empire, was completed only to the end of the Second Punic

War, and is contained in three volumes: he edited *Thucydides*, and his *Introductory Lectures on Modern History*—eight in number—were published after his death, in one volume, 1843. Six volumes of his *Sermons*, chiefly delivered to the Rugby boys, have also been published, with a volume of tracts on social and political topics, collected and republished by his pupil and biographer, the Rev. A. P. Stanley, now dean of Westminster. His *Roman History*—in which he closely follows Niebuhr—is striking and picturesque, rather than philosophical. His strong moral feeling and hatred of tyranny in all its shapes occasionally break forth, and he gave animation to his narrative by contrasting ancient with modern events—a mode of illustration in which he has been followed by Macaulay and Grote.

Character of Scipio.

A mind like Scipio's, working its way under the peculiar influences of his time and country, cannot but move irregularly—it cannot but be full of contradictions. Two hundred years later, the mind of the dictator, Cæsar, acquiesced contentedly in epicureanism; he retained no more of enthusiasm than was inseparable from the intensity of his intellectual power, and the fervour of his courage, even amidst his utter moral degradation. But Scipio could not be like Cæsar. His mind rose above the state of things around him; his spirit was solitary and kingly; he was cramped by living among those as his equals whom he felt fitted to guide as from some higher sphere; and he retired at last to Liternum, to breathe freely, to enjoy the simplicity of his childhood, since he could not fulfil his natural calling to be a hero-king. So far he stood apart from his countrymen—admired, reverenced, but not loved. But he could not shake off all the influences of his time: the virtue, public and private, which still existed at Rome—the reverence paid by the wisest and best men to the religion of their fathers—were elements too congenial to his nature not to retain their hold on it: they cherished that nobleness of soul in him, and that faith in the invisible and divine, which two centuries of growing unbelief rendered almost impossible in the days of Cæsar. Yet how strange must the conflict be when faith is combined with the highest intellectual power, and its appointed object is no better than paganism! Longing to believe, yet repelled by palpable falsehood—crossed inevitably with snatches of unbelief, in which hypocrisy is ever close at the door—it breaks out desperately, as it may seem, into the region of dreams and visions, and mysterious communings with the invisible, as if longing to find that food in its own creations which no outward objective truth offers to it. The proportions of belief and unbelief in the human mind in such cases, no human judgment can determine—they are the wonders of history; characters inevitably misrepresented by the vulgar, and viewed even by those who, in some sense, have the key to them as a mystery not fully to be comprehended, and still less explained to others. The genius which conceived the incomprehensible character of Hamlet would alone be able to describe with intuitive truth the character of Scipio or of Cromwell. With all his greatness there was a waywardness in him which seems often to accompany genius; a self-idolatry, natural enough where there is so keen a consciousness of power and of lofty designs; a self-dependence, which feels even the most sacred external relations to be unessential to its own perfection. Such is the Achilles of Homer—the highest conception of the individual hero relying on himself, and sufficient to himself. But the same poet who conceived the character of Achilles has also drawn that of Hector; of the truly noble, because unselfish hero—who subdues his genius to make it minister to the good of others—who lives for his relations, his friends, and his country. And as Scipio lived in himself and for himself like Achilles, so the virtue of Hector was worthily represented in the life of his great rival Hannibal, who, from his childhood to his latest hour, in war and in peace, through glory and through obloquy, amid victories and amid disappointments, ever remembered to what purpose his father had devoted him, and withdrew no thought, or desire, or deed from their pledged service to his country.

Character of Hannibal.

Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy; so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius, Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the commonwealth, and which threatened either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conquerer of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilisation of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organised empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.

Sufferings during the Siege of Genoa.

In the autumn of 1799, the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont; their last victory of Fossano or Genola had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po; the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field till the

following spring, and till then, Massena was hopeless of relief from without—everything was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting-trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It is not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realise the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the storehouses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill-sides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hill-sides were now visited for a very different object: ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our road-sides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved, in the first place, for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825, told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure!

SIR JOHN GARDINER WILKINSON.

In the study of Egyptian antiquities, now cultivated with ardour, SIR JOHN GARDINER WILKINSON (1797–1875) took a prominent part. Early in life he made surveys of the topography of Thebes and the Pyramids, and collections of the hieroglyphics. In 1828, he published at Malta *Materia Hieroglyphica*, four parts. But his great work is his *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, six volumes, 1837–41. About nine hundred wood-cuts illustrate this history, taken chiefly from the paintings in the Egyptian tombs, the earliest descriptive illustrations of the manners and customs of any nation. Of this work, an abridgment was published by the author, a *Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians*, two volumes, 1854. Sir John truly remarks, that 'the influence which Egypt had in early times on Greece gives to every inquiry respecting it an additional interest; and the frequent mention of the Egyptians in the Bible connects them with the Hebrew records, of which many satisfactory illustrations occur in the sculptures of Pharaonic times.' Sir John was a son of the Rev. John Wilkinson of Haxendale, Westmoreland, and studied at Exeter College, Oxford. Amongst the latest of his literary labours was assisting Sir Henry Rawlinson in his edition of *Herodotus*.

Moral Superiority of the Ancient Egyptians.

The early part of Egyptian monumental history is coeval with the arrivals of Abraham and of Joseph, and the exodus of the Israelites; and we know from the Bible what was the state of the world at that time. But then, and apparently long before, the habits of social life in Egypt were already what we find them to have been during the most glorious period of their career; and as the people had already laid aside their arms, and military men only carried them when on service, some notion may be had of the very remote date of Egyptian civilisation. In the treatment of women, they seem to have been very far advanced beyond other wealthy communities of the same era, having usages very similar to those of modern Europe; and such was the respect shewn to women, that precedence was given to them over men, and the wives and daughters of kings succeeded to the throne like the male branches of the royal family. Nor was this privilege rescinded, even though it had more than once entailed upon them the troubles of a contested succession; foreign kings often having claimed a right to the throne through marriage with an Egyptian princess. It was not a mere influence that they possessed, which women often acquire in the most arbitrary eastern communities; nor a political importance accorded to a particular individual, like that of the Sultana Valideh, the queen-mother at Constantinople; it was a right acknowledged by law, both in public and private life. They knew that unless women were treated with respect, and made to exercise an influence over society, the public standard would soon be lowered, and the manners and morals of men would suffer; and in acknowledging this, they pointed out to women the very responsible duties they had to perform to the community. It has been said that the Egyptian priests were only allowed to have one wife, while the rest of the community had as many as they chose; but, besides the improbability of such a license, the testimony of the monuments accords with Herodotus in disproving the statement, and each individual is represented in his tomb with a single consort. Their mutual affection is also indicated by the fond manner in which they are seated together, and by the expressions of endearment they use to each other, as well as to their children. And if further proof were wanting to shew their respect for social ties, we may mention the conduct of Pharaoh, in the case of the supposed sister of Abraham, standing in remarkable contrast to the habits of most princes of those and many subsequent ages.

Ancient Egyptian Repast.

While the guests were entertained with music and the dance, dinner was prepared; but as it consisted of a considerable number of dishes, and the meat was killed for the occasion, as at the present day in eastern and tropical climates, some time elapsed before it was put upon the table. An ox, kid, wild goat, gazelle, or an oryx, and a quantity of geese, ducks, teal, quails, and other birds, were generally selected; but mutton was excluded from a Theban table. Sheep were not killed for the altar or the table, but they abounded in Egypt, and even at Thebes; and large flocks were kept for their wool, particularly in the neighbourhood of

Memphis. Sometimes a flock consisted of more than two thousand; and in a tomb below the Pyramids, dating upwards of four thousand years ago, nine hundred and seventy-four rams are brought to be registered by his scribes, as part of the stock of the deceased; implying an equal number of ewes, independent of lambs.

Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food throughout Egypt; and by a prudent foresight in a country possessing neither extensive pasture lands, nor great abundance of cattle, the cow was held sacred, and consequently forbidden to be eaten. Thus the risk of exhausting the stock was prevented, and a constant supply of oxen was kept for the table and for agricultural purposes. A similar fear of diminishing the number of sheep, so valuable for their wool, led to a preference for such meats as beef and goose; though they were much less light and wholesome than mutton.

A considerable quantity of meat was served up at those repasts, to which strangers were invited, as among people of the East at the present day. An endless succession of vegetables was also required on all occasions, and when dining in private, dishes composed chiefly of them were in greater request than joints even at the tables of the rich; and consequently the Israelites, who, by their long residence there, had acquired similar habits, regretted them equally with the meat and fish of Egypt (Numbers, xi. 4, 5).

Their mode of dining was very similar to that now adopted in Cairo, and throughout the East; each person sitting round a table, and dipping his bread into a dish placed in the centre, removed on a sign made by the host, and succeeded by others, whose rotation depends on established rule, and whose number is predetermined according to the size of the party, or the quality of the guests.

As is the custom in Egypt and other hot climates at the present day, they cooked the meat as soon as killed; with the same view of having it tender, which makes northern people keep it until decomposition is beginning; and this explains the order of Joseph to 'slay and make ready' for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done and the joints were all ready, the kitchen presented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their different departments. Other servants took charge of the pastry which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner-table; and this department appears even more varied than that of the cook.

That dinner was served up at mid-day, may be inferred from the invitation given by Joseph to his brethren; but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the East. The table was much the same as that of the present day in Egypt—a small stool supporting a round tray, on which the dishes are placed; but it differed from this in having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, or leg, which was often in the form of a man, generally a captive, who supported the slab upon his head, the whole being of stone, or some hard wood. On this the dishes were placed, together with loaves of bread. It was not generally covered with any linen, but, like the Greek table, was washed with a sponge or napkin after the dishes were removed. One or two guests generally sat at a table, though from the mention of persons seated in rows according to rank, it has been supposed the tables were occasionally of a long shape, as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph 'sat before him, the firstborn according to his youth.' Joseph eating alone at another table where 'they set on for him by himself.' But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honour, even at the present day, at the round table of Egypt.

The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs, and, having neither knives and forks nor any substitute for them answering to the chopsticks of the Chinese, they ate with their fingers, like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand; nor did the Jews (1 Sam. ii. 14) and Etruscans, though they had forks for other purposes, use any at table. Spoons were introduced when required for soup or other liquids. The Egyptian spoons were of various forms and sizes. They were principally of ivory, bone, wood, or bronze, and other metals—many were ornamented with the lotus flower.

The Egyptians washed after as well as before dinner, an invariable custom throughout the East, as among the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, and others. It was also a custom of the Egyptians, during or after their repasts, to introduce a wooden image of Osiris, from one foot and a half to three feet in height, in the form of a human mummy, standing erect, or lying on a bier, and to shew it to each of the guests, warning him of his mortality, and the transitory nature of human pleasures. He was reminded that some day he would be like that figure; that men ought to 'love one another, and avoid those evils which tend to make them consider life long, when in reality it is too short;' and while enjoying the blessings of this world, to bear in mind that their existence was precarious, and that death, which all ought to be prepared to meet, must eventually close their earthly career. Thus, while the guests were permitted, and even encouraged, to indulge in conviviality, the pleasures of the table, and the mirth so congenial to their lively disposition, they were exhorted to put a certain degree of restraint upon their conduct; and though this sentiment was perverted by other people, and used as an incentive to present excesses, it was perfectly consistent with the ideas of the Egyptians to be reminded that this life was only a lodging or inn on their way, and that their existence here was the preparation for a future state.

After dinner, music and singing were resumed; hired men and women displayed feats of agility. The most usual games within-doors were odd and even, *mora*, and draughts. The game of mora was common in ancient as well as modern times, and was played by two persons, who each simultaneously threw out the fingers of one hand, while one party guessed the sum of both. They were said in Latin, *micare digitis*, and this game, still so common among the lower order of Italians, existed about four thousand years ago in the reigns of the Osirtasens.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN—S. SHARPE.

The learned CHEVALIER BUNSEN—lately Prussian ambassador in London, and a native of Corbach, Germany, where he was born in 1790—commenced, in 1848, the publication of his historical investigation, *Egypt's Place in Universal History*. A second volume was published in 1854, and the third in 1859. The work was translated from the German, under the author's superintendence, by Mr C. H. Cottrell. The object of M. Bunsen was to establish, by means of the language and chronology of Egypt, as recently investigated, the position of the Egyptians as a nation in primeval history, or before the period of historical records. He gives them a vastly remote antiquity, assigning the date of the first king of Egypt to an era four thousand years before the Christian era. The Egyptians, he says, were an Asiatic race, who emigrated from Chaldea, and settled in the valley of the Nile about the eleventh millennium B.C.; the historical Deluge, which took place in a considerable part of Central Asia, cannot have occurred at a more recent period than the tenth millennium B.C.; and man existed on the earth about 20,000 years B.C., or even earlier. These antediluvian and prehistoric conclusions of the Chevalier have been generally disputed. We have not yet

sufficient materials to enable us to fix positively the dates of the earlier period of the Egyptian monarchy. In 1852, M. Bunsen published another historical investigation, *Hippolytus and his Age, or the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Alexander Severus; and Ancient and Modern Christianity and Divinity Compared*, four volumes, 1852. This work of Hippolytus is certainly a literary curiosity. In 1842, a Greek manuscript was discovered at Mount Athos. It was printed at Oxford in 1851, and ascribed to the celebrated Origen. Chevalier Bunsen, however, clearly established that it was the composition of Hippolytus, and written about the year 225. The document, thus remarkably preserved for above sixteen centuries, is highly valuable, as shewing what was the real Christian creed and liturgical practice exactly one hundred years before the Council of Nice. It gives no countenance to 'the prerogative of right claimed by the Church of Rome over others, nor to any sacred language in preference to the vernacular, nor to any indelible character or celibacy of the priesthood, nor to infant baptism, nor to any propitiatory sacrifice in the Eucharist, which Hippolytus considered to be an offering purely of a spiritual nature, a sacrifice of praise and thanks' (*Athenæum*, 1852). Chevalier Bunsen, who indulged in some mystical hopes and visions of the 'Church of the Future,' eloquently exclaimed:

> Take away ignorance, misunderstandings, and forgeries, and the naked truth remains—not a spectre, thank God! carefully to be veiled, but an image of divine beauty, radiant with eternal truth. Break down the bars which separate us from the communion of the primitive church—I mean, free yourselves from the letter of later canons, and conventional abstractions—and you move unshackled in the open ocean of faith. You hold fellowship with the spirits of the heroes of Christian antiquity, and you trace the stream of unity as it rolls uninterruptedly through eighteen centuries, in spite of rocks and quicksands.

A great work by Bunsen, *God in History*, appeared in an English version, 1868-69. Its distinguished author had died previously in Germany, November 28, 1860. In 1868 was published *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen*, drawn chiefly from family papers by his widow.

Mr Samuel Sharpe—a nephew of the late Mr Samuel Rogers—has written a *History of Egypt*, from the earliest times till the conquest by the Arabs in 640 A.D. This is a clear, succinct history in two volumes, the third edition, 1857. Mr Sharpe has also written *Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments*, and an *Historical Account of the Monuments of Egypt*, in one of the Crystal Palace Hand-books. Various other historical treatises have proceeded from his pen.

SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE.

This distinguished archæologist, formerly deputy-keeper of the Public Records, was an indefatigable student of our early history. He was born in London in 1788. His father, Meyer Cohen, was a Jew; and the son, on the occasion of his marriage in 1823, changed his name to Palgrave, that being the maiden name of his wife's mother. The year preceding this he was employed on the Record Commission, and all his tastes were historical and antiquarian. In 1831 he published a *History of the Anglo-Saxons*—a popular work contributed to Murray's *Family Library*. In the following year appeared his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*—the term 'commonwealth' being employed by the historian, as by Locke, to signify an independent community, not a democracy. This work contains a mass of information regarding the most obscure part of our annals, with original records, and details concerning the political institutions of ancient Europe. Sir Francis afterwards projected a more elaborate history, tracing the Normans from the first establishment of the 'Terra Normannorum' as a settlement on the coast of Gaul under the Danish chieftains, till their union with England by William the Conqueror. Of this work, entitled *The History of Normandy and of England*, two volumes appeared—one in 1851 and the other in 1857. Some fanciful positions and generalisations have been adopted by Sir Francis Palgrave, but few have dug so deep in the dark mines of our early history, and the nation owes him gratitude for the light he has thrown on the origin of the British people and institutions. He thinks that the great truth on which the whole history of European society and civilisation depends, is the influence of Rome, even when she had fallen, and was 'tattered, sordid, and faded as was her imperial robe.' The chieftains of the barbarian dynasties each assumed the semblance of the Cæsars, and employed their titles and symbols. To Charlemagne this infusion of the imperial principle into the Teutonism of the West is chiefly due. Sir Francis wrote several less important works—*Calendars of the Treasury, Documents illustrative of the History of Scotland, Hand-book for Travellers in Northern Italy*, &c. He was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. Sir Francis died in 1861.

The Battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066.

William had been most actively employed. As a preliminary to further proceedings, he had caused all the vessels to be drawn on shore and rendered unserviceable. He told his men that they must prepare to conquer or to die—flight was impossible. He had occupied the Roman castle of Pevensey, whose walls are yet existing, flanked by Anglo-Norman towers, and he had personally surveyed all the adjoining country, for he never trusted this part of a general's duty to any eyes but his own. One Robert, a Norman thane, who was settled in the neighbourhood, advised him to cast up intrenchments for the purpose of resisting Harold. William replied, that his best defence was in the valour of his army, and the goodness of his cause.

In compliance with the opinions of the age, William had an astrologer in his train. An oriental monarch, at the present time, never engages in battle without a previous horoscope; and this superstition was universally adopted in Europe during the middle ages. But William's 'clerk' was not merely a star-gazer. He had graduated in all the occult sciences—he was a necromancer, or, as the word was often spelled, in order to accommodate it to the supposed etymology, a *nigro*-mancer—a 'sortilegus'—and a soothsayer. These accomplishments in the sixteenth century would have assuredly brought the clerk to the stake; but in the eleventh, although they were highly illegal according to the strict letter of the ecclesiastical law, yet they were studied as eagerly as any other branch of metaphysics,

of which they were supposed to form a part. The *sorcerer* or sortilegus, by casting *sortes* or lots, had ascertained that the duke would succeed, and that Harold would surrender without a battle, upon which assurance the Normans entirely relied. After the landing, William inquired for his conjurer. A pilot came forward, and told him that the unlucky wight had been drowned in the passage. William then immediately pointed out the folly of trusting to the predictions of one who was utterly unable to tell what would happen unto himself. When William first set foot on shore, he had shewn the same spirit. He stumbled, and fell forward on the palms of his hands. '*Mal signe est çi!*' exclaimed his troops, affrighted at the omen. 'No,' answered William, as he rose; 'I have taken seizin of the country,' shewing the clod of earth which he had grasped. One of his soldiers, with the quickness of a modern Frenchman, instantly followed up the idea; he ran to a cottage, and pulled out a bundle of reeds from the thatch, telling him to receive that symbol also, as the seizin of the realm with which he was invested. These little anecdotes display the turn and temper of the Normans, and the alacrity by which the army was pervaded.

Some fruitless attempts are said to have been made at negotiation. Harold despatched a monk to the enemy's camp, who was to exhort William to abandon his enterprise. The duke insisted on his right; but, as some historians relate, he offered to submit his claim to a legal decision, to be pronounced by the pope, either according to the law of Normandy, or according to the law of England; or if this mode of adjustment did not please Harold, that the question should be decided by single combat, the crown becoming the meed of the victor. The propositions of William are stated, by other authorities, to have contained a proposition for a compromise—namely, that Harold should take Northumbria, and William the rest of the Anglo-Saxon dominions. All or any of these proposals are such as may very probably have been made; but they were not minuted down in formal protocols, or couched in diplomatic notes; they were verbal messages, sent to and fro on the eve of a bloody battle.

Fear prevailed in both camps. The English, in addition to the apprehensions which even the most stout-hearted feel on the eve of a morrow whose close they may never see, dreaded the papal excommunication, the curse encountered in support of the unlawful authority of a usurper. When they were informed that battle had been decided upon, they stormed and swore; and now the cowardice of conscience spurred them on to riot and revelry. The whole night was passed in debauch. *Wæs-heal* and *Drink-heal* resounded from the tents; the wine-cups passed gaily round and round by the smoky blaze of the red watch-fires, while the ballad of ribald mirth was loudly sung by the carousers.

In the Norman Leaguer, far otherwise had the dread of the approaching morn affected the hearts of William's soldiery. No voice was heard excepting the solemn response of the Litany and the chant of the psalm. The penitents confessed their sins, the masses were said, and the sense of the imminent peril of the morrow was tranquillised by penance and prayer. Each of the nations, as we are told by one of our most trustworthy English historians, acted according to their 'national custom;' and severe is the censure which the English thus receive.

The English were strongly fortified in their position by lines of trenches and palisades; and within these defences they were marshalled according to the Danish fashion—shield against shield, presenting an impenetrable front to the enemy. The men of Kent formed the vanguard, for it was their privilege to be the first in the strife. The burgesses of London, in like manner, claimed and obtained the honour of being the royal body-guard, and they were drawn up around the standard. At the foot of this banner stood Harold, with his brothers, Leofwin and Gurth, and a chosen body of the bravest thanes.

Before the Normans began their march, and very early in the morning of the feast of St Calixtus, William had assembled his barons around him, and exhorted them to maintain his righteous cause. As the invaders drew nigh, Harold saw a division advancing, composed of the volunteers from the county of Boulogne and from the Amiennois, under the command of William Fitz-Osbern and Roger Montgomery. 'It is the duke,' exclaimed Harold, 'and little shall I fear him. By *my* forces will *his* be four times outnumbered!' Gurth shook his head, and expatiated on the strength of the Norman cavalry, as opposed to the foot-soldiers of England; but their discourse was stopped by the appearance of the combined cohorts under Aimeric, Viscount of Thouars, and Alan Fergant of Brittany. Harold's heart sunk at the sight, and he broke out into passionate exclamations of fear and dismay. But now the third and last division of the Norman army was drawing nigh. The consecrated Gonfanon floats amidst the forest of spears, and Harold is now too well aware that he beholds the ranks which are commanded in person by the Duke of Normandy.

Immediately before the duke rode Taillefer, the minstrel, singing, with a loud and clear voice, the lay of Charlemagne and Roland, and the emprises of the Paladins who had fallen in the dolorous pass of Roncevaux. Taillefer, as his guerdon, had craved permission to strike the first blow, for he was a valiant warrior emulating the deeds which he sung: his appellation, *Taille-fer*, is probably to be considered not as his real name, but as an epithet derived from his strength and prowess; and he fully justified his demand, by transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked, and by felling the second to the ground. The battle now became general, and raged with the greatest fury. The Normans advanced beyond the English lines, but they were driven back, and forced into a trench, where horses and riders fell upon each other in fearful confusion. More Normans were slain here than in any other part of the field. The alarm spread; the light troops left in charge of the baggage and the stores thought that all was lost, and were about to take flight; but the fierce Odo, bishop of Bayeux, the duke's half-brother, and who was better fitted for the shield than for the mitre, succeeded in reassuring them, and then, returning to the field, and rushing into that part where the battle was hottest, he fought as the stoutest of the warriors engaged in the conflict.

From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, the successes on either side were nearly balanced. The charges of the Norman cavalry gave them great advantage, but the English phalanx repelled their enemies; and the soldiers were so well protected by their targets, that the artillery of the Normans was long discharged in vain. The bowmen, seeing that they had failed to make any impression, altered the direction of their shafts, and instead of shooting point-blank, the flights of arrows were directed upwards, so that the points came down upon the heads of the men of England, and the iron shower fell with murderous effect. The English ranks were exceedingly distressed by the volleys, yet they still stood firm; and the Normans now employed a stratagem to decoy their opponents out of their intrenchments. A feigned retreat on their part induced the English to pursue them with great heat. The Normans suddenly wheeled about, and a new and fiercer battle was urged. The field was covered with separate bands of foemen, each engaged with one another. Here, the English yielded—there, they conquered. One English thane, armed with a battle-axe, spread dismay amongst the Frenchmen. He was cut down by Roger de Montgomery. The Normans have preserved the name of the Norman baron, but that of the Englishman is lost in oblivion. Some other English thanes are also

praised as having singly, and by their personal prowess, delayed the ruin of their countrymen and country.

At one period of the battle, the Normans were nearly routed. The cry was raised that the duke was slain, and they began to fly in every direction. William threw off his helmet, and galloping through the squadrons, rallied his barons, though not without great difficulty. Harold, on his part, used every possible exertion, and was distinguished as the most active and bravest amongst the soldiers in the host which he led on to destruction. A Norman arrow wounded him in the left eye; he dropped from his steed in agony, and was borne to the foot of the standard. The English began to give way, or rather to retreat to the standard as their rallying-point. The Normans encircled them, and fought desperately to reach this goal. Robert Fitz-Ernest had almost seized the banner, but he was killed in the attempt. William led his troops on with the intention, it is said, of measuring his sword with Harold. He did encounter an English horseman, from whom he received such a stroke upon his helmet, that he was nearly brought to the ground. The Normans flew to the aid of their sovereign, and the bold Englishman was pierced by their lances. About the same time the tide of battle took a momentary turn. The Kentish men and East Saxons rallied, and repelled the Norman barons; but Harold was not amongst them; and William led on his troops with desperate intrepidity. In the thick crowd of the assailants and the assailed, the hoofs of the horses were plunged deep into the gore of the dead and the dying. Gurth was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear: he fell by the falchion of William. The English banner was cast down, and the Gonfanon planted in its place announced that William of Normandy was the conqueror. It was now late in the evening. The English troops were entirely broken, yet no Englishman would surrender. The conflict continued in many parts of the bloody field long after dark.

By William's orders, a spot close to the Gonfanon was cleared, and he caused his pavilion to be pitched among the corpses which were heaped around. He there supped with his barons; and they feasted among the dead; but when he contemplated the fearful slaughter, a natural feeling of pity, perhaps allied to repentance, arose in his stern mind; and the Abbey of Battle, in which the prayer was to be offered up perpetually for the repose of the souls of all who had fallen in the conflict, was at once the monument of his triumph and the token of his piety. The abbey was most richly endowed, and all the land for one league round about was annexed to the Battle franchise. The abbot was freed from the authority of the Metropolitan of Canterbury, and invested with archiepiscopal jurisdiction. The high-altar was erected on the very spot where Harold's standard had waved; and the roll, deposited in the archives of the monastery, recorded the names of those who had fought with the Conqueror, and amongst whom the lands of broad England were divided. But all this pomp and solemnity has passed away like a dream. The 'perpetual prayer' has ceased for ever—the roll of Battle is rent. The shields of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust—the abbey is levelled with the ground—and a dank and reedy pool fills the spot where the foundations of the choir have been uncovered, merely for the gaze of the idle visitor, or the instruction of the moping antiquary.

GEORGE TICKNOR.

America has been desirous, as was remarked by Lockhart, to discharge the debt due to Spain, her first discoverer: 'the names of Irving and Prescott are already associated with Columbus and Isabella; nor will Ticknor henceforward be forgotten where Cervantes and his compeers are held in remembrance.' *The History of Spanish Literature*, three volumes, 1849, by GEORGE TICKNOR (1791–1862), is a work of great merit, full, minute, and accurate, the result of thirty years' labour. *The Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* were published in 1876, in two volumes. He was a native of Boston, born in 1791, son of a wealthy citizen who is described as of the true New England type of character, energetic and cultivated, and who was one of the first importers of Merino sheep into the United States. The son was educated at Dartmouth College, and studied for the bar, but having practised for a twelvemonth, he satisfied himself that the life of a lawyer would not suit his simple ideas of usefulness or happiness. He therefore turned his thoughts to plans of study and travel. He started for Europe in 1815, and for five years travelled over various countries, residing successively in London, Göttingen, Paris, Geneva, Rome, Venice, Madrid, and Lisbon. In all those capitals he seems to have been in the best society, and his journal is full of the best sort of 'interviewing.' Mr Ticknor afterwards became Professor of the French and Spanish languages, and of the Belles Lettres in Harvard University. He died January 26, 1871, in his eightieth year. Besides his *History of Spanish Literature*, Mr Ticknor wrote a *Life of Lafayette*, and a memoir of his friend and countryman, Prescott, the historian. He also contributed various articles to reviews and literary journals. The following are extracts from his letters and journals:

Goethe at Weimar in 1816.

He is something above the middle size, large but not gross, with gray hair, a dark, ruddy complexion, and full rich black eyes which, though dimmed by age, are still very expressive. In manners he is simple. He received us without ceremony, but with care and elegance, and made no German compliments. The conversation, of course, rested in his hands, and was various. Of Lord Byron he spoke with interest and discrimination—said that his poetry shewed great knowledge of human nature, and great talent in description. Once his genius kindled, and he grew almost fervent as he deplored the want of extemporary eloquence in Germany, and said, what I never heard before, but which is eminently true, that the English is kept a much more living language by its influence. 'Here,' he said, 'we have no eloquence, our preaching is a monotonous, middling declamation—public debate we have not at all, and if a little inspiration comes to us in our lecture-rooms, it is out of place, for eloquence does not teach.' We remained with him nearly an hour, and when we came away he accompanied us as far as the parlour door with the same simplicity with which he received us.

Sir Walter Scott.

He is the lord of the ascendant now (1819) in Edinburgh, and well deserves to be, for I look upon him to be quite as remarkable in intercourse and conversation as he is in any of his writings, even in his novels. His countenance, when at rest, is dull and almost heavy, and even when in common conversation expresses only a high degree of good-nature; but when he is excited, and especially when he is reciting poetry that he likes, his whole expression is changed, and his features kindle into a brightness of which there were no traces before. . . . One evening, after dinner, he told his daughter, Sophia Scott, to take her harp and play five or six ballads he mentioned to her, as a specimen of the

different ages of Scottish music. I hardly ever heard anything of the kind that moved me so much. And yet, I imagine, many sing better; but I never saw such an air and manner, such spirit and feeling, such decision and power. I was so much excited that I turned round to Mr Scott and said to him, probably with great emphasis: 'I never heard anything so fine;' and he, seeing how involuntarily I had said it, caught me by the hand, and replied very earnestly: 'Everybody says so, sir;' but added in an instant, blushing a little, 'but I must not be too vain of her.' I was struck, too, with another little trait in her character and his that exhibited itself the same evening. Lady Hume asked her to play *Rob Roy*, an old ballad. A good many persons were present, and she felt a little embarrassed by the recollection of how much her father's name had been mentioned in connection with this strange Highlander's. (The authorship of the novels was not yet acknowledged, though generally believed.) She ran across the room to her father, and, blushing pretty deeply, whispered to him. 'Yes, my dear,' he said, loud enough to be heard, 'play, to be sure, if you are asked, and *Waverley* and *The Antiquary* too, if there be any such ballads.' One afternoon, after I had become more acquainted with them, he asked me to come and dine, and afterwards go to the theatre and hear *Rob Roy*—a very good piece made out of his novel, and then playing in Edinburgh with remarkable success. It was a great treat. He did not attempt to conceal his delight during the whole performance, and when it was over, said to me: 'That 's fine, sir; I think that is very fine;' and then looked up at me with one of his most comical expressions of face, half-way between cunning and humour, and added: 'All I wish is that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it!'

Sunday Dinner in Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

The afternoon service at King's College Chapel was very fine, especially the music; and everything produced its full effect in that magnificent and solemn hall, the finest of its sort, no doubt, in the world. Afterwards I went with Whewell and Sedgwick to dine in the Hall of Trinity, a grand old place, vast, and a little gloomy and rude with its ancient rafters; but imposing, and worthy of the first college in the world, for the number of great men it has produced. It is the fashion for a nobleman, when he comes here, to be furnished with a silver cover, forks, and spoons, &c., and to leave them when he goes away. It chanced to-day that I had poor Lord Milton's cover, with his name and arms on it. At our table there were several strangers, among whom were Sir Francis Forbes, just from India, and the famous Joseph Hume of radical notoriety. After dinner, according to ancient custom, a huge silver cup or pitcher was passed round, containing what is called Audit Ale, or very fine old ale, which is given to the tenants of the College when they come to audit their accounts and pay their rents. We all drank from it standing up, each, as his turn came, wishing prosperity to the college. When this was over, an enormous silver ewer and basin, given by James I.'s Duke of Buckingham, were passed down, filled with rose-water, into which each one dipped his napkin. Finally, a small choir of selected singers came into the hall and sang the Latin chants appropriate to the day, with great richness and power, attracting a crowd in at the doors, among whom were several ladies, who looked sadly out of place in such a monastic refectory. It was a fine finale to the grave and ceremonious entertainment. We now adjourned to the combination-room, where, in great luxury and comfort, a dessert and wines were arranged for the members of the table of dais. We had done pretty well, I thought, in the way of wine at the hall, where there was an extraordinary amount of health-drinking, but here we had it on a more serious and regular footing. At last the bell rang for evening prayers. The chapel was brilliantly lighted, and the Master and Fellows, in their robes of ceremony, made a striking appearance.

JOHN L. MOTLEY.

An excellent history of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, three volumes, 1856, has been written by JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814, graduated at Harvard University in 1831, and sometime secretary to the United States Legation at St Petersburg. Returning to America, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He had early in life written two novels, which proved failures, and he afterwards applied himself to historical researches, residing for some years in Germany and the Netherlands for the better prosecution of his labours. His history embraces the period from the abdication of Charles V. in 1555 to the death of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, in 1584. A continuation appeared in 1860, and a further portion in 1865, entitled *The History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort.* In 1874 Mr Motley added *The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland, with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War*, 2 vols. The greater part of Barneveld's life had been previously told by Mr Motley in his *History of the United Netherlands*, but this later work describes the nine closing years of Barneveld's career. These historical labours of Mr Motley not only supply a desideratum in our historical literature, but constitute a narrative of deep interest, clear, vivid, and eloquent in style and diction. Their author has been rewarded with the honorary titles of D.C.L. from the university of Oxford, and LL.D. from the universities of Cambridge and New York. He was six years (1861–1867) minister from the United States at the court of Vienna, and one year (1869–70) at the Court of St James's, London.

The Image-breaking of Antwerp.

From *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

A very paltry old woman excited the image-breaking of Antwerp (1566). She had for years been accustomed to sit before the door of the cathedral with wax tapers and wafers, earning a scanty subsistence from the profits of her meagre trade, and by the small coins which she sometimes received in charity. Some of the rabble began to chaffer with this ancient huckstress. They scoffed at her consecrated wares; they bandied with her ribald jests, of which her public position had furnished her with a supply; they assured her that the hour had come when her idolatrous traffic was to be for ever terminated, when she and her patroness Mary were to be given over to destruction together. The old woman, enraged, answered threat with threat, and gibe with gibe. Passing from words to deeds, she began to catch from the ground every offensive missile or weapon which she could find, and to lay about her in all directions. Her tormentors defended themselves as they could. Having destroyed her whole stock-in-trade, they provoked others to appear in her defence. The passers-by thronged to the scene; the cathedral was soon filled to overflowing; a furious tumult was already in progress.

Many persons fled in alarm to the Town House, carrying information of this outbreak to the magistrates. John van Immerzeel, Margrave of Antwerp, was then holding communication with the senate, and awaiting

the arrival of the wardmasters, whom it had at last been thought expedient to summon. Upon intelligence of this riot, which the militia, if previously mustered, might have prevented, the senate determined to proceed to the cathedral in a body, with the hope of quelling the mob by the dignity of their presence. The margrave, who was the high executive officer of the little commonwealth, marched down to the cathedral accordingly, attended by the two burgomasters and all the senators. At first their authority, solicitations, and personal influence produced a good effect. Some of those outside consented to retire and the tumult partially subsided within. As night, however, was fast approaching, many of the mob insisted upon remaining for evening service. They were informed that there would be none that night, and that for once the people could certainly dispense with their vespers.

Several persons now manifesting an intention of leaving the cathedral, it was suggested to the senators that if they should lead the way, the population would follow in their train, and so disperse to their homes. The excellent magistrates took the advice, not caring perhaps to fulfil any longer the dangerous but not dignified functions of police-officers. Before departing, they adopted the precaution of closing all the doors of the church, leaving a single one open, that the rabble still remaining might have an opportunity to depart. It seemed not to occur to the senators that the same gate would as conveniently afford an entrance for those without as an egress for those within. That unlooked-for event happened, however. No sooner had the magistrates retired than the rabble burst through the single door which had been left open, overpowered the margrave, who with a few attendants, had remained behind, vainly endeavouring by threats and exhortations to appease the tumult, drove him ignominiously from the church, and threw all the other portals wide open. Then the populace flowed in like an angry sea. The whole of the cathedral was at the mercy of the rioters, who were evidently bent on mischief. The wardens and treasurers of the church, after a vain attempt to secure a few of its most precious possessions, retired. They carried the news to the senators, who, accompanied by a few halberdmen, again ventured to approach the spot. It was but for a moment, however, for, appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the Town House, they hastened to concentrate at that point their available strength, and left the stately cathedral to its fate.

And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vespers rose the fierce music of a psalm yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work, which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes, and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window shivered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness, these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly-matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief, they had accomplished their task.

A colossal and magnificent group of the Saviour crucified between two thieves adorned the principal altar. The statue of Christ was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, while the malefactors, with bitter and blasphemous irony, were left on high, the only representatives of the marble crowd which had been destroyed. A very beautiful piece of architecture decorated the choir —the 'repository,' as it was called, in which the body of Christ was figuratively enshrined. This much-admired work rested upon a single column, but rose, arch upon arch, pillar upon pillar, to the height of three hundred feet, till quite lost in the vault above. It was now shattered into a million pieces. The statues, images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers, and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the Beggars' health; burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil, with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop, which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number! There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited, not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral, and swept howling through the streets. 'Long live the Beggars!' resounded through the sultry midnight air, as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met with upon their path. All night long they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and, descending into the cellars, broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists. The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was, that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property destroyed was appropriated. It was a war, not against the living, but against graven images, nor was the sentiment which prompted the onslaught in the least commingled with a desire of plunder. The principal citizens of Antwerp, expecting every instant that the storm would be diverted from the ecclesiastical edifices to private dwellings, and that robbery, rape, and murder would follow sacrilege, remained all night expecting the attack, and prepared to defend their hearths, even if the altars were profaned. The precaution was needless. It was asserted by the Catholics that the Confederates, and other opulent Protestants, had organised this company of profligates for the meagre pittance of ten stivers a day. On the other hand it was believed by many that the Catholics had themselves plotted the whole outrage in order to bring odium upon the Reformers. Both statements were equally unfounded. The task was most

thoroughly performed, but it was prompted by a furious fanaticism, not by baser motives.

Two days and nights longer the havoc raged unchecked through all the churches of Antwerp and the neighbouring villages. Hardly a statue or picture escaped destruction. Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners, indeed, who had been languishing hopelessly in dungeons were liberated. A monk who had been in the prison of the Barefoot Monastery for twelve years, recovered his freedom. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The history of the United States has been ably and copiously related by a native historian, MR GEORGE BANCROFT. This gentleman was born in 1800, at Worcester, in Massachusetts. His father, Dr A. Bancroft, a Congregational or Unitarian minister, had written a *Life of Washington*, 1807, and the paternal tastes and example had probably some effect in directing the literary labours of the son. Having graduated with distinction at Harvard College, he afterwards studied in Germany, and on his return entered the Church. A love of literature, however, prevailed, and Mr Bancroft commenced author by publishing a volume of *Poems*. Some translations from the German, chiefly the historical manuals of Professor Heeren, next engaged Mr Bancroft, and he added to these precarious literary gains by opening a school at Northampton. He seems next to have tried public employment, and was successively collector at the port of Boston and secretary of the navy. In 1846, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to England. The latter appointment may be considered as due to the literary reputation of Mr Bancroft, who had then entered on his great historical work. In 1834 appeared his *History of the Colonisation of the United States*, volume i. A second volume was published in 1837, and a third in 1840. The success of this work induced the author to continue his researches, and he commenced the *History of the American Revolution*. From 1852 to 1858, four volumes were published, making seven in all, devoted to the history of the United States. There was much new information in these volumes, for manuscript and unpublished sources were thrown open to their author; his style was lively and energetic, and his democratic prejudices, though sometimes unnecessarily brought forward, gave a warmth and individuality to the narrative. The historian was in earnest—a hearty lover of his country, and of the founders of its independence. At the same time, his narrative must be pronounced fair and candid, and free from any attempt to awaken old animosities.

Massacre of English Colonists by Indians.

Between the Indians and the English there had been quarrels, but no wars. From the first landing of colonists in Virginia, the power of the natives was despised; their strongest weapons were such arrows as they could shape without the use of iron, such hatchets as could be made from stone; and an English mastiff seemed to them a terrible adversary. Nor were their numbers considerable. Within sixty miles of Jamestown, it is computed, there were no more than five thousand souls, or about fifteen hundred warriors. The whole territory of the clans, which listened to Powhatan as their leader or their conqueror, comprehended about eight thousand square miles, thirty tribes, and twenty-four hundred warriors; so that the Indian population amounted to about one inhabitant to a square mile. The natives, naked and feeble compared with the Europeans, were nowhere concentrated in considerable villages, but dwelt dispersed in hamlets, with from forty to sixty in each company. Few places had more than two hundred; and many had less. It was also unusual for any large portion of these tribes to be assembled together. An idle tale of an ambuscade of three or four thousand is perhaps an error for three or four hundred; otherwise, it is an extravagant fiction, wholly unworthy of belief. Smith once met a party that seemed to amount to seven hundred; and so complete was the superiority conferred by the use of firearms, that with fifteen men he was able to withstand them all. The savages were therefore regarded with contempt or compassion. No uniform care had been taken to conciliate their goodwill; although their condition had been improved by some of the arts of civilised life. The degree of their advancement may be judged by the intelligence of their chieftain. A house having been built for Opechancanough after the English fashion, he took such delight in the lock and key, that he would lock and unlock the door a hundred times a day, and thought the device incomparable. When Wyatt arrived, the natives expressed a fear lest his intentions should be hostile; he assured them of his wish to preserve inviolable peace; and the emigrants had no use for firearms except against a deer or a fowl. Confidence so far increased, that the old law, which made death the penalty for teaching the Indians to use a musket, was forgotten; and they were now employed as fowlers and huntsmen. The plantations of the English were widely extended in unsuspecting confidence, along the James River and towards the Potomac, wherever rich grounds invited to the culture of tobacco; nor were solitary places, remote from neighbours, avoided, since there would there be less competition for the ownership of the soil.

Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, remained, after the marriage of his daughter, the firm friend of the English. He died in 1618; and his younger brother was now the heir to his influence. Should the native occupants of the soil consent to be driven from their ancient patrimony? Should their feebleness submit patiently to contempt, injury, and the loss of their lands? The desire of self-preservation, the necessity of self-defence, seemed to demand an active resistance; to preserve their dwelling-places, the English must be exterminated; in open battle the Indians would be powerless; conscious of their weakness, they could not hope to accomplish their end except by a preconcerted surprise. The crime was one of savage ferocity; but it was suggested by their situation. They were timorous and quick of apprehension, and consequently treacherous; for treachery and falsehood are the vices of cowardice. The attack was prepared with impenetrable secrecy. To the very last hour the Indians preserved the language of friendship; they borrowed the boats of the English to attend their own assemblies; on the very morning of the massacre, they were in the houses and at the tables of those whose death they were plotting. 'Sooner,' said they, 'shall the sky fall, than peace be violated on our part.' At length, on the twenty-second of March (1622), at midday, at one and the same instant of time, the Indians fell upon an unsuspecting population, which was scattered through distant villages, extending one hundred and forty miles on both sides of the river. The onset was so sudden, that the blow was not discerned till it fell. None were spared; children and women, as well as men; the missionary, who had cherished the natives with untiring gentleness; the liberal benefactors, from whom they had received daily benefits, all were murdered with indiscriminate barbarity, and every aggravation of cruelty. The savages fell upon the dead

bodies, as if it had been possible to commit on them a fresh murder.

In one hour three hundred and forty-seven persons were cut off. Yet the carnage was not universal; and Virginia was saved from so disastrous a grave. The night before the execution of the conspiracy, it was revealed by a converted Indian to an Englishman, whom he wished to rescue; Jamestown and the nearest settlements were well prepared against an attack; and the savages, as timid as they were ferocious, fled with precipitation from the appearance of wakeful resistance. In this manner, the most considerable part of the colony was saved.

The Town of Boston in the Last Century.

The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliament, and all Great Britain, to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful; but it shewed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system; and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled; its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot; and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality approaching so nearly to a pure democracy; and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world.

Its ecclesiastical polity was in like manner republican. The great mass were Congregationalists; each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement; self-constituted, self-supported, and independent. They were clear that no person or church had power over another church. There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place; the usages of 'papists' were looked upon as worn-out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant. But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of 'popery and slavery;' they were Protestants even against Protestantism; and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston kept up its exasperation against prelacy. Its ministers were still its prophets and its guides; its pulpit, in which, now that Mayhew was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed alike the fervour of piety and of liberty. In the *Boston Gazette*, it enjoyed a free press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to self-government.

Its citizens were inquisitive; seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment, exhibiting the seeming contradiction of susceptibility to enthusiasm, and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it; yet their avidity was tempered by a well-considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his own way in the world and his own fortune; and yet individually, and as a body, they were public-spirited.

A *Popular History of the United States*, by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the poet, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, was commenced in 1876, to be completed in four volumes. This will be a very splendid work, finely illustrated and printed, and written in a pleasing style.

Three Periods in American History.

The history of the United States (says Mr Bryant) naturally divides itself into three periods, upon the third of which we lately, at the close of our civil war, entered as a people with congruous institutions in every part of our vast territory. The first was the colonial period; the second includes the years which elapsed from the Declaration of Independence to the struggle which closed with the extinction of slavery. The colonial period was a time of tutelage, of struggle and dependence, the childhood of the future nation. But our real growth, as a distinct member of the community of nations, belongs to the second period, and began when we were strong enough to assert and maintain our independence. To this second period a large space has been allotted in the present work. Not that the mere military annals of our Revolutionary War would seem to require a large proportion of this space, but the various attendant circumstances, the previous controversies with the mother-country, in which all the colonies were more or less interested, and which grew into a common cause; the consultations which followed; the defiance of the mother-country in which they all joined; the service in an army which made all the colonists fellow-soldiers; the common danger, the common privations, sufferings, and expedients, the common sorrow at reverses and rejoicing at victories, require to be fully set forth, that it may be seen by how natural a transition these widely-scattered communities became united in a federal republic, which has rapidly risen to take its place among the foremost nations of the world, with a population which has increased tenfold, and a sisterhood of States enlarged from thirteen to thirty-seven.

So crowded with events and controversies is this second part of our history, and the few years which have elapsed of the third; so rapid has been the accumulation of wealth and the growth of trade; so great have been the achievements of inventive art and the applied sciences; with such celerity has our population spread itself over new regions, and so vehement have been the struggles maintained against its abuses, moral and political, that it has not been easy to give due attention to all of them, without exceeding the limits prescribed for this work. . . .

We are not without the hope that those who read what we have written, will see in the past, with all its vicissitudes, the promise of a prosperous and honourable future, of concord at home, and peace and respect abroad; and that the same cheerful piety, which leads the good man to put his personal trust in a kind Providence, will prompt the good citizen to cherish an equal confidence in regard to the destiny reserved for our beloved country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

As we have noticed the popular forensic oratory of Erskine and Brougham, the great American orator, DANIEL WEBSTER (1782–1852), should not be overlooked. He was the Chatham of the New World, and Chatham could not have pronounced a more glowing eulogium on England than fell from the lips of this Western Republican.

Eloquent Apostrophe to England.

Our fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a

power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun in his course, and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

The remarkable fact of the simultaneous death of Adams and Jefferson—the second and third presidents of the United States—happening on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence (July 4, 1826), could not but powerfully affect the mind of Webster, as it did that of the whole nation. Jefferson had written the Declaration, and Adams had proclaimed it in congress. Daniel Webster, speaking at Boston on the 2d of August following, thus characterised the departed statesmen :

Adams and Jefferson.

Adams and Jefferson are no more; and we are assembled, fellow-citizens, the aged, the middle-aged, and the young, by the spontaneous impulse of all, under the authority of the municipal government, with the presence of the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, and others its official representatives, the University, and the learned societies, to bear our part in those manifestations of respect and gratitude which pervade the whole land. Adams and Jefferson are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight together to the world of spirits. If it be true that no one can safely be pronounced happy while he lives, if that event which terminates life can alone crown its honours and its glory, what felicity is here! The great epic of their lives, now happily concluded! Poetry itself has hardly terminated illustrious lives, and finished the career of earthly renown, by such a consummation. If we had the power, we could not wish to reverse this dispensation of the Divine Providence. The great objects of life were accomplished, the drama was ready to be closed. It has closed; our patriots have fallen; but so fallen, at such age, with such coincidence, on such a day, that we cannot rationally lament that the end has come, which we knew could not be long deferred. Neither of these great men, fellow-citizens, could have died, at any time, without leaving an immense void in our American society. They have been so intimately, and for so long a time, blended with the history of the country, and especially so united, in our thoughts and recollections, with the events of the Revolution, that the death of either would have touched the chords of public sympathy. We should have felt that one great link, connecting us with former times, was broken; that we had lost something more, as it were, of the presence of the Revolution itself, and of the Act of Independence, and were driven on, by another great remove from the days of our country's early distinction, to meet posterity, and to mix with the future. Like the mariner, whom the currents of the ocean and the winds carry along, till he sees the stars which have directed his course and lighted his pathless way descend, one by one, beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward till another great luminary, whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight. But the concurrence of their death on the anniversary of independence has naturally awakened stronger emotions. Both had been presidents, both had lived to great age, both were early patriots, and both were distinguished and ever honoured by their immediate agency in the Act of Independence. It cannot but seem striking and extraordinary, that these two should live to see the fiftieth year from the date of that act; that they should complete that year; and that then, on the day which had fast linked for ever their own fame with their country's glory, the heavens should open to receive them both at once. As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognise in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of His care? Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilised world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while, and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died; but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course successfully and gloriously. Newton died; yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on by the laws which he discovered, and in the orbits which he saw, and described for them, in the infinity of space. No two men now live, fellow-citizens, perhaps it may be doubted whether any two men have ever lived in one age, who more than those we now commemorate, have impressed on mankind their own sentiments in regard to politics and government, infused their own opinions more deeply into the opinions of others, or given a more lasting direction to the current of human thought. Their work doth not perish with them. The tree which they assisted to plant will flourish, although they water it and protect it no longer; for it has struck its roots deep, it has sent them to the very centre; no storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it; its branches spread wide; they stretch their protecting arms broader and broader, and its top is destined to reach the heavens. We are not deceived. There is no delusion here. No age will come in which the American Revolution will appear less than it is, one of the greatest events in human history. No age will come in which it shall cease to be seen and felt, on either continent, that a mighty step, a great advance, not only in American affairs, but in human affairs, was made on the 4th of July 1776. And no age will come, we trust, so ignorant or so unjust as not to see and acknowledge the efficient agency of those we now honour in producing that momentous event.

Another memorable day in the history of the United States was the centenary celebration of the birth of Washington.

Washington.

That name (said Webster) was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-throbbing public disasters

and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the master-pieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. . . .

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilisation of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from *beneath* governments, to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

A work on the *Southern States of North America*, by EDWARD KING, who, with a body of artists, spent most of the years 1873 and 1874 on a tour of observation, will be found interesting and valuable. The party travelled more than twenty-five thousand miles, visiting nearly every city and town of importance in the southern and south-western States. The artist-in-chief, Mr Champney, furnished more than four hundred of the sketches which illustrate the work, all of which are well executed and constitute a gallery of pictures of American life, character, and scenery.

Condition of the Southern States since the War.

There is (says Mr King) much that is discouraging in the present condition of the south, but no one is more loth than the Southerner to admit the impossibility of its thorough redemption. The growth of manufactures in the southern states, while insignificant as compared with the gigantic development in the north and west, is highly encouraging, and it is actually true that manufactured articles formerly sent south from the north, are now made in the south to be shipped to northern buyers.

There is at least good reason to hope that in a few years immigration will pour into the fertile fields and noble valleys along the grand streams of the south, assuring a mighty growth. The southern people, however, will have to make more vigorous efforts in soliciting immigration than they have thus far shewn themselves capable of, if they intend to compete with the robust assurance of western agents in Europe. Texas and Virginia do not need to exert themselves, for currents of immigration are now flowing steadily to them; and as has been seen in the north-west, one immigrant always brings, sooner or later, ten in his wake. But the cotton states need able and efficient agents in Europe to explain thoroughly the nature and extent of their resources, and to counteract the effect of the political misrepresentation which is so conspicuous during every heated campaign, and which never fails to do these states incalculable harm. The mischief which the grinding of the outrage mill by cheap politicians, in the vain hope that it might serve their party ends at the elections of 1874, did such noble commonwealths as Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, can hardly be estimated.

Mr King's work, it appears, was undertaken at the instance of the publishers of *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, and the British publishers (Blackie and Son) have brought it out in an attractive form.

LORD MACAULAY.

In 1842, as already stated, LORD MACAULAY produced his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. In the following year, he published a selection of *Critical and Historical Essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review*, which are still unrivalled among productions of this kind. In questions of classical learning and criticism—in English philosophy and history—in all the minutiæ of biography and literary anecdote—in the principles and details of government—in the revolutions of parties and opinions—in all these he seems equally versant. He enriched every subject with illustrations drawn from a vast range of reading. He is most able and striking in his historical articles, which present pictures of the times of which he treats, with portraits of the principal actors, and comparisons and contrasts drawn from contemporary events and characters in other countries. His reviews of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, Ranke's *History of the Popes*, and the Memoirs of Burleigh, Hampden, Sir Robert Walpole, Chatham, Sir William Temple, Clive, and Warren Hastings, form a series of brilliant and complete historical retrospects or summaries unsurpassed in our literature. His eloquent papers on Bunyan, Horace Walpole, Boswell's *Johnson*, Addison, Southey's *Colloquies*, Byron, &c., have equal literary value; and to these must be added his later works, the biographies in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which exhibit his style as sobered and chastened, though not enfeebled.

In 1848 appeared the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.*, of which it was said 18,000 copies were sold in six months. In his opening chapter he explains the nature and scope of his work.

Exordium to History of England.

I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels, which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles V.; how in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.

Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, with great national crimes and follies far more humiliating than any disaster. It will be seen that what we justly account our chief blessings were not without alloy. It will be seen that the system which effectually secured our liberties against the encroachments of kingly power, gave birth to a new class of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. It will be seen that in consequence partly of unwise interference, and partly of unwise neglect, the increase of wealth and the extension of trade produced, together with immense good, some evils from which poor and rude societies are free. It will be seen how, in two important dependencies of the crown, wrong was followed by just retribution; how imprudence and obstinacy broke the ties which bound the North American colonies to the parent state; how Ireland, cursed by the domination of race over race, and of religion over religion, remained indeed a member of the empire, but a withered and distorted member, adding no strength to the body politic, and reproachfully pointed at by all who feared or envied the greatness of England.

Yet, unless I greatly deceive myself, the general effect of this checkered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public entertainments. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

Volumes III. and IV. appeared in 1855, and it soon became manifest that it was hopeless to expect that the historian would live to realise his intention of bringing down his History to 'a time within the memory of men still living,' or living in 1848. The anticipated period we may assume to be the close of the last century; and between 1685—the date of the accession of James II.—and 1800, we have one hundred and fifteen years, of which Lord Macaulay had then only travelled over *twelve*. His fourth volume concludes with the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. Part of a fifth volume was written, bringing down the History to the general election in 1701, but not published till after the death of the author. No historical work in modern times has excited the same amount of interest and anxiety, or, we may add, of admiration, as Lord Macaulay's History. Robertson and Gibbon were astonished at their own success; it greatly exceeded their most daring

and sanguine hopes; but the number of readers was then limited, and quarto volumes travelled slowly. Compared with Macaulay, it was as the old mail-coach drawn up with the railway express. Before the second portion of Macaulay's History was ready, eleven large editions of the first had been disposed of. It had been read with the eagerness and avidity of a romance. The colouring might at times appear too high, almost coarse, but there were no obscure or misty passages. Highly embellished as was the style, it was as clear and intelligible as that of Swift or Defoe. It was the pre-Raphaelite painting without its littleness. Whether drawing a landscape or portrait, evolving the nice distinctions and subtle traits of character or motives, stating a legal argument, or disentangling a complicated party question, this virtue of perspicacity never forsakes the historian. It is no doubt a homely virtue, but here it is united to vivid imagination and rhetorical brilliance. So much ornament with so much strong sense, logical clearness, and easy adaptation of style to every purpose of the historian, was never before seen in combination. In producing his distinct and striking impressions, the historian is charged with painting too strongly and exaggerating his portraits. He has his likes and dislikes—his moral sympathies and antipathies. His sympathies were all with the Whigs, and his History has been called an epic poem with King William for its hero. Marlborough is portrayed in too dark colours, and William Penn also suffers injustice. The outline in each case is correct. Marlborough was treacherous and avaricious, and Penn was too much of a courtier in a bad court.* But the historian magnifies their defects. He does not make allowance for the character and habits of the times in which they lived, and he seizes upon doubtful and obscure incidents or statements by unscrupulous adversaries as pregnant and infallible proofs of guilt. In his pictures of social life and manners there is also a tendency to caricature; exceptional and accidental cases are made general; and the vivid fancy of the historian sports among startling contrasts and moral incongruities. Blemishes of this kind have been pointed out by laborious critics and political opponents; the 'critical telescope' has been incessantly levelled at the great luminary, yet nearly all will subscribe to the opinion that 'a writer of more passionless and judicial mind would not have produced a work of half so intense and deep an interest; that if Macaulay had been more minutely scrupulous, he would not have been nearly as picturesque; and that, if he had been less picturesque, we should not have retained nearly so much of his delineations, and should, therefore, have been losers of so much knowledge which is substantially, if not always circumstantially, correct.'† His History is altogether one of the glories of our country and literature.

* 'I wrote the History of four years during which he (Penn) was exposed to great temptations—during which he was the favourite of a bad king, and an active solicitor in a most corrupt court. His character was injured by his associations. Ten years before or ten years later he would have made a much better figure. But was I to begin my book ten years earlier or ten years later for William Penn's sake?'—*Life of Macaulay*, ii. 252. It is clear, however, that, misled by Sir James Mackintosh's notes, he imputed to William Penn corrupt practices chargeable against a worthless contemporary, George Penne.

† *North British Review*, No. 49.

The Battle of Sedgemoor, July 6, 1685.

The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The moon was indeed at the full, and the northern streamers were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick on Sedgemoor that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces. The clock struck eleven; and the Duke (of Monmouth) with his body-guard rode out of the castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed, and long remembered, that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap at Bridport. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognise one another in the darkness was Soho. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

At about one in the morning of Monday the sixth of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine; but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines, and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms; and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the king's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

'For whom are you?' called out an officer of the Foot Guards. 'For the king,' replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. 'For which king?' was then demanded. The answer was a shout of 'King Monmouth,' mingled with the war cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colours of the parliamentary regiments, 'God with us.' The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine, and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse, who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear, who had charge of the ammunition. The wagoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition wagons. The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The effect of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt-ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of 'Ammunition! for God's sake, ammunition!' But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the high road from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake; the ranks broke; the king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor. So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground.

Execution of Monmouth.

It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution; and they consented: but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him, it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile, and he mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. 'I shall say little,' he began. 'I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England.' The bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their church. He went on to speak of his Henrietta. She was, he said, a young lady of virtue and honour. He loved her to the last, and he could not die without giving utterance to his feelings. The bishops again interfered, and begged him not to use such language. Some altercation followed. The divines have been accused of dealing harshly with the dying man. But they appear to have only discharged what, in their view, was a sacred duty. Monmouth knew their principles, and, if he wished to avoid their importunity, should have dispensed with their attendance. Their general arguments against resistance had no effect on him. But when they reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account, he was touched, and said, in a softened voice: 'I do own that. I am sorry that it ever happened.' They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the king. He remained silent. 'Sir,' said one of the bishops, 'do you not pray for the king with us?' Monmouth paused some time, and, after an internal struggle, exclaimed 'Amen.' But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government. 'I will make no speeches,' he exclaimed. 'Only ten words, my lord.' He turned away, called his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick case, the last token of ill-starred love. 'Give it,' he said, 'to that person.' He then accosted John Ketch the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office. 'Here,' said the duke, 'are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well.' He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block. The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy: 'God accept your repentance! God accept your imperfect repentance!'

The hangman addressed himself to his office. But he had been disconcerted by what the duke had said. The first blow inflicted only a slight wound. The duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sank down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again; but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch flung down the axe with a curse. 'I cannot do it,' he

said; 'my heart fails me.' 'Take up the axe, man,' cried the sheriff. 'Fling him over the rails,' roared the mob. At length the axe was taken up. Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life; but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard.

In the meantime many handkerchiefs were dipped in the duke's blood; for by a large part of the multitude he was regarded as a martyr who had died for the Protestant religion. The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion table of St Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of the chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guildford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester and cardinal of St Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers—Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

Yet a few months, and the quiet village of Toddington, in Bedfordshire, witnessed a still sadder funeral. Near that village stood an ancient and stately hall, the seat of the Wentworths. The transept of the parish church had long been their burial-place. To that burial-place, in the spring which followed the death of Monmouth, was borne the coffin of the young Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestede. Her family reared a sumptuous mausoleum over her remains; but a less costly memorial of her was long contemplated with far deeper interest. Her name, carved by the hand of him whom she loved too well, was, a few years ago, still discernible on a tree in the adjoining park.

The Revolution of 1688–9.

On the morning of Wednesday the 13th of February [1689], the court of Whitehall and all the neighbouring streets were filled with gazers. The magnificent Banqueting House, the masterpiece of Inigo, embellished by masterpieces of Rubens, had been prepared for a great ceremony. The walls were lined by the yeomen of the guard. Near the northern door, on the right hand, a large number of peers had assembled. On the left were the Commons with their Speaker, attended by the mace. The southern door opened; and the Prince and Princess of Orange, side by side, entered, and took their place under the canopy of state.

Both Houses approached, bowing low. William and Mary advanced a few steps. Halifax on the right, and Powle on the left stood forth, and Halifax spoke. The Convention, he said, had agreed to a resolution which he prayed their highnesses to hear. They signified their assent; and the clerk of the House of Lords read, in a loud voice, the Declaration of Right. When he had concluded, Halifax, in the name of all the estates of the realm, requested the prince and princess to accept the crown.

William, in his own name, and in that of his wife, answered that the crown was, in their estimation, the more valuable because it was presented to them as a token of the confidence of the nation. 'We thankfully accept,' he said, 'what you have offered us.' Then, for himself, he assured them that the laws of England, which he had once already vindicated, should be the rules of his conduct; that it should be his study to promote the welfare of the kingdom; and that, as to the means of doing so, he should constantly recur to the advice of the Houses, and should be disposed to trust their judgment rather than his own. These words were received with a shout of joy which was heard in the streets below, and was instantly answered by huzzas from many thousands of voices. The Lords and Commons then reverently retired from the Banqueting House, and went in procession to the great gate of Whitehall, where the heralds and pursuivants were waiting in their gorgeous tabards. All the space as far as Charing Cross was one sea of heads. The kettle-drums struck up, the trumpets pealed, and Garter King at Arms, in a loud voice, proclaimed the Prince and Princess of Orange king and queen of England; charged all Englishmen to pay, from that moment, faith and true allegiance to the new sovereigns; and besought God, who had already wrought so signal a deliverance for our church and nation, to bless William and Mary with a long and happy reign.

Thus was consummated the English Revolution. When we compare it with those revolutions which have during the last sixty years overthrown so many ancient governments, we cannot but be struck by its peculiar character. The continental revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries took place in countries where all trace of the limited monarchy of the middle ages had long been effaced. The right of the prince to make laws and to levy money, had during many generations been undisputed. His throne was guarded by a great regular army. His administration could not, without extreme peril, be blamed even in the mildest terms. His subjects held their personal liberty by no other tenure than his pleasure. Not a single institution was left which had, within the memory of the oldest man, afforded efficient protection to the subject against the utmost excess of tyranny. Those great councils which had once curbed the regal power had sunk into oblivion. Their composition and their privileges were known only to antiquaries. We cannot wonder, therefore, that, when men who had been thus ruled succeeded in wresting supreme power from a government which they had long in secret hated, they should have been impatient to demolish and unable to construct; that they should have been fascinated by every specious novelty; that they should have proscribed every title, ceremony, and phrase associated with the old system; and that, turning away with disgust from their own national precedents and traditions, they should have sought for principles of government in the writings of theorists, or aped, with ignorant and ungraceful affectation, the patriots of Athens and Rome. As little can we wonder that the violent action of the revolutionary spirit should have been followed by reaction equally violent, and that confusion should speedily have

engendered despotism sterner than that from which it had sprung.

Had we been in the same situation; had Strafford succeeded in his favourite scheme of Thorough; had he formed an army as numerous and as well disciplined as that which, a few years later, was formed by Cromwell; had a series of judicial decisions similar to that which, a few years later, was pronounced by the Exchequer Chamber in the case of ship-money, transferred to the crown the right of taxing the people; had the Star Chamber and the High Commission continued to fine, mutilate, and imprison every man who dared to raise his voice against the government; had the press been as completely enslaved here as at Vienna or Naples; had our kings gradually drawn to themselves the whole legislative power; had six generations of Englishmen passed away without a single session of parliament; and had we then at length risen up in some moment of wild excitement against our masters, what an outbreak would that have been! With what a crash, heard and felt to the furthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen! How many thousands of exiles, once the most prosperous and the most refined members of this great community, would have begged their bread in continental cities, or have sheltered their heads under huts of bark in the uncleared forests of America! How often should we have seen the pavement of London piled up in barricades, the houses dinted with bullets, the gutters foaming with blood! How many times should we have rushed wildly from extreme to extreme, sought refuge from anarchy in despotism, and been again driven by despotism into anarchy!

The Valley of Glencoe.

Mac Ian dwelt in the mouth of a ravine situated not far from the southern shore of Lochleven, an arm of the sea which deeply indents the western coast of Scotland, and separates Argyleshire from Inverness-shire. Near his house were two or three small hamlets inhabited by his tribe. The whole population which he governed was not supposed to exceed two hundred souls. In the neighbourhood of the little cluster of villages was some copsewood and some pasture-land; but a little further up the defile, no sign of population or of fruitfulness was to be seen. In the Gaelic tongue, Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping; and in truth that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes—the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer; and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain-pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July the streaks of snow may often be discerned in the rifts near the summits. All down the sides of the crags heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, or for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog, or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock. The progress of civilisation, which has turned so many wastes into fields yellow with harvests, or gay with apple-blossoms, has only made Glencoe more desolate. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness; but in an age of violence and rapine, the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder.

The English Country Gentleman of 1688.

A country gentleman who witnessed the Revolution was probably in the receipt of about the fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity; he was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate. To travel on the continent, to maintain an establishment in London, or even to visit London frequently, were pleasures in which only the great proprietors could indulge. It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris. Many lords of manors had received an education differing little from that of their menial servants. The heir of an estate often passed his boyhood and youth at the seat of his family with no better tutors than grooms and gamekeepers, and scarce attained learning enough to sign his name to a mittimus. If he went to school and to college, he generally returned before he was twenty to the seclusion of the old hall; and there, unless his mind were very happily constituted by nature, soon forgot his academical pursuits in rural business and pleasures. His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field-sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire. He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farmyard gathered under the windows of his bedchamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door. His table was loaded with coarse plenty, and guests were cordially welcome to it; but as the habit of drinking to excess was general in the class to which he belonged, and as his fortune did not enable him to intoxicate large assemblies daily with claret or canary, strong beer was the ordinary beverage. The quantity of beer consumed in those days was indeed enormous; for beer then was to the middle and lower classes not only all that beer now is, but all that wine, tea, and ardent spirits now are; it was only at great houses, or on great occasions, that foreign drink was placed on the board. The ladies of the house, whose business it had commonly been to cook the repast, retired as soon as the dishes had been devoured, and left the gentlemen to their ale and tobacco. The coarse jollity of the afternoon was often prolonged till the revellers were laid under the table.

From this description it might be supposed that the English esquire of the seventeenth century did not materially differ from a rustic miller or ale-house keeper of our time. There are, however, some important parts of his character still to be noted, which will greatly modify this estimate. Unlettered as he was and unpolished, he was still in some important points a gentleman. He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was distinguished by many both of the good and of the bad qualities which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which of them were so unfortunate as to be great-grandsons of aldermen. He was a magistrate, and as such administered gratuitously to those who dwelt around him a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and of occasional acts of tyranny, was yet better than no justice at all. He was an officer of the train-bands; and his military dignity, though it might move the mirth of gallants who had served a campaign in Flanders, raised his character in his own eyes and in the eyes of his neighbours.

Nor, indeed, was his soldiership justly a subject of derision. In every county there were elderly gentlemen who had seen service which was no child's play. One had been knighted by Charles I. after the battle of Edgehill; another still wore a patch over the scar which he had received at Naseby; a third had defended his old house till Fairfax had blown in the door with a petard. The presence of these old Cavaliers, with their old swords and holsters, and with their old stories about Goring and Lunsford, gave to the musters of militia an earnest and warlike aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. Even those country gentlemen who were too young to have themselves exchanged blows with the cuirassiers of the Parliament, had, from childhood, been surrounded by the traces of recent war, and fed with stories of the martial exploits of their fathers and uncles. Thus the character of the English esquire of the seventeenth century was compounded of two elements which we are not accustomed to find united. His ignorance and uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian. Yet he was essentially a patrician, and had, in large measure, both the virtues and the vices which flourish among men set from their birth in high places, and accustomed to authority, to observance, and to self-respect. It is not easy for a generation which is accustomed to find chivalrous sentiments only in company with liberal studies and polished manners to image to itself a man with the deportment, the vocabulary, and the accent of a carter, yet punctilious on matters of genealogy and precedence, and yet ready to risk his life rather than see a stain cast on the honour of his house. It is only, however, by thus joining together things seldom or never found together in our own experience, that we can form a just idea of that rustic aristocracy which constituted the main strength of the armies of Charles I., and which long supported with strange fidelity the interest of his descendants.

When the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar. His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the water-spouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney-coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored, with perfect security, the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendour of the lord-mayor's show. Money-droppers, sore from the cart's tail, introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whatstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honour. If he asked his way to St James's, his informants sent him to Mile End. If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy—of second-hand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffee-house, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave waggery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion; and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon-companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations he had undergone. There he once more found himself a great man; and he saw nothing above him, except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the lord-lieutenant.

The Roman Catholic Church.

From the review of Ranke's *History of the Popes.*

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavinian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendency extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to shew that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's.*

* This poetical figure has become almost familiar as a household word. It is not original, as has often been pointed out. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir H. Mann, says: 'At last some curious native of Lima will visit London, and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St Paul's.' Volney, in his *Ruins of Empires*, had written: 'Reflecting that if the places before me had once exhibited this animated picture, who, said I to myself, can assure me that their present desolation will not one day be the lot of our own country? Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations—who knows but that he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?'

See also Henry Kirke White, *ante*, p. 43.

Mrs Barbauld had shadowed forth the same idea:

> 'With duteous zeal their pilgrimage shall take,
> From the blue mountains on Ontario's lake,
> With fond adoring steps to press the sod,
> By statesmen, sages, poets, heroes trod.
> Pensive and thoughtful shall the wanderers greet
> Each splendid square and still, untrodden street;
> Or of some crumbling turret, mined by time,
> The broken stairs with perilous step may climb.
> And when 'midst fallen London, they survey
> The stone where Alexander's ashes lay,
> Shall own with humble pride the lesson just,
> By Time's slow finger written in the dust.'

Shelley, in the preface to *Peter Bell the Third*, addressed to Moore, has a similar illustration: 'In the firm expectation, that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Westminster Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN STUART MILL

THOMAS CARLYLE

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

HUGH MILLER.

J.P.T. del.

C. Roberts sc.

measures injured what they were believed to be benefiting. This remarkable discovery in favour of general freedom put a fresh weapon into the hands of the democratic party; whose strength was still further increased by the unrivalled eloquence with which Rousseau assailed the existing fabric. Precisely the same tendency was exhibited in the extraordinary impulse given to every branch of physical science, which familiarised men with ideas of progress, and brought them into collision with the stationary and conservative ideas natural to government. The discoveries made respecting the external world, encouraged a restlessness and excitement of mind hostile to the spirit of routine, and therefore full of danger for the institutions only recommended by their antiquity. This eagerness for physical knowledge also effected a change in education; and the ancient languages being neglected, another link was severed which connected the present with the past. The church, the legitimate protector of old opinions, was unable to resist the passion for novelty, because she was weakened by treason in her own camp. For, by this time, Calvinism had spread so much among the French clergy, as to break them into two hostile parties, and render it impossible to rally them against their common foe. The growth of this heresy was also important, because Calvinism being essentially democratic, a revolutionary spirit appeared even in the ecclesiastical profession, so that the feud in the church was accompanied by another feud between the government and the church. These were the leading symptoms of that vast movement which culminated in the French Revolution; and all of them indicated a state of society so anarchical and so thoroughly disorganised, as to make it certain that some great catastrophe was impending. At length, and when every thing was ready for explosion, the news of the American Rebellion fell like a spark on the inflammatory mass, and ignited a flame which never ceased its ravages until it had destroyed all that Frenchmen once held dear, and had left for the instruction of mankind an awful lesson of the crimes into which long-continued oppression may hurry a generous and long-suffering people.

The Three Great Movers of Society.

In a great and comprehensive view, the changes in every civilised people are, in their aggregate, dependent on three things: first, on the amount of knowledge possessed by their ablest men; secondly, on the direction which that knowledge takes—that is to say, the sort of subjects to which it refers; thirdly, and above all, on the extent to which the knowledge is diffused, and the freedom with which it pervades all classes of society.

These are the three great movers of every civilised country; and although their operation is frequently disturbed by the vices or the virtues of powerful individuals, such moral feelings correct each other, and the average of long periods remains unaffected. Owing to causes of which we are ignorant, the moral qualities do, no doubt, constantly vary, so that in one man, or perhaps even in one generation, there will be an excess of good intentions, in another an excess of bad ones. But we have no reason to think that any permanent change has been effected in the proportion which those who naturally possess good intentions bear to those in whom bad ones seem to be inherent. In what may be called the innate and original morals of mankind, there is, so far as we are aware, no progress.

The desolation of countries and the slaughter of men are losses which never fail to be repaired, and at the distance of a few centuries every vestige of them is effaced. The gigantic crimes of Alexander or Napoleon become after a time void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level. This is the ebb and flow of history—the perpetual flux to which the laws of our nature are subject. Above all this there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is amidst its endless fluctuations one thing, and one alone, which endures for ever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralised by subsequent generations, absolved by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe all that we now have: they are for all ages and all times; never young and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The writings of MR CARLYLE are so various, that he may be characterised as historian, biographer, translator, moralist, or satirist. His greatest and most splendid successes, however, have been won in the departments of biography and history. The chief interest and charm of his works consist in the individual portraits they contain and the strong personal sympathies or antipathies they describe. He has a clear and penetrating insight into human nature; he notes every fact and circumstance that can elucidate character, and having selected his subject, he works with passionate earnestness till he reproduces the individual or scene before the reader, exact in outline according to his preconceived notion, and with marvellous force and vividness of colouring. Even as a landscape-painter—a character he by no means affects—Mr Carlyle has rarely been surpassed. A Scotch shipping town, an English fen, a wild mountain solitude, or a Welsh valley, is depicted by him in a few words with the distinctness and reality of a photograph.

Mr Carlyle is a native of the south of Scotland—born December 4, 1795, in the village of Ecclefechan, in Annandale—a fine pastoral district, famous in Border story, and rich in ancient castles and Roman remains. His father, a farmer, is spoken of as a man of great moral worth and sagacity; his mother as affectionate, pious, and more than ordinarily intelligent; and thus, accepting his own theory that 'the history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents and environment,' Mr Carlyle entered upon 'the mystery of life' under happy and enviable circumstances. As a school-boy, he became acquainted with Edward Irving, the once celebrated preacher, whom he has commemorated as a man of the noblest nature.* From the grammar-school

* 'The first time I saw Irving was six-and-twenty years ago [1809], in his native town, Annan. He was fresh from Edinburgh, with college prizes, high character, and promise: he had come to see our schoolmaster, who had also been his. We heard of famed professors, of high matters classical, mathematical—a whole wonderland of knowledge: nothing but joy, health, hopefulness without end looked out from the blooming young man. The last time I saw him was three months ago, in London. Friendliness still beamed in his eyes, but now from amid unquiet

of Annan, Carlyle went to Edinburgh, and studied at the university for the church; but before he had completed his academical course, his views changed. He had excelled in mathematics; and afterwards, for about four years, he was a teacher of mathematics—first in Annan, and afterwards in Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, where Edward Irving also resided as a teacher. In 1818 he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had the range of the University Library, and where he wrote a number of short biographies and other articles for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, conducted by Brewster. In 1821 he became tutor to Mr Charles Buller, whose honourable public career was prematurely terminated by his death, in his forty-second year, in 1848. 'His light airy brilliancy,' said Carlyle, 'has suddenly become solemn, fixed in the earnest stillness of eternity.'

Mr Carlyle in 1823 contributed to the *London Magazine* in monthly portions his *Life of Schiller*, which he enlarged and published in a separate form in 1825. He was also engaged in translating Legendre's *Geometry*, to which he prefixed an essay on Proportion; and in the same busy year (1824) he translated the *Wilhelm Meister* of Goethe. Mr Carlyle's translation appeared without his name. Its merits were too palpable to be overlooked, though some critics objected to the strong infusion of German phraseology which the translator had imported into his English version. This never left Mr Carlyle even in his original works; but the *Life of Schiller* has none of the peculiarity. How finely, for example, does the biographer expatiate on that literary life which he had now fairly adopted:

Men of Genius.

Among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind. It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind; the intellectual backwoodsmen, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren. Pity that, from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little! But it is vain to murmur. They are volunteers in this cause; they weighed the charms of it against the perils; and they must abide the results of their decision, as all must. The hardships of the course they follow are formidable, but not all inevitable; and to such as pursue it rightly, it is not without its great rewards. If an author's life is more agitated and more painful than that of others, it may also be made more spirit-stirring and exalted: fortune may render him unhappy, it is only himself that can make him despicable. The history of genius has, in fact, its bright side as well as its dark. And if it is distressing to survey the misery, and what is worse, the debasement, of so many gifted men, it is doubly cheering, on the other hand, to reflect on the few who, amid the temptations and sorrows to which life in all its provinces, and most in theirs, is liable, have travelled through it in calm and virtuous majesty, and are now hallowed in our memories not less for their conduct than their writings. Such men are the flower of this lower world: to such alone can the epithet of great be applied with its true emphasis. There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate: he who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life a heroic poem.

In 1825, marriage lessened the anxieties attendant on a literary life, while it added permanently to Mr Carlyle's happiness. The lady to whom he was united was a lineal descendant of John Knox—Miss Jane Welsh, daughter of Dr Welsh, Haddington. Mrs Carlyle had a small property, Craigenputtoch, in Dumfriesshire, to which, after about three years' residence in Edinburgh, the lady and her husband retired. In Edinburgh, Carlyle had published four volumes of *Specimens of German Romance* (1827), and written for the *Edinburgh Review* essays on *Jean Paul* and *German Literature*. His Dumfriesshire retreat he has described in a letter to Goethe:

Picture of a Retired, Happy Literary Life.

CRAIGENPUTTOCH, *25th September* 1828.

You inquire with such warm interest respecting our present abode and occupations, that I am obliged to say a few words about both, while there is still room left. Dumfries is a pleasant town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and to be considered the centre of the trade and judicial system of a district which possesses some importance in the sphere of Scottish activity. Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway, almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly inclosed and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of St Pierre. My town friends, indeed, ascribe my sojourn here to a similar disposition, and forebode me no good result. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself. This bit of earth is our own; here we can live, write, and think, as best pleases ourselves, even though Zoilus himself were to be crowned the monarch of literature. Nor is the solitude of such great importance; for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh, which we look upon as our British Weimar. And have I not, too, at this moment, piled upon the table of my little library, a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth? Of antiquarian studies, too, there is no lack. From some of our heights I can descry, about a day's journey to the west, the hill where Agricola and his Romans left a camp behind them. At the foot of it I was born, and there both father and mother still live to love me. And so one must let time work. But whither am I wandering? Let me confess to you, I am uncertain about my future literary activity, and would gladly learn your opinion

fire; his face was flaccid, wasted, unsound; hoary as with extreme age: he was trembling over the brink of the grave. 'Adieu! thou first friend—adieu while this confused twilight of existence lasts! Might we meet where twilight has become day!'—CARLYLE'S *Miscellanies*.

respecting it; at least pray write to me again, and speedily, that I may ever feel myself united to you.... The only piece of any importance that I have written since I came here is an *Essay on Burns*. Perhaps you never heard of him, and yet he is a man of the most decided genius; but born in the lowest rank of peasant life, and through the entanglements of his peculiar position, was at length mournfully wrecked, so that what he effected is comparatively unimportant. He died in the middle of his career, in the year 1796. We English, especially we Scotch, love Burns more than any poet that lived for centuries. I have often been struck by the fact that he was born a few months before Schiller, in the year 1759, and that neither of them ever heard the other's name. They shone like stars in opposite hemispheres, or, if you will, the thick mist of earth intercepted their reciprocal light.

In this country residence Mr Carlyle wrote papers for the *Foreign Review*, and his *Sartor Resartus*, which, after being rejected by several publishers, appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1833-34. The book might well have puzzled the 'book-tasters' who decide for publishers on works submitted to them in manuscript. *Sartor* professes to be a review of a German treatise on dress, and the hero, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, is made to illustrate by his life and character the transcendental philosophy of Fichte, adopted by Mr Carlyle, which is thus explained: 'That all things which we see or work with in this earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance: that under all these lies, as the essence of them, what he calls the "Divine Idea of the World;" this is the reality which lies at the bottom of all appearance. To the mass of men no such divine idea is recognisable in the world; they live merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities, and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them.'—(*Hero Worship*.) Mr Carlyle works out this theory—the clothes-philosophy—and finds the world false and hollow, our institutions mere worn-out rags or disguises, and that our only safety lies in flying from falsehood to truth, and becoming in harmony with the 'divine idea.' There is much fanciful, grotesque description in *Sartor*, but also deep thought and beautiful imagery. The hearty love of truth seems to constitute the germ of Mr Carlyle's philosophy, as Milton said it was the foundation of eloquence. And with this he unites the 'gospel of work,' duty and obedience. '*Laborare est orare*—work is worship.' In 1834, Mr Carlyle left the 'ever-silent whinstones of Nithsdale' for a suburb of London—a house in the 'remnant of genuine old Dutch-looking Chelsea'—the now famous No. 5 Cheyne Row, in which he still resides. In 1837 he delivered lectures on *German Literature* in Willis's Rooms; and in the following year another course in Edward Street, Portman Square, on the *History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture*. Two other courses of lectures—one on the *Revolutions of Modern Europe*, 1839, and the other on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, 1840—added to the popularity of Mr Carlyle. It appeared, said Leigh Hunt, 'as if some Puritan had come to life again, liberalised by German philosophy and his own intense reflections and experience.' This vein of Puritanism running through the speculations of the lecturer and moral censor, has been claimed as peculiarly northern. 'That earnestness,' says Mr Hannay, 'that grim humour—that queer, half-sarcastic, half-sympathetic fun—is quite Scotch. It appears in Knox and Buchanan, and it appears in Burns. I was not surprised when a schoolfellow of Carlyle's told me that his favourite poem as a boy was *Death and Dr Hornbook*. And if I were asked to explain this originality, I should say that he was a Covenanter coming in the wake of the eighteenth century and the transcendental philosophy. He has gone into the hills against "shams," as they did against Prelacy, Erastianism, and so forth. But he lives in a quieter age and in a literary position. So he can give play to the humour which existed in them as well, and he overflows with a range of reading and speculation to which they were necessarily strangers.' But at least one-half the originality here sketched, style as well as sentiment, must be placed to the account of German studies. In 1837 appeared *The French Revolution, a History, by Thomas Carlyle*. This is the ablest of all the author's works, and is indeed one of the most remarkable books of the age. The first perusal of it forms a sort of era in a man's life, and fixes for ever in his memory the ghastly panorama of the Revolution, its scenes and actors. In 1838 Mr Carlyle collected his contributions to the Reviews, and published them under the title of *Miscellanies*, extending to five volumes. The biographical portion of these volumes—essays on Voltaire, Mirabeau, Johnson and Boswell, Burns, Sir Walter Scott, &c.—is admirably executed. They are compact, complete, and at once highly picturesque and suggestive. The character and history of Burns he has drawn with a degree of insight, true wisdom, and pathos not surpassed in any biographical or critical production of the present century. Mr Thackeray's essay on Swift resembles it in power, but it is more of a sketch. The next two appearances of Mr Carlyle were political, and on this ground he seems shorn of his strength. *Chartism*, 1839, and *Past and Present*, 1843, contain many weighty truths and shrewd observations, directed against all shams, cant, formulas, speciosities, &c.; but when we look for a remedy for existing evils, and ask how we are to replace the forms and institutions which Mr Carlyle would have extinguished, we find little to guide us in our author's prelections. The only tangible measures he proposes are education and emigration, with a strict enforcement of the penal laws. We would earnestly desire to extend still more the benefits of education; but when Mr Carlyle vituperates the present age in comparison with the past, he should recollect how much has been done of late years to promote the instruction of the people. The next work of our author was a special service to history and to the memory of one of England's historical worthies. His collection of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations*, two volumes, 1845, is a good work well done. 'The authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself,' he says, 'I have gathered them from far and near; fished them up from the foul Lethean quagmires where they lay buried; I have washed or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities—such a job of buck-washing as I do not long to repeat—and the world shall now see them in their own shape.' The world was thankful for the service, and the book, though large and

expensive, had a rapid sale. The speeches and letters of Cromwell thus presented, the spelling and punctuation rectified, and a few words occasionally added for the sake of perspicuity, were first made intelligible and effective by Mr Carlyle; while his editorial 'elucidations,' descriptive and historical, are often felicitous. Here is his picture of Oliver in 1653:

Personal Appearance of Cromwell.

'His Highness,' says Whitelocke, 'was in a rich but plain suit—black velvet, with cloak of the same; about his hat a broad band of gold.' Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong, solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; brown hair and moustache are getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep, loving eyes—call them grave, call them stern—looking from under those craggy brows as if in life-long sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour: on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough.

Another series of political tracts, entitled *Latter-day Pamphlets*, 1850, formed Mr Carlyle's next work. In these the censor appeared in his most irate and uncompromising mood, and with his peculiarities of style and expression in greater growth and deformity. He seemed to be the worshipper of mere brute-force, the advocate of all harsh, coercive measures. Model prisons and schools for the reform of criminals, poor-laws, churches, as at present constituted, the aristocracy, parliament, and other institutions, were assailed and ridiculed in unmeasured terms, and, generally, the English public was set down as composed of sham-heroes and a valet or *flunkey* world. On some political questions and administrative abuses, bold truths and merited satire appear in the Pamphlets; but, on the whole, they must be considered, whether viewed as literary or philosophical productions, as unworthy of their author. The *Life of John Sterling*, 1851, was an affectionate tribute by Mr Carlyle to the memory of a friend. Mr Sterling, son of Captain Sterling, the 'Thunderer of the *Times*,' had written some few volumes in prose and verse, which cannot be said to have possessed any feature of originality; but he was amiable, accomplished, and brilliant in conversation. His friends were strongly attached to him, and among those friends were Archdeacon Hare and Mr Carlyle. The former, after Sterling's death in 1844 (in his thirty-eighth year), published a selection of his *Tales and Essays* with a Life of their author. Mr Carlyle was dissatisfied with this Life of Sterling. The archdeacon had considered the deceased too exclusively as a clergyman, whereas Sterling had been a curate for only eight months, and latterly had lapsed into scepticism, or at least into a belief different from that of the church. 'True,' says Mr Carlyle, 'he had his religion to seek, and painfully shape together for himself, out of the abysses of conflicting disbelief and sham-belief and bedlam delusion, now filling the world, as all men of reflection have; and in this respect too—more especially as his lot in the battle appointed for us all was, if you can understand it, victory and not defeat—he is an expressive emblem of his time, and an instruction and possession to his contemporaries.' The tone adopted by the biographer in treating of Sterling's religious lapse, exposed him to considerable censure. Even the mild and liberal George Brimley, in reviewing Mr Carlyle's book, judged it necessary to put in a disclaimer against the tendency it was likely to have: 'Mr Carlyle has no right, no man has any right, to weaken or destroy a faith which he cannot or will not replace with a loftier. He ought to have said nothing, or said more. Scraps of verse from Goethe, and declamations, however brilliantly they may be phrased, are but a poor compensation for the slightest obscuring of the hope of immortality brought to light by the gospel, and by it conveyed to the hut of the poorest man, to awaken his crushed intelligence and lighten the load of his misery.' As a literary work, the *Life of Sterling* is a finished, artistic performance. There was little in the hero of the piece to demand skilful portrait-painting; but we have the great Coleridge and the *Times* Thunderer placed before us with the clearness of a daguerreotype—the former, perhaps, a little caricatured.

Portrait of Coleridge.

Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality' still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove—Mr Gilman's house at Highgate—whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon. The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless, access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-

country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable limitary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent. . . . Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes of a light hazel were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching—you would have said preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sung and snuffled them into 'om-m-mject' and 'sum-m-mject,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk in his century, or in any other, could be more surprising.

In 1858 appeared the first portion of Mr Carlyle's long-expected work, the *History of Friedrich II., called Frederick the Great*, volumes i. and ii. The third and fourth volumes were published in 1862, and the fifth and sixth, completing the work, in 1865. A considerable part of the first volume is devoted to 'clearing the way' for the approach of the hero, and tracing the Houses of Brandenburg and Hohenzollern. Frederick, as Mr Carlyle admits, was rather a questionable hero. But he was a reality, and had 'nothing whatever of the hypocrite or phantasm.' This was the biographer's inducement and encouragement to study his life. 'How this man, officially a king withal, comported himself in the eighteenth century, and managed *not* to be a liar and charlatan as his century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it.' And the eighteenth century is cordially abused as a period of worthlessness and inanity. 'What little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire.' But as the eighteenth century had also David Hume, Adam Smith, Samuel Johnson, Henry Fielding, and Robert Burns—to say nothing of Chatham and Burke, we must demur to such extravagant and wholesale condemnation. These idiosyncrasies and prejudices of Mr Carlyle must be taken, like his peculiar style, because they are accompanied by better things—by patient historical research, by 'vivid glances across the mists of history,' by humour, pathos, and eloquence.

Shortly after the completion of this laborious History, Mr Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and on April 2, 1866, he delivered his installation address—an extemporaneous effusion, or at least spoken without notes, and quite equal, in literary power, to his published works. His triumph on this occasion was followed by a heavy calamity, the loss of his wife, who died before his return to England. 'For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.' Such is part of the inscription on the tomb of this excellent woman.

The subsequent publications of Mr Carlyle have been short addresses on the topics of the day. In 1867 an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* entitled *Shooting Niagara*, in the style of the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, predicted a series of evils and disasters from the Reform Act; another occasional utterance was in favour of emigration; and a third, on the war between France and Germany (1870), expressed the joy of the writer over the defeat of France. The fame of Mr Carlyle has been gradually extending, and a cheap edition of his works has reached the great sale of 30,000 copies.

A brother of Mr Carlyle—DR J. A. CARLYLE, an accomplished physician—has published an admirable prose translation of the *Inferno* of Dante.

Frederick the Great.

About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans-Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner, on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings—coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach. The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume; close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the

contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour, are written on that old face, which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat, like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror' (*portaient au gré de son âme héroïque, la séduction ou la terreur*). Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr Moore. 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the doctor; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection.' . . . The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men; and now on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his history—especially if you happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him; that is to say, both that Real Kingship is eternally indispensable, and also that the Destruction of Sham Kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking out of that formidable Explosion and Suicide of his Century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations; wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and other, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned the figure of Napoleon was titanic—especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale; if not greater than anything in human experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling-gallery; and there were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of windpipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked, and flourished about; counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage-heroism in them; compared with whom, to the shilling-gallery, and frightened excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William Conqueror, and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

Charlotte Corday—Death of Marat.

Amid the dim ferment of Caen and the world, history specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young lady, with an aged valet, taking graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperet—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently, she will to Paris on some errand. 'She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.' A completeness, a decision, is in this fair female figure: 'by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.' What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a star; cruel, lovely, with half-angelic, half-demonic splendour, to gleam for a moment, and in a moment to be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries. Quitting cimmerian coalitions without, and the dim-simmering twenty-five millions within, history will look fixedly at this one fair apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes, swallowed of the night.

With Barbaroux's note of introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the 9th of July seated in the Caen diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her good journey; her father will find a line left, signifying that she has gone to England, that he must pardon her and forget her. The drowsy diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of politics and praise of the Mountain, in which she mingles not; all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday not long before noon we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris, with her thousand black domes—the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence, in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the following morning.

On the morrow morning she delivers her note to Duperet. It relates to certain family papers, which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands, which a nun at Caen, an old convent friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperet shall assist her in getting; this, then, was Charlotte's errand to Paris. She has finished this in the course of Friday, yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention in bodily reality she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present and confined at home.

About eight on the Saturday morning she purchased a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach. 'To the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No. 44.' It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen, which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat then? Hapless, beautiful Charlotte; hapless, squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost west, from Neuchâtel in the utmost east, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. Charlotte, returning to her inn, despatches a short note to Marat, signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and 'will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer. Charlotte writes another note still more pressing; sets out with it by coach about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their week; huge Paris is circling and simmering manifold, according to the vague want: this one fair figure has decision in it; drives straight towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the 13th of the month, eve of the Bastille day, when M. Marat, four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont-Neuf, shrewdly required of that Bessenval hussar party, which had such friendly dispositions, 'to dismount and give up their arms then,' and became notable among patriot men. Four years; what a road he has travelled; and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath, sore afflicted; ill of Revolution fever—of what other malady this history had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man, with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready money in paper; with slipper-bath, strong three-footed stool for writing on the while; and a squalid washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical School Street; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him—not to the reign of brotherhood and perfect felicity, yet surely on the way towards that. Hark! a rap again! a musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries: 'Admit her.' Charlotte Corday is admitted.

'Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak to you.' 'Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now, what are the traitors doing at Caen? What deputies are at Caen?' Charlotte names some deputies. 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,' croaks the eager People's Friend, clutching his tablets to write. *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion* and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it with one sure stroke into the writer's heart. '*A moi, chère amie*. Help, dear!' No more could the death-choked say or shriek. The helpful washerwoman running in, there is no friend of the people or friend of the washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below. And so, Marat, People's Friend, is ended. . . .

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished: the recompense of it is clear and sure. The *chère amie* and neighbours of the house flying at her, she 'overturns some movables,' intrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quickly surrenders, goes quietly to the Abbaye prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding in wonder, in rage, or admiration, round her. Duperet is put in arrest on account of her; his papers sealed, which may lead to consequences. Fauchet in like manner, though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperet, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it 'fourth day of the Preparation of Peace.' A strange murmur ran through the hall at sight of her—you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers; the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife. 'All these details are needless,' interrupted Charlotte; 'it is I that killed Marat.' 'By whose instigation?' 'By no one's.' 'What tempted you, then?' 'His crimes. I killed one man,' added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrémement*) as they went on with their questions—'I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain, to save innocents, a savage wild beast, to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy.' There is, therefore, nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving; the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is death as a murderess. To her advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the priest they send her she gives thanks, but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life, journeying towards death—alone amid the world! Many take off their hats, saluting reverently; for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. Adam Lux of Mentz declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her; the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to shew it to the people. 'It is most true,' says Forster, 'that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes; the police imprisoned him for it.' In this manner the beautifullest and the squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both suddenly are no more.

Death of Marie Antoinette.

Is there a man's heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy; of thy birth, self-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier-Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end! Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle where thou sittest pale, motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop; a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is there *no* heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the crucified—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a 'sanctuary of sorrow' for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended, one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—dumb lies the world; that wild-yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee.

Await the Issue.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say: 'In God's name, No!' Thy 'success?' Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed

from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years, thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all for ever. What kind of success is that? It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden ever more to shew itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle: the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: 'See, your Heaviest ascends!' but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there, and said: 'Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!' Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS (1806-1863), an able scholar and statesman, was the son of Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, a Radnorshire baronet, who was for several years chairman of the Poor-law Board, and by whose death in 1855 his son succeeded to the baronetcy and estate. Sir George was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and having studied at the Middle Temple, was called to the bar in 1831. Entering into public life, he filled various government offices, and was M.P. for Herefordshire, and afterwards for the Radnor district of boroughs. His highest appointment was that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he held under Lord Palmerston for about three years—1855-58. He was also some time Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Secretary for War. He was for about three years (1852–55) editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. A accomplished classical and German scholar, S George examined the early history of Greece a Rome with the views of the German commentato and he reviewed the theory of Niebuhr in an el borate work, entitled *An Inquiry into the Cre bility of Early Roman History*, two volumes, 185 All attempts to reduce the picturesque narrativ of the early centuries of Rome to a purely historic form he conceives to be nugatory, and he devot considerable space to an examination of the prin tive history of the nations of Italy. Dionysiu Livy, and the other ancient historians, had n authentic materials for the primitive ethnology a the early national movements of Italy, and, course, modern inquirers cannot hope to arrive safe conclusions on the subject. Hence he di misses the results not only of the uncritical Itali historians, but those of the learned and sagacio Germans, Niebuhr and Müller. 'The legends a mere shifting clouds of mythology, which may a distance deceive the mariner by the appearan of solid land, but disappear as he approaches a examines them by a close view.' The scepticis of Sir George, however, is considered rather t sweeping; and it has justly been remarked, th 'we may be contented to believe of Roman histo at least as much as Cicero believed, without inqu ing too curiously the grounds of his belief.' T following notice of Niebuhr's theory also appe to tell against Sir George's own rule with resp to the rationalistic treatment of early history.

Niebuhr's Ballad Theory.

He divides the Roman history into three perio 1. The purely mythical period, including the foundati of the city and the reigns of the first two kings. 2. T mythico-historical period, including the reigns of the l five kings, and the first fourteen years of the repub 3. The historical period, beginning with the first cession. The poems, however, which he supposes have served as the origin of the received history, are n peculiar to any one of these periods; they equally app in the reigns of Romulus and Numa, in the time of t Tarquins, and in the narratives of Coriolanus and of t siege of Veii. If the history of periods so widely differ was equally drawn from a poetical source, it is clear th the poems must have arisen under wholly dissimilar c cumstances, and that they can afford no sure foundati for any historical inference.

For solving the problem of the early Roman histo the great desideratum is, to obtain some means separating the truth from the fiction; and, if any pa be true, of explaining how the records were preserv with fidelity, until the time of the earliest historians, whom they were adopted, and who, through certain i termediate stages, have transmitted them to us.

For example, we may believe that the expulsion of t Tarquins, the creation of a dictator and of tribunes, t adventures of Coriolanus, the Decemvirate, the exp dition of the Fabii and the battle of the Cremera, t siege of Veii, the capture of Rome by the Gauls, and t disaster of Caudium, with other portions of the Samni wars, are events which are indeed to a considerable exte distorted, obscured, and corrupted by fiction, and i crusted with legendary additions; but that they, neve theless, contain a nucleus of fact, in varying degrees: so, we should wish to know how far the fact extends, a where the fiction begins—and also what were the mea by which a general historical tradition of events, as th really happened, was perpetuated. This is the questi to which an answer is desired; and therefore we are n assisted by a theory which explains how that part of t narrative which is not historical originated.

Sir George C. Lewis was a laborious student and voluminous writer. How he found time, in the midst of official and public duties, and within the space of a comparatively short life, for such varied and profound studies, is remarkable. Among his works are treatises on the *Romance Language*, on the *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*, on the *Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*, on the *Method of Observation and Reasoning in Politics*, on the *Irish Church Question*, on the *Government of Dependencies*, on the *Astronomy of the Ancients*, a *Dialogue on the Best Form of Government*, &c. The indefatigable baronet was a frequent contributor to *Notes and Queries*. His death was lamented by all parties, and was indeed a national loss.

REV. C. MERIVALE.

The *Roman History* of Dr Arnold was left, as already mentioned, in an unfinished state, in consequence of the sudden death of the author. No good account of the period between the close of the second Carthaginian war and the death of Sylla existed in our English historical literature, and to supply the void, the REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., late Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, commenced in 1850 a *History of the Romans under the Empire*, which he completed in 1862. 'Mr Merivale's undertaking,' said a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'is nothing less than to bridge over no small portion of the interval between the interrupted work of Arnold and the commencement of Gibbon. He comes, therefore, between "mighty opposites." It is praise enough that he proves himself no unworthy successor to the two most gifted historians of Rome whom English literature has yet produced.' A cheap edition of Mr Merivale's History in eight volumes was published in 1865. Its author is son of the late John Herman Merivale, Commissioner of Bankruptcy; he was born in 1808, studied at St John's College, Cambridge, entered the church, and was successively rector of Lawford, Essex (1848-70), chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons (1863-69), and dean of Ely (December 1869).

Augustus Cæsar (31 B.C.–14 A.D.)

In stature Augustus hardly exceeded the middle height, but his person was lightly and delicately formed, and its proportions were such as to convey a favourable and even a striking impression. His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health, and almost constant bodily suffering; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance. His hair was light, and his eyes blue and piercing; he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness. It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person; but he could not disguise all the infirmities under which he laboured; the weakness of the forefinger of his right hand and a lameness in the left hip were the results of wounds he incurred in a battle with the Iapydæ in early life; he suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi and that against the Cantabrians, and again two years afterwards at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself throughout with the care of a valetudinarian, he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding; and dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumour obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress. As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertions or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle the dictator and of Antonius his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and hero: he had not the vivacity and animal spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs; and, although he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterwards to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure, and the good fortune which is so often its attendant. His contest therefore with Antonius and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery; but from his youth upwards he was accustomed to overreach, not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra; he succeeded in the end in deluding the senate and people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny; and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning himself forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in public and private life, were still those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasions he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised; he was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognised, and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors. Augustus was contented to take up his residence in the house which had belonged to the orator Licinius Calvus, in the neighbourhood of the Forum; which he afterwards abandoned for that of Hortensius on the Palatine, of which Suetonius observes that it was remarkable neither for size nor splendour. Its halls were small, and lined, not with marble, after the luxurious fashion of many patrician palaces, but with the common Alban stone, and the pattern of the pavement was plain and simple. Nor when he succeeded Lepidus in the pontificate would he relinquish this private dwelling for the regia or public residence assigned that honourable office.

Many anecdotes are recorded of the moderation with which the emperor received the opposition, and often the rebukes, of individuals in public as well as in private. These stories are not without their importance, as shewing how little formality there was in the tone of addressing the master of the Roman world, and how entirely different the ideas of the nation were, with regard to the position occupied by the Cæsar and his family, from those with which modern associations have imbued us. We have already noticed the rude freedom with which Tiberius was attacked, although step-son of the emperor, and participating in the eminent functions of the tribunitian power, by a declaimer in the schools at Rhodes: but Augustus himself seems to have suffered almost as much as any private citizen from the general coarseness of behaviour which characterised the Romans in their public assemblies, and the rebukes to which he patiently submitted were frequently such as

would lay the courtier of a constitutional sovereign in modern Europe under perpetual disgrace.

On one occasion, for instance, in the public discharge of his functions as corrector of manners, he had brought a specific charge against a certain knight for having squandered his patrimony. The accused proved that he had, on the contrary, augmented it. 'Well,' answered the emperor, somewhat annoyed by his error, 'but you are at all events living in celibacy, contrary to recent enactments.' The other was able to reply that he was married, and was the father of three legitimate children; and when the emperor signified that he had no further charge to bring, added aloud: 'Another time, Cæsar, when you give ear to informations against honest men, take care that your informants are honest themselves.' Augustus felt the justice of the rebuke thus publicly administered, and submitted to it in silence.

BISHOP THIRLWALL—MR GROTE—GEO. FINLAY —COLONEL MURE—MR GLADSTONE, ETC.

DR CONNOP THIRLWALL contributed to *Lardner's Cyclopædia* a *History of Greece*, which extended to eight volumes, and has been enlarged and reprinted, 1845–52, and again reprinted in 1855 in eight volumes. It is a learned and philosophical work, evincing a thorough knowledge of Greek literature and of the German commentators. Dr Thirlwall was born in 1797, at Stepney, Middlesex, son of the rector of Bowers-Gifford, Essex. The latter published, in 1809, *Primitiæ, or Essays and Poems on Various Subjects, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining, by Connop Thirlwall, eleven years of age.* The future historian of Greece must then be considered the most precocious of English authors, eclipsing even Cowley and Pope. But the son, probably, did not thank the father for thrusting his childish crudities before the world. Connop Thirlwall studied at Cambridge, and carried off high academical honours at Trinity College. He intended following the profession of the law, and, after keeping his terms, was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1825. Three years' experience seems to have disgusted him with the legal profession; he entered the church, obtained a rectory in Yorkshire, then became dean of Brecon, and in 1840 was promoted to the see of St Davids. In 1874 he resigned his bishopric, in consequence of the increasing infirmities of age. He died in 1875. Mr Grote says that, had Dr Thirlwall's *History of Greece* appeared a few years earlier, he would probably never have conceived the design of writing his more elaborate work.

The *History of Greece* by MR GEORGE GROTE was hailed as a truly philosophical history. It commences with the earliest or legendary history of Greece, and closes with the generation contemporary with Alexander the Great. This work extends to twelve volumes. The first two were published in 1846; but it appears from a letter of Niebuhr, addressed to Professor Lieber, that so early as 1827 Mr Grote was engaged on the work. The primitive period of Grecian history—the expedition of the Argonauts and the wars of Thebes and Troy—he treats as merely poetical inventions. On the subject of the Homeric poems, he holds that the *Odyssey* is an original unity, 'a premeditated structure and a concentration of interest upon one prime hero under well-defined circumstances.' The *Iliad*, he says, produces on his mind an impression totally different: it 'presents the appearance of a house built upon a plan comparatively narrow, and subsequently enlarged by successive additions.' He conceives that both poems are about the same age, and that age a very early one, anterior to the First Olympiad. Passing to authentic history, Mr Grote endeavours to realise the views and feelings of the Greeks, and not to judge of them by an English standard. Our idea of a limited monarchy, for example, was unknown even to the most learned of the Athenians.

Early Greek History not to be Judged by Modern Feeling.

The theory of a constitutional king, especially as it exists in England, would have appeared to Aristotle impracticable; to establish a king who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act, except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king. When the Greeks thought of a man exempt from legal responsibility, they conceived him as really and truly such, in deed as well as in name, with a defenceless community exposed to his oppressions; and their fear and hatred of him was measured by their reverence for a government of equal law and free speech, with the ascendency of which their whole hopes of security were associated, in the democracy of Athens more, perhaps, than in any other portion of Greece. And this feeling, as it was one of the best in the Greek mind, so it was also one of the most widely spread, a point of unanimity highly valuable amidst so many points of dissension. We cannot construe or criticise it by reference to the feelings of modern Europe, still less to the very peculiar feelings of England respecting kingship; and it is the application, sometimes explicit, and sometimes tacit, of this unsuitable standard which renders Mr Mitford's appreciation of Greek politics so often incorrect and unfair.

The great object of the historian is to penetrate the inner life of the Greeks, and to portray their social, moral, and religious condition. He traces with elaborate minuteness the rise and progress of the Athenian democracy, of which he is an ardent admirer; and some of the Athenian institutions previously condemned, he warmly defends. The institution of ostracism, or banishment without accusation or trial, he conceives to have been necessary for the purpose of thwarting the efforts of ambitious leaders. With this view it was devised by Clisthenes,* and it was guarded from abuse by various precautions, the most important of which was, that the concurrence of one-fourth of all the citizens was required, and that those citizens voted by ballot. The two classes of demagogues and sophists he also vindicates, comparing the former

*One peculiarity of Mr Grote was spelling the Greek names after the German fashion: Clisthenes is *Kleisthenês*; Socrates is *Sôkratês*; Alcibiades, *Alkibiadês*; Aristides, *Aristeidês*; &c. All this appears unnecessary, and is a sort of pedantic trifling unworthy of a great historian.

to our popular leaders of the Opposition in parliament, and the latter to our teachers and professors. Even Cleon, the greatest of the demagogues, he thinks has been unfairly traduced by Thucydides and Aristophanes, particularly the latter, who indulged in all the license of a comic satirist. 'No man,' says Mr Grote, 'thinks of judging Sir Robert Walpole, or Mr Fox, or Mirabeau from the numerous lampoons put in circulation against them; no man will take measure of a political Englishman from *Punch* or of a Frenchman from *Charivari*.' The four stages of Athenian democracy represented by Solon, Clisthenes, Aristides, and Pericles are carefully described and discriminated by Mr Grote; he gives also an admirable account of the Greek colonies; and his narrative of the Peloponnesian War—which fills two volumes—contains novel and striking views of events, as well as of the characters of Pericles, Alcibiades, Lysander, &c. Even the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, which apparently had been exhausted by Xenophon, is told by Mr Grote with a spirit and freshness, and so much new illustration, as to render it a deeply interesting portion of his History. The following will give an idea of Mr Grote's style of narrative:

Xenophon's Address to the Army after the betrayed Grecian Generals had been Slain by the Persians.

While their camp thus remained unmolested, every man within it was a prey to the most agonising apprehensions. Ruin appeared impending and inevitable, though no one could tell in what precise form it would come. The Greeks were in the midst of a hostile country, ten thousand stadia from home, surrounded by enemies, blocked up by impassable mountains and rivers, without guides, without provisions, without cavalry to aid their retreat, without generals to give orders. A stupor of sorrow and conscious helplessness seized upon all; few came to the evening muster; few lighted fires to cook their suppers; every man lay down to rest where he was; yet no man could sleep, for fear, anguish, and yearning after relatives whom he was never again to behold.

Amidst the many causes of despondency which weighed down this forlorn army, there was none more serious than the fact, that not a single man among them had now either authority to command, or obligation to take the initiative. Nor was any ambitious candidate likely to volunteer his pretensions, at a moment when the post promised nothing but the maximum of difficulty as well as of hazard. A new, self-kindled light, and self-originated stimulus, was required to vivify the embers of suspended hope and action in a mass paralysed for the moment, but every way capable of effort; and the inspiration now fell, happily for the army, upon one in whom a full measure of soldierly strength and courage was combined with the education of an Athenian, a democrat, and a philosopher.

Xenophon had equipped himself in his finest military costume at this his first official appearance before the army, when the scales seemed to tremble between life and death. Taking up the protest of Kleanor against the treachery of the Persians, he insisted that any attempt to enter into convention or trust with such liars would be utter ruin; but that, if energetic resolution were taken to deal with them only at the point of the sword, and punish their misdeeds, there was good hope of the favour of the gods and of ultimate preservation. As he pronounced this last word, one of the soldiers near him happened to sneeze; immediately the whole army around shouted with one accord the accustomed invocation to Zeus the Preserver; and Xenophon, taking up the accident, continued: 'Since, gentlemen, this omen from Zeus the Preserver has appeared at the instant when we were talking about preservation, let us here vow to offer the preserving sacrifice to that god, and at the same time to sacrifice to the remaining gods as well as we can, in the first friendly country which we may reach. Let every man who agrees with me hold up his hand.' All held up their hands: all then joined in the vow, and shouted the pæan.

This accident, so dexterously turned to profit by the rhetorical skill of Xenophon, was eminently beneficial in raising the army out of the depression which weighed them down, and in disposing them to listen to his animating appeal. Repeating his assurances that the gods were on their side, and hostile to their perjured enemy, he recalled to their memory the great invasions of Greece by Darius and Xerxes—how the vast hosts of Persia had been disgracefully repelled. The army had shewn themselves on the field of Kunaxa worthy of such forefathers; and they would, for the future, be yet bolder, knowing by that battle of what stuff the Persians were made. As for Arixus and his troops, alike traitors and cowards, their desertion was rather a gain than a loss. The enemy were superior in horsemen: but men on horseback were, after all, only men, half occupied in the fear of losing their seats, incapable of prevailing against infantry firm on the ground, and only better able to run away. Now that the satrap refused to furnish them with provisions to buy, they on their side were released from their covenant, and would take provisions without buying. Then as to the rivers; those were indeed difficult to be crossed, in the middle of their course; but the army would march up to their sources, and could then pass them without wetting the knee. Or, indeed, the Greeks might renounce the idea of retreat, and establish themselves permanently in the king's own country, defying all his force, like the Mysians and Pisidians. 'If,' said Xenophon, 'we plant ourselves here at our ease in a rich country, with these tall, stately, and beautiful Median and Persian women for our companions, we shall be only too ready, like the Lotophagi, to forget our way home. We ought first to go back to Greece, and tell our countrymen that if they remain poor, it is their own fault, when there are rich settlements in this country awaiting all who choose to come, and who have courage to seize them. Let us burn our baggage-wagons and tents, and carry with us nothing but what is of the strictest necessity. Above all things, let us maintain order, discipline, and obedience to the commanders, upon which our entire hope of safety depends. Let every man promise to lend his hand to the commanders in punishing any disobedient individuals; and let us thus shew the enemy that we have ten thousand persons like Klearchus, instead of that one whom they have so perfidiously seized. Now is the time for action. If any man, however obscure, has any thing better to suggest, let him come forward and state it; for we have all but one object—the common safety.'

It appears that no one else desired to say a word, and that the speech of Xenophon gave unqualified satisfaction; for when Cheirisophus put the question, that the meeting should sanction his recommendations, and finally elect the new generals proposed—every man held up his hand. Xenophon then moved that the army should break up immediately, and march to some well-stored villages, rather more than two miles distant; that the march should be in a hollow oblong, with the baggage in the centre; that Cheirisophus, as a Lacedæmonian, should lead the van; while Kleanor and the other senior officers would command on each flank; and himself with Timasion, as the two youngest of the generals, would lead the rear-guard.

In the later volumes we have an equally interesting and copious account of the career of Epaminondas—the Washington of Greece; the

struggles of Demosthenes against Philip; and the success of Timoleon. The historian's fullness of detail and the ethical interest he imparts to his work, with the associations connected with the heroic events he relates, and the great names that have

Gone glittering through the dream of things that were,

render the whole the most noble and affecting record in the history of humanity. From the epoch of Alexander the Great, Mr Grote dates 'not only the extinction of Grecian political freedom and self-action, but also the decay of productive genius, and the debasement of that consummate literary and rhetorical excellence which the fourth century before Christ had seen exhibited in Plato and Demosthenes.' There was, however, one branch of intellectual energy which continued to flourish 'comparatively little impaired under the preponderance of the Macedonian sword'—the spirit of speculation and philosophy, and to this subject Mr Grote proposed to devote a separate work. His History was completed in 1856, the author being then in his sixty-second year. In 1866 appeared *Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates*, three volumes, a work which fully sustained the author's fame.

Mr Grote was of German ancestry. His grandfather, the first of the family that settled in England, established the banking-house that still bears the name of Grote as one of the founders, and the historian was for some time employed in the bank. He sat in parliament as one of the representatives of the city of London from 1832 till 1841, and was known as a Radical Reformer and supporter of vote by ballot. His annual motion in favour of the ballot was always prefaced by a good argumentative speech, and he wrote one or two political pamphlets and essays in the Reviews. Sydney Smith sarcastically said: 'Mr Grote is a very worthy, honest, and able man; and if the world were a chess-board, would be an important politician.' Mr Grote died June 18, 1871, aged seventy-seven. A memoir of the historian has been published by his widow.

Character of Dion.

Apart from wealth and high position, the personal character of Dion was in itself marked and prominent. He was of an energetic temper, great bravery, and very considerable mental capacities. Though his nature was haughty and disdainful towards individuals, yet as to political communion, his ambition was by no means purely self-seeking and egotistic, like that of the elder Dionysius. Animated with vehement love of power, he was at the same time penetrated with that sense of regulated polity and submission of individual will to fixed laws, which floated in the atmosphere of Grecian talk and literature, and stood so high in Grecian morality. He was, moreover, capable of acting with enthusiasm, and braving every hazard in prosecution of his own convictions.

Born about the year 408 B.C., Dion was twenty-one years of age in 387 B.C., when the elder Dionysius, having dismantled Rhegium and subdued Kroton, attained the maximum of his dominion, as master of the Sicilian and Italian Greeks. Standing high in the favour of his brother-in-law Dionysius, Dion doubtless took part in the wars whereby this large dominion had been acquired; as well as in the life of indulgence and luxury which prevailed generally among wealthy Greeks in Sicily and Italy, and which to the Athenian Plato appeared alike surprising and repulsive. That great philosopher visited Italy and Sicily about 387 B.C. He was in acquaintance and fellowship with the school of philosophers called Pythagoreans; the remnant of the Pythagorean brotherhood, who had once exercised so powerful a political influence over the cities of those regions, and who still enjoyed considerable reputation, even after complete political downfall, through individual ability and rank of the members, combined with habits of recluse study, mysticism, and attachment among themselves.

With these Pythagoreans Dion also, a young man of open mind and ardent aspirations, was naturally thrown into communication by the proceedings of the elder Dionysius in Italy. Through them he came into intercourse with Plato, whose conversation made an epoch in his life.

The mystic turn of imagination, the sententious brevity, and the mathematical researches of the Pythagoreans, produced doubtless an imposing effect upon Dion; just as Lysis, a member of that brotherhood, had acquired the attachment and influenced the sentiments of Epaminondas at Thebes. But Plato's power of working upon the minds of young men was far more impressive and irresistible. He possessed a large range of practical experience, a mastery of political and social topics, and a charm of eloquence, to which the Pythagoreans were strangers. The stirring effects of the Socratic talk, as well as of the democratical atmosphere in which Plato had been brought up, had developed all the communicative aptitude of his mind; and great as that aptitude appears in his remaining dialogues, there is ground for believing that it was far greater in his conversation. Brought up as Dion had been at the court of Dionysius—accustomed to see around him only slavish deference and luxurious enjoyment—unused to open speech or large philosophical discussion—he found in Plato a new man exhibited, and a new world opened before him.

As the stimulus from the teacher was here put forth with consummate efficacy, so the predisposition of the learner enabled it to take full effect. Dion became an altered man both in public sentiment and in individual behaviour. He recollected that, twenty years before, his country, Syracuse, had been as free as Athens. He learned to abhor the iniquity of the despotism by which her liberty had been overthrown, and by which subsequently the liberties of so many other Greeks in Italy and Sicily had been trodden down also. He was made to remark that Sicily had been half barbarised through the foreign mercenaries imported as the despots' instruments. He conceived the sublime idea or dream of rectifying all this accumulation of wrong and suffering. It was his first wish to cleanse Syracuse from the blot of slavery, and to clothe her anew in the brightness and dignity of freedom, yet not with the view of restoring the popular government as it had stood prior to the usurpation, but of establishing an improved constitutional polity, originated by himself, with laws which should not only secure individual rights, but also educate and moralise the citizens. The function which he imagined to himself, and which the conversation of Plato suggested, was not that of a despot like Dionysius, but that of a despotic legislator like Lycurgus, taking advantage of a momentary omnipotence, conferred upon him by grateful citizens in a state of public confusion, to originate a good system, which, when once put in motion, would keep itself alive by fashioning the minds of the citizens to its own intrinsic excellence. After having thus both liberated and reformed Syracuse, Dion promised to himself that he would employ Syracusan force, not in annihilating, but in recreating, other free Hellenic communities throughout the island, expelling from thence all the barbarians—both the imported mercenaries and the Carthaginians.

MR GEORGE FINLAY, an English merchant at

Athens, wrote several works—concise, but philosophical in spirit, and containing original views and information—relative to the history of Greece. His first was *Greece under the Romans* (1845); *History of the Byzantine Empire, from* 716 *to* 1057 (1853), *and continued to* 1453 A.D. (1854); *Mediæval Greece and Trebizond to* 1461; and the *History of Greece under the Othoman and Venetian Domination, from* 1453 *to* 1821 (1856). Mr Finlay died in 1875, the last survivor of the small band of enthusiasts who went out to Greece to join Lord Byron and the Philhellenes. He acted for some years as correspondent of the *Times* in Athens.

Vicissitudes of Nations.

The vicissitudes which the great masses of the nations of the earth have undergone in past ages have hitherto received very little attention from historians, who have adorned their pages with the records of kings, and the personal exploits of princes and great men, or attached their narrative to the fortunes of the dominant classes, without noticing the fate of the people. History, however, continually repeats the lesson that power, numbers, and the highest civilisation of an aristocracy, are, even when united, insufficient to insure national prosperity, and establish the power of the rulers on so firm and permanent a basis as shall guarantee the dominant class from annihilation. On the other hand, it teaches us that conquered tribes, destitute of all these advantages, may continue to perpetuate their existence in misery and contempt. It is that portion only of mankind which eats bread raised from the soil by the sweat of its brow, that can form the basis of a permanent national existence. The history of the Romans and of the Jews illustrates these facts. Yet even the cultivation of the soil cannot always insure a race from destruction, 'for mutability is nature's bane.' The Thracian race has disappeared. The great Celtic race has dwindled away, and seems hastening to complete absorption in the Anglo-Saxon. The Hellenic race, whose colonies extended from Marseille to Bactria, and from the Cimmerian Bosphorus to the coast of Cyrenaica, has become extinct in many countries where it once formed the bulk of the population, as in Magna Græcia and Sicily. On the other hand, mixed races have arisen, and, like the Albanians and Vallachians, have intruded themselves into the ancient seats of the Hellenes. But these revolutions and changes in the population of the globe imply no degradation of mankind, as some writers appear to think, for the Romans and the English afford examples that mixed races may attain as high a degree of physical power and mental superiority as has ever been reached by races of the purest blood in ancient or modern times.

A different view of the Homeric question from that entertained by Mr Grote, and also of some portions of Athenian history, has been taken by WILLIAM MURE, Esq., of Caldwell (1799–1860), in his able work, *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*, four volumes, 1850–53. Colonel Mure had travelled in Greece; and in the *Journal* of his tour—published in 1842—had entered into the Homeric controversy, especially with regard to the supposed localities of the *Odyssey*, and had adduced several illustrations of the poems from his observation and studies. A sound scholar, and chiefly occupied on Greek literature and history for a period of twenty years, he brought to his *Critical History* a degree of knowledge perhaps not excelled by that of Mr Grote, but tinctured by political opinions directly opposite to those of his brother Hellenist. His examination of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* occupies a considerable portion of his *History*, and the general conclusion at which he arrives is, that each poem was originally composed, in its substantial integrity, as we now possess it. We give one short specimen of Colonel Mure's analysis.

The Unity of the Homeric Poems.

It is probable that, like most other great painters of human nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines, which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, must rank as his own genuine productions. In every branch of imitative art, this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature, in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weakness, or eccentricity, is the highest and rarest attribute of genius, and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this, among his many great qualities, which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class; nor, with the single exception, perhaps, of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters, of different ages, ranks, and sexes. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety, is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression, often of minute phraseology, with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes himself spontaneously when brought on the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan in the *Odyssey*, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles, is next to impossible. Still less credible is it, that the different parts of the *Iliad*, where the hero successively appears as the same sublime ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions—thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering, according to the same single type of heroic grandeur—can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is, perhaps, even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages, than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might, without any concert, have harmonised to a great extent in their portrait of Henry V.; but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth—the Falstaffs, Pistols, Bardolphs, Quickleys—were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.

Colonel Mure's work was left incomplete. His fourth volume enters on the Attic period of Greek literature—the great era of the drama and the perfection of Greek prose—from the usurpation of Pisistratus at Athens, 560 B.C., to the death of Alexander the Great, 323 B.C. He gives an account of the origin and early history of Greek prose composition, and an elaborate biographical and critical study of Herodotus, reserving for future volumes the later Greek prose authors and Attic poets. A fifth volume was published, and at the time of his death he was engaged on a sixth, devoted to the Attic drama. Colonel Mure derived his title from being commander of the Renfrewshire Militia.

His family had long been settled in the counties of Ayr and Renfrew, and he himself was born at the patrimonial property of Caldwell in Ayrshire. He was an excellent country gentleman as well as accomplished scholar and antiquary.

Another and more distinguished votary of Greek literature is the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., who, in 1858, published *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*, three volumes. Mr Gladstone does not enter into any detailed criticism of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey;* he deals with the geography, history, and chronology of the poems, maintaining the credibility of Homer as the delineator of an age, and finding also fragments of revealed religion in his system of mythology. He traces the notion of a Logos in Minerva, the Deliverer in Apollo, the Virgin in Latona, and even the rainbow of the Old Testament in Iris; while the principle of Evil, acting by deceit, he conceives to be represented in the Homeric Atè. This certainly appears to be fanciful, though supported by Mr Gladstone's remarkable subtlety of intellect and variety of illustration. One volume of the work is devoted to Olympus, and another to establish Homer's right to be considered the father of political science. In supporting his different hypotheses, we need not say that Mr Gladstone evinces great ingenuity and a refined critical taste. His work is indeed a cyclopædia of Homeric illustration and classic lore.

The World of Homer a World of His Own.

The Greek mind, which became one of the main factors of the civilised life of Christendom, cannot be fully comprehended without the study of Homer, and is nowhere so vividly or so sincerely exhibited as in his works. He has a world of his own, into which, upon his strong wing, he carries us. There we find ourselves amidst a system of ideas, feelings, and actions different from what are to be found anywhere else, and forming a new and distinct standard of humanity. Many among them seem as if they were then shortly about to be buried under a mass of ruins, in order that they might subsequently reappear, bright and fresh for application, among later generations of men. Others of them almost carry us back to the early morning of our race, the hours of its greater simplicity and purity, and more free intercourse with God. In much that this Homeric world exhibits, we see the taint of sin at work, but far, as yet, from its perfect work and its ripeness; it stands between Paradise and the vices of later heathenism, far from both, from the latter as well as the former, and if among all earthly knowledge the knowledge of man be that which we should chiefly court, and if to be genuine it should be founded upon experience, how is it possible to overvalue this primitive representative of the human race in a form complete, distinct, and separate, with its own religion, ethics, policy, history, arts, manners, fresh and true to the standard of its nature, like the form of an infant from the hand of the Creator, yet mature, full and finished, in its own sense, after its own laws, like some master-piece of the sculptor's art.

We may notice here a work now completed, *A History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*, by K. O. MÜLLER, continued after the author's death by J. W. DONALDSON, D.D., three volumes, 1858. Dr Donaldson's portion of the work embraces the period from the foundation of the Socratic schools to the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. The work is altogether a valuable one—concise without being dry or meagre. *A History of Greece, mainly based upon that of Dr Thirlwall*, by DR L. SCHMITZ, principal of the International College, London (1851), is well adapted for educational purposes: it comes down to the destruction of Corinth, 146 B.C. Dr Schmitz is author of a popular *History of Rome* (1847), and a *Manual of Ancient History* to the overthrow of the Western Empire, 476 A.D. He has also translated Niebuhr's Lectures. Few foreigners have acquired such a mastery of the English language as Dr Schmitz.

EARL STANHOPE.

PHILIP HENRY, EARL STANHOPE, when Lord Mahon, commenced a *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle* (1713–1783). The first volume appeared in 1836, and the work ultimately extended to seven volumes, of which a second edition has since been published. The period of seventy years thus copiously treated had been included in Smollett's hasty, voluminous History, but the ground was certainly not preoccupied. Great additional information had also been accumulated in Coxe's Lives of Marlborough and Walpole, Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George II., the Stuart Papers, the Suffolk and Hardwicke Correspondence, and numerous other sources. In the early portion of his work—the Queen Anne period—there is a strong and abiding interest derived from the great names engaged in the political struggles of the day, and the nearly equal strength of the parties. Lord Mahon thus sketches the contending factions:

Whig and Tory in the Reign of Queen Anne.

At that period the two great contending parties were distinguished, as at present, by the nicknames of Whig and Tory. But it is very remarkable that in Queen Anne's reign the relative meaning of these terms was not only different but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory, indeed, the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may thence, perhaps, be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or to the Tory party, according as there seemed to be the greater danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712 would have been a Tory in 1830. For, on examination, it will be found that, in nearly all particulars, a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig.

First, as to the Tories. The Tories of Queen Anne's reign pursued a most unceasing opposition to a just and glorious war against France. They treated the great general of the age as their peculiar adversary. To our recent enemies, the French, their policy was supple and crouching. They had an indifference, or even an aversion, to our old allies the Dutch; they had a political leaning towards the Roman Catholics at home; they were supported by the Roman Catholics in their elections; they had a love of triennial parliaments, in preference to septennial; they attempted to abolish the protecting duties and restrictions of commerce; they wished to favour our trade with France at the expense of our trade with Portugal; they were supported by a faction whose war-cry was 'Repeal of the Union,' in a sister-kingdom. To serve a temporary purpose in the House of Lords, they had recourse—for the first time in our annals—to a large and overwhelming creation of peers. Like the Whigs in May 1831, they chose the

moment of the highest popular passion and excitement to dissolve the House of Commons, hoping to avail themselves of a short-lived cry for the purpose of permanent delusion. The Whigs of Queen Anne's time, on the other hand, supported that splendid war which led to such victories as Ramillies and Blenheim. They had for a leader the great man who gained those victories; they advocated the old principles of trade; they prolonged the duration of parliaments; they took their stand on the principles of the Revolution of 1688; they raised the cry of 'No Popery;' they loudly inveighed against the subserviency to France, the desertion of our old allies, the outrage wrought upon the peers, the deceptions practised upon the sovereign, and the other measures of the Tory administration. Such were the Tories, and such were the Whigs of Queen Anne.

We give a specimen of the noble historian's character-painting:

Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender.

Charles Edward Stuart is one of those characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered, as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted but not as venerable as those of time; we find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master—his understanding debased, and his temper soured. But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745. Not such was the gallant Prince full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk. Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood. Not such was he, whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent, even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.

The person of Charles—I begin with this for the sake of female readers—was tall and well formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field-sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light-blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education: it had been intrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say, that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge. Charles's letters, which I have seen amongst the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand like a school-boy's. In spelling, they are still more deficient. With him 'humour,' for example, becomes UMER; the weapon he knew so well how to wield, is a SORD; and even his own father's name appears under the *alias* of GEMS. Nor are these errors confined to a single language: who—to give another instance from his French—would recognise a hunting-knife in COOTO DE CHAS? I can, therefore, readily believe that, as Dr King assures us, he knew very little of the history or constitution of England. But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially, just before he sailed for Scotland, he says: 'I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments, which are, rather to suffer anything than fail in any of my duties.' His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost tenderness; and, though on his return from Scotland, he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry's coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother's want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own. To his father, his tone is both affectionate and dutiful: he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and when, at the outset of his great enterprise of 1745, he entreats a blessing from the pope, surely the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still. As to his friends and partisans, Prince Charles has been often accused of not being sufficiently moved by their sufferings, or grateful for their services. Bred up amidst monks and bigots, who seemed far less afraid of his remaining excluded from power, than that on gaining he should use it liberally, he had been taught the highest notions of prerogative and hereditary right. From thence he might infer, that those who served him in Scotland did no more than their duty; were merely fulfilling a plain social obligation; and were not, therefore, entitled to any very especial praise and admiration. Yet, on the other hand, we must remember how prone are all exiles to exaggerate their own desert, to think no rewards sufficient for it, and to complain of neglect even where none really exists; and moreover that, in point of fact, many passages from Charles's most familiar correspondence might be adduced to shew a watchful and affectionate care for his adherents. As a very young man, he determined that he would sooner submit to personal privation than embarrass his friends by contracting debts. On returning from Scotland, he told the French minister, D'Argenson, that he would never ask anything for himself, but was ready to go down on his knees to obtain favours for his brother-exiles. Once, after lamenting some divisions and misconduct amongst his servants, he declares that, nevertheless, an honest man is so highly to be prized that, 'unless your majesty orders me, I should part with them with a sore heart.' Nay, more, as it appears to me, this warm feeling of Charles for his unfortunate friends survived almost alone, when, in his decline of life, nearly every other noble quality had been dimmed and defaced from his mind. In 1783, Mr Greathead, a personal friend of Mr Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with him at Rome. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland. The Prince shewed some reluctance to enter upon the subject, and seemed to suffer much pain at the remembrance; but Mr Greathead, with more of curiosity than of discretion, still persevered. At length, then, the Prince appeared to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face

assumed unwonted animation; and he began the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat; his hairbreadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland followers, and at length proceeding to the dreadful penalties which so many of them had subsequently undergone. But the recital of their sufferings appeared to wound him far more deeply than his own; then, and not till then, his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise, in rushed the Duchess of Albany, his illegitimate daughter, who happened to be in the next apartment. 'Sir,' she exclaimed to Mr Greathead, 'what is this? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders? No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence.'

Once more, however, let me turn from the last gleams of the expiring flame to the hours of its meridian brightness. In estimating the abilities of Prince Charles, I may first observe that they stood in most direct contrast to his father's. Each excelled in what the other wanted. No man could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James; it has been said of him that he wrote better than any of those whom he employed; but, on the other hand, his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. Charles, as we have seen, was no penman; while in action—in doing what deserves to be written, and not in merely writing what deserves to be read—he stood far superior. He had some little experience of war—having, when very young, joined the Spanish army at the siege of Gaeta, and distinguished himself on that occasion—and he loved it as the birthright both of a Sobieski and a Stuart. His quick intelligence, his promptness of decision, and his contempt of danger, are recorded on unquestionable testimony. His talents as a leader probably never rose above the common level; yet, in some cases in Scotland, where he and his more practised officers differed in opinion, it will, I think, appear that they were wrong and he was right. No knight of the olden time could have a loftier sense of honour; indeed he pushed it to such wild extremes, that it often led him into error and misfortune. Thus he lost the battle of Culloden in a great measure because he disdained to take advantage of the ground, and deemed it more chivalrous to meet the enemy on equal terms. Thus, also, his wilful and froward conduct at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle proceeded from a false point of honour, which he thought involved in it. At other times, again, this generous spirit may deserve unmingled praise: he could never be persuaded or provoked into adopting any harsh measures of retaliation; his extreme lenity to his prisoners, even to such as had attempted his life, was, it seems, a common matter of complaint among his troops; and even when encouragement had been given to his assassination, and a price put upon his head, he continued most earnestly to urge that in no possible case should 'the Elector,' as he called his rival, suffer any personal injury or insult. This anxiety was always present in his mind. Mr Forsyth, a gentleman whose description of Italy is far the best that has appeared, and whose scrupulous accuracy and superior means of information will be acknowledged by all travellers, relates how, only a few years after the Scottish expedition, Charles, relying on the faith of a single adherent, set out for London in an humble disguise, and under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never previously seen. 'Here,' said his conductor, 'is the person you want,' and left him locked up in the mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal, at that time, to treat with him for the throne of England. 'Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please,' said Charles; 'my life is in your power, and I therefore can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat, one solemn promise, that if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home.'

Another quality of Charles's mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy. He was likewise at all times prone to gusts and sallies of anger, when his language became the more peremptory, from a haughty consciousness of his adversities. I have found among his papers a note without direction, but no doubt intended for some tardy officer. It contained only these words: 'I order you to execute my orders, or else never to come back.' Such harshness might, probably, turn a wavering adherent to the latter alternative. Thus, also, his public expressions of resentment against the court of France, at different periods were certainly far more just than politic. There seemed always swelling at his heart a proud determination that no man should dare to use him the worse for his evil fortune, and that he should sacrifice anything or everything sooner than his dignity.

This is a portrait of Charles Edward as he appeared in his prime. In a subsequent volume, Lord Stanhope gives a sketch of him in his later years, part of which we subjoin:

An English lady who was at Rome in 1770 observes: 'The Pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but, when a young man, he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light-brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold-lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble Order of St George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure. At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of *tarrochi*, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative: upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said: "Here is everything in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, moon, the stars; and here," says he, throwing me a card, "is the pope; here is the devil; and," added he, "there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be!" [The Pretender]. I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none.'

In his youth, Charles, as we have seen, had formed the resolution of marrying only a Protestant princess: however, he remained single during the greater part of his career; and when, in 1754, he was urged by his father to take a wife, he replied: 'The unworthy behaviour of certain ministers, the 10th of December 1748, has put it out of my power to settle anywhere without honour or interest being at stake; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel, rather than yield to a vile ministry.' Nevertheless, in 1772, at the age of fifty-two, Charles espoused a Roman Catholic, and a girl of twenty, Princess Louisa of Stolberg. This union proved as unhappy as it was ill assorted. Charles

treated his young wife with very little kindness. He appears, in fact, to have contracted a disparaging opinion of her sex in general; and I have found, in a paper of his writing about that period: 'As for men, I have studied them closely; and were I to live till fourscore, I could scarcely know them better than now; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable.' Ungenerous and ungrateful words! Surely, as he wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his pen!

The History of Lord Stanhope, in style and general merit, may rank with Mr P. F. Tytler's *History of Scotland*. The narrative is easy and flowing, and diligence has been exercised in the collection of facts. The noble historian is also author of a *History of the War of the Succession in Spain*, one volume, 1832; a *Life of the Great Prince Condé*, 1845; a *Life of Belisarius*, 1848; a volume of *Historical Essays*, contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, and containing sketches of Joan of Arc, Mary, Queen of Scots, the Marquis of Montrose, Frederick II., &c. His lordship has also edited the *Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield*, four volumes, 1845, and was one of the executors of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. In conjunction with Mr E. Cardwell, M.P., Lord Stanhope published *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel*, being chiefly an attempted vindication by that statesman of his public conduct as regards Roman Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws. His lordship has also published a *Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt*, valuable for the correspondence and authentic personal details it contains; and a *History of the Reign of Queen Anne until the Peace of Utrecht* (1701–1713), a work in one volume (1870), which, however inferior, may be considered a continuation of Macaulay's History.

Earl Stanhope was born at Walmer in 1805, was educated at Oxford, and was a member of the House of Commons, first for Wooton Bassett, and afterwards for Hertford, from 1830 to 1852. He was for a short time Under-secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Secretary to the Board of Control. He succeeded to the peerage in 1855, and died in 1875.

THOMAS KEIGHTLEY.

A volume of *Outlines of History* having appeared in 1830 in *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, Dr Arnold urged its author, MR THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, to write a series of histories of moderate size, which might be used in schools, and prove trustworthy manuals in after-life. Mr Keightley obeyed the call, and produced a number of historical compilations of merit. His *History of England*, two volumes, and the same enlarged in three volumes, is admitted to be the one most free from party-spirit; and his Histories of India, Greece, and Rome, each in one volume, may be said to contain the essence of most of what has been written and discovered regarding those countries. Mr Keightley also produced a *History of the War of Independence in Greece*, two volumes, 1830; and *The Crusaders*, or scenes, events, and characters from the times of the Crusades. These works have all been popular. The *Outlines* are read in schools, colleges, and universities; the Duke of Wellington directed them to be read by officers and candidates for commissions in the army. The *History of Greece* has been translated into modern Greek, and published at Athens. In the department of mythology, Mr Keightley was also a successful student, and author of the *Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy; Fairy Mythology*, illustrative of the romance and superstition of various countries; and *Tales and Popular Fictions, their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country*. From the second of these works we give a brief extract.

Superstitious Beliefs.

According to a well-known law of our nature, effects suggest causes; and another law, perhaps equally general, impels us to ascribe to the actual and efficient cause the attribute of intelligence. The mind of the deepest philosopher is thus acted upon equally with that of the peasant or the savage; the only difference lies in the nature of the intelligent cause at which they respectively stop. The one pursues the chain of cause and effect, and traces out its various links till he arrives at the great intelligent cause of all, however, he may designate him; the other, when unusual phenomena excite his attention, ascribes their production to the immediate agency of some of the inferior beings recognised by his legendary creed. The action of this latter principle must forcibly strike the minds of those who disdain not to bestow a portion of their attention on the popular legends and traditions of different countries. Every extraordinary appearance is found to have its extraordinary cause assigned; a cause always connected with the history or religion, ancient or modern, of the country, and not unfrequently varying with a change of faith. The noises and eruptions of Ætna and Stromboli were, in ancient times, ascribed to Typhon or Vulcan, and at this day the popular belief connects them with the infernal regions. The sounds resembling the clanking of chains, hammering of iron, and blowing of bellows, once to be heard in the island of Barrie, were made by the fiends whom Merlin had set to work to frame the wall of brass to surround Caermarthen. The marks which natural causes have impressed on the solid and unyielding granite rock were produced, according to the popular creed, by the contact of the hero, the saint, or the god: masses of stone, resembling domestic implements in form, were the toys, or the corresponding implements of the heroes or giants of old. Grecian imagination ascribed to the galaxy or Milky-way an origin in the teeming breast of the queen of heaven: marks appeared in the petals of flowers on the occasion of a youth's or a hero's untimely death: the rose derived its present hue from the blood of Venus, as she hurried barefooted through the woods and lawns; while the professors of Islam, less fancifully, refer the origin of this flower to the moisture that exuded from the sacred person of their prophet. Under a purer form of religion, the cruciform stripes which mark the back and shoulders of the patient ass first appeared, according to the popular tradition, when the Son of God condescended to enter the Holy City, mounted on that animal; and a fish, only to be found in the sea, still bears the impress of the finger and thumb of the apostle, who drew him out of the waters of Lake Tiberias to take the tribute-money that lay in his mouth. The repetition of the voice among the hills is, in Norway and Sweden, ascribed to the dwarfs mocking the human speaker; while the more elegant fancy of Greece gave birth to Echo, a nymph who pined for love, and who still fondly repeats the accents that she hears. The magic scenery occasionally presented on the waters of the Straits of Messina is produced by the power of the fata morgana; the gossamers that float through the haze of an autumnal morning are woven by the ingenious dwarfs; the verdant circlets in the mead are traced beneath the light steps of the dancing elves; and St Cuthbert forges and fashions the beads that bear his

name, and lie scattered along the shore of Lindisfarne. In accordance with these laws, we find in most countries a popular belief in different classes of beings distinct from men, and from the higher orders of divinities. These beings are usually believed to inhabit, in the caverns of earth, or the depths of the waters, a region of their own. They generally excel mankind in power and in knowledge, and, like them, are subject to the inevitable laws of death, though after a more prolonged period of existence. How these classes were first called into existence it is not easy to say; but if, as some assert, all the ancient systems of heathen religion were devised by philosophers for the instruction of rude tribes by appeals to their senses, we might suppose that the minds which peopled the skies with their thousands and tens of thousands of divinities gave birth also to the inhabitants of the field and flood, and that the numerous tales of their exploits and adventures are the production of poetic fiction or rude invention.

In 1855, Mr Keightley published a *Life of Milton*, and afterwards edited Milton's poems. The biography is an original and in many respects able work. The *opinions* of Milton are very clearly and fully elucidated, and the extensive learning of the biographer and historian has enabled him to add some valuable suggestive criticism: for example, in Milton's time the Ptolemaic astronomy was the prevalent one, and Mr Keightley asks,

Could Milton have written 'Paradise Lost' in the Nineteenth Century?

Now, with the seventeenth century, at least in England, expired the astronomy of Ptolemy. Had Milton, then, lived after that century, he could not for a moment have believed in a solid, globous world, inclosing various revolving spheres, with the earth in the centre, and unlimited, unoccupied, undigested space beyond. His local heaven and local hell would then have become, if not impossibilities, fleeting and uncertain to a degree which would preclude all firm, undoubting faith in their existence; for far as the most powerful telescopes can pierce into space, there is nothing found but a uniformity of stars after stars in endless succession, exalting infinitely our idea of the Deity and his attributes, but enfeebling in proportion that of any portion of space being his peculiar abode. Were Milton in possession of this knowledge, is it possible that he could have written the first three books of *Paradise Lost?* We are decidedly of opinion that he could not, for he would never have written that of the truth of which he could not have persuaded himself by any illusion of the imagination. It may be said that he would have adapted his fictions to the present state of astronomy. But he could not have done it; such is the sublime simplicity of the true system of the universe, that it is quite unsuited to poetry, except in the most transient form.

Mr Keightley was a native of Ireland, born in 1792. He long resided at Chiswick on the Thames, a retired but busy student, and died in 1872.

DEAN MILMAN.

The prose works of the late Dean of St Paul's (*ante*, page 170) place him in the first rank of historians. His *History of the Jews* was originally published in Murray's 'Family Library' (1829), but was subsequently revised (fourth edition, 1866). When thus republished, the author considered that 'the circumstances of the day,' or in other words, the objections which had been made to his plan of treating the Jewish history, rendered some observations necessary.

How ought the History of the Jews to be Written?

What should be the treatment by a Christian writer, a writer to whom truth is the one paramount object, of the only documents on which rests the earlier history of the Jews, the Scriptures of the Old Testament? Are they, like other historical documents, to be submitted to calm but searching criticism as to their age, their authenticity, their authorship: above all, their historical sense and historical interpretation?

Some may object (and by their objection may think it right to cut short all this momentous question) that Jewish history is a kind of forbidden ground, on which it is profane to enter; the whole history being so peculiar in its relation to theology, resting, as it is asserted, even to the most minute particulars, on divine authority, ought to be sacred from the ordinary laws of investigation. But though the Jewish people are especially called the people of God, though their polity is grounded on their religion, though God be held the author of their theocracy, as well as its conservator and administrator, yet the Jewish nation is one of the families of mankind; their history is part of the world's history; the functions which they have performed in the progress of human development and civilisation are so important, so enduring; the veracity of their history has been made so entirely to depend on the rank which they are entitled to hold in the social scale of mankind; their barbarism has been so fiercely and contemptuously exaggerated, their premature wisdom and humanity so contemptuously depreciated or denied; above all, the barriers which kept them in their holy seclusion have long been so utterly prostrate; friends as well as foes, the most pious Christians as well as the most avowed enemies of Christian faith, have so long expatiated on this open field, that it is as impossible, in my judgment, as it would be unwise, to limit the full freedom of inquiry.

Adopting this course, Dean Milman said he had been able to follow out 'all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all the hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity, to the truth of the Old Testament as far as its distinct and perpetual authority, and its indubitable meaning.' This was the view entertained by Paley, and is the view now held by some of the most learned and able divines of the present day. The moral and religious truth of Scripture remains untouched by the discoveries or theories of science. 'If on such subjects some solid ground be not found on which highly educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening, I fear an irreparable breach between the thought and the religion of England. A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly Catholic Christianity, which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world. Obstinate adherence to things antiquated, and irreconcilable with advancing knowledge and thought, may repel, and for ever, how many, I know not; how far, I know still less. *Avertat omen Deus.*' A much greater work than the *History of the Jews*, was the *History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.*, completed in six volumes, 1856. The first portion of this work was published in 1840, and comprised

the history of Christianity from the birth of Christ to the abolition of Paganism in the Roman empire; a further portion was published in 1854, and the conclusion in 1856. 'No such work,' said the *Quarterly Review*, 'has appeared in English ecclesiastical literature—none which combines such breadth of view with such depth of research, such high literary and artistic eminence with such patient and elaborate investigation.' This high praise was echoed by Prescott the historian, and by a host of critics. It is really a great work—great in all the essentials of history—subject, style, and research. The poetical imagination of the author had imparted warmth and colour to the conclusions of the philosopher and the sympathies of the lover of truth and humanity. The last work of Dean Milman was his *History of St Paul's Cathedral*, over which he had presided for nearly twenty years, and in which his remains were interred. As a brief specimen of the dean's animated style of narrative, we give an extract from the *History of the Jews:*

Burning of the Temple, Aug. 10, 70 A.C.

It was the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar by the destruction of the former temple by the king of Babylon; that day was almost past. Titus withdrew again into the Antonia, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on; the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the Temple roof. Titus had retired to rest; when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the Temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but, entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the Temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a small gilded door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprang up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the Temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed: he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire; his voice was drowned, and his signs unnoticed, in the blind confusion. The legionaries either could not or would not hear; they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands; they lay heaped like sacrifices round the altar; the steps of the Temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bodies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The splendour filled them with wonder; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the Holy Place, he made a last effort to save it, and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis endeavoured to force obedience with his staff of office; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw everything around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier, unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat, and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

It was an appalling spectacle to the Roman—what was it to the Jew? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in, with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame; the gilded pinnacles shone like spikes of red light; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up; and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction; the walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights; all along the walls resounded screams and wailings; men who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.

The slaughter within was even more dreadful than the spectacle from without. Men and women, old and young, insurgents and priests, those who fought and those who entreated mercy, were hewn down in indiscriminate carnage. The number of the slain exceeded that of the slayers. The legionaries had to clamber over heaps of dead to carry on the work of extermination. John, at the head of some of his troops, cut his way through, first into the outer court of the Temple, afterwards into the upper city. Some of the priests upon the roof wrenched off the gilded spikes, with their sockets of lead, and used them as missiles against the Romans below. Afterwards they fled to a part of the wall, about fourteen feet wide; they were summoned to surrender, but two of them, Mair, son of Belga, and Joseph, son of Dalai, plunged headlong into the flames.

No part escaped the fury of the Romans. The treasuries, with all their wealth of money, jewels, and costly robes—the plunder which the Zealots had laid up—were totally destroyed. Nothing remained but a small part of the outer cloister, in which about six thousand unarmed and defenceless people, with women and children, had taken refuge. These poor wretches, like multitudes of others, had been led up to the Temple by a false prophet, who had proclaimed that God commanded all the Jews to go up to the Temple, where he would display his almighty power to save his people. The soldiers set fire to the building: every soul perished.

The whole Roman army entered the sacred precincts, and pitched their standards among the smoking ruins; they offered sacrifice for the victory, and with loud acclamations saluted Titus as Emperor. Their joy was not a little enhanced by the value of the plunder they obtained, which was so great that gold fell in Syria to half its former value.

WILLIAM F. SKENE.

An eminent Celtic antiquary, versant in both branches of the language, the Cymric and Gaelic, MR WILLIAM F. SKENE, has published two important works—*The Four Ancient Books of Wales*, 2 vols., 1868; and *Celtic Scotland*, vol. i., *History and Ethnology*, 1876. The former contains the Cymric Poems attributed to the bards of the sixth century—to Aneurin (510–560 A.D.); to Taliessin (520–570); to Llywarch Hen, or the Old (550–640); and to Myrdden, or Merlin (530–600). These dates are uncertain. The Four Books are

much later: (1) the Black Book of Caermarthen, written in the reign of Henry II. (1054–1189); (2) the Book of Aneurin, a manuscript of the latter part of the thirteenth century; (3) the Book of Taliessin, a manuscript of the beginning of the fourteenth century; and (4) the Red Book of Hergest, completed at different times in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is in these four books or manuscripts that the oldest known texts are to be found, and Mr Skene has had them translated by two of the most eminent living Welsh scholars—the Rev. D. Silvan Evans of Llanymawddwy, the author of the *English and Welsh Dictionary*, and other works; and the Rev. Robert Williams of Rhydycroesau, author of the *Biography of Eminent Welshmen*, and the *Cornish Dictionary*. Besides the poems in the Red Book of Hergest, the manuscript also contains the text of several prose tales and romances connected with the early history of Wales, published with an English translation by Lady Charlotte Guest, in 1849, under the title of *The Mabinogion*.

Date of the Welsh Poems.

During the last half-century of the Roman dominion in Britain, the most important military events took place at the northern frontier of the province, where it was chiefly assailed by those whom they called the barbarian races, and their troops were massed at the Roman walls to protect the province. After their departure it was still the scene of a struggle between the contending races for supremacy. It was here that the provincial Britons had mainly to contend under the Guledig against the invading Picts and Scots, succeeded by the resistance of the native Cymric population of the north to the encroachment of the Angles of Bernicia.

Throughout this clash and jar of contending races, a body of popular poetry appears to have grown up, and the events of this never-ending war, and the dim recollections of social changes and revolutions, seem to have been reflected in national lays attributed to bards supposed to have lived at the time in which the deeds of their warriors were celebrated, and the legends of the country preserved in language, which, if not poetical, was figurative and obscure. It was not till the seventh century that these popular lays floating about among the people were brought into shape, and assumed a consistent form. . . . I do not attempt to take them farther back.

The principal poem in the Four Books, supposed to possess historical value, is entitled 'Gododen,' by Aneurin, in which the bard laments the inglorious defeat of his countrymen by the Saxons. This war ode or battle-piece is in ninety-four stanzas. One of them—the twenty-first—has been paraphrased by Gray, and the reader may be interested by seeing together, the literal translation in Mr Skene's book, and the version of the English poet:

The men went to Catraeth; they were renowned;
Wine and mead from golden cups was their beverage;
That year was to them of exalted solemnity;
Three warriors and three score and three hundred,
wearing the golden torques.
Of those who hurried forth after the excess of revelling
But three escaped by the prowess of the gashing sword,
The two war-dogs of Aeron and Cenon the dauntless,
And myself from the spilling of my blood, the reward
of my sacred song.

Gray renders the passage thus:

To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row,
Thrice two hundred warriors ago:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flushed with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return.
Save Aeron brave and Conan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.*

The *Celtic Scotland* of Mr Skene is, like hi Welsh work, designed to ascertain what can b really extracted from the early authorities. H adopts the conclusion of Professor Huxley, tha eighteen hundred years ago the population o Britain comprised peoples of two types of com plexion, the one fair and the other dark—th latter resembling Aquitani and the Iberians; th fair people resembling the Belgic Gauls. A Iberian or Basque people preceded the Celtic rac in Britain and Ireland. The victory gained b Agricola, 86 A.D., is said by Tacitus to have bee fought at 'Mons Grampius.' The hills now calle the Grampians were then known as Drumalban, s that we cannot identify the scene of action wit that noble mountain range. But it appears tha the latest editor of the Life of Agricola has dis covered from some Vatican manuscripts tha Tacitus really wrote 'Mons Graupius,' and thu the word Grampius is, as Mr Burton says, 'a editor's or printer's blunder, nearly four hundre years old.'†

The name of the Western Islands, it may b mentioned, originated in a similar blunder. Th printer of an edition of Pliny in 1503 converte 'Hebudes' into 'Hebrides,' and Boece having copied the error, it became fixed. Mr Skene prefer reading 'Granpius' to Graupius.' It is hardly pos sible, he says, to distinguish *u* from *n* in such manu scripts; but the point is certainly of no import ance. The old fabulous Scotch narratives M Skene traces to the rivalry and ambition of eccles iastical establishments, and to the great nationa controversy of old excited by the claim of Eng land to a feudal superiority over Scotland. Th attempt made by Lloyd and Stillingfleet in th seventeenth century to cut off King Fergus an twenty-four other Scotch kings chronicled b Hector Boece, filled the Lord Advocate of tha day, Sir George Mackenzie, with horror and dis may. 'Precedency,' he said, 'is one of the chie glories of the crown, for which not only kings bu subjects fight and debate, and how could I suffe this right and privilege of our crown to be stole from it by the assertion which did expressly sub tract about eight hundred and thirty years from it antiquity?' Sir George would as willingly hav prosecuted the iconoclasts, had they been citizens

* As to the scene of the struggle, Mr Skene says: 'It is plain from the poem that two districts, called respectively Gododen and Catraeth, met at or near a great rampart; that both were washed by the sea, and that in connection with the latter was a fort called Eyddin. The name of Eyddin takes us to Lothian, where we have Dunedin, or Edinburgh, and Caredin on the shore.

† Burton's *History of Scotland*, 2d edit. i. 3.

north of the Tweed, as he prosecuted the poor Covenanters. But King Fergus and his twenty-four royal successors were doomed. They have been all swept off the stage into the limbo of vanity, and Scotland has lost eight hundred and thirty years of her imaginary but cherished sovereignty.

Battle of Mons Granpius, 86 A.D.

On the peninsula formed by the junction of the Isla with the Tay are the remains of a strong and massive vallum, called Cleaven Dyke, extending from the one river to the other, with a small Roman fort at one end, and inclosing a large triangular space capable of containing Agricola's whole troops, guarded by the rampart in front, and by a river on each side. Before the rampart a plain of some size extends to the foot of the Blair Hill, or the mount of battle, the lowest of a succession of elevations which rise from the plain till they attain the full height of the great mountain range of the so-called Grampians; and on the heights above are the remains of a large native encampment called Buzzard Dykes, capable of containing upwards of thirty thousand men. Certainly no position in Scotland presents features which correspond so remarkably with Tacitus' description as this. . . .

Such was the position of the two armies when the echoes of the wild yells and shouts of the natives, and the glitter of their arms as their divisions were seen in motion and hurrying to the front, announced to Agricola that they were forming the line of battle. The Roman commander immediately drew out his troops on the plain. In the centre he placed the auxiliary infantry, amounting to about eight thousand men, and three thousand horse formed the wings. Behind the main line, and in front of the great vallum or rampart, he stationed the legions, consisting of the veteran Roman soldiers. His object was to fight the battle with the auxiliary troops, among whom were even Britons, and to support them, if necessary, with the Roman troops as a body of reserve.

The native army was ranged upon the rising grounds, and their line as far extended as possible. The first line was stationed on the plains, while the others were ranged in separate lines on the acclivity of the hill behind them. On the plains the chariots and horsemen of the native army rushed about in all directions.

Agricola, fearing from the extended line of the enemy that he might be attacked both in front and flank at the same time, ordered the ranks to form in wider range, at the risk even of weakening his line, and placing himself in front with his colours, this memorable action commenced by the interchange of missiles at a distance. In order to bring the action to close quarters, Agricola ordered three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge the enemy sword in hand. In close combat they proved to be superior to the natives, whose small targets and large unwieldy swords were no match for the vigorous onslaught of the auxiliaries; and having driven back their first line, they were forcing their way up the ascent, when the whole line of the Roman army advanced and charged with such impetuosity as to carry all before them. The natives endeavoured to turn the fate of the battle by their chariots, and dashed with them upon the Roman cavalry, who were driven back and thrown into confusion; but the chariots becoming mixed with the cavalry, were in their turn thrown into confusion, and were thus rendered ineffectual as well by the roughness of the ground.

The reserve of the natives now descended, and endeavoured to outflank the Roman army and attack them in the rear, when Agricola ordered four squadrons of reserve cavalry to advance to the charge. The native troops were repulsed, and being attacked in the rear by the cavalry from the wings, were completely routed, and this concluded the battle. The defeat became general; the natives drew off in a body to the woods and marshes on the west side of the plain. They attempted to check the pursuit by making a last effort and again forming, but Agricola sent some cohorts to the assistance of the pursuers; and, surrounding the ground, while part of the cavalry scoured the more open woods, and part dismounting entered the closer thickets, the native line again broke, and the flight became general, till night put an end to the pursuit.

Such was the great battle at Mons Granpius, and such the events of the day as they may be gathered from the concise narrative of a Roman writing of a battle in which the victorious general was his own father-in-law. The slaughter on the part of the natives was great, though probably as much overstated, when put at one-third of their whole army, as that of the Romans is underestimated; and the significant silence of the historian as to the death of Calgacus, or any other of sufficient note to be mentioned, and the admission that the great body of the native army at first drew off in good order, shew that it was not the crushing blow which might otherwise be inferred. On the succeeding day there was no appearance of the enemy; silence all around, desolate hills, and the distant smoke of burning dwellings alone met the eye of the victor.

A series of historical memoirs by LUCY AIKIN (1781–1864), daughter of Dr John Aikin,* and sister of Mrs Barbauld, enjoyed a considerable share of popularity. These are—*Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, 1818; *Memoirs of the Court of Charles I.*, 1833; and *Memoirs of the Court of James I.* Miss Aikin also wrote a *Life of Addison*, 1843 (see *ante*, vol. i. page 477), which, besides being the most copious, though often incorrect, memoir of that English classic, had the merit of producing one of the most finished of Macaulay's critical essays.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND: PROFESSOR CRAIK—C. MACFARLANE.

The *Pictorial History of England*, planned by Mr Charles Knight, in the manner of Dr Henry's History, is deserving of honourable mention. It was commenced about the year 1840, and was continued for four years, forming eight large volumes, and extending from the earliest period to the Peace of 1815. Professing to be a history of the *people* as well as of the *kingdom*, every period of English history includes chapters on religion, the constitution and laws, national industry, manners, literature, &c. A great number of illustrations was also added; and the work altogether was precisely what was wanted by the general reader. The two principal writers in this work were Mr Craik and Mr Macfarlane. GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK was born in Fife in 1798. He was educated for the church, but preferred a literary career, and was one of the ablest and most diligent of the writers engaged in the works issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Mr Craik was editor of the *Pictorial History of England*, and parts of it he enlarged and published separately—as, *Sketches of Literature and Learning from the Norman Conquest*, 1844; and *History of British Commerce*, 1844.

* Dr John Aikin (1747-1822) was an industrious editor and compiler. Besides several medical works, he published *Essays on Song Writing*, 1772, and was editor successively of the *Monthly Magazine*, the *Athenæum* (1807-1809), a *General Biographical Dictionary*, Dodsley's *Annual Register* from 1811 to 1815, and *Select Works of the British Poets* (Johnson to Beattie), 1820.

His first work was a series of popular biographies, entitled *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, 1831. He contributed numerous articles to the *Penny Cyclopædia*. In 1849 he was appointed to the chair of English History and Literature in Queen's College, Belfast, which he held till his death in 1866. Mr Craik was author of *The Romance of the Peerage*, 1849; *Outlines of the History of the English Language*, 1855; *The English of Shakspeare*, 1857; *History of English Literature and the English Language*, two volumes, 1861; &c. MR CHARLES MACFARLANE was a voluminous writer and collaborateur with Mr Craik and others in Mr Charles Knight's serial works. He wrote *Recollections of the South of Italy*, 1846; and *A Glance at Revolutionised Italy*, 1849. The elaborate account of the reign of George III., in the *Pictorial History*, was chiefly written by Mr Macfarlane. He died in the Charter House in 1858. To render the History still more complete, Mr Knight added a narrative of the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816–1846. This *History of the Peace* was written by MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU, whose facile and vigorous pen and general knowledge rendered her peculiarly well adapted for the task. The *Pictorial History*, and the *History of the Peace*, have been revised and corrected under the care of Messrs Chambers, in seven volumes, with sequels in separate volumes, presenting *Pictorial Histories of the Russian War* and *Indian Revolt*.

MR FROUDE.

The research and statistical knowledge evinced by Lord Macaulay in his view of the state of England in the seventeenth century, have been rivalled by another historian and investigator of an earlier period. *The History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth*, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, twelve volumes, 1856–1869, is a work of sterling merit, though conceived in the spirit of a special pleader, and over-coloured both in light and shadow. Mr Froude is a son of Dr Froude, archdeacon of Totness, and rector of Dartington, Devonshire. He was born in 1818, and educated at Westminster and at Oriel College, Oxford. In 1842 he carried off the chancellor's prize for an English essay, his subject being Political Economy, and the same year he became a Fellow of Exeter College. Mr Froude appeared as an author in 1847, when he published *Shadows of the Clouds, by Zeta*, consisting of two stories. Next year he produced *The Nemesis of Faith*, a protest, as it has been called, against the reverence entertained by the church for what Mr Froude called the Hebrew mythology. Such a work could not fail to offend the university authorities. Mr Froude was deprived of his Fellowship, and also forfeited a situation to which he had been appointed in Tasmania. He then set to periodical writing, and contributed to the *Westminster Review* and *Fraser's Magazine:* of the latter he was sometime editor. His reputation was greatly extended by his History, as the volumes appeared from time to time; and he threw off occasional pamphlets and short historical dissertations. One of these, entitled *The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character*, being an address delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in 1865, attracted much attention, especially on account of its eulogy on John Knox, who, according to Mr Froude, 'saved the kirk which he had founded, and saved with it Scottish and English freedom.' Another of these occasional addresses was one on Calvinism, delivered to the university of St Andrews in 1869, which was given by Mr Froude in his capacity of rector of that university. Previous to this (1867) he had issued two volumes of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. The fame of Mr Froude, however, rests on his *History of England*, so picturesque and dramatic in detail. The object of the author is to vindicate the character of Henry VIII., and to depict the actual condition, the contentment and loyalty of the people during his reign. For part of the original and curious detail in which the work abounds, Mr Froude was indebted to Sir Francis Palgrave, but he has himself been indefatigable in collecting information from state-papers and other sources. The result is, not justification of the capricious tyranny and cruelty of Henry—which in essential points is unjustifiable—but the removal of some stains from his memory which have been continued without examination by previous writers; and the accumulation of many interesting facts relative to the great men and the social state of England in that transitionary era. Life was then, according to the historian, unrefined, but 'coloured with a broad rosy English health.' Personal freedom, however, was very limited; and under such a system of statutory restriction or protection as then prevailed, no nation could ever have advanced. In many passages of his history—as the account of the death of Rizzio and the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots—Mr Froude has sacrificed strict accuracy in order to produce more complete dramatic effects and arrest the attention of the reader. And his work is one of enchaining interest. In 1872 Mr Froude published *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, volume first, the narrative being brought down to the year 1767. Two more volumes were added in 1874, and the work was read with great avidity. It is in some respects a vindication, or at least a palliation, of the conduct of the English government towards Ireland, written in a strong Anglo-Saxon spirit.

Markets and Wages in the Reign of Henry VIII.

Wheat, the price of which necessarily varied, averaged in the middle of the fourteenth century tenpence the bushel; barley averaging at the same time three shillings the quarter. With wheat the fluctuations were excessive; a table of its possible variations describes it as ranging from eighteenpence the quarter to twenty shillings; the average, however, being six-and-eightpence. When the price was above this sum, the merchants might import to bring it down; when it was below this price, the farmers were allowed to export to the foreign markets; and the same average continued to hold, with no perceptible tendency to a rise, till the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

Beef and pork were a halfpenny a pound—mutton was three-farthings. They were fixed at these prices by the 3d of the 24th of Henry VIII. But this act was unpopular both with buyers and with sellers. The old practice had been to sell in the gross, and under that arrangement the rates had been generally lower. Stowe says: 'It was this year enacted that butchers should sell their beef and mutton by weight—beef for a halfpenny the pound, and mutton for three-farthings; which

being devised for the great commodity of the realm—as it was thought—hath proved far otherwise: for at that time fat oxen were sold for six-and-twenty shillings and eightpence the piece; fat wethers for three shillings and fourpence the piece; fat calves at a like price; and fat lambs for twelvepence. The butchers of London sold penny pieces of beef for the relief of the poor—every piece two pounds and a half, sometimes three pounds for a penny; and thirteen and sometimes fourteen of these pieces for twelvepence; mutton, eightpence the quarter; and an hundredweight of beef for four shillings and eightpence.' The act was repealed in consequence of the complaints against it, but the prices never fell again to what they had been, although beef, sold in the gross, could still be had for a halfpenny a pound in 1570.

Strong beer, such as we now buy for eighteenpence a gallon, was then a penny a gallon; and table-beer less than a halfpenny. French and German wines were eightpence the gallon. Spanish and Portuguese wines, a shilling. This was the highest price at which the best wines might be sold; and if there was any fault in quality or quantity, the dealers forfeited four times the amount. Rent, another important consideration, cannot be fixed so accurately, for parliament did not interfere with it. Here, however, we are not without very tolerable information. 'My father,' says Latimer, 'was a yeoman, and had no land of his own; only he had a *farm of three or four pounds by the year* at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, each, having brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did off the said farm.' If 'three or four pounds at the uttermost' was the rent of a farm yielding such results, the rent of labourers' cottages is not likely to have been considerable.

I am below the truth, therefore, with this scale of prices in assuming the penny in terms of a labourer's necessities to have been equal in the reign of Henry VIII. to the present shilling. For a penny, at the time of which I write, the labourer could buy more bread, beef, beer, and wine—he could do more towards finding lodging for himself and his family—than the labourer of the nineteenth century can for a shilling. I do not see that this admits of question. Turning, then, to the table of wages, it will be easy to ascertain his position. By the 3d of the 6th of Henry VIII., it was enacted that master carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tylers, plumbers, glaziers, joiners, and other employers of such skilled workmen, should give to each of their journeymen, if no meat or drink was allowed, sixpence a day for half the year, fivepence a day for the other half; or fivepence half-penny for the yearly average. The common labourers were to receive fourpence a day for half the year, for the remaining half, threepence. In the harvest months they were allowed to work by the piece, and might earn considerably more; so that, in fact—and this was the rate at which their wages were usually estimated—the day-labourer received, on an average, fourpence a day for the whole year. Nor was he in danger, except by his own fault or by unusual accident, of being thrown out of employ; for he was engaged by contract for not less than a year, and could not be dismissed before his term had expired, unless some gross misconduct could be proved against him before two magistrates. Allowing a deduction of one day in the week for a saint's day or a holiday, he received, therefore, steadily and regularly, if well conducted, an equivalent of twenty shillings a week: twenty shillings a week and a holiday: and this is far from being a full account of his advantages. In most parishes, if not in all, there were large ranges of common and uninclosed forest-land, which furnished his fuel to him gratis, where pigs might range, and ducks and geese; where, if he could afford a cow, he was in no danger of being unable to feed it; and so important was this privilege considered, that when the commons began to be largely inclosed, parliament insisted that the working-man should not be without some piece of ground on which he could employ his own and his family's industry. By the 7th of the 31st of Elizabeth, it was ordered that no cottage should be built for residence without four acres of land at lowest being attached to it for the sole use of the occupants of such cottage.

Portrait of Henry VIII.

Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament, except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state-papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this, he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the archbishopric of Canterbury—as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his understanding; and he had a fixed, and perhaps unfortunate, interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity, Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. He was 'attentive,' as it is called, 'to his religious duties,' being present at the services in the chapel two or three times a day with unfailing regularity, and shewing to outward appearance a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private, he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment.

As a ruler, he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had

substantially acted out his own theory of his duty, which was expressed in the following words:

'Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects, and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth unto the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws; and to provide and care for them that all things necessary for them may be plenteous; and that the people and commonweal may increase; and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without; and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly all their complaints; and to shew towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity.'

These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. He had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness; and London long recollected the great scene which followed 'evil May-day,' 1517, when the apprentices were brought down to Westminster Hall to receive their pardons. There had been a dangerous riot in the streets, which might have provoked a mild government to severity; but the king contented himself with punishing the five ringleaders, and four hundred other prisoners, after being paraded down the streets in white shirts with halters round their necks, were dismissed with an admonition, Wolsey weeping as he pronounced it.

Death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Feb. 8, 1587.

Briefly, solemnly, and sternly they delivered their awful message. They informed her that they had received a commission under the great seal to see her executed, and she was told that she must prepare to suffer on the following morning. She was dreadfully agitated. For a moment she refused to believe them. Then, as the truth forced itself upon her, tossing her head in disdain, and struggling to control herself, she called her physician, and began to speak to him of money that was owed to her in France. At last it seems that she broke down altogether, and they left her with a fear either that she would destroy herself in the night, or that she would refuse to come to the scaffold, and that it might be necessary to drag her there by violence.

The end had come. She had long professed to expect it, but the clearest expectation is not certainty. The scene for which she had affected to prepare she was to encounter in its dread reality, and all her busy schemes, her dreams of vengeance, her visions of a revolution, with herself ascending out of the convulsion and seating herself on her rival's throne—all were gone. She had played deep, and the dice had gone against her.

Yet in death, if she encountered it bravely, victory was still possible. Could she but sustain to the last the character of a calumniated suppliant accepting heroically for God's sake and her creed's the concluding stroke of a long series of wrongs, she might stir a tempest of indignation which, if it could not save herself, might at least overwhelm her enemy. Persisting, as she persisted to the last, in denying all knowledge of Babington, it would be affectation to credit her with a genuine feeling of religion; but the imperfection of her motive exalts the greatness of her fortitude. To an impassioned believer death is comparatively easy.

At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked, and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall, majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendour. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters was attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been master of her household, was kneeling in tears. 'Melville,' she said, 'you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland, and so, good Melville, farewell.' She kissed him, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. There had been a fear of some religious melodrame which it was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated. Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. 'The queen,' she said, 'would never deny her so slight a request;' and when Kent still hesitated, she added, with tears, 'You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland.'

It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptised. 'Allons donc,' she then said, 'let us go;' and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square, and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places, the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves,

with which she hastily covered her arms: and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.

Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. 'Ne criez vous,' she said, 'j'ay promis pour vous.' Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief. 'Adieu,' she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them; 'adieu, au revoir.' They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, 'In te, Domine, confido,' 'In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.' Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white hand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered: 'In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.' The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to shew to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

'So perish all enemies of the Queen,' said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud amen rose over the hall. 'Such end,' said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, 'to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies.'

W. H. LECKY.

A series of Irish biographies by an intellectual and studious Irishman, WILLIAM E. H. LECKY, may be considered as supplementary to Mr Froude's history of *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. Mr Lecky's volume is entitled *The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland: Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell*. Of the four lives, that of Swift is the least valuable, as using only the old familiar materials, and occasionally inaccurate in detail. Flood and Grattan he views more favourably than Mr Froude, and like them he condemns the manner in which the Union was accomplished. The career of O'Connell is carefully traced, and forms an interesting narrative. Mr Lecky conceives that the great agitator was sincere in his belief that it was possible to carry Repeal. 'The occupation of his life for many years was to throw the repeal arguments into the most fascinating and imposing light; and in doing so his own belief rose to fanaticism.' His support of peaceful agitation, though it did not survive his own defeat, was an honourable characteristic. 'He proclaimed himself the first apostle of that sect whose first doctrine was, that no political change was worth shedding a drop of blood, and that all might be attained by moral force.'

'The more I dwell upon the subject, the more I am convinced of the splendour and originality of the genius and of the sterling character of the patriotism of O'Connell, in spite of the calumnies that surround his memory, and the many and grievous faults that obscured his life. But when to the good services he rendered to his country, we oppose the sectarian and class warfare that resulted from his policy, the fearful elements of discord he evoked, and which he alone could in some degree control, it may be questioned whether his life was a blessing or a curse to Ireland.'

The aim of every statesman should be, as Mr Lecky justly conceives, to give to Ireland the greatest amount of self-government that is compatible with the union and the security of the empire. Difficulties of no ordinary kind surround this duty, but influences are in operation which must tend towards its realisation.

Improved Prospect of Affairs in Ireland.

In spite of frequent and menacing reactions, it is probable that sectarian animosity will diminish in Ireland. The general intellectual tendencies of the age are certainly hostile to it: With the increase of wealth and knowledge there must in time grow up among the Catholics an independent lay public opinion, and the tendency of their politics will cease to be purely sacerdotal. The establishment of perfect religious equality and the settlement of the question of the temporal power of the Pope have removed grave causes of irritation, and united education, if it be steadily maintained and honestly carried out, will at length assuage the bitterness of sects, and perhaps secure for Ireland the inestimable benefit of real union. The division of classes is at present perhaps a graver danger than the division of sects. But the Land Bill of Mr Gladstone cannot fail to do much to cure it. If it be possible in a society like our own to create a yeoman class intervening between landlords and tenants, the facilities now given to tenants to purchase their tenancies will create it; and if, as is probable, it is economically impossible that such a class should now exist to any considerable extent, the tenant class have at least been given an unexampled security—they have been rooted to the soil, and their interests have been more than ever identified with those of their landlords. The division between rich and poor is also rapidly ceasing to coincide with that between Protestant and Catholic, and thus the old lines of demarcation are being gradually effaced. A considerable time must elapse before the full effect of these changes is felt, but sooner or later they must exercise a profound influence on opinion; and if they do not extinguish the desire of the people for national institutions, they will greatly increase the probability of their obtaining them.

Mr Lecky is author of more elaborate works than his Irish volume. His *History of Rationalism in Europe*, 1865, and *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne*, 1869, are contributions to philosophical history, in which the narrative or historical parts are clear and spirited. Their author was born in the neighbourhood of Dublin in 1838, and educated at Trinity College.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

A valuable addition to our knowledge of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. has been made by a series of historical works by MR SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. These are—*History of England, from the Accession of James I. to* 1616; *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage* (1617–1623); *History of England, under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.* (1624–1628). Mr Gardiner is more favourable to the character of James I., in point of learning and acuteness, than most historians, but agrees with all previous writers as to the king's want of resolution, dignity, and prudence.

'It was the great misfortune of James' character that while, both in his domestic and foreign policy, he was far in advance of his age in his desire to put a final end to religious strife, he was utterly unfit to judge what were the proper measures to be taken for the attainment of his object.'

SIR JOHN W. KAYE—LADY SALE, ETC.

A number of military narratives and memoirs has been called forth by the wars in India, in Russia, and on the continent. Among the most important of these are the *History of the War in Afghanistan* in 1841-42, by JOHN WILLIAM KAYE (afterwards Sir John), and a *History of the Sepoy War in India* in 1857–58, of which three volumes have been published (1876), and a fourth is to follow. The author says: 'There is no such thing as the easy writing of history. If it be not truth it is not history, and truth lies far below the surface. It is a long and laborious task to exhume it. Rapid production is a proof of the total absence of conscientious investigation. For history is not the growth of inspiration, but of evidence.' Sir John Kaye (born in 1814) served for some time in India, as a lieutenant of artillery, but returning to England in 1845, devoted himself to literature. Previous to his histories of the disastrous events in India, he had written memoirs of Lord Metcalfe and Sir John Malcolm, and an account of *Christianity in India*. He died July 24, 1876.

Besides the careful, elaborate work of Sir John Kaye on Afghanistan, we have a *Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan*, by LADY FLORENTIA SALE ('a woman who shed lustre on her sex,' as Sir Robert Peel said); and Lady Sale's husband, SIR ROBERT HENRY SALE, published a *Defence of Jellelabad;* LIEUTENANT VINCENT EYRE wrote *Military Operations in Cabul;* J. HARLAN, *Memoirs of India and Afghanistan;* MR C. NASH, a *History of the War in Afghanistan;* and there were also published—*Five Years in India*, by H. G. FANE, Esq., late aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief; *Narrative of the Campaign of the Army of the Indus in Scinde and Cabul*, by MR R. H. KENNEDY; *Scenes and Adventures in Afghanistan*, by MR W. TAYLOR; *Letters*, by COLONEL DENNIE; *Personal Observations on Scinde*, by CAPTAIN T. POSTANS, &c.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

The Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan (June 28, 1855), has been described by ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, sometime M.P. for Bridgewater, in an elaborate work, of which five volumes have been published (1875). Mr Kinglake's history is a clear, animated, and spirited narrative, written with a strong *animus* against Louis Napoleon of France, but forming a valuable addition to our modern historical literature. Its author is a native of Taunton, born in 1811, educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1837, but retired from the legal profession in 1856. In 1844 Mr Kinglake published his experiences of Eastern travel under the title of *Eothen*, a work which instantly became popular, and was justly admired for its vivid description and eloquent expression of sentiment. In the discursive style of Sterne, Mr Kinglake rambles over the East, setting down, as he says, not those impressions which *ought to have been* produced upon any 'well-constituted mind,' but those which were really and truly received at the time. We subjoin his account of

The Sphynx.

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will, and intent for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers—Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphynx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman straining far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx!

The Beginning of the Crimean War.

Looking back upon the troubles which ended in the outbreak of war, one sees the nations at first swaying backward and forward like a throng so vast as to be helpless, but afterwards falling slowly into warlike array. And when one begins to search for the man or the men whose volition was governing the crowd,

the eye falls upon the towering form of the Emperor Nicholas. He was not single-minded, and therefore his will was unstable, but it had a huge force; and, since he was armed with the whole authority of his empire, it seemed plain that it was this man—and only he—who was bringing danger from the north. And at first, too, it seemed that within his range of action there was none who could be his equal: but in a little while the looks of men were turned to the Bosphorus, for thither his ancient adversary was slowly bending his way. To fit him for the encounter, the Englishman was clothed with little authority except what he could draw from the resources of his own mind and from the strength of his own wilful nature. Yet it was presently seen that those who were near him fell under his dominion, and did as he bid them, and that the circle of deference to his will was always increasing around him; and soon it appeared that, though he moved gently, he began to have mastery over a foe who was consuming his strength in mere anger. When he had conquered, he stood, as it were, with folded arms, and seemed willing to desist from strife. But also in the west there had been seen a knot of men possessed for the time of the mighty engine of the French State, and striving so to use it as to be able to keep their hold, and to shelter themselves from a cruel fate. The volitions of these men were active enough, because they were toiling for their lives. Their efforts seemed to interest and to please the lustiest man of those days, for he watched them from over the Channel with approving smile, and began to declare, in his good-humoured, boisterous way, that so long as they should be suffered to have the handling of France, *so long as they would execute for him his policy*, so long as they would take care not to deceive him, they ought to be encouraged, they ought to be made use of, they ought to have the shelter they wanted; and, the Frenchmen agreeing to his conditions, he was willing to level the barrier—he called it perhaps false pride—which divided the government of the Queen from the venturers of the 2d of December. In this thought, at the moment, he stood almost alone; but he abided his time. At length he saw the spring of 1853, bringing with it grave peril to the Ottoman State. Then, throwing aside with a laugh some papers which belonged to the Home Office, he gave his strong shoulder to the levelling work. Under the weight of his touch the barrier fell. Thenceforth the hindrances that met him were but slight. As he from the first had willed it, so moved the two great nations of the West.

The March.

[Both in Turkey and in the Crimea, the left was nearest to the enemy, whilst the right was nearest to the sea.] Lord Raglan had observed all this, but he had observed in silence; and finding the right always seized by our allies, he had quietly put up with the left. Yet he was not without humour; and now, when he saw that in this hazardous movement along the coast the French were still taking the right, there was something like archness in his way of remarking that, although the French were bent upon taking precedence of him, their courtesy still gave him the post of danger. This he well might say, for, so far as concerned the duty of covering the venturesome march which was about to be undertaken, the whole stress of the enterprise was thrown upon the English army. The French force was covered on its right flank by the sea, on its front and rear by the fire from the steamers, and on its left by the English army. On the other hand, the English army, though covered on its right flank by the French, was exposed in front, and in rear, and on its whole left flank, to the full brunt of the enemy's attacks. . . .

Thus marched the strength of the Western Powers. The sun shone hotly as on a summer's day in England, but breezes springing fresh from the sea floated briskly along the hills. The ground was an undulating steppe alluring to cavalry. It was rankly covered with a herb like southernwood; and when the stems were crushed under foot by the advancing columns, the whole air became laden with bitter fragrance. The aroma was new to some. To men of the western counties of England it was so familiar that it carried them back to childhood and the village church; they remembered the nosegay of 'boy's love' that used to be set by the prayer-book of the Sunday maiden too demure for the vanity of flowers.

In each of the close massed columns which were formed by our four complete divisions there were more than five thousand foot soldiers. The colours were flying; the bands at first were playing; and once more the time had come round when in all this armed pride there was nothing of false majesty; for already videttes could be seen on the hillocks, and (except at the spots where our horsemen were marching) there was nothing but air and sunshine, and at intervals, the dark form of a single rifleman, to divide our columns from the enemy. But more warlike than trumpet and drum was the grave quiet which followed the ceasing of the bands. The pain of weariness had begun. Few spoke. All toiled. Waves break upon the shore; and though they are many, still distance will gather their numberless cadences into one. So also it was with one ceaseless hissing sound that a wilderness of tall crisping herbage bent under the tramp of the coming thousands. As each mighty column marched on, one hardly remembered at first the weary frames, the aching limbs which composed it; for—instinct with its own proper soul and purpose, absorbing the volitions of thousands of men, and bearing no likeness to the mere sum of the human beings out of whom it was made—the column itself was the living thing, the slow, monstrous unit of strength which walks the modern earth where empire is brought into question. But a little while, and then the sickness which had clung to the army began to make it seen that the columns in all their pride were things built with the bodies of suffering mortals.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

The Russian war has been brilliantly illustrated by an eye-witness, MR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, 'Special Correspondent' of the *Times*. Mr Russell accompanied the army to the Crimea, and transmitted from day to day letters descriptive of the progress of the troops, the country through which they passed, the people they met, and all the public incidents and events of that dreadful campaign. His picturesque style and glowing narratives deepened the tragic interest of the war. But the letters told also of grievous mismanagement on the part of the home authorities, and of supineness on the part of certain of our commanders. These details, it is now proved, were in some instances exaggerated; the merits of our allies the French were also unduly extolled; but much good was undoubtedly done by the revelations and comments of the fearless and energetic 'Correspondent.' A bad system of official routine was broken in upon, if not entirely uprooted, and a solemn public warning was held out for the future. The benefit of this was subsequently experienced in India, whither Mr Russell also went to record the incidents of the revolt. His Russian battle-pictures and descriptions were collected into two volumes, 1855-56; the first giving an account of the war from the landing of the troops at Gallipoli to the death of Lord Raglan, and the second continuing the history to the evacuation of the Crimea. We give a portion of one of his battle-pieces.

The Battle of Balaklava, October 25, 1854.

Never did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain-tops, and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke; the patch of sea sparkled in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below. Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just debouched from the mountain-passes near the Tchernaya, and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces strong. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en échelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres, and lance points, and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin-deep by the earthworks which ran along the line of these ridges on our rear; but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts, all in confusion as the shells burst over them. Just as I came up, the Russians had carried No. 1 Redoubt, the furthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and Redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-general Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight 'wave' in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships' guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell 'retired' his men to a better position. Meantime the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in Redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards Redoubt No. 3, and towards Balaklava; but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 Redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 Redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a 'long spray' of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turks, steel flashes in the air, and down go the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt! There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries, which are placed along the French intrenchments, strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half-mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some fifteen hundred men along the ridge—lancers, and dragoons, and hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The Heavy Brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second, of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shouted the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!' The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-general Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning-blast, which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on

the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses 'gather way,' nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierce through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and redcoats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy; went through it as though it were made of pasteboard; and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-general Scarlett, and to say: 'Well done!' The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. 'I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely,' was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.

A disastrous scene followed this triumph—the famous Light Cavalry charge. It had been Lord Raglan's intention that the cavalry should aid in regaining the heights surmounted by the redoubts taken from the Turks, or, in default of this, prevent the Russians from carrying off the guns at those redoubts. Some misconception occurred as to the order; Captain Nolan, who conveyed the message, fell in the charge; but it was construed by the lieutenant-general, Lord Lucan, to mean, that he should attack at all hazards, and the Earl of Cardigan, as second in command, put the order in execution.*

Charge of the Light Brigade.

The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to

* The poet-laureate, Mr Tennyson, has commemorated this splendid but melancholy feat of war (*Works*, edit. 1872):

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

I.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke
Shattered and sundered;
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of twelve hundred yards, the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken; it is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin! It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns.

Mr Russell is a native of Dublin, born in 1821, and studied at Trinity College. In 1843 he was engaged on the *Times;* in 1846 he was entered of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar in 1850. In 1856 he received from Dublin University the degree of LL.D. Besides his account of the Crimean war, Dr Russell has published his *Diary in India;* his *Diary North and South,* containing the result of observations in the United States; *My Diary during the last Great War,* 1873; and other works.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, like Dr Russell, engaged on the press as a special correspondent, published an account of the Franco-German war, and *Soldiering and Scribbling,* a series of sketches, 1872. Mr Forbes is a native of Banffshire, son of the late Rev. Dr Forbes, Boharm.

REV. WILLIAM STUBBS—JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

The *Constitutional History of England,* two vols., 1875, by the REV. WILLIAM STUBBS, is an excellent account of the origin and development of the English constitution down to the deposition of Richard II.

'The roots of the present lie deep in the past,' says Mr Stubbs, 'and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is. It is true, constitutional history has a point of view, an insight, and a language of its own; it reads the exploits and characters of men by a different light from that shed by the false glare of arms, and interprets positions and facts in words that are voiceless to those who have only listened to the trumpet of fame.'

The author of this learned and important work for six years held the office of Inspector of Schools in the diocese of Rochester, then became Regius Professor of Modern History in Oxford, and in 1869 was elected curator of the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Besides his *Constitutional History,* Mr Stubbs has published a collection of charters from the earliest period down to the reign of Edward I., and has edited and translated various historical works. Having been born in 1825, Mr Stubbs, still in the prime of life, has, we trust, many more years of useful and honourable labour before him.

Influence of Germanic Races in Europe.

The English are not aboriginal—that is, they are not identical with the race that occupied their home at the dawn of history. They are a people of German descent in the main constituents of blood, character, and language, but most especially in connection with our subject, in the possession of the elements of primitive German civilisation and the common germs of German institutions. This descent is not a matter of inference. It is a recorded fact of history, which those characteristics bear out to the fullest degree of certainty. The consensus of historians, placing the conquest and colonisation of Britain by nations of German origin between the middle of the fifth and the end of the sixth century, is confirmed by the evidence of a continuous series of monuments. These shew the unbroken possession of the land thus occupied, and the growth of the language and institutions thus introduced, either in purity and unmolested integrity, or, where it has been modified by antagonism and by the admixture of alien forms, ultimately vindicating itself by eliminating the new and more strongly developing the genius of the old.

The four great states of Western Christendom—England, France, Spain, and Germany—owe the leading principles which are worked out in their constitutional history to the same source. In the regions which had been thoroughly incorporated with the Roman empire, every vestige of primitive indigenous cultivation had been crushed out of existence. Roman civilisation in its turn fell before the Germanic races; in Britain it had perished slowly in the midst of a perishing people, who were able neither to maintain it nor to substitute for it anything of their own. In Gaul and Spain it died a somewhat nobler death, and left more lasting influences. In the greater part of Germany it had never made good its ground. In all four the constructive elements of new life are barbarian or Germanic, though its development is varied by the degrees in which the original stream of influence has been turned aside in its course, or affected in purity and consistency by the

infusion of other elements and by the nature of the soil through which it flows.

The system which has for the last twelve centuries formed the history of France, and in a great measure the character of the French people, of which the present condition of that kingdom is the logical result, was originally little more than a simple adaptation of the old German polity to the government of a conquered race. The long sway of the Romans in Gaul had re-created, on their own principles of administration, the nation which the Franks conquered. The Franks, gradually uniting in religion, blood, and language with the Gauls, retained and developed the idea of feudal subordination in the organisation of government unmodified by any tendencies towards popular freedom. In France accordingly feudal government runs its logical career. The royal power, that central force which partly has originated, and partly owes its existence to the conquest, is first limited in its action by the very agencies that are necessary to its continuance; then it is reduced to a shadow. The shadow is still the centre round which the complex system, in spite of itself, revolves: it is recognised by that system as its solitary safeguard against disruption, and its witness of national identity; it survives for ages, notwithstanding the attenuation of its vitality, by its incapacity for mischief. In course of time the system itself loses its original energy, and the central force gradually gathers into itself all the members of the nationality in detail, thus concentrating all the powers which in earlier struggles they had won from it, and incorporating in itself those very forces which the feudatories had imposed as limitations on the sovereign power. So its character of nominal suzerainty is exchanged for that of absolute sovereignty. The only checks on the royal power had been the feudatories; the crown has outlived them, absorbed and assimilated their functions; but the increase of power is turned not to the strengthening of the central force, but to the personal interest of its possessor. Actual despotism becomes systematic tyranny, and its logical result is the explosion which is called revolution. The constitutional history of France is thus the summation of the series of feudal development, in a logical sequence which is indeed unparalleled in the history of any great state, but which is thoroughly in harmony with the national character, forming it and formed by it. We see in it the German system, modified by its work of foreign conquest, and deprived of its home safeguards, on a field exceptionally favourable, prepared and levelled by Roman agency under a civil system which was capable of speedy amalgamation, and into whose language most of the feudal forms readily translated themselves.

English National Unity, 1155-1215 A.D.

The period is one of amalgamation, of consolidation, of continuous growing together and new development, which distinguishes the process of organic life from that of mere mechanic contrivance, internal law from external order.

The nation becomes one and realises its oneness; this realisation is necessary before the growth can begin. It is completed under Henry II. and his sons. It finds its first distinct expression in Magna Carta. It is a result, not perhaps of the design and purpose of the great king, but of the converging lines of the policy by which he tried to raise the people at large, and to weaken the feudatories and the principle of feudalism in them. Henry is scarcely an English king, but he is still less a French feudatory. In his own eyes he is the creator of an empire. He rules England by Englishmen and for English purposes, Normandy by Normans and for Norman purposes; the end of all his policy being the strengthening of his own power. He recognises the true way of strengthening his power, by strengthening the basis on which it rests, the soundness, the security, the sense of a common interest in the maintenance of peace and order.

The national unity is completed in two ways. The English have united; the English and the Normans have united also. The threefold division of the districts, the Dane law, the West-Saxon and the Mercian law, which subsisted so long, disappears after the reign of Stephen. The terms are become archaisms which occur in the pages of the historians in a way that proves them to have become obsolete; the writers themselves are uncertain which shires fall into the several divisions. Traces of slight differences of custom may be discovered in the varying rules of the county courts, which, as Glanvill tells us, are so numerous that it is impossible to put them on record; but they are now mere local by-laws, no real evidence of permanent divisions of nationality. In the same way Norman and Englishman are one. Frequent intermarriages have so united them, that without a careful investigation of pedigree it cannot be ascertained—so at least the author of the *Dialogus de Scaccario* affirms—who is English and who Norman. If this be considered a loose statement, for scarcely two generations have passed away since the Norman blood was first introduced, it is conclusive evidence as to the common consciousness of union. The earls, the greater barons, the courtiers, might be of pure Norman blood, but they were few in number; the royal race was as much English as it was Norman. The numbers of Norman settlers in England are easily exaggerated; it is not probable that except in the baronial and knightly ranks the infusion was very great, and it is very probable indeed that, where there was such infusion, it gained ground by peaceable settlement and marriage. It is true that Norman lineage was vulgarly regarded as the more honourable, but the very fact that it was vulgarly so regarded would lead to its being claimed far more widely than facts would warrant: the bestowal of Norman baptismal names would thus supplant, and did supplant, the old English ones, and the Norman Christian name would then be alleged as proof of Norman descent. But it is far from improbable, though it may not have been actually proved, that the vast majority of surnames derived from English places are evidence of pure English descent, whilst only those which are derived from Norman places afford even a presumptive evidence of Norman descent. The subject of surnames scarcely rises into prominence before the fourteenth century; but an examination of the indices to the Rolls of the Exchequer and Curia Regis shews a continuous increase in number and importance of persons bearing English names: as early as the reign of Henry I. we find among the barons Hugh of Bochland, Rainer of Bath, and Alfred of Lincoln, with many other names which shew either that Englishmen had taken Norman names in baptism, or that Normans were willing to sink their local surnames in the mass of the national nomenclature.

The union of blood would be naturally expressed in unity of language, a point which is capable of being more strictly tested. Although French is for a long period the language of the palace, there is no break in the continuity of the English as a literary language. It was the tongue, not only of the people of the towns and villages, but of a large proportion of those who could read and could enjoy the pursuit of knowledge. The growth of the vernacular literature was perhaps retarded by the influx of Norman lords and clerks, and its character was no doubt modified by foreign influences under Henry II. and his sons, as it was in a far greater degree affected by the infusion of French under Henry III. and Edward I.: but it was never stopped. It was at its period of slowest growth as rapid in its development as were most of the other literatures of Europe. Latin was still the language of learning, of law, and of ritual. The English had to struggle with French as well as with Latin for its hold on the sermon and the popular poem: when it had forced its way to light, the books in which it was used had their own perils to

undergo from the contempt of the learned and the profane familiarity of the ignorant. But the fact that it survived, and at last prevailed, is sufficient to prove its strength.

A *Short History of the English People*, by JOHN RICHARD GREEN, Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford, 1875, has been exceedingly popular. Though somewhat inaccurate in details, the work is lively, spirited, and picturesque, and must be invaluable in imbuing young minds with a love of history, and especially of that of the British nation. The opening sentence, for example, at once arrests attention:

Old England.

For the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ, the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with sunless woodland, broken only on the western side by meadows which crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district were one out of three tribes, all belonging to the same low German branch of the Teutonic family, who, at the moment when history discovers them, were bound together into a confederacy by the ties of a common blood and a common speech. To the north of the English lay the tribe of the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. To the south of them the tribe of the Saxons wandered over the sandflats of Holstein, and along the marshes of Friesland and the Elbe. How close was the union of these tribes was shewn by their use of a common name, while the choice of this name points out the tribe which, at the moment when we first meet them, must have been strongest and most powerful in the confederacy. Although they were all known as Saxons by the Roman people, who touched them only on their southern border where the Saxons dwelt, and who remained ignorant of the very existence of the English or the Jutes, the three tribes bore among themselves the name of the central tribe of their league, the name of Englishmen.

Mr Green has also published a volume of *Stray Studies* (1876), in which are some fine descriptive sketches of foreign places—Cannes, San Remo, Venice, Capri, &c.

SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY.

A continuation to Hallam's *Constitutional History*, though not expressly designated as such, appeared in 1861–63, entitled *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.* (1760–1860), by SIR THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, K.C.B., three volumes. To the third edition (1871) a supplementary chapter was added, bringing down the political history of the country to the passing of the Ballot Bill in 1871. The work is able and impartial, and forms a valuable repertory of political information and precedents. 'Continually touching upon controverted topics,' says the author, 'I have endeavoured to avoid as far as possible the spirit and tone of controversy. But, impressed with an earnest conviction that the development of popular liberties has been safe and beneficial, I do not affect to disguise the interest with which I have traced it through all the events of history.' The historian was born in 1815, and was called to the bar in 1838. In 1856 he was appointed Clerk-assistant of the House of Commons, and in 1871 he succeeded to the higher office of Clerk. He had previously (in 1866) been made a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Thomas has written several treatises on the law, usages, and privileges of parliament, and contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* and other journals.

Free Constitution of British Colonies.

It has been the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race to spread through every quarter of the globe their courage and endurance, their vigorous industry, and their love of freedom. Wherever they have founded colonies, they have borne with them the laws and institutions of England as their birthright, so far as they were applicable to an infant settlement. In territories acquired by conquest or cession, the existing laws and customs of the people were respected, until they were qualified to share the franchises of Englishmen. Some of these—held only as garrisons—others peopled with races hostile to our rule, or unfitted for freedom—were necessarily governed upon different principles. But in quitting the soil of England to settle new colonies, Englishmen never renounced her freedom. Such being the noble principle of English colonisation, circumstances favoured the early development of colonial liberties. The Puritans, who founded the New England colonies, having fled from the oppression of Charles I., carried with them a stern love of civil liberty, and established republican institutions. The persecuted Catholics who settled in Maryland, and the proscribed Quakers who took refuge in Pennsylvania, were little less democratic. Other colonies founded in America and the West Indies, in the seventeenth century, merely for the purposes of trade and cultivation, adopted institutions—less democratic, indeed, but founded on principles of freedom and self-government. Whether established as proprietary colonies, or under charters held direct from the crown, the colonists were equally free.

The English constitution was generally the type of these colonial governments. The governor was the viceroy of the crown; the legislative council, or upper chamber, appointed by the governor, assumed the place of the House of Lords; and the representative assembly, chosen by the people, was the express image of the House of Commons. This miniature parliament, complete in all its parts, made laws for the internal government of the colony. The governor assembled, prorogued, and dissolved it; and signified his assent or dissent to every act agreed to by the chambers. The Upper House mimicked the dignity of the House of Peers, and the Lower House insisted on the privileges of the Commons, especially that of originating all taxes and grants of money for the public service. The elections were also conducted after the fashion of the mother-country. Other laws and institutions were copied not less faithfully.

Every colony was a little state, complete in its legislature, its judicature, and its executive administration. But at the same time, it acknowledged the sovereignty of the mother-country, the prerogatives of the crown, and the legislative supremacy of parliament. The assent of the king or his representative, was required to give validity to acts of the colonial legislature; his veto annulled them; while the imperial parliament was able to bind the colony by its acts, and to supersede all local legislation. Every colonial judicature was also subject to an appeal to the king in council, at Westminster. The dependence of the colonies, however, was little felt in their internal government. They were secured from interference by the remoteness of the

mother-country, and the ignorance, indifference, and preoccupation of her rulers. In matters of imperial concern, England imposed her own policy, but otherwise left them free. Asking no aid of her, they escaped her domination. All their expenditure, civil and military, was defrayed by taxes raised by themselves. They provided for their own defence against the Indians, and the enemies of England. During the Seven Years' War the American colonies maintained a force of twenty-five thousand men, at a cost of several millions. In the words of Franklin: 'They were governed at the expense to Great Britain of only a little pen, ink, and paper: they were led by a thread.'

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM—H. M. STANLEY—WILLIAM MASSEY.

The British consul in Abyssinia, Mr Cameron, and other Europeans, having been detained captives by Theodore, emperor of Abyssinia (1868), an expedition was fitted out for their release, under the command of Sir Robert Napier (now Lord Napier of Magdala), which resulted in the defeat of the Abyssinians, the conquest of their capital city, Magdala, and the recovery of the English captives. The emperor, Theodore, committed suicide. A *History of the Abyssinian Expedition* was published in 1869 by CLEMENTS ROBERT MARKHAM, who accompanied the expedition as geographer. Mr Markham had served in the navy, and in the expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. He was born in 1830, is author of *Travels in Peru and India*, a *Life of the Great Lord Fairfax* (1870), *Spanish Irrigation* (1867), and various geographical papers. A volume by HENRY M. STANLEY, the adventurous special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, appeared in 1874, entitled *Coomassie and Magdala, the Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa*. Mr Stanley said: 'Before proceeding to Abyssinia as a special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, I had been employed for American journals—though very young—in the same capacity, and witnessed several stirring scenes in our civil war. I had seen Americans fight; I had seen Indians fight; I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing how Englishmen fought. In Abyssinia I first saw English soldiers prepared for war.' And Mr Stanley acknowledged that more brilliant successes than attended these two campaigns which England undertook in Africa, in behalf of her honour, her dignity, humanity, and justice, are not recorded in history.

A History of England during the Reign of George III., by WILLIAM MASSEY, M.P., is a popular work, exhibiting no great research, but impartially and pleasantly written. It deals chiefly with the progress of society, and the phases of social life and manners.

Gambling in the Last Century.

The vice which, above all others, infested English society during the greater part of the eighteenth century, was gaming. Men and women, the old and the young, beaux and statesmen, peers and apprentices, the learned and polite, as well as the ignorant and vulgar, were alike involved in the vortex of play. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, betting of every description, with the ordinary resources of cards and dice, were the chief employment of many, and were tampered with more or less by almost every person in the higher ranks of life. The proprietary clubs—White's, Brookes's, Boodle's—were originally instituted to evade the statute against public gaming-houses. But every fashionable assembly was a gaming-house. Large balls and routs had not yet come in vogue. A ball seldom consisted of more than ten or twelve couples; and the practice of collecting a crowd of fine people to do nothing, is an invention of recent date. When a lady received company, card-tables were provided for all the guests; and even where there was dancing, cards formed the principal part of the entertainment. Games of skill were seldom played. Brag, crimp, basset, ombre, hazard, commerce, spadille—the very names of which are hardly known to the present generation—furnished the excitement of play, and enabled people of fashion to win and lose their money without mental effort. Whist was not much in vogue until a later period, and was far too abstruse and slow to suit the depraved taste which required unadulterated stimulants. The ordinary stakes at these mixed assemblies would, at the present day, be considered high, even at clubs where a rubber is still allowed. The consequences of such gaming were often still more lamentable than those which usually attend such practices. It would happen that a lady lost more than she could venture to confess to a husband or father. Her creditor was probably a fine gentleman, or she became indebted to some rich admirer for the means of discharging her liabilities. In either event, the result may be guessed. In the one case, the debt of honour was liquidated on the old principle of the law-merchant, according to which there was but one alternative to payment in purse. In the other, there was likewise but one mode in which the acknowledgment of obligation by a fine woman would be acceptable to a man of the world.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A copious and excellent *History of the Norman Conquest* has been published (1867–1876) by EDWARD A. FREEMAN, author of various historical works. Mr Freeman was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, in 1823; was elected scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1841; filled the office of examiner in law and modern history in 1857–1864; and was created honorary D.C.L. in 1870. He began his career as a writer on architecture, having published in 1846 a volume on *Church Restoration*, and in 1849 a *History of Architecture*. This was followed by the *Architectural Antiquities of Gower* in 1850, which reached a second edition in 1851, as did also the *Window Tracery of England*, which had also been published in the previous year. The *Architecture of Landaff Cathedral* followed, and then the *History and Conquest of the Saracens* in 1856. The *History of Federal Government* appeared in 1863. The first volume of *The Norman Conquest of England*—which was merely introductory—appeared in 1867, and the second in 1868, both reaching a second edition in 1870, whilst the third volume was published in 1869, the fourth in 1872, and the fifth in 1876. The *Popular Old English History* was published in 1871, as well as *Historical Essays*, collected from various reviews. Mr Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* may be ranked among the great works of the present century.

Death of William the Conqueror, Sept. 9, 1087.

The death-bed of William was a death-bed of all formal devotion, a death-bed of penitence which we may trust was more than formal. The English Chronicler [William of Malmesbury], after weighing the good and evil in him, sends him out of the world with a charitable prayer for his soul's rest; and his repentance,

late and fearful as it was, at once marks the distinction between the Conqueror on his bed of death and his successor cut off without a thought of penitence in the midst of his crimes. He made his will. The mammon of unrighteousness which he had gathered together amid the groans and tears of England he now strove so to dispose of as to pave his way to an everlasting habitation. All his treasures were distributed among the poor and the churches of his dominions. A special sum was set apart for the rebuilding of the churches which had been burned at Mantes, and gifts in money and books and ornaments of every kind were to be distributed among all the churches of England according to their rank. He then spoke of his own life and of the arrangements which he wished to make for his dominions after his death. The Normans, he said, were a brave and unconquered race; but they needed the curb of a strong and a righteous master to keep them in the path of order. Yet the rule over them must by all law pass to Robert. Robert was his eldest born; he had promised him the Norman succession before he won the crown of England, and he had received the homage of the barons of the Duchy. Normandy and Maine must therefore pass to Robert, and for them he must be the man of the French king. Yet he well knew how sad would be the fate of the land which had to be ruled by one so proud and foolish, and for whom a career of shame and sorrow was surely doomed.

But what was to be done with England? Now at last the heart of William smote him. To England he dared not appoint a successor; he could only leave the disposal of the island realm to the Almighty Ruler of the world. The evil deeds of his past life crowded upon his soul. Now at last his heart confessed that he had won England by no right, by no claim of birth; that he had won the English crown by wrong, and that what he had won by wrong he had no right to give to another. He had won his realm by warfare and bloodshed; he had treated the sons of the English soil with needless harshness; he had cruelly wronged nobles and commons; he had spoiled many men wrongfully of their inheritance; he had slain countless multitudes by hunger or by the sword. The harrying of Northumberland now rose up before his eyes in all its blackness. The dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, what thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had ever been dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate in his wisdom deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside also stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk. 'And what dost thou give to me, my father?' said the youth. 'Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard,' was the Conqueror's answer. 'But of what use is a hoard to me if I have no place to dwell in?' 'Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee.' It is perhaps by the light of later events that our chronicler goes on to make William tell his youngest son that the day would come when he would succeed both his brothers in their dominions, and would be richer and mightier than either of them. The king then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his last blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus straightway set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death. Meanwhile Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades on whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety.

And now those who stood around the dying king began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. He granted the prayer. . . .

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were now done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he had left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thursday morning in September, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying king. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the church of our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, he stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: 'To my Lady Mary, the Holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.' He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, king of the English and duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. Till a new king was chosen and crowned, there was no longer a power in the land to protect or to chastise. All bonds were loosed; all public authority was in abeyance; each man had to look to his own as he best might. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their own homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. Weapons, clothes, vessels, the royal bed and its furniture, were carried off, and for a whole day the body of the Conqueror lay well-nigh bare on the floor of the room in which he died.

With the fourth volume of his history Mr Freeman ended what he termed his tale—the tale of the Norman Conquest of England. He had recorded the events which made it possible for a foreign prince to win and to keep England as his own. In the fifth volume he traced the results of the Conquest—the fusion of races—which was accomplished with little or no violence during the reign of William's son, Henry—and the important changes that then took place in the language and arts of the English people.

JOHN HILL BURTON.

The history of Scotland was left by MR FRASER TYTLER at the period of the union of the crowns under James VI. A subsequent portion has been fully treated by MR JOHN HILL BURTON, advocate, in a work, entitled *History of Scotland from the Revolution to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection* (1689–1748), two volumes, 1853. This work has received the approbation of Lord Macaulay and all other historical readers; it is honestly and diligently executed, with passages of vigorous and picturesque eloquence—as the account of the battle of Killiecrankie, and the

massacre of Glencoe. We subjoin part of the historian's notice of the Scottish language and literature.

The Scottish Language after the Period of the Revolution.

The development of pure literature in Scotland had, for half a century after the Revolution, to struggle with a peculiar difficulty arising out of the tenor of the national history. The languages of England and of Lowland Scotland, speaking of both in a general sense, were as entirely taken from a northern Teutonic stock common to both, as the languages of Essex and Yorkshire. Like other national characteristics, the language of Scotland took a direction severing itself from that of England after the War of Independence. Centuries elapsed, however, ere the distinctive peculiarities of each had gone far in its own direction, and away from the other. The earliest material change was in the language of England by the infusion of the Norman, while Scotland kept closer to the Old Saxon stock. Thus it is that Scottish writers of the age of Gower and Chaucer—such as Barbour, the archdeacon of Aberdeen, and Wyntoun, the monk of Lochleven—wrote a language more intelligible to the present age than that of their English contemporaries, because it is not so sensibly tinged with Gallicisms. France had subsequently, as we have seen, a great social and constitutional influence in Scotland, which brought a few foreign terms into use, but it scarcely touched the structure of the language. This gradually assumed a purely national, or, as it came to be deemed when Scotland was becoming absorbed into the British community, a provincial tongue. The Scottish poets of the sixteenth century wrote in a language as different from the English as we might suppose the Norse of the same age to be from the Danish. John Knox, who lived much in England, was charged with the affected employment of English novelties, because he attempted so to modify the Scottish peculiarities as to make his works readable to his friends beyond the Border. It was felt, indeed, in his day, that the Scottish tongue was becoming provincial, and those who desired to speak beyond a mere home audience wrote in Latin. Hence arose that class of scholars headed by Buchanan, who almost made the language of Rome vernacular to themselves. Those who are acquainted with the epistolary correspondence of learned Scotsmen in the seventeenth century, will observe how easily they take to Latin—how uneasy and diffident they feel in the use of English. Sometimes, indeed, the ancient language is evidently sought as a relief, when the writer is addressing one to whom he cannot use a Scottish expression, while he is unable to handle the corresponding English idiom. But Latin was dying away as the common language of literature and science. Each great nation was forming her own literary tongue. The revolution was completed within the time embraced in this history. But Scotland had not kept an independent literary language of her own, nor was she sufficiently expert in the use of that which had been created in England. Hence, in a great measure, we can distinctly account for the literary barrenness of the country. The men may have existed, but they had not the tools. An acquaintance with the correspondence of Scotsmen, for the first half century after the Revolution, shews the extreme difficulty which even those who were high in rank and well educated felt in conveying their thoughts through a dialect imperfectly resembling the language of *The Spectator*. Any attempt to keep up a Scottish literary language had been abandoned in prose before the Revolution. In verse, incidental causes made it seem as if the struggle were still continued. The old Scottish melodies, so mysterious in their origin, never ceased to have the charm of musical association for the people.

Mr Burton subsequently completed his Scottish history with seven more volumes, *The History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of* 1688 (1867–1870). These latter volumes fully sustained the author's reputation for research, discrimination, and literary ability. A second edition, carefully revised, has been published.

Mr Burton has made further additions to our knowledge of Scottish literature and society by his valuable *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, 1846, his *Lives of Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes of Culloden*, 1847—both works written from family papers and other original sources of information—and his *Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland*. In 1862 he produced a very amusing and interesting volume, *The Book-Hunter*, containing 'sketches of the ways of book-collectors, scholars, literary investigators, desultory readers, and other persons whose pursuits revolve round books and literature.' In 1864 appeared *The Scot Abroad*, two volumes—a work, like the former, consisting of sketches and anecdotes, and referring to the relations of Scotland and Scotsmen with foreign countries. As a member of the Scottish bar, Mr Burton has also been a hard legal student, having written a work on the *Scottish Bankrupt Law*, a *Manual of the Law of Scotland*, &c. In another not very promising mine he has been a successful labourer: his *Political and Social Economy*, 1849, is a little volume giving a clear and popular summary of this science, and he has extracted from the mass of Jeremy Bentham's works a very readable collection of *Benthamiana*. To the *Westminster Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and other literary journals, Mr Burton has been an occasional contributor.

This able and indefatigable littérateur is a native of Aberdeen, the son of a military officer, and born August 22, 1809. He was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1831. In 1854 he was appointed secretary to the Prison Board of Scotland. Mr Burton has received from Edinburgh University the degree of LL.D.

Among other notable contributions to history may be cited the following: *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, 1860, and *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, 1861, by COSMO INNES (1798–1874). Mr Innes was Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, and the two volumes we have named contain the substance of his lectures. They are interesting works as illustrating the social progress, the church organisation, the university and home life of the people, and are written in a pleasing, graphic style. Less popular, but more exact, is *Scotland under Her Early Kings*, 1862, by E. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, which contains a history of the kingdom to the close of the thirteenth century.

MISS STRICKLAND.

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND (1801–1874), authoress of historical memoirs of the Queens of England and Scotland, was a native of Suffolk, daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq., of Reydon Hall. Her first publication was a poetical narrative, *Worcester Field, or the Cavalier;* she also wrote a tale, *Demetrius;* but she soon struck into that path for which she seemed best fitted—historical composition. She wrote historic scenes and stories for children, and in 1835 produced *The Pilgrims of Walsingham*, constructed on the plan of Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. She then, aided

by a sister. Miss Elizabeth Strickland, entered upon her elaborate work, *Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest*, twelve volumes, 1840–48. Of this work a second edition was published in 1851–52, in eight volumes. The English history was followed by *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain*, eight volumes, 1850–59. The Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, in this work is written with great fulness of detail and illustration, many new facts having been added by study of the papers in the Register House, Edinburgh, and documents in the possession of the Earl of Moray and the representatives of other ancient families. The collection of Mary's letters by Prince Labanoff also afforded new materials not available to previous historians of the unfortunate queen. In 1866 Miss Strickland published *Lives of the Seven Bishops*. In 1871 she received a pension of £100 a year.

Queen Mary and the Lords of Council at Lochleven Castle.

The conspirators, calling themselves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the accomplishment of the purpose of depriving her of her crown, summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23d of July delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds, to which they were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, 'that being in infirm health and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland.' In the second, 'her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, was constituted regent for the prince her son, during the minority of the royal infant.' The third appointed a provisional council of regency, consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government till Moray's return; or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself. Aware that Mary would not easily be induced to execute such instruments, Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole her into this political suicide. That ungrateful courtier, who had been employed and trusted by his unfortunate sovereign ever since her return from France, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertook this office. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her 'to sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger.' Then he gave her a turquoise ring, telling her 'it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Laird of Grange, who loved her majesty, and had by that token accredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to which she would be exposed, if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, whose designs, they well knew, were to take her life, either secretly or by a mock-trial among themselves.' Finding the queen impatient of this insidious advice, he produced a letter from the English ambassador Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her 'he had concealed it there at peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her'—a paltry piece of acting, worthy of the parties by whom it had been devised, for the letter had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demission of her regal dignity, telling her, as if in confidence, 'that it was the queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in their power, by refusing the only concession that could save her life; and observing that nothing that was done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom.' Mary, however, resolutely refused to sign the deeds; declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the ruin of her own subjects, by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, 'proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people.'

The fine-spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his employer Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother-in-law, the leader of the party, who had been selected for the honourable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concession she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently on the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. 'What!' exclaimed Mary, 'shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?' She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter; then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore with a deep oath 'that if she would not sign those instruments he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes.' Full well did the defenceless woman know how capable he was of performing his threat, having seen his rapier reeking with human blood shed in her presence, when he assisted at the butchery of her unfortunate secretary. The ink was scarcely dry of her royal signature to the remission she had granted to him for that outrage; but, reckless of the sin that he owed his life, his forfeit life, to her generous clemency, he thus requited the grace she had, in evil hour for herself, accorded to him. Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. 'I am not yet fire-and-brewety,' she pathetically observed; somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her 'to save her life by signing the papers,' reiterating 'that whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force.'

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign she would not, till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore 'that, having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there,' forced the pen into her reluctant hand, and, according to the popular version of this scene of lawless violence, grasped her arm in the struggle so rudely, as to leave the prints of his mailed fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking upon them. Sir Walter Scott alludes to Lindsay's barbarous treatment of his hapless queen in these nervous lines:

> And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
> That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

George Douglas, the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, being present, indignantly remonstrated with his savage brother-in-law, Lindsay, for his misconduct; and though hitherto employed as one of the persons whose office it was to keep guard over her, he became from that hour the most devoted of her friends and champions, and the contriver of her escape. His elder brother, Sir William Douglas, the castellan, absolutely refused to be present; entered a protest against the wrong that had been perpetrated under his roof; and besought the queen to give him a letter of exoneration, certifying that he had nothing to do with it,

and that it was against his consent—which letter she gave him.

This oft-repeated story of Moray's deceit and Lindsay's ferocity cannot be accepted as historical truth. Private journals and correspondence have thrown much light on modern English history. Family pride or cupidity has in some instances led to undue disclosures of this description, breaking down the barrier between public and private life; and already most of the secrets of the courts of George III. and IV., with domestic details and scandal, have been published. We have had the *Diaries and Correspondence of the Earl of Malmesbury*, four volumes, 1843-44; the *Grenville Papers*, four volumes, 1852-53; the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, edited by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, three volumes, 1853-54; the *Correspondence of the Marquis of Cornwallis*, three volumes, 1859; and *Memoirs of the Court of George IV.*, 1820-30, by the Duke of Buckingham, two volumes, 1859; &c. The late eminent statesman, SIR ROBERT PEEL (1788-1850), solicitous concerning his reputation for political integrity, left behind him *Memoirs*, explanatory of his views and conduct on the Roman Catholic question, 1828-29; the government of 1834-35; and the repeal of the corn-laws, 1845-46. The work was published, in two volumes, 1856-57, but is only a meagre collection of public papers and stale arguments.

The *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St Helena, from the Letters and Journals of the late Sir Hudson Lowe*, by MR WILLIAM FORSYTH, barrister, three volumes, 1853, is a painful and humiliating record. The conduct of the exiled military chief was marked by disingenuous artifice and petty misrepresentation—by weakness and meanness almost incredible. But Sir Hudson Lowe was not the fit person to act as governor: he was sensitive, quick-tempered, and of a blunt, unpleasing address.

Among other works well deserving of study are the *Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations to the Close of the American Revolution*, two volumes, 1848, by WILLIAM SMYTH (1764-1849), some time Professor of Modern History in Cambridge. The successor of Mr Smyth as historical lecturer in the university of Cambridge, SIR JAMES STEPHEN, published *Lectures on the History of France*, two volumes, 1851. Sir James was well known from his long connection with the Colonial Office as under-secretary—which office he resigned in 1848—and for his eloquent critical and historical contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. Some of these he collected and published under the title of *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography*, two volumes, 1853. Sir James died in 1859, aged 70.

The writings of MR THOMAS WRIGHT, a distinguished archæologist, in illustration of early English history, are valuable. These are *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, or biography of literary characters of Great Britain and Ireland, during the Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon periods, two volumes, 1842-46; and *The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon*, 1852. Other short contributions connected with the middle ages have been produced by Mr Wright, and he has edited the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, and the *Visions of Piers Ploughman*.

The *Criminal Trials in Scotland*, from 1428 to 1624, by ROBERT PITCAIRN, W.S.—who died in 1855—form also a valuable contribution to the history of domestic life and manners. Of a different character, but delightfully minute and descriptive, is a volume by MR ROBERT WHITE, Newcastle (1802-1874), a *History of the Battle of Otterburn*, fought in 1388, with memoirs of the chiefs engaged in the conflict. The same author has written a copious *History of the Battle of Bannockburn*, 1871. The *Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, by MR DANIEL WILSON, Professor of English Literature in Toronto College, Canada, published in 1851; and *Caledonia Romana*, a descriptive account of the Roman antiquities of Scotland, published in 1845, embody the results of long and careful study. MR J. J. A. WORSAAE, a Danish archæologist, has given an *Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland*, 1852. Mr Worsaae was commissioned by the king of Denmark to investigate the memorials of the ancient Scandinavians which might still be extant in this country. DEAN STANLEY has brought local knowledge and antiquarian studies to bear upon general history in his *Memorials of Canterbury*, 1855; in which we have details of the landing of Augustine, the murder of Thomas-à-Becket, the Black Prince, and Becket's shrine.

Family histories are good helps to the general historian. Sir Walter Scott hung with delight over the quaint pages of 'old Pitscottie,' or the *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, by David Hume of Godscroft, 1644. The great novelist edited another work of the same kind, the *Memorie of the Somerviles*, written by a Lord Somerville of the times of Charles II. One of the most interesting and complete works of domestic annals is one published in 1840, *Lives of the Lindsays, or a Memoir of the Houses of Crawford and Balcarres, by Lord Lindsay*, four volumes. The Lindsays were of the race of the Normans that settled in England under the Conqueror, and two brothers of the family established themselves in Scotland in the twelfth century.

A *History of Roman Literature* has been written by JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. From the earliest period to the Augustan age is comprised in two volumes, and a third volume is devoted to the Augustan age. Mr Dunlop is author also of a *History of Fiction*, three volumes, 1814. His latest production was *Memoirs of Spain during the Reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II.*, 1621 to 1700, two volumes, 1834. Mr Dunlop was a Scottish advocate, sheriff of Renfrewshire; he died in 1842.

Some *Historical Memoirs* by MR MARK NAPIER, advocate, possess interest if not value. The first is *Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston* (born 1550, died 1617). It is remarkable that so eminent a man as the inventor of logarithms should have been without a special biographer until the year 1834, the date of Mr Mark Napier's book. The strange combination it presents of abstruse theological studies, a belief in the art of divination and other superstitions, and great scientific acquirements, all meeting in the character of the old Scottish laird, a solitary student in fierce tumultuous times, gives a picturesqueness and attraction to the story of his life. Mr Napier's next work, *Memoirs of the Marquis of*

Montrose, two volumes, 1856, contains original letters of the military hero, and other documents from charter-rooms, essential to the history of Montrose. Mr Napier in 1859 produced the *Life and Times of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee*, three volumes. Mr Napier writes in the spirit of a keen partisan, 'with no attempt,' he says, 'to dress by the purists in composition.' Indeed his writing is such as we should expect the Baron of Bradwardine to indite if he took up the historic pen, though the Baron would have had more courtesy towards opponents. Mr Napier, however, is eager in pursuit of information, and gives his discoveries unmutilated. This veteran defender of the Jacobite chiefs was in 1820 admitted a member of the Scottish bar, and is sheriff of Dumfriesshire.

MR LOCKHART—DEAN STANLEY.

Several important biographical works have already been noticed in connection with the authors whose lives were related. The number of new works in this department of our literature continues daily to increase, but it is only necessary to notice such as have an original character, or derive special interest from the name and talents of the biographer.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by J. G. LOCKHART, *Esq., his Literary Executor*, seven volumes, 1837, makes the nearest approach, in fullness of detail, literary importance, and general interest, to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. The near relationship of the author to his subject might have blinded his judgment, yet the Life is written in a fair and manly spirit, without either suppressions or misstatements that could alter its essential features. Into the controversial points of the memoir we shall not enter: the author has certainly paid too little deference and regard to the feelings of individuals; and in most of his conclusions with regard to the Messrs Ballantyne, we believe him to have been wrong; yet far more than enough remains to enable us to overlook these blemishes. The fearless confidence with which all that he knew and believed is laid before the public, and Scott presented to the world exactly as he was in life—in his schemes of worldly ambition as in his vast literary undertakings—is greatly to be admired, and well deserves its meed of praise. The book, in the main, exhibits a sound and healthy spirit, calculated to exercise a great influence on contemporary literature. As an example and guide in real life, in doing and in suffering, it is equally valuable. 'The more,' says Mr Lockhart, 'the details of Scott's personal history are revealed and studied, the more powerfully will that be found to inculcate the same great lessons with his works. Where else shall we be better taught how prosperity may be extended by beneficence, and adversity confronted by exertion? Where can we see the "follies of the wise" more strikingly rebuked, and a character more beautifully purified and exalted than in the passage through affliction to death? His character seems to belong to some elder and stronger period than ours; and, indeed, I cannot help likening it to the architectural fabrics of other ages which he most delighted in, where there is such a congregation of imagery and tracery, such endless indulgence of whim and fancy, the sublime blending here with the beautiful, and there contrasted with the grotesque—half perhaps seen in the clear daylight, and half by rays tinged with the blazoned forms of the past—that one may be apt to get bewildered among the variety of particular impressions, and not feel either the unity of the grand design, or the height and solidness of the structure, until the door has been closed on the labyrinth of aisles and shrines, and you survey it from a distance, but still within its shadow.'

In 1843 Mr Lockhart published an abridgment of his Life of Scott, embracing only what may be called more strictly narrative, to which he made some slight additions. One of these we subjoin:

The Sons of Great Men.

The children of illustrious men begin the world with great advantages, if they know how to use them; but this is hard and rare. There is risk that in the flush of youth, favourable to all illusions, the filial pride may be twisted to personal vanity. When experience checks this misgrowth, it is apt to do so with a severity that shall reach the best sources of moral and intellectual development. The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle. It was fortunate for the sons of Scott that his day darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak, unmanly folly was nipped in the bud, and soon withered to the root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested.

Much light is thrown on the Scott and Ballantyne dispute, and on the Scotch literature of the period, by *Archibald Constable, and his Literary Correspondence: a Memorial by his Son, Thomas Constable*, three volumes, 1873.

Mr Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, originally published in 1828, made a valuable addition to the biographical facts in Dr Currie's memoir of the poet. It is finely written, in a candid and generous spirit, and contains passages—that describing Burns's appearance among the *savans* of Edinburgh, his life at Ellisland, &c—which mark the hand of the master.

Burns on his Farm at Ellisland.

It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, more noble, than what such a person as Mrs Dunlop might at this period be supposed to contemplate as the probable tenor of his [Burns's] life. What fame can bring of happiness he had already tasted; he had overleaped, by the force of his genius, all the painful barriers of society; and there was probably not a man in Scotland who would not have thought himself honoured by seeing Burns under his roof. He had it in his own power to place his poetical reputation on a level with the very highest names, by proceeding in the same course of study and exertion which had originally raised him into public notice and admiration. Surrounded by an affectionate family, occupied but not engrossed by the agricultural labours in which his youth and early manhood had delighted, communing with nature in one of the loveliest districts of his native land, and, from time to time, producing to the world some immortal addition to his verse—thus advancing in years and in fame, with what respect would not Burns have been thought of; how venerable in the eyes of his contemporaries—how hallowed in those

of after-generations, would have been the roof of Ellisland, the field on which he 'bound every day after his reapers,' the solemn river by which he delighted to wander! The plain of Bannockburn would hardly have been holier ground.

As a reviewer, Mr Lockhart's critiques were principally biographical; and his notices of Campbell, Southey, Theodore Hook, Jeffrey, and others will be recollected by most readers of the *Quarterly Review*. The sharp, clear, incisive style, and the mixture of scholastic taste with the tact of the man of the world, distinguish them all. The biography of Burns afterwards received minute examination and additional facts from Dr Robert Chambers and Dr P. Hately Waddell.

The Life and Correspondence of Dr Arnold, by ARTHUR P. STANLEY (now dean of Westminster), two volumes, 1844, is valuable as affording an example of a man of noble, independent nature, and also as furnishing a great amount of most interesting information relative to the public schools of England, and the various social and political questions which agitated the country from 1820 to 1840. Whether agreeing with, or dissenting from, the views of Dr Arnold, it is impossible not to admire his love of truth and perfect integrity of character. In intellectual energy, decision, and uprightness he resembled Johnson, but happily his constitutional temperament was as elastic and cheerful as that of Johnson was desponding and melancholy. We add a few scraps from Arnold's letters and diary, which form so interesting a portion of Dean Stanley's memoir.

Few Men take Life in Earnest.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.

Home and Old Friends.

These are times when I am least of all inclined to loosen the links which bind me to my oldest and dearest friends; for I imagine we shall all want the union of all the good men we can get together; and the want of sympathy which I cannot but feel towards many of those whom I meet with, makes me think how delightful it would be to have daily intercourse with those with whom I ever feel it thoroughly. What people do in middle life, without a wife and children to turn to, I cannot imagine; for I think the affections must be sadly checked and chilled, even in the best men, by their intercourse with people such as one usually finds them in the world. I do not mean that one does not meet with good and sensible people; but then their minds are set, and our minds are set, and they will not, in mature age, grow into each other; but with a home filled with those whom we entirely love and sympathise with, and with some old friends, to whom one can open one's heart fully from time to time, the world's society has rather a bracing influence to make one shake off mere dreams of delight.

London and Mont Blanc.

August 1, 1837.—We passed through London, with which I was once so familiar; and which now I almost gaze at with the wonder of a stranger. That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains, is yet a place that I should be most sorry to call my home. In fact, its greatness repels the notion of home; it may be a palace, but it cannot be a home. How different from the mingled greatness and sweetness of our mountain valleys! and yet he who were strong in body and mind ought to desire rather, if he must do one, to spend all his life in London, than all his life in Westmoreland. For not yet can energy and rest be united in one, and this is not our time and place for rest, but for energy.

August 2, 1839.—I am come out alone, my dearest to this spot, to see the morning sun on Mont Blanc and on the lake, and to look with more, I trust, than outward eyes on this glorious scene. It is overpowering, like all other intense beauty, if you dwell upon it; but I contrast it immediately with our Rugby horizon, and our life of duty there, and our cloudy sky of England—clouded socially, alas! far more darkly than physically. But, beautiful as this is, and peaceful, may I never breathe a wish to retire hither, even with you and our darlings, if it were possible; but may I be strengthened to labour, and to do and to suffer in our own beloved country and church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them. And if—as I trust it will—this rambling and this beauty of nature in foreign lands, shall have strengthened me for my work at home, then we may both rejoice that we have had this little parting.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL.

The *Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.*, 1852, by WILLIAM STIRLING, of Keir (now Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart.), supplies deficiencies and corrects errors in the popular account of the emperor in Robertson's History. He had access to documents unknown to Robertson, and was, besides, more familiar with Spanish literature. This work, it must be confessed, destroys part of the romance of the life of Charles, while it adds materially to our knowledge of it. For example, Robertson states that the table of the emperor was 'neat and plain,' but Sir William draws a very different picture of the cuisine:

Epicurean Habits of the Emperor Charles V.

In this matter of eating, as in many other habits, the emperor was himself a true Fleming. His early tendency to gout was increased by his indulgences at table, which generally far exceeded his feeble powers of digestion. Roger Ascham, standing 'hard by the imperial table at the feast of golden fleece,' watched with wonder the emperor's progress through 'sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare,' after which 'he fed well off a capon,' drinking also, says the Fellow of St John's, 'the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine.' Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy, or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last upon the rich dishes, against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before. The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the secretary of state. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was

ordered to change his route that he might bring, every Thursday, a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pescado grueso*) for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small; the olives, on the other hand, were too large, and the emperor wished, instead, for olives of Perejon. One day, the secretary of state was asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the emperor remembers that the Count of Orsono once sent him, into Flanders, some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted 'of the kind which the queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself in making, in the Flemish fashion, at Tordesillas,' and for the receipt for which the secretary is referred to the Marquess of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges, the emperor said that they used to be better, ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled. The emperor's weakness being generally known or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the archbishop of Zaragoza; the archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves; and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville, and from Portugal. Luis Quixada, who knew the emperor's habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with gout and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation; and he remarked with complacency his majesty's fondness for plovers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.

The retirement of the emperor took place on the 3d of February 1557. He carried with him to his cloister sixty attendants—not twelve, as stated by Robertson; and in his retreat at Yuste he wielded the royal power as firmly as he had done at Augsburg or Toledo. His regular life, however, had something in it of monastic quiet—his time was measured out with punctual attention to his various employments; he fed his pet birds or sauntered among his trees and flowers, and joined earnestly in the religious observances of the monks. The subjoined scene is less strikingly painted than in Robertson's narrative, but is more correct:

The Emperor performs the Funeral Service for Himself.

About this time [August 1558], according to the historian of St Jerome, his thoughts seemed to turn more than usual to religion and its rites. Whenever during his stay at Yuste any of his friends, of the degree of princes or knights of the fleece, had died, he had ever been punctual in doing honour to their memory, by causing their obsequies to be performed by the friars; and these lugubrious services may be said to have formed the festivals of the gloomy life of the cloister. The daily masses said for his own soul were always accompanied by others for the souls of his father, mother, and wife. But now he ordered further solemnities of the funeral kind to be performed in behalf of these relations, each on a different day, and attended them himself, preceded by a page bearing a taper, and joining in the chant, in a very devout and audible manner, out of a tattered prayer-book. These rites ended, he asked his confessor whether he might not now perform his own funeral, and so do for himself what would soon have to be done for him by others. Regla replied that his majesty, please God, might live many years, and that when his time came these services would be gratefully rendered, without his taking any thought about the matter. 'But,' persisted Charles, 'would it not be good for my soul?' The monk said, that certainly it would; pious works done during life being far more efficacious than when postponed till after death. Preparations were therefore at once set on foot; a catafalque, which had served before on similar occasions, was erected; and on the following day, the 30th of August, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of wax-lights; the friars were all in their places, at the altars, and in the choir, and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. 'The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds, and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies.' While the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker. High above, over the kneeling throne and the gorgeous vestments, the flowers, the curling incense, and the glittering altar, the same idea shone forth in that splendid canvas whereon Titian had pictured Charles kneeling on the threshold of the heavenly mansions prepared for the blessed. . . . The funeral-rites ended, the emperor dined in his western alcove. He ate little, but he remained for a great part of the afternoon sitting in the open air, and basking in the sun, which, as it descended to the horizon, beat strongly upon the white walls. Feeling a violent pain in his head, he returned to his chamber and lay down. Mathisio, whom he had sent in the morning to Xarandrilla to attend the Count of Oropesa in his illness, found him when he returned still suffering considerably, and attributed the pain to his having remained too long in the hot sunshine. Next morning he was somewhat better, and was able to get up and go to mass, but still felt oppressed, and complained much of thirst. He told his confessor, however, that the service of the day before had done him good. The sunshine again tempted him into his open gallery. As he sat there, he sent for a portrait of the empress, and hung for some time, lost in thought, over the gentle face, which, with its blue eyes, auburn hair, and pensive beauty, somewhat resembled the noble countenance of that other Isabella, the great queen of Castile. He next called for a picture of Our Lord Praying in the Garden, and then for a sketch of the Last Judgment, by Titian. Having looked his last upon the image of the wife of his youth, it seemed as if he were now bidding farewell, in the contemplation of these other favourite pictures, to the noble art which he had loved with a love which cares, and years, and sickness could not quench, and that will ever be remembered with his better fame. Thus occupied, he remained so long abstracted and motionless, that Mathisio, who was on the watch, thought it right to awake him from his reverie. On being spoken to, he turned round and complained that he was ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and pronounced him in a fever. Again the afternoon sun was shining over the great walnut tree, full into the gallery. From this pleasant spot, filled with the

fragrance of the garden and the murmur of the fountain, and bright with glimpses of the golden Vera, they carried him to the gloomy chamber of his sleepless nights, and laid him on the bed from which he was to rise no more.

The emperor died in three weeks after this time —on the 21st of September 1558. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's narrative, we need hardly add, is at once graceful and exact. Its author has written another Spanish memoir—*Velasquez and his Works*, 1855. There was little to tell of the great Spanish painter, whose life was uniformly prosperous; but Sir William gives sketches of Philip IV. and his circle, and adds many critical remarks and illustrations. He prefers Velasquez to Murillo or Rubens. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell succeeded to the baronetcy and estate of Pollok (Renfrewshire) in 1865. He was born at the paternal seat of Keir, in Perthshire, in 1818; is an M.A. of Cambridge University, and LL.D. of the universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews.

Velasquez's Faithful Colour-grinder.

Juan de Pareja, one of the ablest, and better known to fame as the slave of Velasquez, was born at Seville in 1606. His parents belonged to the class of slaves then numerous in Andalusia, the descendants of negroes imported in large numbers into Spain by the Moriscos in the sixteenth century; and in the African hue and features of their son, there is evidence that they were mulattoes, or that one or other of them was a black. It is not known whether he came into the possession of Velasquez by purchase or by inheritance, but he was in his service as early as 1623, when he accompanied him to Madrid. Being employed to clean the brushes, grind the colours, prepare the palettes, and do the other menial work of the studio, and living amongst pictures and painters, he early acquired an acquaintance with the implements of art, and an ambition to use them. He therefore watched the proceedings of his master, and privately copied his works with the eagerness of a lover and the secrecy of a conspirator. In the Italian journeys in which he accompanied Velasquez, he seized every opportunity of improvement; and in the end he became an artist of no mean skill. But his nature was so reserved, and his candle so jealously concealed under its bushel, that he had returned from his second visit to Rome, and had reached the mature age of forty-five, before his master became aware that he could use the brushes which he washed. When at last he determined on laying aside the mask, he contrived that it should be removed by the hand of the king. Finishing a small picture with peculiar care, he deposited it in his master's studio, with its face turned to the wall. A picture so placed arouses curiosity, and is perhaps more certain to attract the eye of the loitering visitor than if it were hung up for the purpose of being seen. When Philip IV. visited Velasquez, he never failed to cause the daub or the masterpiece that happened to occupy such a position to be paraded for his inspection. He therefore fell at once into the trap, and being pleased with the work, asked for the author. Pareja, who took care to be at the royal elbow, immediately fell on his knees, owning his guilt, and praying for his majesty's protection. The good-natured king, turning to Velasquez, said: 'You see that a painter like this ought not to remain a slave.' Pareja, kissing the royal hand, rose from the ground a free man. His master gave him a formal deed of manumission, and received the colour-grinder as a scholar. The attached follower, however, remained with him till he died; and continued in the service of his daughter, the wife of Mazo Martinez, until his own death, in 1670.

G. H. LEWES.

MR GEORGE HENRY LEWES, eminent as a philosophical essayist, critic, and biographer, has written two novels—*Ranthorpe*, 1847; and *Rose, Blanche, and Violet*, 1848. In the former, he traces the moral influence of genius on its possessor, and though there is little artistic power evinced in the plot of the tale, it is a suggestive and able work. In his second novel, which is longer and much more skilfully constructed, Mr Lewes aims chiefly at the delineation of character. His three sisters, Rose, Blanche, and Violet, are typical of different classes of character—the gay, the gentle, and the decided; and as each of the ladies forms an attachment, we have other characters and contrasts, with various complicated incidents and love-passages. The author, however, is more of a moral teacher than a story-teller, and he sets himself resolutely to demolish what he considers popular fallacies, and to satirise the follies and delusions prevalent in society. Here is one of his ethical positions:

Superiority of the Moral over the Intellectual Nature of Man.

Strength of Will is the quality most needing cultivation in mankind. Will is the central force which gives strength and greatness to character. We overestimate the value of Talent, because it dazzles us; and we are apt to underrate the importance of Will, because its works are less shining. Talent gracefully adorns life; but it is Will which carries us victoriously through the struggle. Intellect is the torch which lights us on our way; Will is the strong arm which rough-hews the path for us. The clever, weak man sees all the obstacles on his path; the very torch he carries, being brighter than that of most men, enables him, perhaps, to see that the path before him may be directest, the best—yet it also enables him to see the crooked turnings by which he may, as he fancies, reach the goal without encountering difficulties. If, indeed, Intellect were a sun, instead of a torch—if it irradiated every corner and crevice—then would man see how, in spite of every obstacle, the direct path was the only safe one, and he would cut the way through by manful labour. But constituted as we are, it is the clever, weak men who stumble most—the strong men who are most virtuous and happy. In this world, there cannot be virtue without strong Will; the weak 'know the right, and yet the wrong pursue.'

No one, I suppose, will accuse me of deifying Obstinacy, or even mere brute Will; nor of depreciating Intellect. But we have had too many dithyrambs in honour of mere Intelligence; and the older I grow, the clearer I see that Intellect is *not* the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Knowledge, after all, is not the greatest thing in life; it is not the 'be-all and the end-all here.' Life is not Science. The light of Intellect is truly a precious light; but its aim and end is simply to shine. The moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes that his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—but it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom, if ever, astonishes; goodness, lovingness, and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world.

And in the following we have a sound, healthy doctrine which has also received the support of Thackeray:

Real Men of Genius resolute Workers.

There is, in the present day, an overplus of raving about genius, and its prescriptive rights of vagabondage, its irresponsibility, and its insubordination to all the laws of common sense. Common sense is so prosaic! Yet it appears from the history of art that the real men of genius did not rave about anything of the kind. They were resolute workers, not idle dreamers. They knew that their genius was not a frenzy, not a supernatural thing at all, but simply the colossal proportions of faculties which, in a lesser degree, the meanest of mankind shared with them. They knew that whatever it was, it would not enable them to accomplish with success the things they undertook, unless they devoted their whole energies to the task.

Would Michael Angelo have built St Peter's, sculptured the Moses, and made the walls of the Vatican sacred with the presence of his gigantic pencil, had he awaited inspiration while his works were in progress? Would Rubens have dazzled all the galleries of Europe, had he allowed his brush to hesitate? would Beethoven and Mozart have poured out their souls into such abundant melodies? would Goethe have written the sixty volumes of his works—had they not often, very often, sat down like drudges to an unwilling task, and found themselves speedily engrossed with that to which they were so averse?

'Use the pen,' says a thoughtful and subtle author: 'there is no magic in it; *but it keeps the mind from staggering about.*' This is an aphorism which should be printed in letters of gold over the studio door of every artist. Use the pen or the brush; do not pause, do not trifle, have no misgivings; but keep your mind from staggering about by fixing it resolutely on the matter before you, and then all that you *can* do you *will* do; inspiration will not enable you to do more. Write or paint: act, do not hesitate. If what you have written or painted should turn out imperfect, you can correct it, and the correction will be more efficient than that correction which takes place in the shifting thoughts of hesitation. You will learn from your failures infinitely more than from the vague wandering reflections of a mind loosened from its moorings; because the failure is absolute, it is precise, it stands bodily before you, your eyes and judgment cannot be juggled with, you know whether a certain verse is harmonious, whether the rhyme is there or not there; but in the other case you not only *can* juggle with yourself, but *do* so, the very indeterminateness of your thoughts makes you do so; as long as the idea is not positively clothed in its artistic form, it is impossible accurately to say what it will be. The magic of the pen lies in the concentration of your thoughts upon one subject. Let your pen fall, begin to trifle with blotting-paper, look at the ceiling, bite your nails, and otherwise dally with your purpose, and you waste your time, scatter your thoughts, and repress the nervous energy necessary for your task. Some men dally and dally, hesitate and trifle until the last possible moment, and when the printer's boy is knocking at the door, they begin; necessity goading them, they write with singular rapidity, and with singular success; they are astonished at themselves. What is the secret? Simply this; they have had no time to hesitate. Concentrating their powers upon the one object before them, they have done what they *could* do.

Impatient reader! if I am tedious, forgive me. These lines may meet the eyes of some to whom they are specially addressed, and may awaken thoughts in their minds not unimportant to their future career. Forgive me, if only because I have taken what is called the prosaic side! I have not flattered the shallow sophisms which would give a gloss to idleness and incapacity. I have not availed myself of the splendid tirades, so easy to write, about the glorious privileges of genius. My 'preaching' may be very ineffectual, but at anyrate it advocates the honest dignity of labour; let my cause excuse my tediousness.

Mr Lewes is a native of London, born in 1817. He received his education partly abroad and partly from Dr Burney at Greenwich. Being intended for a mercantile life, he was placed in the office of a Russian merchant, but soon abandoned it for the medical profession. From this he was driven, it is said, by a feeling of horror at witnessing surgical operations, and he took to literature as a profession. His principal works are a *Biographical History of Philosophy*, four volumes, 1845; *The Spanish Drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon*, 1846; *Life of Maximilien Robespierre*, 1849; *Exposition of the Principles of the 'Cours de Philosophie positif' of Auguste Comte*, 1853; *The Life and Works of Goethe*, two volumes, 1855; *Sea-side Studies at Ilfracombe, Tenby, the Scilly Isles, and Jersey*, 1857. In the *Physiology of Common Life*, two volumes, 1870, Mr Lewes has made a very readable and instructive compendium of information on subjects which 'come home to the business and bosoms of men'—such as food and drink, mind and brain, feeling and thinking, life and health, sleep and dreams, &c. We quote a passage which may be said to be connected with biography:

Children of Great Men—Hereditary Tendencies.

If the father bestows the nervous system, how are we to explain the notorious inferiority of the children of great men? There is considerable exaggeration afloat on this matter, and able men have been called nullities because they have not manifested the great talents of their fathers; but allowing for all over-statement, the palpable fact of the inferiority of some to their fathers is beyond dispute, and has helped to foster the idea of all great men owing their genius to their mothers: an idea which will not bear confrontation with the facts. Many men of genius have had remarkable mothers; and that one such instance could be cited is sufficient to prove the error both of the hypothesis which refers the nervous system to paternal influence, and of the hypothesis which only refers the *preponderance* to the paternal influence. If the male preponderates, how is it that Pericles, who 'carried the weapons of Zeus upon his tongue,' produced nothing better than a Paralus and a Xanthippus? How came the infamous Lysimachus from the austere Aristides? How was the weighty intellect of Thucydides left to be represented by an idiotic Milesias and a stupid Stephanus? When was the great soul of Oliver Cromwell in his son Richard? Who were the inheritors of Henry IV. and Peter the Great? What were Shakspeare's children and Milton's daughters? What was Addison's only son [daughter]? an idiot. Unless the mother preponderated in these and similar instances, we are without an explanation; for it being proved as a law of heritage, that the individual does transmit his qualities to his offspring, it is only on the supposition of *both* individuals transmitting their organisations, and the one modifying the other, that such anomalies are conceivable. When the paternal influence is not counteracted, we see it transmitted. Hence the common remark, 'Talent runs in families.' The proverbial phrases, 'l'esprit des Mortemarts,' and the 'wit of the Sheridans,' imply this transmission from father to son. Bernardo Tasso was a considerable poet, and his son Torquato inherited his faculties, heightened by the influence of the mother. The two Herschels, the two Colmans, the Kemble family, and the Coleridges, will at once occur to the reader; but the most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a

musical genius, which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs, the children of very various mothers.

Here a sceptical reader may be tempted to ask how a man of genius is ever produced, if the child is always the repetition of the parents? How can two parents of ordinary capacity produce a child of extraordinary power? We must consider the phenomenon of *atavism*, or ancestral influence, in which the child manifests striking resemblance to the grandfather or grandmother, and not to the father or mother. It is to be explained on the supposition that the qualities were transmitted from the grandfather to the father, in whom they were *masked* by the presence of some antagonistic or controlling influence, and thence transmitted to the son, in whom, the antagonistic influence being withdrawn, they manifested themselves. We inherit the nervous system no less than the muscular and bony, and with the nervous system we inherit its general and particular characters—that is to say, the general sensibility of the system, and the conformation of the brain and sensory ganglia, are as much subject to the law of transmission as the size and conformation of the bony and muscular structures are; this being so, it is evident that all those tendencies which depend on the nervous system will likewise be inherited; and even special aptitudes, such as those for music, mathematics, wit, and so on, will be inherited; nay, even acquired tendencies and tricks of gesture will be inherited. But this inheritance is in each case subject to the influence exercised by the other parent; and very often this influence is such as to modify, to mask, or even to entirely suppress the manifestation.

Mr Lewes has also been an extensive contributor to the reviews and other periodicals; and he is said to have edited for nearly five years a weekly paper, *The Leader*.

English readers are now becoming familiar with both the life and writings of the great German, Goethe. Mr Carlyle first awakened attention in this country to the poet's personal history, as well as to the just appreciation of his genius. Since then, MR OXENFORD has translated the *Autobiography* and *Eckermann's Conversations;* MRS AUSTIN has given us *Goethe and his Contemporaries*, of which Falk's Reminiscences form the nucleus; and MR LEWES has presented the public with the *Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries*, 1855. We have the man and all his 'environments' before us. Goethe's mother seems to have given him everything, as Mr Lewes remarks, which bore the stamp of distinctive individuality. She was a lively, joyous little woman. 'Order and quiet,' she said, 'are my principal characteristics. Hence, I despatch at once whatever I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. When all has returned to its proper state, I defy any one to surpass me in good-humour.'

Goethe's mother was just eighteen when he was born. 'I and my Wolfgang,' she said, 'have always held fast to each other, because we were both young together.' It is pleasing to know that she lived to hail him the greatest citizen of Weimar and the most popular author of Germany. The father, a councillor of Frankfort, was somewhat cold and formal, but he appears to have been indulgent enough to the wayward genius, his son. Mr Lewes enters at length into the poet's college life at Leipsic and Strasburg, and has had access to various unpublished sources of information. The first literary work of Goethe, his drama of *Götz von Berlichingen*—written in 1771, but not published till 1773—is a vivid picture of wild robber life and feudal times. It caught the fancy of Sir Walter Scott, who became its translator; but though highly popular in its day, this tragedy gives but faint indication of the depth or delicacy of feeling and the subtle imagination that 'interpenetrates' *Werther*. The poet, it is well known, wrote from genuine impulses. He was, or fancied himself, desperately in love with Charlotte Buff. Charlotte, however, was betrothed to a friend of the poet, Kestner, and a complication of passion and disappointment agitated the affectionate trio. Charlotte and Kestner were married, and Goethe sought relief in his own peculiar way by embodying the story of their love and his own feelings, with the addition of ideal circumstances, in his 'philosophical romance' of *Werther*. The romance was published in 1774, and Mr Lewes says: 'Perhaps there never was a fiction which so startled and enraptured the world. Men of all kinds and classes were moved by it. It was the companion of Napoleon, when in Egypt; it penetrated into China. To convey in a sentence its wondrous popularity, we may state that in Germany it became a people's book, hawked about the streets, printed upon miserable paper, like an ancient ballad; and in the Chinese empire, Charlotte and Werther were modelled in porcelain.' In this country also, despite its questionable morality and sentimentalism, it had an immense popularity in an English version. Carlyle touches on one cause of this success: 'That nameless unrest, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, that high, sad, longing discontent which was agitating every bosom, had driven Goethe almost to despair. All felt it; he alone could give it voice, and here lies the secret of his popularity.' A spirit of speculation was abroad, men were disgusted with the political institutions of the age, and had begun to indulge in those visions of emancipation and freedom which, in part, led to the French Revolution. Like Ossian's Poems—which were at first as rapturously received—the *Sorrows of Werther* find little acceptance now in this country.* In the original the work is a masterpiece of style. 'We may look through German literature in vain for such clear sunny pictures, fullness of life, and delicately managed simplicity: its style is one continuous strain of music.' The real and the ideal had been happily blended. Goethe was now a literary lion; and the Duke of Weimar—the reigning prince—visiting Frankfort, insisted on his spending a few

* Thackeray's ballad on the story is more popular:

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

weeks at his court. 'On the 7th of November 1775, Goethe, aged twenty-six, arrived at the little city on the banks of the Ilm [Weimar], where his long residence was to confer on an insignificant duchy the immortal renown of a German Athens.' Mr Lewes describes Weimar in the eighteenth century.

Picture of Weimar.

Weimar is an ancient city on the Ilm, a small stream rising in the Thuringian forests, and losing itself in the Saal, at Jena, a stream on which the sole navigation seems to be that of ducks, and which meanders peacefully through pleasant valleys, except during the rainy season, when mountain torrents swell its current and overflow its banks. The Trent, between Trentham and Stafford—'the smug and silver Trent,' as Shakspeare calls it—will give you an idea of this stream. The town is charmingly placed in the Ilm valley, and stands some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. 'Weimar,' says the old topographer Mathew Merian, 'is *Weinmar*, because it was the wine-market for Jena and its environs. Others say it was because some one here in ancient days began to plant the vine, who was hence called *Weinmayer*. But of this each reader may believe just what he pleases.'

On a first acquaintance, Weimar seems more like a village bordering a park, than a capital with a court, and having all courtly environments. It is so quiet, so simple; and although ancient in its architecture, has none of the picturesqueness which delights the eye in most old German cities. The stone-coloured, light-brown, and apple-green houses have high-peaked, slanting roofs, but no quaint gables, no caprices of architectural fancy, none of the mingling of varied styles which elsewhere charm the traveller. One learns to love its quiet, simple streets, and pleasant paths, fit theatre for the simple actors moving across the scene; but one must live there some time to discover its charm. The aspect it presented when Goethe arrived was of course very different from that presented now; but by diligent inquiry we may get some rough image of the place restored. First be it noted that the city walls were still erect; gates and portcullis still spoke of days of warfare. Within these walls were six or seven hundred houses, not more, most of them very ancient. Under these roofs were about seven thousand inhabitants—for the most part not handsome. The city gates were strictly guarded. No one could pass through them in cart or carriage without leaving his name in the sentinel's book; even Goethe, minister and favourite, could not escape this tiresome formality, as we gather from one of his letters to the Frau von Stein, directing her to go out alone, and meet him beyond the gates, lest their exit together should be known. During Sunday service a chain was thrown across the streets leading to the church to bar out all passengers—a practice to this day partially retained: the chain is fastened, but the passengers step over it without ceremony. There was little safety at night in those silent streets; for if you were in no great danger from marauders, you were in constant danger of breaking a limb in some hole or other, the idea of lighting streets not having presented itself to the Thuringian mind. In the year 1685, the streets of London were first lighted with lamps; and Germany, in most things a century behind England, had not yet ventured on that experiment. If in this 1854 Weimar is still innocent of gas, and perplexes its inhabitants with the dim obscurity of an occasional oil-lamp slung on a cord across the streets, we may imagine that in 1775 they had not even advanced so far. And our supposition is exact.

A century earlier, stage-coaches were known in England; but in Germany, public conveyances, very rude to this day in places where no railway exists, were few and miserable, nothing but open carts with unstuffed seats. Diligences on springs were unknown before 1800, and what they were even twenty years ago many readers doubtless remember. Then as to speed; if you travelled post, it was said with pride that seldom more than an hour's waiting was necessary before the horses were got ready, at least on frequented routes. Mail travelling was at the rate of five English miles in an hour and a quarter. Letters took nine days from Berlin to Frankfort, which in 1854 require only twenty-four hours. So slow was the communication of news, that, as we learn from the Stein correspondence, so great an event as the death of Frederick the Great was only known as a rumour a week afterwards in Carlsbad. 'By this time,' writes Goethe, 'you must know in Weimar if it be true.' With these facilities it was natural that men travelled but rarely, and mostly on horseback. What the inns were may be imagined from the unfrequency of travellers, and the general state of domestic comfort.

The absence of comfort and luxury—luxury as distinguished from ornament—may be gathered from the memoirs of the time, and from such works as Bertuch's *Mode Journal*. Such necessities as good locks, doors that shut, drawers opening easily, tolerable knives, carts on springs, or beds fit for a Christian of any other than the 'German persuasion,' are still rarities in Thuringia; but in those days when sewers were undreamed of, and a post-office was a chimera, all that we moderns consider comfort was necessarily fabulous. The furniture, even of palaces, was extremely simple. In the houses of wealthy bourgeois, chairs and tables were of common fir; not until the close of the eighteenth century did mahogany make its appearance. Looking-glasses followed. The chairs were covered with a coarse green cloth; the tables likewise; and carpets are only now beginning to loom upon the national mind as a possible luxury. The windows were hung with woollen curtains, when the extravagance of curtains was ventured on. Easy chairs were unknown; the only arm-chair allowed was the so-called *Grandfather's chair*, which was reserved for the dignity of gray hairs, or the feebleness of age.

The *salon de reception*, or drawing-room, into which greatly honoured visitors were shewn, had of course a kind of Sunday splendour, not dimmed by week-day familiarity. There hung the curtains; the walls were adorned with family portraits or some work of extremely 'native talent;' the tables alluring the eye with china in guise of cups, vases, impossible shepherds, and very allegorical dogs. Into this room the honoured visitor was ushered; and there, no matter what the hour, he was handed refreshment of some kind. This custom—a compound product of hospitality and bad inns—lingered until lately in England, and perhaps is still not unknown in provincial towns.

On eating and drinking was spent the surplus now devoted to finery. No one then, except gentlemen of the first water, boasted of a gold snuff-box; even a gold-headed cane was an unusual elegance. The dandy contented himself with a silver watch. The fine lady blazoned herself with a gold watch and heavy chain; but it was an heirloom! to see a modern dinner service glittering with silver, glass, and china, and to think that even the nobility in those days ate off pewter, is enough to make the lapse of time very vivid to us. A silver tea-pot and tea-tray were held as princely magnificence. The manners were rough and simple. The journeymen ate at the same table with their masters, and joined in the coarse jokes which then passed for hilarity. Filial obedience was rigidly enforced, the stick or strap not unfrequently aiding parental authority. Even the brothers exercised an almost paternal authority over their sisters. Indeed, the 'position of women' was by no means such as our women can conceive with patience; not only were they kept under the paternal, marital, and fraternal yoke, but society limited their actions by its prejudices still more than it does now. No woman, for instance, of the better class of citizens could go out alone; the servant-girl followed her to church, to a shop, or even to the promenade. . . .

The foregoing survey would be incomplete without some notice of the *prices* of things, the more so as we shall learn hereafter that the pension Karl August gave Schiller was 200 thalers—about £60 of our money—and that the salary Goethe received as Councillor of Legation, was only 1200 thalers—about £200 per annum. On reading this, Mr Smith jingles the loose silver in his pockets, and, with that superb British pride, redolent of consols, which makes the family of Smith so accurate a judge of all social positions, exclaims: 'These beggarly Germans; I give my head clerk twice the sum!'

At the little court, Goethe was all but idolised. He dressed in the costume which he had assigned to his *Werther*, and the dress was adopted by the duke and the courtiers. It was not very sentimental, as Mr Lewes suggests, being composed of blue coat and brass buttons, top-boots and leather breeches, surmounted by powder and pig-tail! The duke, Karl August, though patronising literature in the person of Goethe, seems to have been somewhat idle and dissipated; the Dowager-duchess Amalia was more intellectual. There was also a Baroness von Stein, wife of the Master of the Horse, who captivated Goethe, and the attachment lapsed into a *liaison*, not uncommon in that court, but which Mr Lewes passes over too slightly, as a matter of course. The poet, however, applied himself to business, was made President of the Chamber, Minister of the War Department, and, finally, elevated to the nobility. Henceforth he is *Von* Goethe. He gets tired, however, of public life; travels into Italy; and, by consent of the duke, is released, after his return to Weimar, from official duties. His passion for the Frau von Stein now cooled—all his love-scenes are dissolving-views; but in the autumn of 1788, Goethe, 'walking in the much-loved park, was accosted by a fresh, young, bright-looking girl, who, with many reverences, handed him a petition.' The petition contained a request that the great poet would exert his influence to procure a post for a young author, the brother of the maiden who then addressed him, and whose name was Christiane Vulpius. Christiane was humble in rank, clever, but not highly gifted—'not a Frau von Stein.' She was, however, elevated to the same bad eminence in the poet's regard, and, fifteen years afterwards, when a son had been born to them—when *Wilhelm Meister*, the *Faust*, and *Lyrics* had placed Goethe at the head of German authors—he married Christiane Vulpius. The 'sunset,' which Mr Lewes put at the head of 'Book the Seventh,' had then commenced. But stirring incidents still remained—the battle of Jena and sack of Weimar, and, subsequently, the gratifying interview with Napoleon. Love-pasages also were interposed, and the sexagenarian poet 'deposited with deep emotion many a sad experience' in his fiction and poetry. All this German sentimentalism seems as unlike real life as the scenes in the sparkling comedies of Congreve or Wycherley. Goethe at seventy was younger, Mr Lewes says, than many men at fifty. The second part of *Faust* was completed in his eighty-first year, and at eighty-two he wrote a scientific paper on philosophic zoology. In his latter years his daughter-in-law kept house for him, Christiane having died in 1816. The poet survived her nearly sixteen years. Mr Lewes thus describes the last scene:

Death of Goethe.

The following morning—it was the 22d March 1832—he tried to walk a little up and down the room, but, after a turn, he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in the easy chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilie [his daughter-in-law] on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. The name of Ottilie was frequently on his lips. She sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. 'See,' he exclaimed, 'the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colours—a dark background!' Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and, on awakening, asked for the sketches he had just seen—the sketches of his dream. In silent anguish they awaited the close now so surely approaching. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were, *More light!* The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death. He continued to express himself by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had strength; and finally, as life ebbed, drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve he composed himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lip to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a life glided from the world. He woke no more.

The influence which Goethe's writings exercised on all the literature of Europe has been noticed by Carlyle, and is fully traced by Mr Lewes. He gives copious analyses of the principal works—especially the *Faust*—and on all points of the poet's history and his 'romances of the heart' (more properly of the imagination) we have ample details. No more original or exhaustive memoir has appeared since Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. A new edition of Mr Lewes's work, still further improved, was published in 1875.

MRS OLIPHANT.

To MRS OLIPHANT, the distinguished novelist, we are indebted for two volumes of *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.*, 1869, which appeared first in *Blackwood's Magazine*. These consist of a series of short biographies, political, literary, and fashionable. Queen Caroline and Walpole head the list, and to these succeed the 'man of the world' (Chesterfield), the 'woman of fashion' (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu), the 'poet' (Pope), the 'Young Chevalier' (Charles Edward), the 'reformer' (John Wesley), the 'sailor' (Anson), the 'philosopher' (Berkeley), the 'novelist' (Richardson), the 'sceptic' (David Hume), and the 'painter' (Hogarth). The portraits in this little gallery are drawn with truth and nice discrimination, and give the reader a good idea of all the leading characteristics, the tastes and opinions, prevailing in the reign of the second George. Besides these Historical Sketches, Mrs Oliphant has written two original and interesting biographies—the *Life of Edward Irving*, and the *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*, the latter 'a chapter of recent French history,' in which Montalembert was for thirty years, till his death in 1870, a conspicuous actor.

The Rev. Edward Irving (1792-1834) was a

remarkable man, who, like George Whitefield, enjoyed amazing popularity as a preacher, but whose writings fail to give even a faint idea of his power and influence. De Quincey considered him 'the greatest orator of his times;' Coleridge and Carlyle were his intimate friends; George Canning heard the Scotch minister preach the 'most eloquent sermon he ever listened to;' Sir James Mackintosh, too, was a hearer, and treasured up a saying of Irving's while praying for an orphan family, '*thrown upon the fatherhood of God.*' Hazlitt, Wordsworth, and Scott were all more or less attracted by this meteor, and for a time a whole host of distinguished, noble, and fashionable persons witnessed his manifestations.* Around him in London were 'mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, by indifference and neglect' (*Carlyle*). Edward Irving was a native of Annan, Dumfriesshire; was educated at the university of Edinburgh; then assistant to Dr Chalmers in Glasgow; afterwards minister of the Scotch Church in Hatton Garden, London, whence he removed to a larger church built for him in Regent Square. Whilst officiating in the latter, he was charged with heresy, and ultimately ejected by the trustees of the church, and deposed from the ministry by the presbytery of Annan, by whom he had been licensed. One of his delusions was a belief that the millennium would come in less than forty years. The heresy charged against him was maintaining the doctrine of 'the fallen state and sinfulness of our Lord's human nature'—the oneness of Christ with us in all the attributes of humanity. He had also introduced at his church manifestations of miraculous gifts and prophecy and unknown tongues, occasioning scenes of great excitement and disorder. A number of his hearers still clung to him, and a sect of 'Irvingites' was formed, which is now represented by a body of Christians under the name of the 'Apostolic Catholic Church.' Irving was profoundly convinced of the truth of what he preached. 'He clave to his belief as to his soul's soul,' says Mr Carlyle, 'toiling as never man toiled to spread it, to gain the world's ear for it—in vain. Ever wilder waxed the confusion without and within. The misguided, noble-minded had now nothing left to do but die. He died the death of the true and brave.' His death took place at Glasgow, December 8, 1834, in the forty-second year of his age. His last words were: 'If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen.' Mrs Oliphant adds: 'Scarce any man who knew him can yet name, without a softened voice and dimmed eye, the name of Edward Irving—true friend and tender heart—martyr and saint.' When we open the works of Irving this mournful spell is broken. They are mostly written in a stilted, unnatural style. Their very titles betray them: *i.e, For the Oracles of God*, Four Orations; *For Judgment to Come, an Argument in Nine Parts*, 1823; and *For Missionaries of the Apostolical School, a Series of Orations in Four Parts*, 1825. Irving also published several volumes of *Sermons, Lectures, and Discourses*. A collection of the writings of the once popular divine has recently (1864-5) been published by his nephew, the Rev. G. Carlyle. 'To the present generation,' says Mr G. Carlyle, 'Edward Irving a preacher and an author may be said to be unknown;' but the attempt to revive the writings has not, we believe, been successful. The *Life*, as told by Mrs Oliphant, and illustrated by his own journals and correspondence, constitutes his best and most durable memorial.

* The personal appearance of Irving aided the effect of his preaching. He was a tall, athletic man, with dark, sallow complexion and commanding features, long glossy black hair, and with a very obvious squint. Sir Walter Scott, who met him one day at a dinner-party, says: 'I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonise with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner.' It was a question with the ladies whether his squint was a grace or a deformity! One lady said he might have stood as a model for St John the Baptist.

Foreign Memories.

There are some landscapes in the world in which foreign memories, alien to the place, and in some cases less touching and momentous than the natural local associations, thrust themselves in, and obscure to the spectator at once the nationality and individual character of the spot. The English traveller, when he climbs the height of Tusculum, has a scene before him full of the grandest memories of a past which is the common inheritance of the whole civilised world. His boyish lessons, his youthful studies, if they have done anything for him, have qualified him to identify every hillock, and hear a far-off voice out of every tomb. Or, if it is no old but modern Rome that charms him, there are a hundred lights on that Campagna, a thousand influences of sound and sense about, enough to move the least imaginative soul. Rome lying distant on the great plain—and the dome that Buonarotti hung between earth and heaven, standing out the one thing visible, full of suggestions of the treasures lying under and about it—are sufficient to overbrim the eager brain. How is it that, as we stand upon the wistful plateau with that great scene before us, Rome and her memories fade from our eyes? 'Shrivelling like a parched scroll,' the plain rolls up and passes away. The Highland hills all black with storms, the lonely, desolate, northern seas, the wild moors and mountain-passes, rise up a sad phantasmagoria over the gray olives and clustering vines. It is the wild pibroch that rings in our ears; it is the heather that rustles below our feet, and the chill of the north that breathes into our faces. Why? Because yonder in the Duomo a line of inscription has caught the traveller's eye, obliterating Frascati and Rome, and all Italian thoughts: '*Karolus Edoardus, Filius Jacobi.*' These are the words; and there lies the high heart mouldered into dust, which once beat against the breast of the Young Chevalier! . . . .

Shipwrecked, weary of life, shamed by his knowledge of better things, consumed by vain longings for a real existence such as never could be his, the Chevalier sank as, God help us! so many sink into the awful abyss. To forget his misery, to deaden the smart of his ruin, what matters what he did? He lost in shame, in oblivion and painful decay, the phantasm which was life no longer—with other fantastic shadows—ill-chosen wife, ill-governed household, faithless and foolish favourites, a staring silly spectator-crowd—flitting across the tragic mist. A merciful fear springs to the eye, obscuring the fatal outlines of the last sad picture. There sank a man in wreck and ruin who was a noble prince when the days were. If he fell into degradation at the last, he was once as gallant, as tender, as spotless a gentleman as ever breathed English air or trod Scottish heather. And when the spectator stands by Canova's marble in the great basilica, in the fated land where, with all the Cæsars, Charles Edward has slept for nearly a century, it is not the silver trumpets in the choir, nor the matchless voices in their *Agnus Dei*, that haunt the ear in the silence; but some rude long-drawn pibroch note, wailing over land and sea, wailing to earth and heaven, for a lost cause, a perished house, and, most of all, for the

darkening, and shipwreck, and ruin of a gracious and princely soul.

George Whitefield and the Bristol Colliers.

The colliers of Kingswood, near Bristol, were proverbial for their savage character and brutality. They had no place of worship near them, and nobody so much as dreamt of inquiring whether by chance they too might have souls to be saved. The wandering evangelist [Whitefield] saw, and with that instinct or inspiration which in a great crisis often seems to direct the instrument of Providence, saw his opportunity at a glance. On the afternoon of Saturday, February 17, 1739, breaking the iron decorum of the church, but not a single thread of the allegiance which bound him to her, he took his stand on a little summit in the benighted heathen district, and proclaimed to the gaping amazed populace the message they had never heard before. Ere long, thousands gathered round him, eager to see so new a thing, to hear so strange a communication. Under the spring sunshine they gathered, 'in an awful manner, in the profoundest silence,' says the preacher, moved to the heart by the unhoped-for magnitude of his own work. The rude miners stood still as death, turning their dark countenance towards him, weeping white tears down their grimy, coal-stained cheeks. Ever since barefooted friars had wandered that way, with the wide and elastic commission of Rome, had preachers stood in England by field and hedgerows, calling the lost sheep to the fold. The eighteenth-century preacher, in his curled wig and comely bands, is no such picturesque figure as the Franciscan; but yet nothing could have been more impressive than the scenes he describes with an evident awe upon his own mind. 'The trees and hedges were full,' he says; 'all was hushed when I began.' Sometimes as many as twenty thousand collected around the little hill—at times a thrill of emotion ran through the crowd. They wept aloud together over their sins; they sang together with that wonderful voice of a multitude which has something in it more impressive than any music. The sun fell aslant over the sea of heads; the 'solemnity of approaching evening' stole over the strange scene. Through the preacher's minute, monotonous diary, there throbs a sudden fullness of human feeling as he records it. It was sometimes almost too much for him. And as he tells us the story at this long distance, we are still touched by the tears in his voice.

DR WILLIAM REEVES.

In 1857, DR WILLIAM REEVES, Dublin, published an edition of Adamnan's *Life of St Columba* (Vita Sancti Columbæ: Auctore Adamnano Monasterii Hiensis), edited for the Irish Archæological Society. Adamnan was the ninth abbot of Hy or Iona, founded by Columba, the great apostle of the Western Highlanders or Scoto-Irish, said to be born in the year 521, arrived in Scotland from Ireland in 563, died in 597. It appears from Adamnan's narrative that Columba required an interpreter when communicating with the king of the Picts. It is stated, however, that before his death he had founded above one hundred monasteries, and three hundred churches, and had ordained three thousand clergy. So much could not have been done in one life-time if the Scoto-Irish and Pictish tongues had been radically different. Dr Reeves printed Adamnan's *Life* from a manuscript of the eighth century, with the various readings of six other manuscripts preserved in different parts of Europe. He added copious notes and dissertations illustrative of the early history of the Columban institutions in Ireland and Scotland. The work evinces immense research, learning, and patient investigation.

LORD CAMPBELL.

The legal biographies of JOHN, LORD CAMPBELL, supply a blank that had often been felt in the record of British worthies, and they convey in a diffuse but agreeable way a general knowledge of history, political and social, and of constitutional law and principles. Had proper research been exercised, they would have been valuable. The *Lives of the Chancellors and the Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of George IV.*, extend to seven volumes, published in 1845-47; and the *Lives of the Chief Justices of England, from the Norman Conquest till the Death of Lord Mansfield*, form two volumes, 1849. The style of the noble biographer is often loose and careless, and there are many inaccuracies in dates and facts; but there are few more pleasant books than the *Lives of the Chancellors*, and it has been eminently successful. In his later biographies, Lord Campbell had the advantage of original papers, as well as some personal knowledge of the chancellors. The whole of Lord Loughborough's papers were communicated to him by Lord Rosslyn; he obtained many of Erskine's letters, and also letters of Lord Eldon. A love of anecdote and gossip seasons these memoirs, while, in conclusion, the noble author sums up the merits and demerits of each of his subjects with judicial impartiality and often with discrimination. Lord Campbell himself succeeded to the woolsack—the crowning glory of a long, laborious life. He was born September 15, 1781, the son of a Scottish minister, Dr George Campbell of Cupar, Fife. Having received his education, and taken his degree of A.M. at the university of St Andrews, he repaired to London, entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, and while keeping his terms, officiated as reporter and critic for the *Morning Chronicle*. He was called to the bar in 1806, and though retarded in promotion by his Whig principles, he was invested with the silk gown in 1827, and in 1830 was returned to parliament for the borough of Stafford. In 1834 he was appointed attorney-general; in 1841, lord chancellor of Ireland, with a peerage; in 1850, chief-justice of England; and in 1859, lord chancellor—a fortunate and brilliant career, with an old age of physical and intellectual vigour rarely paralleled. Yet its possessor failed to command general respect. He died June 23, 1861. In 1869, more than eight years after his death, appeared *Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham*, which had been written but not finally revised by Lord Campbell, as a continuation of his Lives of the Lord Chancellors. This is a gossiping, untrustworthy work, written in a mean, depreciatory spirit.

JAMES SPEDDING.

The *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon*—Lord Bacon—collected and edited, with a commentary, by JAMES SPEDDING, M.A. (1874), is a work of great research and labour, extending to seven volumes. It is supplementary to the edition of Lord Bacon's works, collected and edited by Mr Spedding, Mr R. L. Ellis, and Mr D. D. Heath,

which also extends to seven volumes. The publication of the Works and Life was spread over the long period of seventeen years, during which the care and research of the editors seem never to have relaxed. Mr Spedding says his object was to enable posterity to 'form a true conception of the kind of man Bacon was,' and accordingly he gives an unusually full record of a more than unusually full life.' The question of legal guilt Bacon himself admitted. The moral culpability Mr Spedding does not consider so clear, considering the corrupt practices of the age, and the philosopher's carelessness as to money and household management.

I know nothing more inexplicable than Bacon's unconsciousness of the state of his own case, unless it be the case itself. That he, of all men, whose fault had always been too much carelessness about money—who, though always too ready to borrow, to give, to lend, and to spend, had never been either a bargainer, or a grasper, or a hoarder, and whose professional experience must have continually reminded him of the peril of meddling with anything that could be construed into corruption—that he should have allowed himself on any account to accept money from suitors while their cases were before him, is wonderful. That he should have done it without feeling at the time that he was laying himself open to a charge of what in law would be called bribery, is more wonderful still. That he should have done it often, and not lived under an abiding sense of insecurity—from the consciousness that he had secrets to conceal, of which the disclosure would be fatal to his reputation, yet the safe keeping did not rest solely with himself—is most wonderful of all. Give him credit for nothing more than ordinary intelligence and ordinary prudence—wisdom for a man's self—and it seems almost incredible. And yet I believe it was the fact. The whole course of his behaviour, from the first rumour to the final sentence, convinces me that not the discovery of the thing only, but the thing itself, came upon him as a surprise; and that if anybody had told him the day before that he stood in danger of a charge of taking bribes, he would have received the suggestion with unaffected incredulity. How far I am justified in thinking so, the reader shall judge for himself; for the impression is derived solely from the tenor of the correspondence.

A *History of England* from the year 1830 to 1874 has been published in three volumes by WILLIAM NASSAU MOLESWORTH, vicar of Spotland, Rochdale. Mr John Bright, M.P., has commended this work as a book 'honestly written,' and 'calculated to give great information to the young men of the country.' The work appears to merit the commendation, and it aims at no higher praise. We quote a brief notice of a memorable national loss and solemnity:

Death of the Duke of Wellington.

During the interval between the dissolution and the re-assembly of Parliament (1852) an event occurred which deeply stirred the heart of the whole nation, from the Queen on the throne to the lowest and meanest of her subjects. The Duke of Wellington, who had attained to the 84th year of his age, had for some time past been becoming more and more infirm. On the 14th of September his feebleness had very perceptibly increased, and at about a quarter past three in the afternoon of that day he tranquilly breathed his last at Walmer Castle, where he was then residing. The qualities which caused him to be regarded with such deep reverence and admiration by the great majority of his fellow-countrymen, and made his decease, at the end of so long a life, to be deeply and sincerely regretted were admirably described in words which Mr Gladstone quoted from a former speech of Lord John Russell, and which he eloquently complimented and applied to the present occasion.

'While many of the actions of his life, while many of the qualities he possessed, are unattainable by others there are lessons which we may all derive from the life and actions of that illustrious man. It may never be given to another subject of the British crown to perform services so brilliant as he performed; it may never be given to another man to hold the sword which was to gain the independence of Europe, to rally the nation around it, and while England saved herself by her constancy, to save Europe by her example; it may never be given to another man, after having attained such eminence, after such an unexampled series of victories to shew equal moderation in peace as he has shewn greatness in war, and to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of internal and external peace for that country which he has so served; it may never be given to another man to have equal authority both with the sovereign he served and with the senate of which he was to the end a venerated member; it may never be given to another man after such a career to preserve even to the last the full possession of those great faculties with which he was endowed, and to carry on the services of one of the most important departments of the state with unexampled regularity and success, even to the latest day of his life. These are circumstances, these are qualities which may never again occur in the history of this country. But there are qualities which the Duke of Wellington displayed of which we may all act in humble imitation: that sincere and unceasing devotion to our country; that honest and upright determination to act for the benefit of the country on every occasion; that devoted loyalty, which, while it made him ever anxious to serve the crown, never induced him to conceal from the sovereign that which he believed to be the truth; that devotedness in the constant performance of duty; that temperance of his life, which enabled him at all times to give his mind and his faculties to the services which he was called on to perform; that regular, consistent, and unceasing piety by which he was distinguished at all times in his life: these are qualities that are attainable by others, and these are qualities which should not be lost as an example.'

A public funeral was of course decreed; and never in any country was such a solemnity celebrated. The procession was planned, marshalled, and carried out, with a discretion, a judgment, and a good taste, which reflected the highest honour on the civil and military authorities by whom it was directed. Men of every arm and of every regiment in the service, for the first and last time in the history of the British army, marched together on this occasion. But what was more admirable still was the conduct of the incredible mass of sympathetic spectators, who had congregated from all parts of the kingdom, and who formed no insignificant proportion of its population. From Grosvenor Gate to St Paul's Cathedral there was not one foot of unoccupied ground; not a balcony, not a window, that was not filled; and as far as could be observed, every face amidst that vast multitude wore an expression of respectful sorrow. An unbroken silence was maintained as the funeral cortège moved slowly and solemnly forward to the mausoleum prepared to receive the remains of England's greatest warrior in the centre of the stupendous masterpiece of Wren's architectural genius.

HEPWORTH DIXON.

The lives of *John Howard*, 1850; *William Penn*, 1851 (revised edition, 1872); and *Admiral Blake*, 1852, by MR WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON,

may also be characterised as original biographies. In the cases of Howard and Blake, Mr Dixon had access to family papers, and in that of Penn he has diligently studied the records of the period and the now neglected works of the Quaker legislator. In this memoir Mr Dixon has combated some of the statements of Lord Macaulay relative to Penn. We have already indicated our impression that the noble historian had taken too low and unfavourable an estimate of Penn's character and motives, and it is impossible, we think, to read Mr Dixon's memoir without feeling how greatly Penn transcended most of the public men in that venal period of English history. As a specimen of the biographer's style, which is occasionally too ornate, we extract part of his account of the death of Blake. The last great exploit of the admiral had been his punishing the corsairs, and freeing the Christian captives at Sallee, on the western coast of Africa.

The Death of Admiral Blake, August 27, 1657.

This crowning act of a virtuous and honourable life accomplished, the dying admiral turned his thoughts anxiously towards the green hills of his native land. The letter of Cromwell, the thanks of parliament, the jewelled ring sent to him by an admiring country, all reached him together out at sea. These tokens of grateful remembrance caused him a profound emotion. Without after-thought, without selfish impulse, he had served the Commonwealth day and night, earnestly, anxiously, and with rare devotion. England was grateful to her hero. With the letter of thanks from Cromwell, a new set of instructions arrived, which allowed him to return with part of his fleet, leaving his squadron of some fifteen or twenty frigates to ride before the Bay of Cadiz and intercept its traders: with their usual deference to his judgment and experience, the Protector and Board of Admiralty left the appointment of the command entirely with him; and as his gallant friend Stayner was gone to England, where he received a knighthood and other well-won honours from the government, he raised Captain Stoaks, the hero of Porto Ferino, and a commander of rare promise, to the responsible position of his vice-admiral in the Spanish seas. Hoisting his pennon on his old flag-ship, the *St George*, Blake saw for the last time the spires and cupolas, the masts and towers, before which he had kept his long and victorious vigils. While he put in for fresh water at Cascaes Road, he was very weak. 'I beseech God to strengthen him,' was the fervent prayer of the English resident at Lisbon, as he departed on the homeward voyage. While the ships rolled through the tempestuous waters of the Bay of Biscay, he grew every day worse and worse. Some gleams of the old spirit broke forth as they approached the latitude of England. He inquired often and anxiously if the white cliffs were yet in sight. He longed to behold the swelling downs, the free cities, the goodly churches of his native land. But he was now dying beyond all doubt. Many of his favourite officers silently and mournfully crowded round his bed, anxious to catch the last tones of a voice which had so often called them to glory and victory. Others stood at the poop and forecastle, eagerly examining every speck and line on the horizon, in hope of being first to catch the welcome glimpse of land. Though they were coming home crowned with laurels, gloom and pain were in every face. At last the Lizard was announced. Shortly afterwards, the bold cliffs and bare hills of Cornwall loomed out grandly in the distance. But it was now too late for the dying hero. He had sent for the captains and other great officers of his fleet to bid them farewell; and while they were yet in his cabin, the undulating hills of Devonshire, glowing with the tints of early autumn, came full in view. As the ships rounded Rame Head, the spires and masts of Plymouth, the woody heights of Mount Edgecombe, the low island of St Nicholas, the rocky steeps of the Hoe, Mount Batten, the citadel, the many picturesque and familiar features of that magnificent harbour rose one by one to sight. But the eyes which had so yearned to behold this scene once more were at that very instant closing in death. Foremost of the victorious squadron, the *St George* rode with its precious burden into the Sound; and just as it came into full view of the eager thousands crowding the beach, the pier-heads, the walls of the citadel, or darting in countless boats over the smooth waters between St Nicholas and the docks, ready to catch the first glimpse of the hero of Santa Cruz, and salute him with a true English welcome, he, in his silent cabin, in the midst of his lion-hearted comrades, now sobbing like little children, yielded up his soul to God.

Mr Dixon is a native of the West Riding of Yorkshire, born in 1821. He was entered of the Middle Temple, but devoted himself to literature, and in 1853 became editor of the *Athenæum*. This weekly literary journal, often quoted in our pages, was established about the year 1828, and has certainly done more for modern literary history and bibliography than any other work of this century. Mr Dixon relinquished his connection with the *Athenæum* in 1869, and has since become a voluminous author. His chief works are—*The Holy Land*, 1865; *New America*, 1867; *Spiritual Wives*, 1868; *Free Russia*, 1870; *Her Majesty's Tower*, four volumes, 1871; *The Switzers*, 1872; *History of Two Queens*, 1874; &c.

The Black Man—the Red Man—the Yellow Man.

From *New America*.

The Black Man, a true child of the tropics, to whom warmth is like the breath of life, flees from the bleak fields of the north, in which the white man repairs his fibre and renews his blood; preferring the swamps and savannahs of the south, where, among palms, cotton-plants, and sugar-canes, he finds the rich colours in which his eye delights, the sunny heats in which his blood expands. Freedom would not tempt him to go northward into frost and fog. Even now, when Massachusetts and Connecticut tempt him by the offer of good wages, easy work, and sympathising people, he will not go to them. He only just endures New York; the most hardy of his race will hardly stay in Saratoga and Niagara beyond the summer months. Since the south has been made free to Sam to live in, he has turned his back on the cold and friendly north, in search of a brighter home. Sitting in the rice-field, by the cane-brake, under the mulberry-trees of his darling Alabama, with his kerchief round his head, his banjo on his knee, he is joyous as a bird, singing his endless and foolish roundelay, and feeling the sunshine burn upon his face. The negro is but a local fact in the country; having his proper home in a corner—the most sunny corner—of the United States.

The Red Man, once a hunter of the Alleghanies, not less than of the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, has been driven by the pale-face, he and his squaw, his elk, his buffalo, and his antelope, into the far western country; into the waste and desolate lands lying westward of the Mississippi and Missouri. The exceptions hardly break the rule. A band of picturesque pedlers may be found at Niagara; Red Jackets, Cherokee chiefs and Mohawks; selling bows and canes, and generally sponging on those youths and damsels who roam about the Falls in search of opportunities to flirt. A colony, hardly of a better sort, may be found at Oneida

Creek, in Madison County; the few sowing maize, growing fruit, and singing psalms; the many starving on the soil, cutting down the oak and maple, alienating the best acres, pining after their brethren who have thrown the white man's gift in his face, and gone away with their weapons and war-paint. Red Jacket at the Falls, Bill Beechtree at Oneida Creek—the first selling beaded work to girls, the second twisting hickory canes for boys—are the last representatives of mighty nations, hunters and warriors, who at one time owned the broad lands from the Susquehannah to Lake Erie. Red Jacket will not settle; Beechtree is incapable of work. The red-skin will not dig, and to beg he is not ashamed. Hence, he has been pushed away from his place, driven out by the spade, and kept at bay by the smoke of chimney fires. A wild man of the plain and forest, he makes his home with the wolf, the rattlesnake, the buffalo, and the elk. When the wild beast flees, the wild man follows. The Alleghany slopes, on which, only seventy years ago, he chased the elk and scalped the white woman, will hear his war-whoop, see his war-dance, feel his scalping-knife, no more. In the western country he is still a figure in the landscape. From the Missouri to the Colorado he is master of all the open plains; the forts which the white men have built to protect their roads to San Francisco, like the Turkish block-houses built along the Syrian tracks, being mainly of use as a hint of their great reserve of power. The red men find it hard to lay down a tomahawk, to take up a hoe; some thousands of them only yet have done so; some hundreds only have learned from the whites to drink gin and bitters, to lodge in frame-houses, to tear up the soil, to forget the chase, the war-dance, and the Great Spirit.

The Yellow Man, generally a Chinese, often a Malay, sometimes a Dyak, has been drawn into the Pacific states from Asia, and from the Eastern Archipelago, by the hot demand for labour; any kind of which comes to him as a boon. From digging in the mine to cooking an omelette and ironing a shirt, he is equal to everything by which dollars can be gained. Of these yellow people there are now sixty thousand in California, Utah, and Montana; they come and go; but many more of them come than go. As yet these harmless crowds are weak and useful. Hop Chang keeps a laundry; Chi Hi goes out as cook; Cum Thing is a maid-of-all-work. They are in no man's way, and they labour for a crust of bread. To-day, those yellow men are sixty thousand strong. They will ask for votes. They will hold the balance of parties. In some districts they will make a majority; selecting the judges, forming the juries, interpreting the laws. Those yellow men are Buddhists, professing polygamy, practising infanticide. Next year is not more sure to come in its own season, than a great society of Asiatics to dwell on the Pacific slopes. A Buddhist church, fronting the Buddhist churches in China and Ceylon, will rise in California, Oregon, and Nevada. More than all, a war of labour will commence between the races which feed on beef and the races which thrive on rice; one of those wars in which the victory is not necessarily with the strong.

A Hundred Years of White Progress.

From the *White Conquest.*

The European races are spreading over every continent, and mastering the isles and islets of every sea. During those hundred years some powers have shot ahead, and some have slipped into the second rank. Austria, a hundred years ago, the leading power in Europe, has been rent asunder and has forfeited her throne in Germany. Spain, a hundred years ago, the first colonial empire in the world, has lost her colonies and conquests, and has sunk into a third-rate power. France, which little more than a hundred years ago possessed Canada, Louisiana, the Mississippi Valley, the island of Mauritius, and a strong hold in Hindustan, has lost all those possessions, and exchanged her vineyards and corn-fields on the Rhine for the snows of Savoy and the sands of Algiers. Piedmont and Prussia, on the other hand, have sprung into the foremost rank of nations. Piedmont has become Italy, with a capital in Milan and Venice, Florence and Naples, as well as in Rome. Still more striking and more glorious has been the growth of Prussia. A hundred years ago Prussia was just emerging into notice as a small but well-governed and hard-fighting country, with a territory no larger than Michigan, and a population considerably less than Ohio. In a hundred years this small but well-governed and hard-fighting Prussia has become the first military power on earth. Russia, during these hundred years, has carried her arms into Finland, Crim Tartary, the Caucasus, and the Mohammedan Khanates, extending the White empire on the Caspian and the Euxine, and along the Oxus and Jaxartes into Central Asia. Vaster still have been the marches and the conquests of Great Britain, her command of the ocean giving her facilities which are not possessed by any other power. Within a hundred years or thereabouts, she has grown from a kingdom of ten millions of people into an empire of two hundred and twenty millions, with a territory covering nearly one-third of the earth. Hardly less striking than the progress of Russia and England has been that of the United States. Starting with a population no larger than that of Greece, the Republic has advanced so rapidly that in a hundred years she has become the third power as to size of territory, the fourth as to wealth of population in the world.

Soil and population are the two prime elements of power. Climate and fertility count for much; nationality and compactness count for more; but still the natural basis of growth is land, the natural basis of strength is population. Taking these two elements together, the Chinese were, a hundred years ago, the foremost family of mankind. They held a territory covering three millions of square miles, and a population counting more than four hundred millions of souls. But what a change has taken place! China has been standing still, while England, Russia, and America have been conquering, planting, and annexing lands.

JOHN FORSTER.

This indefatigable literary student and biographer was a native of Newcastle, born in 1812. Coming early to London, he studied at the London University, and became a contributor to periodical works. He was called to the bar, but never practised. In 1834 he joined the *Examiner* newspaper as assistant editor, and on the retirement of Mr Albany Fonblanque, he became sole editor, and continued so for ten years. He was induced, through friendship with Charles Dickens, to become, in 1846, editor of the *Daily News*, but held that laborious office for only about eleven months. His future life was devoted to literary labours—chiefly to historical and literary biographies. His principal works are—*Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England*, 1831–4; *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, 1848; *Biographical and Historical Essays*, 1859; *Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.; Debates on the Grand Remonstrance*, 1860; *Sir John Eliot, a Biography*, 1864; *Walter Savage Landor, a Biography*, 1868; and *Life of Charles Dickens*, three volumes, 1871–4. In 1875 Mr Forster published the first volume of a new *Life of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St Patrick's*, which was to be completed in three volumes. This volume is enriched with much new and valuable information, and, like all Mr Forster's

biographies, the work promised to be thoroughly exhaustive.

'Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of Gulliver, is,' says Mr Forster, 'broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished; to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required, where the whole of a career has to be considered to get at the proper comprehension of single parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer portion are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographers. Johnson did him no kind of justice, because of too little liking for him; and Scott, with much hearty liking as well as a generous admiration, had too much other work to do. Thus, notwithstanding noble passages in both memoirs, and Scott's pervading tone of healthy, manly wisdom, it is left to an inferior hand to attempt to complete the tribute begun by those distinguished men.'

Mr Forster lived to publish only one volume. We may add that the biographer was successful in life. His name stood well with publishers and readers. In 1855 he was appointed Secretary to the Lunacy Commission, and in 1861, a Commissioner in Lunacy. 'Few Englishmen of this generation,' says a friendly writer in the *Times*, 'have combined such unflinching firmness and honesty of purpose with such real tenderness and sympathy for all with whom they were brought into contact. Many there were who, at first sight, thought John Forster obstinate and overbearing, who, on further acquaintance, were ready to confess that, in reality, he was one of the tenderest and most generous of men.' Mr Forster bequeathed his books and manuscripts to the nation—a valuable bequest—and they remain in the South Kensington Museum. A similar bequest was made by Mr Forster's friend, ALEXANDER DYCE (1798–1869), the editor of Shakspeare and of the dramatic works of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Mr Dyce was born in Edinburgh, son of General Dyce, in the Honourable East India Company's Service. Having studied at Edinburgh University and at Exeter College, Oxford, he entered into holy orders, and was successively curate in Fowey, Cornwall, and Nayland in Suffolk. Mr Dyce was a faithful and learned editor. His latest employment was revising the second edition of his Shakspeare; and the third edition was published by Mr Forster in 1874.

The Literary Profession and Law of Copyright.

From Forster's *Life of Oliver Goldsmith.*

'It were well,' said Goldsmith, on one occasion, with bitter truth, 'if none but the dunces of society were combined to render the profession of an author ridiculous or unhappy.' The profession themselves have yet to learn the secret of co-operation; they have to put away internal jealousies; they have to claim for themselves, as poor Goldsmith, after his fashion, very loudly did, that defined position from which greater respect, and more frequent consideration in public life, could not long be withheld; in fine, they have frankly to feel that their vocation, properly regarded, ranks with the worthiest, and that, on all occasions, to do justice to it, and to each other, is the way to obtain justice from the world. If writers had been thus true to themselves, the subject of copyright might have been equitably settled when attention was first drawn to it; but while De Foe was urging the author's claim, Swift was calling De Foe a fellow that had been pilloried, and we have still to discuss as *in formâ pauperis* the rights of the English author.

Confiscation is a hard word, but after the decision of the highest English court, it is the word which alone describes fairly the statute of Anne, for encouragement of literature. That is now superseded by another statute, having the same gorgeous name, and the same inglorious meaning; for even this last enactment, sorely resisted as it was, leaves England behind any other country in the world, in the amount of their own property secured to her authors. In some, to this day, perpetual copyright exists; and though it may be reasonable, as Dr Johnson argued that it was, to surrender a part for greater efficiency or protection to the rest, yet the commonest dictates of natural justice might at least require that an author's family should not be beggared of their inheritance as soon as his own capacity to provide for them may have ceased. In every continental country this is cared for, the lowest term secured by the most niggardly arrangement being twenty-five years; whereas in England it is the munificent number of seven. Yet the most laborious works, and often the most delightful, are for the most part of a kind which the hereafter only can repay. The poet, the historian, the scientific investigator, do indeed find readers to-day; but if they have laboured with success, they have produced books whose substantial reward is not the large and temporary, but the limited and constant nature of their sale. No consideration of moral right exists, no principle of economical science can be stated, which would justify the seizure of such books by the public, before they had the chance of remunerating the genius and the labour of their producers.

But though parliament can easily commit this wrong, it is not in such case the quarter to look to for redress. There is no hope of a better state of things till the author shall enlist upon his side the power of which parliament is but the inferior expression. The true remedy for literary wrongs must flow from a higher sense than has at any period yet prevailed in England of the duties and responsibilities assumed by the public writer, and of the social consideration and respect that their effectual discharge should have undisputed right to claim. The world will be greatly the gainer, when such time shall arrive, and when the biography of the man of genius shall no longer be a picture of the most harsh struggles and mean necessities to which man's life is subject, exhibited as in shameful contrast to the calm and classic glory of his fame. With society itself rests the advent of that time.*

*It may be interesting to compare Mr Forster's view of Goldsmith and the supposed neglect of authors with the opinion of Lord Macaulay: 'Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties, which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of *The Traveller*, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded £400 a year; and £400 a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple with £400 a year might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers.

PROFESSOR MASSON—SIR JAMES STEPHEN.

The *Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time*, volume i., 1608–1639, by DAVID MASSON, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the university of Edinburgh, promises to be by far the most accurate as well as the fullest memoir of the great poet. 'As if to oblige biography in this instance to pass into history, Milton's life divides itself with almost mechanical exactness into three periods, corresponding with those of the contemporary social movement—the first extending from 1608 to 1640, which was the period of his education and of his minor poems; the second extending from 1640 to 1660, or from the beginning of the civil wars to the Restoration, and forming the middle period of his polemical activity as a prose-writer; and the third extending from 1660 to 1674, which was the period of his later muse and of the publication of *Paradise Lost*. It is the plan of the present work to devote a volume to each of those periods.' Such is the herculean task Mr Masson has laid out for himself. He has cleared up many doubtful points in the poet's pedigree and academical career, and given a great mass of interesting information, literary, historical, and ecclesiastical, conveyed in vigorous and often eloquent language. A second volume of the *Life of Milton* was published in 1871, and a third in 1873.

Character of Archbishop Laud.

What with one means of influence, what with another, Laud, in the year 1632, being then in the sixtieth year of his age, was the dominant spirit in the English Church, and one of the chiefs of the English state. One would fain think and speak with some respect of any man who has been beheaded; much more of one who was beheaded for a cause to which he had conscientiously devoted his life, and which thousands of his countrymen, two centuries after his death, still adhere to, still expound, still uphold, albeit with the difference, incalculable to themselves, of all that time has flung between. But it is impossible to like or admire Laud. The nearer we get to him, the more all soft illusion falls off, and the more distinctly we have before us the hard reality, as D'Ewes and others saw it, of a 'little, low, red-faced man,' bustling by the side of that king of the narrow forehead and the melancholy Vandyck air, or pressing his notions with a raspy voice at the council-board till Weston became peevish and Cottington wickedly solemn, or bowing his head in churches not very gracefully.

When we examine what remains of his mind in writings, the estimate is not enhanced. The texture of his writing is hard, dry, and common; sufficiently clear as to the meaning, and with no insincerity or superfluity, but without sap, radiance, or force. Occasionally, when one of his fundamental topics is touched, a kind of dull heat rises, and one can see that the old man was in earnest. Of anything like depth or comprehensiveness of intellect, there is no evidence; much less of what is understood by genius. There is never a stroke of original insight; never a flash of intellectual generality. In Williams there *is* genius; not in Laud. Many of his humble clerical contemporaries, not to speak of such known men as Fuller and Hacket, must have been greatly his superiors in talent—more discerning men, as well as more interesting writers. That very ecclesiastical cause which Laud so conspicuously defended, has had, since his time, and has at this day in England, far abler heads among its adherents. How was it, then, that Laud became what he did become, and that slowly, by degrees, and against opposition? how was it that his precise personality and no other worked its way upwards, through the clerical and academic element of the time, to the very top of all, and there fitted itself into the very socket where the joints of things met? *Parvo regitur mundus intellectu.* A small intellect, once in the position of government, may suffice for the official forms of it; and with Laud's laboriousness and tenacity of purpose, his power of maintaining his place of minister, under such a master as Charles, needs be no mystery. So long as the proprietor of an estate is satisfied, the tenants must endure the bailiff, whatever the amount of his wisdom. Then, again, in the last stages of Laud's ascent, he rose through Buckingham and Charles, to both of whom surely his nature, without being great, may have recommended itself by adequate affinities.

Still, that Laud impressed these men when he did come in contact with them, and that, from his original position as a poor student in an Oxford college, he rose step by step to the point where he could come in contact with them, are facts not explicable by the mere supposition of a series of external accidents. Perhaps it is that a nature does not always or necessarily rise by *greatness*, or intrinsic superiority to the element about it, but may rise by *peculiarity*, or proper capillary relation to the element about it. When Lord Macaulay speaks of Laud as intellectually an 'imbecile,' and calls him 'a ridiculous old bigot,' he seems to omit that peculiarity which gave Laud's nature, whatever its measure by a modern standard, so much force and pungency among his contemporaries. To have hold of the surrounding sensations of men, even by pain and irritation, is a kind of power; and Laud had that kind of power from the first. He affected strongly, if irritatingly, each successive part of the body-politic in which he was lodged. As a fellow of a college, he was more felt than liked; as a master of a college, he was still felt, but not liked; when he came first about court, he was felt still, but still not liked. And why was he felt? Why, in each successive position to which he attained, did he affect surrounding sensation so as to domineer? For one thing, he was a man whose views, if few, were extraordinarily definite. His nature, if not great, was very tight. Early in life he had taken up certain propositions as to the proper theology of the Anglican Church, and had combined them with certain others as to the divine right of Prelacy, and the necessity and possibility of uniformity in creed and worship. These few very definite propositions, each answering to some tendency of society or of opinion at the time in England, he had tied and knotted round him as his sufficient doctrinal outfit. Wherever he went, he carried them with him and before him, acting upon them with a brisk and incessant perseverance, without regard to circumstances, or even to establish notices of what was fair, high-minded, and generous. Thus, seeing that the propositions were of a kind upon which some conclusion or other was or might be made socially imperative, he could force to his own conclusions all laxer, though larger natures, that were tending lazily the same way, and, throwing a continually increasing crowd of such and of others behind him as his followers, leave only in front of him those who opposed to his conclusions as resolute contraries. His indefatigable official activity contributed to the result. Beyond all this, however, and adding secret force to it all, there was something else about Laud. Though the system which he wanted to enforce was one of strict secular form, the man's own being rested on a trembling basis of the fantastic and

by promising to execute works which he never begun. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000; and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way.'

unearthly. Herein lay one notable, and perhaps compensating difference between his narrow intellect and the broad but secular genius of Williams. In that strange diary of Laud, which is one of the curiosities of our literature, we see him in an aspect in which he probably never wished that the public should know him. His hard and active public life is represented there but casually, and we see the man in the secrecy of his own thoughts, as he talked to himself when alone. We hear of certain sins, or, at least, 'unfortunatenesses,' of his early and past life, which clung about his memory, were kept there by anniversaries of sadness or penance, and sometimes intruded grinning faces through the gloom of the chamber when all the house was asleep. We see that, after all, whether from such causes or from some form of constitutional melancholy, the old man, who walked so briskly and cheerily about the court, and was so sharp and unhesitating in all his notions of what was to be done in secret, carry in him some sense of the burden of life's mystery, and feel the air and the earth to *some* depth around him to be full of sounds and agencies unfeatured and unimaginable. At any moment they may break through! The twitter of two robin redbreasts in his room, as he is writing a sermon, sets his heart beating; a curtain rustles—whose hand touched it? Above all, he has a belief in revelation through dreams and coincidences; and as the very definiteness of his scheme of external worship may have been a refuge to him from that total mystery, the skirts of which, and only the skirts, were ever touching him, so in his dreams and small omens he seems to have had, in his daily advocacy of that scheme, some petty sense of near metaphysical aid. Out of his many dreams we are fond of this one: '*January* 5 [1626-7]. Epiphany Eve and Friday, in the night I dreamed,' he says, 'that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me, and that I was glad to see her with so merry an aspect. She then shewed to me a certain old man, long since deceased, whom, while alive, I both knew and loved. He seemed to lie upon the ground, merry enough, but with a wrinkled countenance. His name was Grove. While I prepared to salute him, I awoke.' Were one to adopt what seems to have been Laud's own theory, might not one suppose that this wrinkled old man of his dream, squat on the supernatural ground so near its confines with the natural, was Laud's spiritual genius, and so that what of the supernatural there was in his policy consisted mainly of monitions from Grove of Reading? The question would still remain—at what depth back among the dead Grove was permitted to roam?

Mr Masson has published *Essays Biographical and Critical*, 1856; *British Novelists and their Styles*, 1859; *Recent British Philosophy*, 1865; *The Life of William Drummond of Hawthornden*, 1873; &c. Mr Masson has also been a copious contributor to our reviews, magazines, and other literary journals. He is a native of Aberdeen (born Dec. 22, 1822), and enjoys universal respect as a genial and accomplished author, professor, and member of the literary society of the Scottish capital.

Luther's Satan.

Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles are literary performances; and, for what they prove, neither Milton nor Goethe need have believed in a devil at all. Luther's devil, on the other hand, was a being recognised by him as actually existing—as existing, one might say, with a vengeance. The strong conviction which Luther had on this point is a feature in his character. The narrative of his life abounds in anecdotes, shewing that the devil with him was no chimera, no mere orthodoxy, no fiction. In every page of his writings we have the word *Teufel*, *Teufel*, repeated again and again. Occasionally there occurs an express dissertation upon the nature and functions of the evil spirit; and one of the longest chapters in his *Table-talk* is that entitled 'The Devil and his Works'—indicating that his conversation with his friends often turned on the subject of Satanic agency. *Teufel* was actually the strongest signification he had; and whenever he was excited to his highest emotional pitch, it came in to assist his utterance at the climax, and give him a corresponding powerful expression. 'This thing I will do,' it was common for him to say, 'in spite of all who may oppose me, be it duke, emperor, priest, bishop, cardinal, pope, or devil.' Man's heart, he says, is a 'Stock, Stein, Eisen, Teufel, hart Herz' (a stock, stone, iron, devil, hard heart). And it was not a mere vague conception he had of this being, such as theology might oblige. On the contrary, he had observed him as a man would his personal enemy, and in so doing had formed a great many conclusions regarding his powers and his character. In general, Luther's devil may be defined as a personification, in the spirit of Scripture, of the resisting medium which Luther had to coil his way through—spiritual fears, passionate uprisings, fainting resolutions, within himself; error, weakness, envy, in those around him; and, without, a whole world howling for his destruction. It is in effect as if Luther had said: 'Scripture reveals to me the existence of a great accursed being, whose function it is to produce evil. It is for me to ascertain the character of this being, whom I, of all men, have to deal with. And how am I to do so except by observing him working? God knows I have not far to go in quest of his manifestations.' And thus Luther went on filling up the scriptural proposition with his daily experience. He was constantly gaining a clearer conception of his great personal antagonist, constantly stumbling upon some more concealed trait in the spirit's character. The being himself was invisible; but men were walking in the midst of his manifestations. History to Luther was not a physical course of events. It was God acting and the devil opposing.

London Suburbs—Hampstead.

London, with all the evils resulting from its vastness, has suburbs as rich and beautiful, after the English style of scenery, as any in the world; and even now, despite the encroachments of the ever-encroaching brick and mortar on the surrounding country, the neighbourhood of Hampstead and Highgate, near London, is one in which the lover of natural beauty and the solitary might well delight. The ground is much the highest round London; there are real heights and hollows, so that the omnibuses coming from town have put on additional horses; you ascend steep roads, lying in part through villages or quaint shops, and old high-gabled brick houses, still distinct from the great city, though about to be devoured by it—in part through straggling lines of villas, with gardens and grassy parks round them, and here and there an old inn; and from the highest eminences, when the view is clear, you can see London left behind, a mass of purplish mist, with domes and steeples visible through it. When the villages end, you are really in the country. There is the Heath, on the Hampstead side—an extensive tract of knolls and little glens, covered here and there with furze, all abloom with yellow in the summer, when the larks may be heard singing over it; threaded here and there by paths with seats in them, or broken by clumps of trees, and blue rusty-nailed palings, which inclose old-fashioned family-houses and shrubberies, where the coachman in livery may be seen talking lazily to the gardener, but containing also sequestered spots where one might wander alone for hours, or lie concealed amid the sheltering furze. At night, Hampstead Heath would be as ghastly a place to wander in as an uneasy spirit could desire. In every hollow seen in the starlight, one

could fancy that there had been a murder; nay, tradition points to spots where foul crimes have been committed, or where, in the dead of night, forgers, who had walked, with discovery on their track, along dark intervening roads from the hell of lamp-lit London, had lain down and poisoned themselves. In the day, however, and especially on a bright summer day, the scene is open, healthy, and cheerful.

The *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography* by SIR JAMES STEPHEN (1789–1859), contain brief memoirs of Hildebrand, St Francis of Assisi, Loyola, Luther, Baxter, Wilberforce, the founders of Jesuitism, the Port-Royalists, the Clapham Sect, &c. As originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, these essays were nearly as popular with a large body of readers as those of Macaulay, though on less attractive subjects. They were first published in a collective form in 1849, and have gone through several editions. Sir James Stephen was long legal adviser to the Colonial Office, then assistant Under-secretary to the Colonial Office, and afterwards Under-secretary of State, which office he held from 1836 to 1847. He was a valuable public servant and good man.

J. P. MUIRHEAD (*Life of Watt*)—S. SMILES (*Life of Stephenson*).

A relative of James Watt, JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M. A., who had access to all the family papers, published a volume in 1854, entitled *The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt;* three volumes, 1858. The large copper-plate engravings of machinery by which it was illustrated necessarily raised the cost of this work above the means of most people, while the minute descriptions of patents and their relative drawings were more desirable for the use of the scientific engineer and the mechanical philosopher than of the general reader. To meet the wishes of the latter, Mr Muirhead, in 1858, remodelled and reproduced, in a form at once more comprehensive, more convenient, and less costly, the biographical memoir of Watt, incorporating with it the most interesting passages in his correspondence, and, as far as possible, Watt's own clear and forcible descriptions of his inventions. This volume furnishes an interesting account of the career of the great inventor, of whom Sir Walter Scott has said that he was 'not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but one of the best and kindest of human beings.' James Watt was born on the 19th of January 1736, at Greenock, and came of a family that for more than a hundred years had more or less professed mathematics and navigation. Many stories are told of his early turn for science. When he was six years of age, a gentleman, calling on his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. 'Mr Watt,' said he, 'you ought to send that boy to a public school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home.' 'Look how my child is occupied before you condemn him,' replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the boy had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the marble hearth, and was then marking in letters and figures the result of some calculation he was carrying on: he put various questions to him, and ended by remarking, 'he is no common child.' Sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs Muirhead, at the tea-table, she said: 'James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy: take a book, or employ yourself usefully. For the last hour, you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam.' James was already observing the process of condensation. Before he was fifteen years of age, he had made for himself a small electrical machine, with which he sometimes startled his young friends by giving them sudden shocks from it. This must have been only a few years after the Leyden phial was invented. His father's store-rooms, in which he kept a stock of telescopes, quadrants, and optical instruments for the supply of ships at Greenock, were a valuable school of observation to the young philosopher, and may have tended to decide the profession which he selected for himself—that of mathematical instrument-maker. At the age of eighteen, he removed to Glasgow to learn this business, and a year afterwards repaired to London for the same purpose. But bad health—'a gnawing pain in his back, and weariness all over his body'—obliged him to quit London in the year 1756; and after investing about twenty guineas in tools and useful books on his trade, he returned to Scotland. In 1757 he received permission to occupy an apartment and open a shop within the precincts of the college of Glasgow, and to use the designation of 'mathematical instrument-maker to the university.' And now, in his twenty-first year, may be said to have commenced the wonderful career of James Watt as a man of inventive genius. Business was sufficiently prosperous, and in his leisure hours he studied without intermission. 'Observare' was the motto he adopted, and his object, as he himself expressed it, was 'to find out the weak side of Nature, and to vanquish her;' 'for Nature,' he says again, 'has a weak side, if we can only find it out.' Nothing came amiss. Without knowing one musical note from another, he undertook to build an organ for a mason-lodge in Glasgow. He had studied the philosophical theory of music, and not only did he make the organ, but in the process a thousand things occurred to him which no organ-builder ever dreamed of—nice indicators of the strength of the blast, regulators of it, &c. He afterwards made many organs; and guitars, flutes, and violins of his manufacture are still in existence. About this time he also contrived an ingenious machine for drawing in perspective. The great discovery which led to the ultimate triumphs of the steam-engine was made when Watt was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age—namely, in 1764 or 1765. Dr Black, an intimate friend, thus narrates the circumstance:

The Steam-engine.

A few years after he was settled at Glasgow, he was employed by the Professor of Natural Philosophy to examine and rectify a small workable model of a steam-engine, which was out of order. This turned a part of his thoughts and fertile invention to the nature and improvement of steam-engines, to the perfection of their machinery, and to the different means by which their

great consumption of fuel might be diminished. He soon acquired such a reputation for his knowledge on this subject, that he was employed to plan and erect several engines in different places, while at the same time he was frequently making new experiments to lessen the waste of heat from the external surface of the boiler, and from that of the cylinder. But, after he had been thus employed a considerable time, he perceived that by far the greatest waste of heat proceeded from the waste of steam in filling the cylinder with steam. In filling the cylinder with steam, for every stroke of the common engine a great part of the steam is chilled and condensed by the coldness of the cylinder, before this last is heated enough to qualify it for being filled with elastic vapour or perfect steam; he perceived, therefore, that by preventing this waste of steam, an incomparably greater saving of heat and fuel would be attained than by any other contrivance. It was thus in the beginning of the year 1765 that the fortunate thought occurred to him of condensing the steam by cold in a separate vessel or apparatus, between which and the cylinder a communication was to be opened for that purpose every time the steam was to be condensed; while the cylinder itself might be preserved perpetually hot, no cold water or air being ever admitted into its cavity. This capital improvement flashed on his mind at once, and filled him with rapture.

Here was the weak side of Nature, by the discovery of which he vanquished her. Dr Robison, also an intimate friend, assigns the discovery to the year 1764. Dr Robison gives an account of an interview with Watt at this time: 'I came into Mr Watt's parlour without ceremony, and found him sitting before the fire, having lying on his knee a little tin cistern, which he was looking at. I entered into conversation on what we had been speaking of at last meeting—something about steam. All the while Mr Watt kept looking at the fire, and laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair. At last he looked at me, and said briskly: "You need not *fash* yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall all be boiling hot: ay, and hot water injected, if you please." So saying, Mr Watt looked with complacency at the little thing at his feet, and, seeing that I observed him, he shoved it away under a table with his foot. I put a question about the nature of his contrivance. He answered me rather dryly. I did not press him to a further explanation. . . . I found Mr Alexander Brown, a very intimate acquaintance of Mr Watt's, and he immediately accosted me with: "Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?" "Yes." "He'll be in high spirits now with his engine, isn't he?" "Yes," said I, "very fine spirits." "Ay," says Mr Brown, "the condenser's the thing; keep it but cold enough, and you may have a perfect vacuum, whatever be the heat of the cylinder." The instant he said this, the whole flashed on my mind at once.'

The first experiment was made with a common anatomist's great injection syringe for a cylinder, but the contrivance was perfect in Watt's mind, and fitted the engine at once for the greatest and most powerful, or for the most trifling task. Dr Robison says he is satisfied that when he left town a fortnight before the interview above quoted, Watt had not thought of the method of keeping the cylinder hot, and that when he returned, he had completed it, and confirmed it by experiment. Sir Walter Scott, according to Lockhart, never considered any amount of literary distinction as entitled to be spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher departments of practical life; and if ever a discovery in science was entitled to this exalted position, it was surely that made by James Watt—an invention which is estimated to have added to the available labour of Great Britain alone a power equivalent to that of four hundred millions of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

To reap the benefits of his discovery was now the great object to which Watt directed himself; but it was eight or nine years before it turned to the advantage of the public or to the benefit of the inventor. For a time he was associated with an ingenious but unsuccessful man, Dr Roebuck, and neither profited much by the connection. The invention was, however, patented in January 1769, and Watt continued to experiment upon and to perfect the mechanism of his 'fire-engine.' He had married a cousin of his own, Miss Miller, in July 1763, and had now three children; 'but unhappily,' says Mr Muirhead, 'without receiving that triple proportion of corn which, among the Romans, the *jus trium liberorum* brought with it. Those little voices, "whose crying was a cry for gold," were not to be stilled by the baser metal of a badly cast Carron cylinder, or the "block-tin and hammered lead" of a Glasgow condenser.' We find Watt writing thus: 'I am resolved, unless those things I have brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, if I can resist it, to invent no more. Indeed, I am not near so capable as I once was. I find that I am not the same person I was four years ago, when I invented the fire-engine, and foresaw, even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred.'

To carry on the affairs of his household, Watt undertook many occasional commissions. He projected a canal for carrying coals to Glasgow, and received £200 a year for superintending its construction. His mind having been turned to canals, he struck out the idea of the screw-propeller, or 'spiral oar,' as he called it. He made surveys for various canals in Scotland, and among others, by appointment of the Court of Police of Glasgow, the Caledonian Canal, which was afterwards constructed between Inverness and Fort-William. Mr Telford, to whom this great work was principally intrusted, throughout his lengthened labours in connection with it, has borne testimony to the particular correctness and value of Watt's survey. The inventive genius of the man was never still: clocks, micrometers, dividing screws, surveying quadrants, and a hundred other inventions flowed from him with the ease that a *littérateur* dashes off an article for a magazine. 'You might live,' said his friend Dr Small, 'by inventing only an hour in a week for mathematical instrument-makers.'

In 1773, Mr Watt and Dr Roebuck dissolved their connection; and then began the partnership with Mr Boulton of the Soho Works, in Birmingham, which laid the foundation of Watt's future prosperity. Mr Boulton was possessed of ample means to do justice to the magnitude of Watt's inventions; and the result was, that both realised an ample fortune, and the Soho Works of Birmingham were among the greatest establishments of that city. Watt's inventions continued to enrich the world almost until his death, at the patriarchal

age of eighty-three. Among the most important of these, not mentioned above, were the rotative motion and parallel motion, the throttle-valve, the steam-gauge, the indicator, the governor, &c. in connection with the steam-engine; the copying-press, the steam tilt-hammer, a smoke-consumer, the discovery of the composition of water, &c. These are among the works which we owe to the great inventor and perfecter of the steam-engine. Lord Brougham's beautiful epitaph on Watt, in Westminster Abbey, should never be omitted from any notice of his life and character:

Not to perpetuate a name,
Which must endure, while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to shew
That Mankind have learned to honour those
Who best deserve their gratitude,
The King,
His Ministers, and many of the Nobles
And Commons of the Realm,
Raised this Monument to

JAMES WATT,

Who, directing the force of an original genius,
Early exercised in philosophic research,
To the improvement of
The Steam-engine,
Enlarged the Resources of his Country,
Increased the Power of Man,
And rose to an eminent place
Among the most Illustrious Followers of Science
And the real Benefactors of the World.
Born at Greenock, MDCCXXXVI.;
Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, MDCCCXIX.

The *Life of George Stephenson*, by SAMUEL SMILES, 1857, is interesting on account of the history it gives of the application of locomotives to railway travelling; and it is invaluable as affording the example of a great principle triumphing over popular prejudice, ignorance, and the strenuous opposition of 'vested interests.' The railway engineer rose from very small beginnings. He was the son of a labourer in Northumberland, fireman at the pumping-engine of the colliery at Wylam, near Newcastle. George was born in 1781. While a child he ran errands, herded cows, and performed field-labour until, in his fourteenth year, he was promoted to be assistant to his father at the rate of one shilling a day. He could not read, but he imitated everything. He mended clocks and watches, made shoes, and otherwise displayed such ingenuity, that he was appointed engine-wright at Killingworth Colliery at a salary of £100 a year. Here he inspired such confidence in his sagacity and skill, that, on application, he at once obtained permission from Lord Ravensworth, the proprietor, to incur the outlay for constructing what he called a 'travelling engine' for the tram-roads between the colliery and the shipping-port nine miles off. With the imperfect tools and unskilled workmen at Killingworth, Stephenson constructed his first locomotive. He called it 'My Lord;' and at its first trial, on an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, the engine drew eight loaded carriages, of about thirty tons' weight, at the rate of four miles an hour. This was on the 25th of July 1814. It was not until 1830 that the public fully recognised the practicability of driving locomotives on smooth rails; and it was then recognised, because the fact could no longer be denied. Stephenson convinced himself of the two great principles—that friction is a constant quantity at all velocities, and that iron is capable of adhesion upon iron without roughness of surface. He therefore discarded cog-wheels on rails and the idea of running locomotives on common roads, and laboured to adapt the locomotive and the rails to the wants of each other, so that, as he said himself, they might be like 'man and wife.' His success led to his appointment as engineer of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, a line projected in order to find an outlet and new markets for the Bishop-Auckland coals. Here he succeeded in establishing the first railway over which passengers and goods were carried by a locomotive. The opening trial took place 27th September 1827, and a local chronicler thus records the event:

Starting the First Railway Locomotive.

The signal being given, the engine started off with this immense train of carriages; and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be 450, which, together with the coal, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near ninety tons. The engine with its load arrived at Darlington, a distance of 8¾ miles, in sixty-five minutes. The six wagons, loaded with coal intended for Darlington, were then left behind; and obtaining a fresh supply of water, and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music and numerous passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again, and arrived at Stockton in three hours and seven minutes, including stoppages, the distance being nearly twelve miles. By the time the train reached Stockton there were about 600 persons in the train or hanging on to the wagons, which must have gone at a safe and steady pace of from four to six miles an hour from Darlington. 'The arrival at Stockton,' it is added, 'excited a deep interest and admiration.'

A more important field was, however, necessary, in order to attract public attention, and to test the inherent soundness of the principle propounded by Stephenson. This was found in Liverpool and Manchester. The means of transporting goods between these great cities had not kept pace with the development of the traffic. Cotton, as Mr Huskisson observed in the House of Commons, was detained a fortnight at Liverpool, while the Manchester manufacturers were obliged to suspend their labours; and goods manufactured at Manchester for foreign markets could not be transmitted in time, in consequence of the tardy conveyance. In nine years, the quantity of raw cotton alone sent from the one town to the other had increased by fifty million pounds' weight.

A public meeting was held at Liverpool, and it was resolved to construct a tram-road, an idea which, under George Stephenson, was ultimately extended to a railway suitable for either fixed or locomotive engines. At this time the Bridgewater Canal was yielding a return of the whole original investment about once in two years. The opposition of the proprietors was therefore natural enough, but the scheme was opposed on all sides. In making the survey, Stephenson was refused access to the ground at one point, turned off by the gamekeepers at another, and on one occasion, when a clergyman was violently hostile, he had to slip in and make his survey while divine service was going on. The survey was made, however, in spite of all opposition. The next difficulty was to get leave to make the line. A shower of pamphlets warned the public against the locomotive: it would keep cows from grazing, and

hens from laying; the air would be poisoned, and birds fall dead as it passed; the preservation of pheasants and foxes would be impossible; householders would be ruined, horses become extinct, and oats unsaleable; country inns would be ruined; travelling rendered dangerous, for boilers would burst, and passengers be blown to atoms. But there was always this consolation to wind up with—the weight of the locomotive would prevent its moving, and railways could never be worked by steam-power. The bill for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway at length came before a committee of the House of Commons. Privately, Mr Stephenson talked of driving twenty miles an hour; but the council warned him of such folly, and in evidence he restricted himself to ten miles an hour. 'But assuming this speed,' said a member of the committee, 'suppose that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine; would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?' 'Yes,' replied the witness, with his strong Northumberland burr, and a merry twinkle in his eye—'yes, verry awkward indeed *for the coo!*'

Mr Stephenson—'that unprofessional person,' as one of the engineers of the day called him—failed to convince the committee, and the bill was lost. 'We must persevere, sir,' was his invariable reply, when friends hinted that he might be wrong; and a second bill was brought in, which, as the new line carefully avoided the lands of a few short-sighted opponents, passed the House of Commons by 88 to 41, and the House of Lords with the opposition of only Lord Derby and Lord Wilton. The railway was commenced; and though told by the first engineers of the day that no man in his senses would attempt to carry it through Chat Moss, Mr Stephenson did so, at a cost not of £270,000, but of only £28,000, and he completed the line in a substantial and business-like manner. But the adoption of the locomotive was still an open question, and he stood alone among the engineers of the day. The most advanced professional men concurred in recommending fixed engines. 'We must persevere, sir,' was still George's motto. He persuaded the director's to give the locomotive a trial, and he made an engine for the purpose. The trial came on, 6th October 1829. The engine started on its journey, dragging after it about thirteen tons' weight in wagons, and made the first ten trips backwards and forwards along the two miles of road, running the thirty-five miles, including stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. The second ten trips were in like manner performed in two hours and three minutes. The maximum velocity attained by the 'Rocket' during the trial-trip was twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the speed that one of the judges of the competition had declared to be the limit of possibility. 'Now,' cried one of the directors, lifting up his hands—'now is George Stephenson at last delivered.' This decided the question; locomotives were immediately constructed and put upon the line; and the public opening of the work took place on the 15th September 1830.

Opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

The completion of the work was justly regarded as a great national event, and was celebrated accordingly. The Duke of Wellington, then prime-minister, Sir Robert Peel, secretary of state, Mr Huskisson, one of the members for Liverpool, and an earnest supporter of the project from its commencement, were present, together with a large number of distinguished personages. The 'Northumbrian' engine took the lead of the procession, and was followed by the other locomotives and their trains, which accommodated about six hundred persons. Many thousands of spectators cheered them on their way—through the deep ravine of Olive Mount; up the Sutton incline; over the Sankey viaduct, beneath which a multitude of persons had assembled—carriages filling the narrow lanes, and barges crowding the river. The people gazed with wonder and admiration at the trains which sped along the line, far above their heads, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. At Parkside, seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines stopped to take in water. Here a deplorable accident occurred to one of the most distinguished of the illustrious visitors present, which threw a deep shadow over the subsequent proceedings of the day. The 'Northumbrian' engine, with the carriage containing the Duke of Wellington, was drawn up on one line, in order that the whole of the trains might pass in review before him and his party on the other. Mr Huskisson had, unhappily, alighted from the carriage, and was standing on the opposite road, along which the 'Rocket' engine was observed rapidly coming up. At this moment the Duke of Wellington, between whom and Mr Huskisson some coolness had existed, made a sign of recognition, and held out his hand. A hurried but friendly grasp was given; and before it was loosened, there was a general cry from the by-standers of 'Get in, get in!' Flurried and confused, Mr Huskisson endeavoured to get round the open door of the carriage which projected over the opposite rail, but in so doing he was struck down by the 'Rocket,' and falling with his leg doubled across the rail, the limb was instantly crushed. His first words, on being raised, were, 'I have met my death,' which unhappily proved too true, for he expired that same evening in the neighbouring parsonage of Eccles. It was cited at the time, as a remarkable fact, that the 'Northumbrian' engine conveyed the wounded body of the unfortunate gentleman a distance of about fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour. This incredible speed burst upon the world with all the effect of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon.

The fortune of George Stephenson was now made. He became a great man. He was offered, but refused, a knighthood, and his latter days were spent as those of a country gentleman. He died in 1848, at the age of sixty-seven.

George Stephenson at Sir Robert Peel's seat of Drayton.

Though mainly an engineer, he was also a daring thinker on many scientific questions; and there was scarcely a subject of speculation, or a department of recondite science, on which he had not employed his faculties in such a way as to have formed large and original views. At Drayton the conversation often turned upon such topics, and Mr Stephenson freely joined in it. On one occasion, an animated discussion took place between himself and Dr Buckland on one of his favourite theories as to the formation of coal. But the result was, that Dr Buckland, a much greater master of tongue-fence than Stephenson, completely silenced him. Next morning before breakfast, when he was walking in the grounds deeply pondering, Sir William Follett came up and asked what he was thinking about? 'Why, Sir William, I am thinking over that argument I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had only the command of words which he has, I'd have beaten him.' 'Let me know all about it,'

said Sir William, 'and I 'll see what I can do for you.' The two sat down in an arbour, where the astute lawyer made himself thoroughly acquainted with the points of the case; entering into it with all the zeal of an advocate about to plead the dearest interests of his client. After he had mastered the subject, Sir William rose up, rubbing his hands with glee, and said: 'Now I am ready for him.' Sir Robert Peel was made acquainted with the plot, and adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy after dinner. The result was, that in the argument which followed, the man of science was overcome by the man of law; and Sir William Follett had at all points the mastery over Dr Buckland. 'What do *you* say, Mr Stephenson?' asked Sir Robert, laughing. 'Why,' said he, 'I will only say this, that of all the powers above and under the earth, there seems to me to be no power so great as the gift of the gab.' One day at dinner, during the same visit, a scientific lady asked him the question, 'Mr Stephenson, what do you consider the most powerful force in nature?' 'Oh!' said he, in a gallant spirit, 'I will soon answer that question: it is the eye of a woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back; there is no other force in nature that could do that.' One Sunday, when the party had just returned from church, they were standing together on the terrace near the hall, and observed in the distance a railway train flashing along, throwing behind it a long line of white steam. 'Now, Buckland,' said Mr Stephenson, 'I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?' 'Well,' said the other, 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.' 'But what drives the engine?' 'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.' 'What do you say to the light of the sun?' 'How can that be?' asked the doctor. 'It is nothing else,' said the engineer; 'it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form—and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.' The idea was certainly a most striking and original one: like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science.

ELIZA METEYARD.

In 1865-6 appeared *The Life of Josiah Wedgwood*, two volumes, by ELIZA METEYARD, a lady who had previously written several tales and other productions under the name of 'Silverpen.' In 1871 Miss Meteyard produced a series of biographies, under the title of *A Group of Englishmen* (1795 to 1815), being records of the younger Wedgwoods and their friends, embracing the history of photography.

HENRY, LORD COCKBURN—DEAN RAMSAY—DR R. CHAMBERS.

The awakened curiosity of the public regarding Scottish history and manners—mainly to be attributed to Sir Walter Scott's works—induced the late HENRY COCKBURN (1779–1854) to write and publish (1856) *Memorials of his Time*, or sketches of the public character and social habits of the leading citizens of Edinburgh, from the end of the last century to the culminating-point in the celebrity of the Scottish capital at the date of the Waverley novels. The author of the *Memorials*, Lord Cockburn, a Scottish judge, was shrewd, observant, and playful—a genial humourist and man of fine taste, with a vein of energetic eloquence, when roused, that was irresistible with a Scottish audience. In 1874 were issued two more volumes of the same description, *Journal of Henry Cockburn, being a Continuation of the 'Memorials of His Own Time.'*

Of a similar character with the *Memorials*, though more gossiping and anecdotical, is the work entitled *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, 1857, by the REV. EDWARD BANNERMAN RAMSAY (1793–1872), minister of St John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh (1830), and dean of the diocese from 1841 till his death. This volume has gone through twenty-one editions. Dean Ramsay was a man of various graces and accomplishments, and as a clergyman he combined deep and fervent piety with genuine toleration and benevolence. The *Reminiscences* form a curious record of old times and manners fast disappearing. It is the best refutation of Sydney Smith's unfortunate joke that the Scotch have no humour, and it has done almost as much as the Waverley novels to make Scotch customs, phrases, and traits of character familiar to Englishmen at home and abroad.

Edinburgh Society Eighty Years Since.

From *Memorials of his Time*, by HENRY COCKBURN.

There was far more coarseness in the formal age than in the free one. Two vices especially, which have been long banished from respectable society, were very prevalent, if not universal, among the whole upper ranks—swearing and drunkenness. Nothing was more common than for gentlemen who had dined with ladies, and meant to rejoin them, to get drunk. To get drunk in a tavern, seemed to be considered as a natural, if not an intended consequence of going to one. Swearing was thought the right, and the mark, of a gentleman. And, tried by this test, nobody, who had not seen them, could now be made to believe how many gentlemen there were. Not that people were worse-tempered then than now. They were only coarser in their manners, and had got into a bad style of admonition and dissent. The naval chaplain justified his cursing the sailors, because it made them listen to him; and Braxfield [a Scottish judge] apologised to a lady whom he damned at whist for bad play, by declaring that he had mistaken her for his wife. This odious practice was applied with particular offensiveness by those in authority towards their inferiors. In the army it was universal by officers towards soldiers, and far more frequent than is now credible by masters towards servants.

The prevailing dinner was about three o'clock. Two o'clock was quite common, if there was no company. Hence it was no great deviation from their usual custom for a family to dine on Sundays 'between sermons,' that is, between one and two. The hour, in time, but not without groans and predictions, became four, at which it stuck for several years. Then it got to five, which, however, was thought positively revolutionary; and four was long and gallantly adhered to by the haters of change as 'the good old hour.' At last, even they were obliged to give in, but they only yielded inch by inch, and made a desperate stand at half-past four. Even five, however, triumphed, and continued the average polite hour from (I think) about 1806 or 1807 till about 1820. Six has at last prevailed, and half-an-hour later is not unusual. As yet this is the furthest stretch of London imitation, except in country houses devoted to grouse or deer.

The procession from the drawing-room to the dining-room was formerly arranged on a different principle

from what it is now. There was no such alarming proceeding as that of each gentleman approaching a lady, and the two hooking together. This would have excited as much horror as the waltz at first did, which never shewed itself without denunciations of continental manners by correct gentlemen and worthy mothers and aunts. All the ladies first went off by themselves in a regular row according to the ordinary rules of precedence. Then the gentlemen moved off in single file; so that when they reached the dining-room, the ladies were all there, lingering about the backs of the chairs, till they could see what their fate was to be. Then began the selection of partners, the leaders of the male line having the advantage of priority; and of course the magnates had an affinity for each other.

The dinners themselves were much the same as at present. Any difference is in a more liberal adoption of the cookery of France. Healths and toasts were special torments; oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. This prandial nuisance was horrible, but it was nothing to what followed. For after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called 'rounds' of toasts, and, worst of all, there were 'sentiments.' These were short epigrammatic sentences, expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his or for her sentiment, when this or something similar was committed: 'May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning;' or 'May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age;' or 'Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds,' &c.

Early dinners begat suppers. But suppers are so delightful, that they have survived long after dinners have become late. Indeed this has immemorially been a favourite Edinburgh repast. How many are the reasons, how strong the associations that inspire the last of the day's friendly meetings! Supper is cheaper than dinner; shorter, less ceremonious, and more poetical. The business of the day is over; and its still fresh events interest. It is chiefly intimate associates that are drawn together at that familiar hour, of which night deepens the sociality. If there be any fun, or heart, or spirit in a man at all, it is then, if ever, that it will appear. So far as I have seen social life, its brightest sunshine has been on the last repast of the day.

As to the comparative religiousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it; there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition of sects; and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so, if the modern dictators would only accept of that as religion which was considered to be so by their devout fathers.

Scottish Nationality.

From Preface to Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences.*

There is no mistaking the national attachment so strong in the Scottish character. Men return after long absence in this respect unchanged; whilst absent, Scotchmen never forget their native home. In all varieties of lands and climates their hearts ever turn towards the 'land o' cakes and brither Scots.' Scottish festivals are kept with Scottish feeling on 'Greenland's icy mountains' or 'India's coral strand.' I received an amusing account of an ebullition of this patriotic feeling from my late noble friend the Marquis of Lothian, who met with it when travelling in India. He happened to arrive at a station upon the eve of St Andrew's Day, and received an invitation to join a Scottish dinner-party in commemoration of old Scotland. There was a great deal of Scottish enthusiasm. There were *seven* sheep-heads (singed) down the table; and Lord Lothian told me that after dinner he sang with great applause *The Laird o' Cockpen.*

Love of country must draw forth good feeling in men's minds, as it will tend to make them cherish a desire for its welfare and improvement. To claim kindred with the honourable and high-minded, as in some degree allied with them, must imply at least an appreciation of great and good qualities. Whatever, then, supplies men with a motive for following upright and noble conduct—whatever advances in them a kindly benevolence towards fellow-countrymen in distress, will always exercise a beneficial effect upon the hearts and intellects of a Christian people; and these objects are, I think, all more or less fostered and encouraged under the influence of that patriotic spirit which identifies national honour and national happiness with its own.

I desire to preserve peculiarities which I think should be recorded, because they are national, and because they are reminiscences of genuine Scottish life. No doubt these peculiarities have been deeply tinged with the quaint and quiet humour which is more strictly characteristic of our countrymen than their wit. And, as exponents of that humour, our stories may often have excited some harmless merriment in those who have appreciated the real fun of the dry Scottish character. That, I trust, is no offence. I should never be sorry to think that, within the 'limits of becoming mirth,' I had contributed, in however small a degree, to the entertainment and recreation of my countrymen. I am convinced that every one, whether clergyman or layman, who adds something to the innocent enjoyment of human life, has joined in a good work, inasmuch as he has diminished the inducement to vicious indulgence. God knows there is enough of sin and of sorrow in the world to make sad the heart of every Christian man. No one, I think, need be ashamed of having sought to cheer the darker hours of his fellow-travellers' steps through life, or to beguile their hearts, when weary and heavy-laden, into cheerful and amusing trains of thought. So far as my experience of life goes, I have never found that the cause of morality or of religion was promoted by sternly checking all tendencies of our nature to relaxation and amusement. If mankind be too ready to enter upon pleasures which are dangerous or questionable, it is the part of wisdom and of benevolence to supply them with sources of interest, the enjoyment of which shall be innocent and permissible.

What Lord Cockburn and Dean Ramsay did for their time by personal observation and memory, has been done for a much earlier period, through the medium of books and manuscripts, by DR ROBERT CHAMBERS, in his *Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution*, two volumes, 1858; and *from the Revolution to the Rebellion of* 1745, in one volume, 1861. His object, as stated in the preface to the work, was to detail 'the series of occurrences beneath the region of history, the effects of passion, superstition, and ignorance in the people, the extraordinary natural events which disturbed their tranquillity; the calamities which affected their wellbeing, the traits of false political economy by which that wellbeing was checked, and generally those things which enable us to see how our forefathers thought, felt, and suffered, and how, on the whole, ordinary life looked in their days.' The language of the original contemporary narrators

is given wherever it was sufficiently intelligible and concise. This work has been very successful. Three other volumes by its author are devoted to local and national annals—*The History of the Rebellion of* 1745-6, *Traditions of Edinburgh*, and *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*. These are valuable as embodying much curious information presented in a form agreeable and attractive. The *History of the Rebellion* is, indeed, an important contribution to our historical literature. Dr Chambers's best services, as has been justly remarked, 'were devoted to his native country; and, with the exception of his illustrious contemporary, Sir Walter Scott, no other author has done so much to illustrate its social state, its scenery, romantic historical incidents, and antiquities—the lives of its eminent men—and the changes in Scottish society and the condition of the people (especially those in the capital) during the last two centuries.' The life of Dr R. Chambers has been written by his brother, Dr W. Chambers.* Both were born in Peebles—William, April 16, 1800; Robert, July 10, 1802—of an old Peeblesshire family, who, at the beginning of the century, were substantial woollen manufacturers. Robert has thus graphically described his native town:

Picture of an old Scottish Town.

From *Memoir of Robert Chambers.*

In the early years of this century, Peebles was little advanced from the condition in which it had mainly rested for several hundred years previously. It was eminently a quiet place—'As quiet as the grave or as Peebles,' is a phrase used by Cockburn. It was said to be a finished town, for no new houses (exceptions to be of course allowed for) were ever built in it. Situated, however, among beautiful pastoral hills, with a singularly pure atmosphere, and with the pellucid Tweed running over its pebbly bed close beside the streets, the town was acknowledged to be, in the fond language of its inhabitants, a bonny place. An honest old burgher was enabled by some strange chance to visit Paris, and was eagerly questioned, when he came back, as to the character of that capital of capitals; to which, it is said, he answered that 'Paris, a'thing considered, was a wonderful place—but still, Peebles for pleesure!' and this has often been cited as a ludicrous example of rustic prejudice and narrowness of judgment. But, on a fair interpretation of the old gentleman's words, he was not quite so benighted as at first appears. The 'pleesures' of Peebles were the beauties of the situation and the opportunities of healthful recreation it afforded, and these were certainly considerable.

There was an old and a new town in Peebles—each of them a single street, or little more; and as even the new town had an antique look, it may be inferred that the old looked old indeed. It was indeed, chiefly composed of thatched cottages, occupied by weavers and labouring people—a primitive race of homely aspect, in many instances eking out a scanty subsistence by having a cow on the town common, or cultivating a *rig* of potatoes in the fields close to the town. Rows of porridge *luggies* (small wooden vessels) were to be seen cooling on window-soles; a smell of peat smoke pervaded the place; the click of the shuttle was everywhere heard during the day; and in the evening, the gray old men came out in their Kilmarnock night-caps, and talked of Bonaparte, on the stone seats beside their doors. The platters used in these humble dwellings were all of wood, and the spoons of horn; knives and forks rather rare articles. The house was generally divided into two apartments by a couple of *box-beds*, placed end to end—a bad style of bed prevalent in cottages all over Scotland; they were so close as almost to stifle the inmates. Among these humble people, all costumes, customs, and ways of living smacked of old times. You would see a venerable patriarch making his way to church on Sunday, with a long-backed, swing-tailed, light-blue coat of the style of George II., which was probably his marriage coat, and half a century old. His head-gear was a broad-brimmed blue bonnet. The old women came out on the same occasions in red scarfs, called cardinals, and white *mutches* (caps), bound by a black ribbon, with the gray hair folded back on the forehead. There was a great deal of drugget, and huckaback, and serge in that old world, and very little cotton. One almost might think he saw the humbler Scotch people of the seventeenth century before his eyes.

William Chambers, in that part of the volume devoted to his autobiographic reminiscences, says of Peebles:

Among that considerable part of the population who lived down closes and in old thatched cottages, news circulated at third or fourth hand, or was merged in conversation on religious or other topics. My brother and I derived much enjoyment, not to say instruction, from the singing of old ballads, and the telling of legendary stories, by a kind old female relative, the wife of a decayed tradesman, who dwelt in one of the ancient closes. At her humble fireside, under the canopy of a huge chimney, where her half-blind and superannuated husband sat dozing in a chair, the battle of Corunna and other prevailing news was strangely mingled with disquisitions on the Jewish wars. The source of this interesting conversation was a well-worn copy of L'Estrange's translation of Josephus, a small folio of date 1720. The envied possessor of the work was Tam Fleck, 'a flichty chield,' as he was considered, who, not particularly steady at his legitimate employment, struck out a sort of profession by going about in the evenings with his Josephus, which he read as the current news; the only light he had for doing so being usually that imparted by the flickering blaze of a piece of parrot coal. It was his practice not to read more than from two to three pages at a time, interlarded with sagacious remarks of his own by way of foot-notes, and in this way he sustained an extraordinary interest in the narrative. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals. Although in this way he went through a course of Josephus yearly, the novelty somehow never seemed to wear off.

'Weel, Tam, what's the news the nicht?' would old Geordie Murray say, as Tam entered with his Josephus under his arm, and seated himself at the family fireside.

'Bad news, bad news,' replied Tam. 'Titus has begun to besiege Jerusalem—it's gaun to be a terrible business;' and then he opened his budget of intelligence, to which all paid the most reverential attention. The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews, was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week; and when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such séances my brother and I were delighted listeners. All honour to the memory of Tam Fleck.

Misfortune overtook the old *bourgeois* family of Chambers, in Peebles. They removed to Edinburgh, and there the two brothers, William and Robert Chambers, fought hard and nobly to gain

* *Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences*, by William Chambers, 1872.

a position in life. How they struggled, manfully and cheerfully—never relaxing, never complaining—is told in the *Memoir* from which we have quoted, and which is the most interesting and instructive narrative of the kind that has issued from the press since Hugh Miller wrote his *Schools and Schoolmasters*. In 1868, the university of St Andrews conferred on Robert the honorary degree of LL.D. He then resided chiefly in St Andrews, and there he died on the 17th of March 1871. On William, who survives, the university of Edinburgh conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1872.

SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON.

Professional biographies—legal, military, medical, &c.—are numerous, but having only a special interest, do not seem to require mention here. We make an exception in the case of SIR JAMES YOUNG SIMPSON (1811–1870), because he proved, by his discovery of the anæsthetic virtues of chloroform, to be a benefactor of mankind. He made other improvements and innovations in medical practice, which are, we believe, considered valuable. His chief distinction, however, was the relief of human suffering by this agent of chloroform—'wrapping,' as he said, 'men, women, and children in a painless sleep during some of the most trying moments and hours of human existence; and especially when our frail brother man is laid upon the operating table, and subjected to the tortures of the surgeon's knives and scalpels, his saws and his cauteries.' Chloroform was first discovered and described at nearly the same time by Soubeiran (1831) and Liebig (1832); its composition was first accurately ascertained by the distinguished French chemist, Dumas, in 1835.

Indirect Value of Philosophical Investigation.

It is (said Sir James Simpson) not unworthy of remark, that when Soubeiran and Liebig and Dumas engaged in those inquiries and experiments by which the formation and composition of chloroform was first discovered, their sole and only object was the investigation of a point in philosophical chemistry. They laboured for the pure love and extension of knowledge. They had no idea that the substance to which they called the attention of their chemical brethren could or would be turned to any *practical* purpose, or that it possessed any physiological or therapeutic effects upon the animal economy. I mention this to shew that the *cui bono* argument against philosophical investigations, on the ground that there may be at first no apparent practical benefit to be derived from them, has been amply refuted in this, as it has been in many other instances. For I feel assured that the use of chloroform will soon entirely supersede the use of ether; and from the facility and rapidity of its exhibition, it will be employed as an anæsthetic agent in many cases, and under many circumstances, in which ether would never have been had recourse to. Here, then, we have a substance which, in the first instance, was merely interesting as a matter of scientific curiosity and research, becoming rapidly an object of intense importance, as an agent by which human suffering and agony may be annulled and abolished, under some of the most trying circumstances in which human nature is ever placed.'

One objection made to the use of anæsthesia was, that it enabled women to avoid one part of the primeval curse! Simpson said 'the word translated *sorrow* (Gen. ii. 16) is truly "labour," "toil," and in the very next verse the very same word means this. Adam was to eat the ground with "sorrow." That does not mean *physical* pain, and it was cursed to bear thorns and thistles, which we pull up without dreaming that it is a sin.' Dr Chalmers thought the 'small theologians' who objected should not be heeded, and so thought every man of sense. The use of chloroform extended rapidly over all Europe and America, and is now an established recognised agent in the mitigation of human suffering.

Professor Simpson was born at Bathgate in Linlithgowshire, one of a numerous but poor and industrious family. Having studied at Edinburgh University, he graduated as doctor in medicine in 1832. In 1840 he succeeded Professor Hamilton as Professor of Midwifery, and in 1847 first introduced the use of chloroform. After a prosperous career, the Queen, in 1866, conferred upon him the honour of a baronetcy, and the university of Oxford gave him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Sir James was a keen antiquary, and published a treatise on *Archaic Sculpturings of Cups, Circles, &c. upon Stones and Rocks*, 1867.

J. E. BAILEY—H. CRABB ROBINSON—C. WENTWORTH DILKE.

In 1874 MR JOHN EGLINGTON BAILEY, Manchester, published a *Life of Thomas Fuller, D.D.*, with notices of his books, his kinsmen, and his friends—an elaborate and valuable memoir of the celebrated church historian, 'undertaken,' as the author states, 'out of admiration of the life and character of the very remarkable man whom it concerns,' and 'the result of the study and research of the leisure hours of many years.'

In the *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence* of HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, three volumes, 1869, will be found a great amount of literary anecdote and information concerning German and English authors. The inscription on his tombstone may suffice for a biographical notice: 'HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, born May 15, 1775, died February 5, 1867; friend and associate of Goethe and Wordsworth, Wieland and Coleridge, Flaxman and Blake, Clarkson and Charles Lamb; he honoured and loved the great and noble in their thoughts and characters, his warmth of heart and genial sympathy embraced all whom he could serve, &c. The best account we have of Wordsworth's literary life and opinions is in Crabb Robinson's diary.

Much interesting and curious literary history, with a dash of politics intermixed, is contained in two volumes, *Papers of a Critic*, 1875, selected from the writings of the late CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE by his grandson, the baronet of the same name, author of a book of travels, *Greater Britain*. Mr Dilke was born in 1787, served for many years in the Navy Pay Office, and on his retiring with a pension, devoted himself to literary inquiry and criticism. He was a man of a solid, clear judgment, of unwearying industry, and of thorough independence of character. He became proprietor of the *Athenæum* literary journal, the price of which he reduced from eightpence to fourpence, and vastly increased its circulation and influence. Charles Lamb, Hood, Leigh Hunt, the Howitts, Allan Cunningham, Lady Morgan, &c. were among its writers. To insure impartiality as a critic and editor, Mr Dilke made it a rule not to

go into society of any kind—a self-denying ordinance that it must have been hard to keep.* He had, however, a band of intimate friends among his regular contributors. In the *Athenæum* Mr Dilke produced his critical papers on Pope, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Swift, Junius, Wilkes, Grenville, and Burke. The most important of these are the papers on Pope, Junius, and Burke. It may safely be said that, notwithstanding all the labours of Warton, Bowles, and Roscoe, the personal history of Pope was never properly understood until it was taken up by Mr Dilke. On the authorship of Junius, he differed from great authorities—Brougham, Macaulay, Lord Stanhope, and others. He investigated the subject with his usual acuteness and research, but though he corrected numerous errors in previous statements on the subject, he brought forward no name to supersede that of Sir Philip Francis. With respect to Burke, Mr Dilke also pointed out many errors in the works of biographers, and convicted the great statesman of a fault not uncommon—buying an estate before he had money to pay for it, and entering on a scheme of life far too expensive for his means. Mr Dilke died, universally respected and regretted, August 16, 1864.

JOHN MORLEY—PROFESSOR MORLEY—WILLIAM MINTO—C. C. F. GREVILLE.

JOHN MORLEY, born at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838, has published *Edmund Burke, a Historical Study*, 1867 ; and Lives of Voltaire, 1872, and Rousseau, 1873. Mr Morley has been editor of the *Fortnightly Review* since 1867.

HENRY MORLEY, Professor of English Literature at University College, has written various works, biographical and critical, and contributed extensively to literary journals. Lives of *Palissy the Potter*, 1852; *Jerome Cardan*, 1854; *Cornelius Agrippa*, 1856; *Clement Marot*, 1870; *First Sketch of English Literature*, 1873, are among the most important of his productions, and he is now engaged on an elaborate *Library of English Literature*, in course of publication by Messrs Cassell and Co.

MR WILLIAM MINTO, M.A., is author of two excellent compendiums of English biography and criticism : *A Manual of English Prose Literature*, designed mainly to shew characteristics of style, 1872; and *Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley*, 1874. Shortly after the publication of the latter work, Mr Minto became editor of *The Examiner* weekly paper, so long distinguished by its former editors, Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, and John Forster.

Great interest was excited by the appearance, in 1874, of *The Greville Memoirs*, a journal of the reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., by CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE, clerk of the council to those sovereigns. Mr Greville was a grandson of the third Duke of Portland. At the age of twenty he was appointed private secretary to Lord Bathurst, and seven years afterwards he succeeded to the clerkship of the council, which he held for about forty years. Though too free in his comments and disclosures, and not always just or correct, Mr Greville's journal will be valuable to future historians. His sketches of character are drawn with discrimination and talent, and in his gallery of portraits are the two sovereigns whom he served (George IV. being painted as destitute of truth and honour, and a mere selfish sensualist), and nearly all the public men, statesmen, and authors, who figured during that period. The contrast between the Queen and her uncle is vividly set forth in the following passage :

Queen Victoria's First Days of Sovereignty.

June 21, 1837.—The king died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning ; and the young Queen met the council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, but she said she would come in alone. When the lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the king's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence : and accordingly the two royal dukes, the two archbishops, the chancellor, and Melbourne went with them. The queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned, the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open and the queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes (Cumberland and Sussex ; the Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover) first, by themselves ; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced. Her manner to them was very grateful and engaging ; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand ; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or shew any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne, and the ministers, and the Duke of Wellington approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and

* The late Mr Rintoul of the *Spectator* adopted the same rule. 'I don't quite understand Rintoul's point,' wrote Mr Quillinan, the son-in-law of Wordsworth. 'Making it a rule to avoid authors, he makes it a rule to exclude himself from the best intellectual society—that is, if he applies his rule rigorously. If he means that he avoids the small cliques of authorlings and criticlings who puff one another and abuse every one else, I quite understand him, and "small blame to him," as the Irishman says.'

self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done, she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room.

Lord Lansdowne insisted upon being declared president of the council, and I was obliged to write a declaration for him to read to that effect, though it was not usual. The speech was admired except by Brougham, who appeared in a considerable state of excitement. He said to Peel (whom he was standing near, and with whom he is not in the habit of communicating): 'Amelioration—that is not English; you might perhaps say *me*lioration, but improvement is the proper word.' 'Oh,' said Peel, 'I see no harm in the word; it is generally used.' 'You object,' said Brougham, 'to the sentiment; I object to the grammar.' 'No,' said Peel, 'I don't object to the sentiment.' 'Well, then, she pledges herself to the policy of *our* government,' said Brougham. Peel told me this, which passed in the room, and near to the Queen. He likewise said how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a council at St James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock; and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her, and told her he was come to take her orders. She said: 'I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion.'

Accordingly, he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was in the carriage with her, but I was surprised to hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by. I rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her ministers, and courtesied repeatedly to the people, who did not, however, hurrah till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window. At twelve, she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life; and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her, on the whole, a very agreeable appearance, and, with her youth, inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. After the council she received the archbishops and bishops, and after them the judges. They all kissed her hand, but she said nothing to any of them; very different from her predecessor, who used to harangue them all, and had a speech ready for everybody. . . .

No contrast can be greater than that between the personal demeanour of the present and the late sovereigns at their respective accessions. William IV. was a man who, coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation, that he went nearly mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly afterwards sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a blackguard, and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory, at the same time, to say that he was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-meaning man, and he always acted an honourable and straightforward, if not always a sound and discreet part. The two principal ministers of his reign, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey (though the former was only his minister for a few months), have both spoken of him to me with strong expressions of personal regard and esteem. The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a decorum and propriety beyond her years, and with all the sedateness and dignity, the want of which was so conspicuous in her uncle.

THEOLOGIANS.

The publication of the *Tracts for the Times, by Members of the University of Oxford*, four volumes, 1833–37, forms an era in the history of the Church of England. 'The movement was commenced,' says Mr Molesworth, 'by a small knot of young men, most of them under thirty years of age. The two most energetic and original minds among them were RICHARD HURREL FROUDE and JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Froude died at the early age of thirty-three of a pulmonary complaint, but lived long enough to witness the commencement of the Tracts, and to rejoice in their unexpected success. Newman was the prime mover and real leader of the movement, and one who, not only by his writings, but by his sermons, his conversation, and, above all, by the influence of his pure motives and lofty intelligence, nurtured and carried it forward. With them came to be associated two kindred spirits, less energetic indeed, but not less firm or earnest—DR PUSEY, the learned young Regius Professor of Hebrew, and KEBLE, the sweet singer of the Church of England, whose *Christian Year* will live as long as the church endures (see *ante*, p. 183). With these were associated other men of less mark and note, of whom WILLIAM PALMER and ARTHUR PERCEVAL were the chief. They were connected with the higher authorities of the church, and a large body of the most influential of the clergy, by Hugh Rose, chaplain to the archbishop of Canterbury, and regarded as the first theological and German scholar of his day. Purer, holier, and more unselfish men than those who composed this little band never lived.'* The tenets or beliefs of this sacerdotal party were all of a Romanising stamp—judgment by works equally as by faith, baptismal regeneration, the supreme authority of the church, the apostolical succession of the clergy, &c. At the same time the Tractarian preachers adopted certain peculiarities in the performance of divine service—as abjuring the black Geneva gown and preaching in the white surplice, bowing to the altar and turning their backs to the people, arraying the altar with tippet and flowers and medieval embellishments, placing lighted candles on the altar, &c. One effect of these innovations was to stir up a violent controversy, in which High and Low and Broad Church all mingled; while a few, like Dr Arnold, proposed that the Established Church should be so comprehensive as to include not merely the churches of England and Scotland, but nearly all the bodies of Dissenters. Another effect of the innovations was to drive many supporters of

* Molesworth's *History of England*.

the establishment into the ranks of the Dissenters, and some into the Church of Rome. Mr Newman published a work, *Remains of the late Rev. Richard H. Froude*, 'who said not a man,' observed his editor, 'who said anything at random,' and Mr Froude spoke of 'unprotestantising the church,' and called the Reformation 'a limb badly set, which required to be broken again,' &c. The serious and peaceable heads of the church became alarmed. The tracts were stopped by recommendation of the bishop of Oxford, and the last of the series, written by Mr Newman, was condemned by many of the bishops and censured by the Hebdomadal Board. The controversy, however, was not at an end—books, sermons, reviews, charges, memoirs, novels, and poems, continued to be issued by the opposing parties, and church vestries were occasionally in commotion. Of the 18,000 clergymen said to be in the Church of England, 7000, it was calculated, belonged to the High Church party, 6500 to the Low Church, 3500 to the Broad Church, and about 1000 were peasant clergy in the mountain districts.*

DR PUSEY.

The Rev. Edward Bouverie Pusey is the second son of the late Hon. Philip Bouverie (half-brother of the first Earl of Radnor), and was born in 1800. He studied at Christ Church, Oxford, was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel College, and in 1828 was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in the university of Oxford. Dr Pusey was one of the most persistent of the Tractarians. A sermon preached by him before the university, was said to contain an avowal of his belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation; an examination took place on the part of judges appointed by the university, and the result was a censure and sentence of suspension from the duties of a preacher within the precincts of the university. The works of Dr Pusey are numerous, and are all theological. Among them are *Remarks on Cathedral Institutions*, 1845; *Royal Supremacy*, 1850; *Doctrine of the Real Presence Vindicated*, 1855; *History of the Councils of the Church*, 51–381 A.D.; *Nine Sermons*, 1843–55; and *Nine Lectures*, 1864; and other professional treatises and sermons. The publications of Dr Pusey are very numerous, but not one of them bids fair to take a permanent place in our literature. He is a man of exemplary piety as well as learning.

DR JOHN HENRY NEWMAN—F. W. NEWMAN.

This eminent controversialist and man of letters is a native of London, son of a banker, and born in the year 1801. He graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, was afterwards elected a Fellow of Oriel, and in 1825 became Vice-principal of St Alban's Hall. He was sometime tutor of his college, and incumbent of St Mary's, Oxford, and was associated, as we have stated, with Hurrel Froude and others in the publication of the *Tracts for the Times*. More consistent than some of his associates, Dr Newman seceded from the Established Church and joined the Church of Rome. Since then he has been priest of the Oratory of St Philip Neri, rector of a Catholic university in Dublin, and head of the Oratory near Birmingham. Dr Newman has been a voluminous writer. His collected works form twenty-two volumes, exclusive of various contributions to periodicals. From 1837 to the present time his pen has rarely been idle, and the variety of his learning, the originality and grace of his style, his sincerity and earnestness, have placed him high among living authors. The following is a list of his works as collected and classified by himself: *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, eight volumes; *Sermons on Subjects of the Day; University Sermons; Catholic Sermons*, two volumes; *Present Position of Catholics in England; Essay on Assent; Two Essays on Miracles; Essays, Critical and Historical*, two volumes; *Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects; Historical Sketches; History of the Arians; History of My Religious Opinions* (*Apologia*). Dr Newman has also published a volume of *Verses on Various Occasions*, 1868.

Description of Athens.—From 'Historical Sketches.'

The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there—Athens, the city of mind—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Bœotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Bœotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dullness of the Bœotian intellect; on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not; it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length, and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that the olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers, how that clear air, of which I have spoken,

* *Edinburgh Review*, October 1853. Since this time the High Church party has increased in numbers, and an act of parliament has been passed, adding to the power of the bishops, for the purpose, as stated by Mr Disraeli, of 'putting down the Ritualists.' The number of the clergy is now said to be fully 20,000.

brought out, yet blended and subdued the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which, in a picture, looks exaggerated, yet is, after all, within the truth. He would not tell how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those faithful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otum or Laurium by the declining sun; our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible, unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who, in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, learned at once what a real university must be, by coming to understand the sort of country which was its suitable home.

Influence and Law.

Taking influence and law to be the two great principles of government, it is plain that, historically speaking, influence comes first, and then law. Thus Orpheus preceded Lycurgus and Solon. Thus Deioces the Mede laid the foundations of his power in the personal reputation for justice, and then established it in the seven walls by which he surrounded himself in Ecbatana. First we have the *virum pietate graem*, whose word 'rules the spirits and soothes the breasts' of the multitude—or the warrior—or the mythologist and bard; then follow at length the dynasty and constitution. Such is the history of society: it begins in the poet, and ends in the policeman.

The Beautiful and the Virtuous.

It is maintained that the beautiful and the virtuous mean the same thing, and are convertible terms. Accordingly conscience is found out to be but slavish; and a fine taste, an exquisite sense of the decorous, the graceful, and the appropriate, this is to be our true guide for ordering our mind and our conduct, and bringing the whole man into shape. These are great sophisms, it is plain; for, true though it be that virtue is always expedient, it does not therefore follow that everything which is expedient, and everything which is fair, is virtuous. A pestilence is an evil, yet may have its undeniable uses; and war, 'glorious war,' is an evil, yet an army is a very beautiful object to look upon; and what holds in these cases, may hold in others; so that it is not very safe or logical to say that utility and beauty are guarantees for virtue.

The Jewish and Christian Churches.

From *Sermons bearing on the Subjects of the Day.*

What took place under the Law is a pattern, what was commanded is a rule, under the Gospel. The substance remains, the use, the meaning, the circumstances, the benefit is changed; grace is added, life is infused; 'the body is of Christ;' but it is in great measure that same body which was in being before He came. The Gospel has not put aside, it has incorporated into itself, the revelations which went before it. It avails itself of the Old Testament, as a great gift to Christian as well as to Jew. It does not dispense with it, but it dispenses it. Persons sometimes urge that there is no code of duty in the New Testament, no ceremonial, no rules for Church polity. Certainly not; they are unnecessary; they are already given in the Old. Why should the Old Testament be retained in the Christian Church, but to be used? *There* are we to look for our forms, our rites, our polity; only illustrated, tempered, spiritualised by the Gospel. The precepts remain; the observance of them is changed.

This, I say, is what many persons are slow to understand. They think the Old Testament must be supposed to be our rule directly and literally, or not at all; and since we cannot put ourselves under it absolutely and without explanation, they conclude that in no sense is it binding on us; but surely there is such a thing as the *application* of Scripture; this is no very difficult or strange idea. Surely we cannot make any practical use even of St Paul's Epistles, without application. They are written to Ephesians or Colossians; we apply them to the case of Englishmen. They speak of customs, and circumstances, and fortunes which do not belong to us; we cannot take them literally; we must adapt them to our own case; we must apply them to us. *We* are not in persecution, or in prison; we do not live in the south, nor under the Romans; nor have we been converted from heathenism; nor have we miraculous gifts; nor live we in a country of slaves; yet still we do not find it impossible to guide ourselves by inspired directions, addressed to those who were thus circumstanced. And in somewhat a like manner, the directions of the Old Testament, whether as to conduct, or ritual, or Church polity, may be our guides, though we are obliged to apply them. Scripture itself does this for us in some instances, and in some others we ourselves are accustomed to do so for ourselves; and we may do so in a number of others also in which we are slow to do it. For instance, the Law says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' Does the Gospel abrogate this command. Of course not. What does it do with it? It explains and enlarges it. It answers the question, '*Who* is my neighbour?' The substance of the command is the same under Law and under Gospel; but the Gospel opens and elevates it. And so again the Ten Commandments belong to the Law, yet we read them still in the Communion Service, as binding upon ourselves; yet not in the mere letter; the Gospel has turned the letter into spirit. It has unfolded and diversified those sacred precepts which were given from the beginning.

MR FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, brother of the above, and born in 1805, is a distinguished scholar and author of various works. In 1824 he was admitted a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, but resigned his fellowship, as he could not subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles for his Master's degree. He was Latin Professor in University College, London, from 1846 to 1863, when he

resigned. *A History of the Hebrew Monarchy*, and *Lectures on History*, were published by him in 1847; in 1849, *The Soul, her Sorrows and Aspirations*; in 1850, *Phases of Faith*—a work avowing the author's infidelity, but pervaded by a kind of mystical spiritualism; *Lectures on Political Economy*, 1851; *Regal Rome*, 1852; *The Crimes of the House of Hapsburg*, 1853. In this year, also, he published *The Odes of Horace, translated into Unrhymed Metres*, but the effort is described as not successful. In 1866 Mr Newman published a *Handbook of Modern Arabic*, and is understood to be engaged on an English-Arabic Dictionary.

DR CHANNING.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1780–1842), one of the most popular of the American prose writers and theologians, was a native of Newport, Rhode Island. After completing his education at Harvard University (where he took his degree in 1798), he studied divinity, and was ordained minister of a church in Boston. Though disliking all sectarian preaching, Channing undertook, in 1819, on occasion of the ordination of the Rev. Jared Sparks, to explain and defend the opinions of the Unitarians, dwelling on such topics as had been made the subject of misrepresentation. Still he described himself as 'more nearly related to Fenelon than to Priestley,' and in advanced life he said: 'I am little of a Unitarian, have little sympathy with the system of Priestley and Belsham, and stand aloof from all but those who strive and pray for clearer light.' He may be classed with Archbishop Leighton and Baxter. His unfeigned humility and piety endeared him to the good of all sects, and among his friends he could number even the High Church Wordsworth and Coleridge. Dr Channing (he received his degree of D.D. from Harvard University in 1821) was author of various essays and sermons—*Essay on National Literature*, 1823; *Remarks on the Character and Writings of Milton*, 1826; *Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte*, 1828; *The Character and Writings of Fenelon*, 1829; *On Negro Slavery*, 1835; *On Self-Culture*, 1838, and *Sermons on the Christian Evidences*, and other subjects. All his works are distinguished by purity and elevation of thought, and though rather too measured and diffuse in style and expression, cannot be read without delight as well as instruction. The expansive benevolence and Christian ardour of the writer shine through the whole. Various editions of Channing's collected works have been issued, and in 1848 a copious life of him was published by his nephew, W. H. Channing.

The Character of Christ.

We are struck with this peculiarity in the author of Christianity, that whilst all other men are formed in a measure by the spirit of the age, we can discover in Jesus no impression of the period in which he lived. We know with considerable accuracy the state of society, the modes of thinking, the hopes and expectations of the country in which Jesus was born and grew up; and he is as free from them, and as exalted above them, as if he had lived in another world, or, with every sense shut on the objects around him. His character has in it nothing local or temporary. It can be explained by nothing around him. His history shews him to us a solitary being, living for purposes which none but himself comprehended, and enjoying not so much as the sympathy of a single mind. His apostles, his chosen companions, brought to him the spirit of the age; and nothing shews its strength more strikingly, than the slowness with which it yielded in these honest men to the instructions of Jesus.

Jesus came to a nation expecting a Messiah; and he claimed this character. But instead of comforming to the opinions which prevailed in regard to the Messiah, he resisted them wholly and without reserve. To a people anticipating a triumphant leader, under whom vengeance as well as ambition was to be glutted by the prostration of their oppressors, he came as a spiritual leader teaching humility and peace. This undisguised hostility to the dearest hopes and prejudices of his nation; this disdain of the usual compliances by which ambition and imposture conciliate adherents; this deliberate exposure of himself to rejection and hatred, cannot easily be explained by the common principles of human nature, and excludes the possibility of selfish aims in the author of Christianity.

One striking peculiarity in Jesus is the extent—the vastness of his views. Whilst all around him looked for a Messiah to liberate God's ancient people; whilst to every other Jew, Judea was the exclusive object of pride and hope—Jesus came declaring himself to be the deliverer and light of *the world:* and in his whole teaching and life, you see a consciousness, which never forsakes him, of a relation to the whole human race. This idea of blessing mankind, of spreading a universal religion, was the most magnificent which had ever entered into man's mind. All previous religions had been given to particular nations. No conqueror, legislator, philosopher, in the extravagance of ambition, had ever dreamed of subjecting all nations to a common faith.

This conception of a universal religion, intended for Jew and Gentile, for all nations and climes, is wholly inexplicable by the circumstances of Jesus. He was a Jew; and the first and deepest and most constant impression on a Jew's mind, was that of the superiority conferred on his people and himself by the national religion introduced by Moses. The wall between the Jew and the Gentile seemed to reach to heaven. The abolition of the peculiarity of Moses, the overthrow of the temple of Mount Sinai, the erection of a new religion, in which all men would meet as brethren, and which would be the common and equal property of Jew and Gentile—these were of all ideas the last to spring up in Judea, the last for enthusiasm or imposture to originate.

Compare next these views of Christ with his station in life. He was of humble birth and education, with nothing in his lot, with no extensive means, no rank, or wealth, or patronage to infuse vast thoughts and extravagant plans. The shop of a carpenter, the village of Nazareth, were not spots for ripening a scheme more aspiring and extensive than had ever been formed. It is a principle in human nature, that except in cases of insanity, *some* proportion is observed between the power of an individual and his plans and hopes. The purpose to which Jesus devoted himself was as ill suited to his condition as an attempt to change the seasons, or to make the sun rise in the west. That a young man in obscure life, belonging to an oppressed nation, should seriously think of subverting the time-hallowed and deep-rooted religions of the world, is a strange fact: but with this purpose we see the mind of Jesus thoroughly imbued; and sublime as it is, he never falls below it in his language or conduct; but speaks and acts with a consciousness of superiority, with a dignity and authority, becoming this unparalleled destination. In this connection I cannot but add another striking circumstance in Jesus; and that is, the calm confidence with which he always looked forward to the accomplishment of his design.

The New Testament Epistles.

The Epistles, if possible, abound in marks of truth and reality even more than the Gospels. They are imbued thoroughly with the spirit of the first age of Christianity. They bear all the marks of having come from men, plunged in the conflicts which the new religion excited, alive to its interests, identified with its fortunes. They betray the very state of mind which must have been generated by the peculiar condition of the first propagators of the religion. They are letters written on real business, intended for immediate effects, designed to meet prejudices and passions, which such a religion must at first have awakened. They contain not a trace of the circumstances of a later age, or of the feelings, impressions, and modes of thinking by which later times were characterised, and from which later writers could not easily have escaped. The letters of Paul have a remarkable agreement with his history. They are precisely such as might be expected from a man of a vehement mind, who had been brought up in the schools of Jewish literature, who had been converted by a sudden, overwhelming miracle, who had been intrusted with the preaching of the new religion to the Gentiles, who had been everywhere met by the prejudices and persecuting spirit of his own nation. They are full of obscurities, growing out of these points of Paul's history and character, and out of the circumstances of the infant church, and which nothing but an intimate acquaintance with that early period can illustrate. This remarkable infusion of the spirit of the first age into the Christian records, cannot easily be explained but by the fact that they were written in that age by the real and zealous propagators of Christianity, and that they are records of real convictions and of actual events.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule, and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralysed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. The power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character, and determining for a period the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration which his early career called forth, must in particular have had an influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterised, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with astonishing the world, with producing a sudden and universal sensation, such as modern times had not witnessed. To astonish as well as to sway by his energies, became the great end of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object; but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and by the suddenness of its new creations should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

His history shews a spirit of self-exaggeration, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an oriental king to whom incense had been burned from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder, and, for this selfish solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown.*

The spirit of self-exaggeration wrought its own misery, and drew down upon him terrible punishments; and this it did by vitiating and perverting his high powers. First, it diseased his fine intellect, gave imagination the ascendency over judgment, turned the inventiveness and fruitfulness of his mind into rash, impatient, restless energies, and thus precipitated him into projects which, as the wisdom of his counsellors pronounced, were fraught with ruin. To a man whose vanity took him out of the rank of human beings, no foundation for reasoning was left. All things seemed possible. His genius and his fortune were not to be bounded by the barriers which experience had assigned to human powers. Ordinary rules did not apply to him. His imagination, disordered by his egotism, and by unbounded

* We may illustrate Channing's argument by quoting part of Coleridge's criticism on Milton's Satan: 'The character of Satan is pride and sensual indulgence, finding in itself the motive of action. It is the character so often seen in little on the political stage. It exhibits all the restlessness, temerity, and cunning which have marked the mighty hunters of mankind from Nimrod to Napoleon. The common fascination of man is, that these great men, as they are called, must act from some great motive. Milton has carefully marked in his Satan the intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism, which would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. To place this lust of self in opposition to denial of self or duty, and to shew what exertions it would make, and what pains endure to accomplish its end, is Milton's particular object in the character of Satan. But around this character he has thrown a singularity of daring, a grandeur of sufferance, and a ruined splendour, which constitute the very height of poetic sublimity.' The career of Napoleon certainly exemplifies the principle here so finely enunciated.

flattery, leaped over appalling obstacles to the prize which inflamed his ambition.

Great Ideas.

What is needful to elevate the soul is not that a man should know all that has been thought and written in regard to the spiritual nature—not that a man should become an encyclopædia; but that the great ideas, in which all discoveries terminate, which sum up all sciences, which the philosopher extracts from infinite details, may be comprehended and felt. It is not the quantity, but the quality of knowledge, which determines the mind's dignity. A man of immense information may, through the want of large and comprehensive ideas, be far inferior in intellect to a labourer, who, with little knowledge, has yet seized on great truths. For example, I do not expect the labourer to study theology in the ancient languages, in the writings of the Fathers, in the history of sects, &c.; nor is this needful. All theology, scattered as it is through countless volumes, is summed up in the idea of God; and let this idea shine bright and clear in the labourer's soul, and he has the essence of theological libraries, and a far higher light than has visited thousands of renowned divines. A great mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details. I have known very learned men, who seemed to me very poor in intellect, because they had no grand thoughts. What avails it that a man has studied ever so minutely the histories of Greece and Rome, if the great ideas of freedom, and beauty, and valour, and spiritual energy, have not been kindled by these records into living fires in his soul? The illumination of an age does not consist in the amount of its knowledge, but in the broad and noble principles of which that knowledge is the foundation and inspirer. The truth is, that the most laborious and successful student is confined in his researches to a very few of God's works; but this limited knowledge of things may still suggest universal laws, broad principles, grand ideas, and these elevate the mind. There are certain thoughts, principles, ideas, which by their nature rule over all knowledge, which are intrinsically glorious, quickening, all-comprehending, eternal.

REV. HENRY BLUNT.

The REV. HENRY BLUNT (1794-1843) was for several years incumbent of Trinity Church, Chelsea, and was not only a popular preacher but a voluminous author. He belonged to what is known as the Low Church or Evangelical party. Some of Mr Blunt's religious treatises are said to have gone through forty editions in England, besides having a great circulation in America. Among his works are—*Lectures upon the History of Jacob*, 1828; *Lectures upon the History of St Paul*, two parts, 1832-33; *Family Exposition of the Pentateuch*; with several volumes of *Sermons*, &c. After Mr Blunt's death three volumes of *Sermons* and *Pastoral Letters* were collected and published.

DR KITTO.

DR JOHN KITTO (1804-1854) devoted himself, amidst many discouragements, to the illustration of the sacred Scriptures. He was a native of Plymouth, the son of humble parents, and a fall from the roof of a house, a few days after he had completed his twelfth year, deprived him of the sense of hearing. His description of the calamity is simple and touching:

I was very slow in learning that my hearing was entirely gone. The unusual stillness of all things was grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if half-awakened state, a thought of the matter my mind. I ascribed it to the unusual care and of my friends in preserving silence around me. them talking, indeed, to one another, and thoug out of regard to my feeble condition they sp whisper, because I heard them not. The tru revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude the book which had so much interested me in t of my fall. It had, it seems, been reclaimed good old man who had sent it to me, and who do concluded that I should have no more need of b this life. He was wrong; for there has been r in this life which I have needed more. I as this book with much earnestness, and was answe signs which I could not comprehend.

'Why do you not speak?' I cried. 'Pray have the book.' This seemed to create some con and at length some one, more clever than the r upon the happy expedient of writing upon a sla the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and could not in my weak state be allowed to read. I said in great astonishment, 'why do you write why not speak? Speak, speak!'

Those who stood around the bed exchanged cant looks of concern, and the writer soon dis upon his slate the awful words—'YOU ARE I Did not this utterly crush me? By no means. then weakened condition nothing like this coul me. Besides, I was a child; and to a child t extent of such a calamity could not be at once ap However, I knew not the future—it was well I d and there was nothing to shew me that I suffered more than a temporary deafness, which in a fe night pass away. It was left for time to shew sad realities of the condition to which I was redu

The deaf boy, after his recovery, was pla the workhouse, until some employment co found for him. He was put apprentice to a maker, who used him with great cruelty, b appeal to the magistrates procured his release this tyranny; and being assisted, in his ninet year, to publish a volume of essays and l friends came forward, and he was enabl follow out his strong bias for theological ature. He spent ten years in travelling ar siding abroad, the result of which appeared Biblical criticism and illustrations, and i account of the *Scripture Lands*, 1850. O return to England, in 1833, he wrote fo *Penny Magazine* a series of papers called *Deaf Traveller*, and ever afterwards was ac engaged in literature. He edited *The Pic Bible*, the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, an *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*; also a able work, *Daily Bible Illustrations*. Two volumes, entitled *The Lost Senses*, one on ness and the other on blindness, were pro by Dr Kitto, and are interesting from the and anecdotes they contain. He concludes the blind are not so badly off as the deaf. ' indeed possible that, so far as regards m animal sensation, the blind man is in a condition than the deaf; but in all that re the culture of the mind, he has infinitely advantage, while his full enjoyment of so from which the other is excluded, keeps healthy exercise of his mental faculties, and r tains him in that cheerful frame of mind, w is as generally observed among the blind, a want of it is among the deaf.' A pension of was settled upon Dr Kitto by the government went abroad to recruit his health, which had

injured by too close application, but died at Cannstadt, near Stuttgart, in his fifty-first year.

DR ROBERT VAUGHAN.

ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D., was for some years Professor of Ancient and Modern History in the university of London, and President of the Independent College, Manchester. He was author of various important historical works, imbued with true constitutional feeling and principle, and evincing great care and research. Among these works are *Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty from* 1603 *to* 1688, published in 1831; *Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell and the State of Europe during the Early Part of the Reign of Louis XIV.*, 1838; *The Age of Great Cities*, 1842; *John De Wycliffe*, a monograph, 1854; *Revolutions in English History*, 1859; *Revolutions in Government*, 1863; *English Nonconformity*, 1862; and a great number of discourses, reviews, and pamphlets on theological and philosophical questions. Dr Vaughan was born in 1795, and educated at Bristol, after which he became pastor of the Independent Chapel at Kensington. This indefatigable and conscientious literary worker died in 1868, in his seventy-third year. His pulpit oratory is described as of an impressive intellectual character.

HENRY ROGERS.

Few books of religious controversy have been so popular as *The Eclipse of Faith, or a Visit to a Religious Sceptic*, 1852. This work went through five editions within two years. Though the name of the author is not prefixed, *The Eclipse* is known to be the production of MR HENRY ROGERS, one of the professors at the Independent College, Birmingham. Mr Rogers officiated for some time as minister of an Independent congregation, but was forced to relinquish his charge on account of ill health. He has been a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and a collection of his various papers has been published under the title of *Essays: Contributions to the Edinburgh Review*, three volumes, 1850–55. In 1856, Mr Rogers published an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Thomas Fuller, with Selections from his Writings*. He has also contributed some short biographies to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Learned, eloquent, and liberal in sentiment, Mr Rogers is an honour to the Dissenting body. *The Eclipse* was written in reply to Mr F. W. Newman's *Phases of Faith*, noticed in a previous page. Mr Rogers adopts the plan of sending to a missionary in the Pacific Ocean an account of the religious distractions in this country. All the controversies and new theological opinions, English and German, which have been agitated within the last twenty years are discussed, and a considerable part of the reasoning is in the form of dialogue. The various interlocutors state their opinions fully, and are answered by other parties. Deism is represented by a disciple of Professor Newman, who draws most of his arguments from the *Phases of Faith*. A new edition of this work being called for, Mr Newman added to it a *Reply to the Eclipse of Faith*, 1854, and Mr Rogers rejoined with *A Defence of the Eclipse of Faith*. There is a good deal of vigorous thought and sarcasm in Mr Rogers's *Eclipse* and *Defence*, while in logical acuteness he is vastly superior to his opponent. Occasionally he rises into a strain of pure eloquence, as in the following passage:

The Humanity of the Saviour.

And now what, after all, does the carping criticism of this chapter amount to? Little as it is in itself, it absolutely vanishes; it is felt that the Christ thus portrayed *cannot* be the right interpretation of the history, in the face of all those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds, but of which there is here an entire oblivion. But humanity will not forget them; men still wonder at the 'gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth,' and persist in saying, 'Never man spake like this man.' The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the 'upper room' where He instituted the feast which should for ever consecrate His memory, and bequeathed to his disciples the legacy of His love; the scenes in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which He bore wrong, the gentleness with which he rebuked it, and the love with which he forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which He well earned for himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the 'friend of publicans and sinners;' these, and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and of pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell. These things lisping infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them age, with its gray locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by *fictions* yet more wonderful! Ah, what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed. Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be 'remembered by Him when he came into His kingdom;' they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at His feet, and 'in their right mind;' they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus—not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity—for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to him, and say: 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!' they must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of His mission, and guarantees of the truth of His doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of His character and are types of the spiritual cures His gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him 'who brought life and immortality to light;' they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side, type of ten thousand

times ten thousand, who have 'sought the grave to weep there,' and found joy and consolation in Him 'whom, though unseen, they loved;' they must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of his disciples, the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares himself 'the resurrection and the life'—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with childlike trust, and to believe, as the gate of death closed behind them, that they would see Him who is invested with the 'keys of the invisible world,' 'who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens,' letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him having the pre-eminence who loved, because He loved *us*, to call himself the 'Son of Man,' though angels called him the 'Son of God.' It is in vain to tell men it is an *illusion*. If it be an illusion, *every variety of experiment* proves it to be *inveterate*, and it will not be dissipated by a million of Strausses and Newmans! *Probatum est.* At His feet guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there 'the peace which the world can neither give nor take away.' Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find, repose there, and have invested Him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than His.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

In intellectual activity, power, and influence, few men of the present generation exceeded the late learned archbishop of Dublin, DR RICHARD WHATELY. This eminent prelate was a native of London, born in 1787, fourth son of the Rev. Dr Whately of Nonsuch Park, Surrey. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, a college celebrated as having sent forth some distinguished modern theologians—Arnold, Copleston, Keble, Hampden, Newman, and Pusey. Whately graduated in 1808, took a second class in classics and mathematics, and gained the university prize for an English essay. Having taken his M.A. degree in 1812, Whately entered the church, was Bampton lecturer in Oxford in 1822,* and appointed the same year to the rectory of Halesworth, Suffolk. In 1825 he received the degree of D.D.; in 1830 he was chosen Principal of Alban's Hall, Oxford, and Professor of Political Economy, Oxford; and in 1831 he was consecrated archbishop of Dublin and bishop of Glendalagh, to which was afterwards added the bishopric of Kildare. The literary career of Archbishop Whately seems to have commenced in 1821, when he was in his thirty-fourth year. Previous to this, however, he was conspicuous in the university for his opposition to the High Church views of Dr Pusey and Dr Newman. In 1821 he published *The Christian's Duty with respect to the Established Government and the Laws, considered in three Sermons;* and the same year he issued anonymously his tract, *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*—a grave logical satire on scepticism. The subject of his Bampton lectures was *The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion*, and he treated it with distinguished ability and liberality. His next two works were *The Elements of Logic*, 1826; and *The Elements of Rhetoric*, 1828. The former treatise gave a new life to the study of logic, as was admitted by Sir William Hamilton, who combated some of its doctrines, and it has long since taken its place as a standard in the library of mental science. Whately said his mind had for fourteen years brooded over the leading points of his work on Logic. In the same year (1828) appeared *Essays on Some of the Difficulties in the Writings of St Paul, and in other parts of the New Testament;* then *Thoughts on the Sabbath*, 1830; and *Errors of Romanism*, 1830. Of the latter, Miss Martineau says: 'We do not know that any of his works more effectually exhibits the characteristics of his mind. It has the spirit and air of originality which attend upon sublime good sense; and the freshness thus cast around a subject supposed to be worn out, is a sample of the vigour which in those days animated everything he said and did.' On the subject of Sabbath observance, which has since been keenly controverted, Whately agrees with Paley, that the Jewish Sabbath and the Sunday or Lord's Day are two separate institutions; with the former, the members of the Church of England have nothing to do, but the Lord's Day ought to be observed by them, in obedience to the authority of the church, even independent of apostolic example and ancient usage. *Introductory Lectures to Political Economy*, an *Essay on the Omission of Creeds, Liturgies, &c., in the New Testament*, and several *Sermons*, were the product of 1831. Next year the prelate appears to have been chiefly attentive to social and political questions, induced by his elevation to the archiepiscopal chair. He published *Evidence before the House of Lords respecting Irish Tithes, Thoughts on Secondary Punishment, Reply to the Address of the Clergy on National Education in Ireland*, and an *Introduction to Political Economy*. Speeches or printed remarks on the question of Jewish disabilities, and the transportation of criminals, and *Sermons on Various Subjects*, were produced between 1833 and 1836. The Tractarian movement called forth from Whately, in 1841, two *Essays on Christ and His Kingdom;* and in 1843 he published a Charge against the High Church party. Some other religious treatises, the most important being *Lectures on St Paul's Epistles*, 1849, were subsequently produced; after which appeared a collection of *English Synonyms*, 1851, and addresses delivered at various institutions in Cork, Manchester, and London, 1852-55. In 1856 the archbishop published an edition of *Bacon's Essays, with Annotations*—the discursive nature of the essays, no less than their pregnancy of meaning and illustration, affording scope for abundance of moral lessons and arguments. Of these the commentator has perhaps been too profuse, for there are about three hundred and fifty pages of annotation to one hundred of text, and a good many are from the archbishop's previous works. The collection, however, forms a pleasant, readable volume. We give one or two of the commentator's anecdotical contributions.

First Impressions.

In the days when travelling by post-chaise was common, there were usually certain lines of inns on all the

* The Rev. John Bampton, canon of Salisbury (1690-1751), left a sum of money—producing about £120 per annum—for founding a series of eight lectures each year on subjects connected with the Christian faith. The lecturer is appointed by the heads of colleges in Oxford.

principal roads—a series of good, and a series of inferior ones, each in connection all the way along; so that if you once got into the worst line, you could not easily get out of it to the journey's end. The 'White Hart' of one town would drive you—almost literally—to the 'White Lion' of the next, and so on all the way; so that of two travellers by post from London to Exeter or York, the one would have had nothing but bad horses, bad dinners, and bad beds, and the other very good. This is analogous to what befalls a traveller in any new country, with respect to the impressions he receives, if he falls into the hands of a party. They consign him, as it were, to those allied with them, and pass him on, from one to another, all in the same connection, each shewing him and telling him just what suits the party, and concealing from him everything else.

A Hint to Anonymous Writers.

A well-known author once received a letter from a peer with whom he was slightly acquainted, asking him whether he was the author of a certain article in the *Edinburgh Review*. He replied that he never made communications of that kind, except to intimate friends, selected by himself for the purpose, when he saw fit. His refusal to answer, however, pointed him out—which, as it happened, he did not care for—as the author. But a case might occur, in which the revelation of the authorship might involve a friend in some serious difficulties. In any such case, he might have answered something in this style: 'I have received a letter purporting to be from your lordship, but the matter of it induces me to suspect that it is a forgery by some mischievous trickster. The writer asks whether I am the author of a certain article. It is a sort of question which no one has a right to ask; and I think, therefore, that every one is bound to discourage such inquiries by answering them—whether one is or is not the author—with a rebuke for asking impertinent questions about private matters. I say "private," because, if an article be libellous or seditious, the law is open, and any one may proceed against the publisher, and compel him either to give up the author, or to bear the penalty. If, again, it contains false statements, these, coming from an anonymous pen, may be simply contradicted. And if the arguments be unsound, the obvious course is to refute them; but *who* wrote it, is a question of idle or of mischievous curiosity, as it relates to the private concerns of an individual. If I were to ask your lordship: "Do you spend your income? or lay by? or outrun? Do you and your lady ever have an altercation? Was she your first love? or were you attached to some one else before?"—if I were to ask such questions, your lordship's answer would probably be, to desire the footman to shew me out. Now, the present inquiry I regard as no less unjustifiable, and relating to private concerns; and, therefore, I think every one bound, when so questioned, always, whether he is the author or not, to meet the inquiry with a rebuke. Hoping that my conjecture is right, of the letter's being a forgery, I remain,' &c. In any case, however, in which a refusal to answer does not convey any information, the best way, perhaps, of meeting impertinent inquiries, is by saying: 'Can you keep a secret?' and when the other answers that he can, you may reply: 'Well, so can I.'

In 1859, Dr Whately continued this light labour of annotation, selecting for his second subject, *Paley's Moral Philosophy*. This afforded a much less varied field for remark and illustration than Bacon's Essays, but it was one as congenial to the taste and studies of the commentator. The low ground or fallacy upon which Paley built his ethical system—namely, that self-interest is the rule of virtue—has been often attacked, and is again assailed by Dr Whately. 'Men,' says the commentator, 'never do, and apparently never did, account any conduct virtuous which they believe to have proceeded *entirely* from calculations of *self-interest*, even though the external act itself be such as they conceive *would* have been done by a virtuous man.' Paley's fault as a moralist, as Dr Whately remarks, is chiefly one of omission, and it is probable that this argument of self-interest appears much stronger to the reader than it did to the author, who aimed only at popular leading definitions. Even in this case, he includes the future world in his view of self-interest. The last publication of this eminent divine was a Charge directed against the peculiar dangers of the times, inculcating reverence for the Scriptures, and opposing a spirit of finality in ecclesiastical affairs. In all public questions connected with Ireland he took a warm interest. He supported the National School system with all his energy, and founded the Statistical Society of Dublin. 'It is not enough,' he said, 'to believe what you maintain. You must maintain what you believe, and maintain it because you believe it.' Archbishop Whately died October 8, 1863.

The Negative Character of Calvinistic Doctrines.

From Whately's *Essays on the Writings of St Paul.*

It has been frequently objected to the Calvinistic doctrines, that they lead, if consistently acted upon, to a sinful, or to a careless, or to an inactive life; and the inference deduced from this alleged tendency has been that they are not true. Whatever may be, in fact, the practical ill tendency of the Calvinistic scheme, it is undeniable that many pious and active Christians who have adopted it have denied any such tendency—have attributed the mischievous consequences drawn, not to their doctrines rightly understood, but to the perversion and abuse of them; and have so explained them to their own satisfaction, as to be compatible and consistent with active virtue. Now, if instead of objecting to, we admit, the explanations of this system, which the soundest and most approved of its advocates have given, we shall find that, when understood as they would have it, it can lead to no practical result whatever. Some Christians, according to them, are eternally enrolled in the book of life, and infallibly ordained to salvation, while others are reprobate, and absolutely excluded; but as the preacher (they add) has no means of knowing, in the first instance at least, which persons belong to which class, and since those who are thus ordained are to be saved through the *means* God has appointed, the offers, and promises, and threatenings of the Gospel are to be addressed to all alike, as if no such distinction existed. The preacher, in short, is to *act* in all respects as if the system were not true. Each individual Christian, again, according to them, though he is to believe that he either is, or is not, absolutely destined to eternal salvation, yet is also to believe that *if* his salvation is decreed, his holiness of life is also decreed; he is to judge of his own state by 'the fruits of the Spirit' which he brings forth: to live in sin, or to relax his virtuous exertions, would be an indication of his not being really (though he may flatter himself he is) one of the elect. And it may be admitted that one who does practically adopt and conform to this explanation of the doctrine, will not be led into any evil by it, since his conduct will not be in any respect influenced by it. When thus explained, it is reduced to a purely speculative dogma, barren of all practical results.

Expediency.—From 'Elements of Rhetoric.'

So great is the outcry which it has been the fashion among some persons for several years past to raise against *expediency*, that the very word has become

almost an ill-omened sound. It seems to be thought by many a sufficient ground of condemnation of any legislator to say that he is guided by views of expediency. And some seem even to be ashamed of acknowledging that they are in any degree so guided. I, for one, however, am content to submit to the imputation of being a votary of expediency. And what is more, I do not see what right any one who is not so has to sit in parliament, or to take any part in public affairs. Any one who may choose to acknowledge that the measures he opposes are expedient, or that those he recommends are inexpedient, ought manifestly to have no seat in a deliberative assembly, which is constituted for the express and sole purpose of considering what measures are *conducive to the public good*; in other words, 'expedient.' I say, the '*public* good,' because, of course, by 'expediency' we mean, not that which may benefit some individual, or some party or class of men, at the expense of the public, but what conduces to the good of the nation. Now this, it is evident, is the very object for which deliberative assemblies are constituted. And so far is this from being regarded, by our church at least, as something at variance with religious duty, that we have a prayer specially appointed to be offered up during the sitting of the Houses of Parliament, that their consultations may be 'directed and prospered for the *safety*, *honour*, and *welfare* of our sovereign and her dominions.' Now, if this be not the very definition of political expediency, let any one say what is.

But some persons are so much at variance with the doctrine of our church on this point—and I may add, with all sound moralists—as to speak of expediency as something that is, or may be, at *variance* with *duty*. If any one really holds that it can ever be expedient to violate the injunctions of duty—that he who does so is not sacrificing a greater good to a less (which all would admit to be inexpedient)—that it can be really advantageous to do what is morally wrong—and will come forward and acknowledge that to be his belief, I have only to protest, for my own part, with the deepest abhorrence, against what I conceive to be so profligate a principle. It shocks all the notions of morality that I have been accustomed from childhood to entertain, to speak of expediency being possibly or conceivably opposed to rectitude.

There are indeed many questions of expediency in which morality has no concern, one way or the other. In what way, for example, a husbandman should cultivate his field, or in what branch of trade a merchant should invest his capital, are questions of expediency in which there is usually no moral right or wrong on either side. But where there *is* moral right and wrong, it can never be expedient to choose the wrong. If the husbandman or the merchant should seek to gain increased profits by defrauding his neighbour, this would be at variance with expediency, because it would be sacrificing a greater good to a less. 'For what would it *profit* a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

I believe, however, that the greater part of those who raise a clamour against expediency mean, in reality, an *apparent*, but false and delusive expediency—that which is *represented* as expedient, but in truth is not so. But if this be their meaning, it would surely be better, with a view to cutting short empty declamation, and understanding clearly whatever matter is under discussion, that they should express, distinctly, and according to the ordinary use of language, what they do mean. It would be thought absurd for a man to declaim against 'virtue,' and then at length to explain that what he meant was not *real* virtue, but an hypocritical semblance of it; or to argue against the use of 'coin,' meaning all the time, not real genuine coin, but fraudulent counterfeits. And surely it is not at all more reasonable for any one to declaim against 'expediency,' if what he means be, not what is really expedient, but what is erroneously mistaken for it.

Consistency.—From 'Elements of Rhetoric.'

A man is often censured as inconsistent if he *changes* his plans or his opinions on any point. And certainly if he does this often, and lightly, that is good ground for withholding confidence from him. But it would be more precise to characterise him as *fickle* and unsteady, than as *inconsistent*; because this use of the term tends to confound one fault with another—namely, with the holding of two incompatible opinions *at once*.

But, moreover, a man is often charged with inconsistency for approving some parts of a book, system, character, &c., and disapproving others; for being now an advocate for peace, and now for war; in short, for accommodating his judgment or his conduct to the circumstances before him, as the mariner sets his sails to the wind. In this case there is not even any change of mind implied; yet for this a man is often taxed with inconsistency, though in many instances there would even be an inconsistency in the opposite procedure; *e.g.* in *not* shifting the sails, when the wind changes.

In the other case indeed, when a man does change his mind, he implies some error, either first or last. But some errors every man is liable to, who is not infallible. He, therefore, who prides himself on his consistency, on the ground of resolving never to change his plans or opinions, does virtually (unless he means to proclaim himself either too dull to detect his mistakes, or too obstinate to own them) lay claim to infallibility. And if at the same time he ridicules (as is often done) the absurdity of a claim to infallibility, he is guilty of a gross inconsistency in the proper and primary sense of the word.

But it is much easier to boast of consistency than to preserve it. For as, in the dark, or in a fog, adverse troops may take post near each other, without mutual recognition, and consequently without contest, but as soon as daylight comes the weaker give place to the stronger; so, in a misty and darkened mind, the most incompatible opinions may exist together, without any perception of their discrepancy, till the understanding becomes sufficiently enlightened to enable the man to reject the less reasonable opinions, and retain the opposites.

It may be added, that it is a very fair ground for disparaging any one's judgment, if he maintains any doctrine or system, *avowedly* for the sake of consistency. *That* must always be a bad reason. If the system, &c. is *right*, you should pursue it *because* it is right, and not because you have pursued it hitherto; if it is wrong, your having once committed a fault is a poor reason to give for persisting in it. He, therefore, who makes such an avowal may fairly be considered as thenceforward entitled to no voice in the question. His decision having been already given, once for all, with a resolution not to reconsider it, or to be open to conviction from any fresh arguments, his re-declarations of it are no more to be reckoned repeated acts of judgment, than new impressions from a stereotype plate are to be regarded as new editions. In short, according to the proverbial phrase, 'His bolt is shot.'

DR BURTON—EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

DR EDWARD BURTON (1794–1836), a native of Shrewsbury, was Regius Professor of Divinity in the university of Oxford, and Bampton lecturer in 1829. His first work was *Observations on the Antiquities of Rome*, which gave evidence of that research which afterwards characterised his theological works. His most valuable publications are —*Testimonies of the Anti-Nicene Fathers to the Divinity of Christ*, 1826, and to the *Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1831; *Inquiry into the Heresies of the Apostolic Age; The Chronology of the Apostles*

and St Paul's Epistles, 1830; *Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First Three Centuries, from the Crucifixion to* 313 A.D., two volumes, 1831-33; *History of the Christian Church to the Conversion of Constantine*, 1836; &c. Besides these works, which stamped him as the most profound patristic scholar of his age, Dr Burton published an edition of the Greek Testament with notes, two volumes, 1831.

The REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH (1786-1850), rector of Walton, was a voluminous writer; his collected works, published in 1853, fill seventeen volumes, and there are five more of his smaller publications. His views were Low Church or Evangelical. The most popular of Mr Bickersteth's writings are—*The Scripture Help*, a practical introduction to the reading of the Scriptures, of which Mr Horne, in his *Introduction*, says that 160,000 copies have been sold; a *Practical Guide to the Prophecies*, 1839; *The Christian Student; Discourses on Justification, on the Lord's Supper*, &c.

DRS HAWKINS—HINDS—HAMPDEN—GRESWELL.

Among the Oxford divines may be mentioned DR EDWARD HAWKINS, Provost of Oriel College, who has written *Unauthoritative Tradition*, 1819; several volumes of *Sermons* and *Discourses;* and the Bampton Lectures (on *Christian Truth*) for 1840. DR SAMUEL HINDS, vice-principal of St Alban Hall and bishop of Norwich, has written, with other works, a *History of Christianity*, two volumes, 1829, part of which appeared originally in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and is characterised by erudite research and literary ability. Another theological contributor to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, was DR RENN DICKSON HAMPDEN, who had been Principal of St Mary's Hall and Regius Professor of Divinity, and who was nominated to the bishopric of Hereford in 1847. Dr Hampden was born in the island of Barbadoes in 1793. In 1810 he was entered of Oriel College, Oxford. He was Bampton lecturer in 1832, and his appointment as Regius Professor was violently opposed by one party in the church on account of alleged unsoundness of doctrine. The controversy on this subject raged for some time, but it was as much political as ecclesiastical, and Lord John Russell evinced his disregard of it by promoting Dr Hampden to the see of Hereford. The most important of the works of this divine are—*Philosophical Evidence of Christianity*, 1827; the *Bampton Lectures; Lectures on Moral Philosophy; Sermons before the University of Oxford*, 1836-47; a Review of the Writings of Thomas Aquinas in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana;* and the articles *Socrates*, *Plato*, and *Aristotle* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr Hallam has characterised Dr Hampden as 'the only Englishman who, since the revival of letters, penetrated into the wilderness of scholasticism.' He died in 1868.

The REV. EDWARD GRESWELL, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, has written a valuable *Exposition of the Parables and other Parts of the Gospels*, five volumes, 1834-35; *Harmonia Evangelica*, 1835-40; *Harmony of the Gospels*, four volumes, 1830-34; *Fasti Tempori Catholici*, five volumes, 1852. The father of Mr Greswell—who was incumbent of Denton, Manchester—wrote a very elegant work, *Annals of Parisian Typography*, 1818; also a *View of the Early Parisian Greek Press*, 1833.

Value of Negative Testimony.

From Hinds's *Inspiration of Scripture.*

To say that numerous old manuscripts exist; that they admit of classification and date, and other characteristics; to speak of evidence, derived from contemporary history, from the monuments of art, from national manners and customs; to assert that there have been persons qualified for the task, who have examined duly these several branches of evidence, and have given a satisfactory report of that research, is to make a statement concerning the evidence of Christianity, which is intelligible indeed, but is not itself the evidence, not itself the proof, of which you speak. So far from this being the case, we cannot but feel that the author who is guiding us, and pointing out these pillars of our faith, as they appear engraved on his chart of evidence, can himself, whatever be his learning, be personally acquainted with but a very small portion. The most industrious and able scholar, after spending a life on some individual point of evidence, the collation of manuscripts, the illustrations derived from uninspired authors, translations, or whatever the inquiry be, must, after all (it would seem) rest by far the greater part of his faith immediately on the testimony of others; as thousands in turn will rest their faith on his testimony, to the existence of such proof as he has examined. There is no educated Christian who is not taught to appreciate the force of that proof in favour of the genuineness of the New Testament, which may be derived from the consent of ancient copies, and the quotations found in a long line of fathers, and other writers; and yet not one in a thousand ever reads the works of the fathers, or sees a manuscript, or is even capable of deciphering one, if presented to him. He admits the very groundwork of his faith on the assertion of those who profess to have ascertained these points; and even the most learned are no further exceptions to this case, than in the particular branch of evidence which they have studied. Nay, even in their use of this, it will be surprising, when we come to reflect on it, how great a portion must be examined only through statements resting on the testimony of others.

Nor is it a question which can be waived, by throwing the weight of disproof on those who cavil and deny. It turns upon the use which is made, more or less, by all, of the *positive proofs* urged in defence of Christianity. Christianity is established; and it may be fair to bid its assailants prove that it is not what it professes to be, the presumption and prescriptive title being on its side. But Christianity does not intrench itself within this fortress: it brings out into the field an array of evidences to establish that which, on the former view of the case, its adherents are supposed not to be called on to maintain. It boasts of the sacred volume having been transmitted pure by means of manuscripts; and by asserting the antiquity, the freedom from corruption, and the independence and agreement of the several classes of these, the Christian contends for the existence of his religion at the time when Christ and the apostles lived. Ancient writings are appealed to, and quotations cited by various authors from the New Testament are adduced, which go to prove the same. Even profane history is made to furnish contemporary evidence of the first rise of Christianity. Now it is the way in which this evidence is employed that is the point to be considered; the question is, in what sense all this can be called evidence to the mass of Christians. All this is, in short, *positive proof;* and he who has examined manuscripts, or read the works in question, has gone through the demonstration; but he who has

not—and this is the case with all, making a very few exceptions—has not gone through the process of proof himself, but takes the conclusion on the word of others. He believes those who inform him, that they, or others, have examined manuscripts, read the fathers, compared profane history with holy writ. Can this be called reasonable faith? or, at least, do we not pretend to be believing on proofs of various kinds, when, in fact, our belief rests on the bare assertions of others?

It is very important that the case should be set in its true light, because, supposing the Christian ministry able, and at leisure, to investigate and sift the Christian evidence for themselves, the same cannot be done by the barrister, the physician, the professional man of whatever department besides theology, however enabled by education; and then, what is to be the lot of the great mass of the people? They, clearly, are incompetent even to follow up the several steps of proof which each proposition would require. They take it for granted, if they apply the evidence at all, that these things are so, because wiser persons than they say it is so. In the same spirit as the question was put of old: 'Have any of the rulers believed on Christ? but this people who knoweth not the law are cursed,' Christians must generally, it would seem, believe in Christ, because their spiritual rulers do, and reject the infidel's views, because these people are pronounced accursed. Nay, the supposition of the clergy themselves having the qualification, and the opportunity to go through the process of proof, is only a supposition. They often want either or both; and it is impossible that it should not be so. The labour of a life is scarcely sufficient to examine for one's self one branch alone of such evidence. For the greater part, few men, however learned, have satisfied themselves by going through the proof. They have admitted the main assertions, because proved by others.

And is this conviction then reasonable? Is it more than the adoption of truth on the authority of another? It is. The principle on which all these assertions are received, is not that they have been made by this or that credible individual or body of persons, who have gone through the proof—this may have its weight with the critical and learned—but the main principle adopted by all, intelligible by all, and reasonable in itself, is, that these assertions are set forth, bearing on their face a challenge of refutation. The assertions are like witnesses placed in a box to be confronted. Scepticism, infidelity, and scoffing, form the very groundwork of our faith. As long as these are known to exist and to assail it, so long are we sure that any untenable assertion may and will be refuted. The benefit accruing to Christianity in this respect from the occasional success of those who have found flaws in the several parts of evidence, is invaluable. We believe what is not disproved, most reasonably, because we know that there are those abroad who are doing their utmost to disprove it. We believe the witness, not because we know him and esteem him, but because he is confronted, cross-examined, suspected, and assailed by arts fair and unfair. It is not his authority, but the reasonableness of the case. It becomes conviction well grounded, and not assent to man's words.

At the same time nothing has perhaps more contributed to perplex the Christian inquirer, than the impression which vague language creates of our conviction arising, not out of the application of this principle to the external and monumental evidences of Christianity, but out of the examination of the evidence itself. The mind feels disappointed and unsatisfied, not because it *has not ground* for belief, but because it *misnames* it. The man who has not examined any branch of evidence for himself, may, according to the principle above stated, very reasonably believe in consequence of it; but his belief does not arise immediately out of it—is not the same frame of mind which would be created by an actual examination for himself. It may be more, or it may be less, a sure source of conviction; but the discontent is occasioned, not by this circumstance, but by supposing that it is one of these things that does, or ought to, influence us, when in fact it is the other; by putting ourselves in the attitude of mind which belongs to the witness, instead of that which belongs to the by-stander. We very well know how the unbroken testimony of writers during eighteen centuries to the truth of Christianity ought to make us feel, if we had ascertained the fact by an examination of their writings; and we are surprised at finding that we are not in that frame of mind, forgetting that our use of the evidence may be founded on a different principle.

REV. HENRY MELVILL.

One of the most eloquent and popular of English preachers for forty years was the REV. HENRY MELVILL (1798–1871), canon of St Paul's. Mr Melvill was a native of Cornwall, son of Captain Melvill, lieutenant-governor of Pendennis Castle. Having studied at St Peter's College, Cambridge, where he became Fellow and tutor, he was appointed minister of Camden Chapel, in which he was incumbent from 1829 to 1843. In the latter year he became principal of the East India College, Haileybury; in 1846, chaplain to the Tower of London; in 1850, preacher to the Golden Lectureship, St Margaret's, Lothbury; and in 1856, canon-residentiary of St Paul's. Mr Melvill's works consist solely of sermons, and only a part was published by himself. His extraordinary popularity led some of his hearers to take notes, and print his discourses without his consent. In 1833 he published one volume, and in 1836 a second. In 1843–45 he published two volumes of *Sermons on certain of the less prominent Facts and References in Sacred History*. As now collected and issued in a popular form, Mr Melvill's works fill seven volumes, the Lothbury Lectures constituting one volume, and the sermons preached during the latter years of his life two volumes. The rich ornate style of Mr Melvill's sermons, all carefully prepared, his fine musical voice and impressive delivery, rendered him a fascinating preacher, and he is described as having been exemplary and indefatigable in visiting the sick and attending to the poor. The following extract is from the Lothbury Lectures, and the reader may compare it with a similar passage from Jeremy Taylor, given in our first volume, page 386:

The Great Multitude (Rev. vii. 9).

Taking this vision in the order in which it occurs amongst the visions vouchsafed to St John in his exile, it probably delineates the happy estate of those who had adhered to Christ during the fierce persecutions which preceded the establishment of Christianity by Constantine. There can be no doubt that the Book of Revelation is in the main a continuous prophecy, its several parts belonging to several seasons which follow successively in the history of the Church. But without disputing that, in its primary import, our text may relate to events which have long ago occurred, it were not easy to doubt that, in its larger and more comprehensive bearings, it may be taken as descriptive of the heavenly state, that condition of repose and triumph which shall be ours, even ours, if we be faithful unto death. Admitting that the great multitude on which the Evangelist was privileged to gaze, 'clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands,' must be regarded as the company of those who, during the early days of Christianity, witnessed manfully for the truth, they must still, both

in number and condition, be emblematic of the Church in its final glory and exaltation; and we may therefore safely dismiss all reference to the first fulfilment of the prophecy, and consider heaven as the scene on which the Evangelist gazed, and 'just men made perfect' as constituting the great multitude drawn together from all parts of the earth.

It is, therefore, on such notices of the heavenly state as the words before us may furnish that we design to discourse on the present occasion. We would refresh you and animate you, wearied as you may be by the conflicts and struggles of earth, with glimpses of things within the veil. We do not indeed mean to address ourselves to the imagination: if we did, there are more dazzling passages in the Book of Revelation, and we might strive to set before you the New Jerusalem, the heavenly city, with its gates of pearl and its streets of gold. But we think to find notices in the words of our text which, if not so resplendent with the gorgeous things of the future, shall yet go closer home to the heart, and minister more comfort to those who find themselves strangers and pilgrims below. We will not anticipate what we may have to advance. We shall only hope that we may meet with what will cheer and sustain us amid 'the changes and chances of this mortal life,' what will keep alive in us a sense of the exceeding greatness of 'the recompense of the reward,' of the desirableness of the inheritance reserved for us above, as, in dependence on the teachings of the Holy Spirit, we apply to our future state the words of the Evangelist John: 'I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.'

Now, when these words are set before us as descriptive of the heavenly state, it can hardly fail but that the first thing on which the mind shall fasten will be the expression, 'a great multitude, which no man could number.' It is so in regard of parallel sayings: 'In My Father's house are many mansions.' 'Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.' 'A great multitude,' 'many mansions,' 'many shall come.' But what are 'many' in the Divine arithmetic? Doubtless thousands, and tens of thousands; yea, an innumerable company. Many are the worlds scattered through immensity—who shall reckon them? Many are the leaves of the earth's forests—who shall compute them? Many are the grains of sand on the sea-shore—who shall count them up? Neither may we think to compass the multitude that St John saw 'before the throne, and before the Lamb;' indeed, he tells us this when he adds, 'which no man could number.' . . .

Even now it is felt to be an ennobling, inspiriting association, if the eminent of a single church, the illustrious of a solitary country, be gathered together in one great conclave. How do meaner men flock to the spot; with what interest, what awe, do they look upon persons so renowned in their day; what a privilege do they account it if they mingle awhile with sages so profound, with saints so devoted; how do they treasure the sayings which reach them in so precious an intercourse. And shall we think little of heaven when we hear of it as the meeting-place of all that hath been truly great, for of all that hath been truly good; of all that hath been really wise, for of all that hath yielded itself to the teachings of God's Spirit, from Adam to his remotest descendant? Nay, 'let us fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into that rest, any of us should seem to come short.' There is a voice to us from the 'great multitude,' who flock with a sound, like the rush of many waters, from all nations and tribes. 'A great multitude'—there is room then for us. 'A great multitude'—there will be no deficiency without us. We can be spared, the loss will be ours; but, oh, what a loss! and what an aggravation of that loss, that perhaps, as we go away into outer darkness, 'where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,' we shall see those who were once strangers and aliens flocking into the places which might have been ours, and be witnesses to the literal accomplishment of the vision: 'Lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.'

But it is not merely as asserting the vastness of the multitude which shall finally be gathered into heaven that our text presents matter for devout meditation. We are not to overlook the attitude assigned to the celestial assembly, an attitude of rest and of triumph, as though there had been labour and warfare, and the wearied combatants were henceforward to enjoy unbroken quiet. 'They stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.' This exactly answers to the assertion already quoted, that they had come 'out of great tribulation,' and denotes—for such is the inference from the robes which they wore, and the palms which they carried, both appertaining to conquerors—that all warfare was at an end, and that there remained nothing henceforwards but the enjoyment of deep repose in the presence of the Lord. The imagery of the passage is derived, you observe, from the triumphs of victors. Spiritual things can only be shadowed forth to us by material; and without pretending to decide that the material is never to be literally taken—for who, remembering that man is to be everlastingly compounded of body and soul, will venture to determine that there shall be nothing but what is purely spiritual in the future economy? Who, when he reads of new heavens and a new earth, will rashly conclude that, for such a being as man is to be, there cannot be reserved an abode rich in all the splendours of a most refined materialism, presenting correspondences to the golden streets, and the jewelled walls, and the crystal waters, which passed in such gorgeous and beautiful vision before the Evangelist? But waiving the consideration that there may be something more than mere figure, something of literal and actual import in these scriptural delineations of heaven, the robe, the palm, the harp, we may all feel how expressive is the imagery of triumphant repose after toil and conflict, when applied to the state reserved for those who shall be faithful unto death.

THE REV. JOHN JAMES BLUNT.

What Dr Paley accomplished so successfully with regard to the Scripture history of St Paul, PROFESSOR BLUNT (1794–1855) attempted on a larger scale in his *Undesigned Coincidences in the Writings both of the Old and the New Testament, an Argument of their Veracity*, 1847. This work (twelfth edition, 1873) included a republication of some earlier treatises by its author, and is a work of great value to every student of the Scriptures. On the nature of the argument derived from coincidence without design, Mr Blunt says:

Undesigned Coincidences.

If the instances which I can offer, gathered from Holy Writ, are so numerous, and of such a kind as to preclude the possibility of their being the effect of accident, it is enough. It does not require many circumstantial coincidences to determine the mind of a jury as to the credibility of a witness in our courts, even where the life of a fellow-creature is at stake. I say this, not as a matter of charge, but as a matter of fact, indicating the authority which attaches to this species of evidence, and the confidence universally entertained that it cannot deceive. Neither should it be forgotten that an argument thus popular, thus applicable to the affairs of common life as a test of truth, derives no small value when enlisted in the cause of Revelation, from the

readiness with which it is apprehended and admitted by mankind at large, and from the simplicity of the nature of the appeal; for it springs out of the documents the truth of which it is intended to sustain, and terminates in them; so that he who has these has the defence of them. Nor is this all. 'The argument deduced from coincidence without design has further claims, because if well made out it establishes the authors of the several books of Scripture as *independent* witnesses to the facts they relate; and this whether they consulted each other's writings or not; for the coincidences, if good for anything, are such as *could not* result from combination, mutual understanding, or arrangement.'

Mr Blunt was sometime Margaret Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge, and, besides his *Undesigned Coincidences*, was author of the following works: *History of the Christian Church in the First Three Centuries*, *The Parish Priest*, *Lectures on the Right Use of the Early Fathers*, *Plain Sermons*, *University Sermons*, *Essays from the Quarterly Review*.

AUGUSTUS W. HARE—JULIUS C. HARE.

The brothers Hare, accomplished clergymen, were joint authors of the work entitled *Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers*, the first portion of which appeared in 1827, and a revised edition in 1847-48, in two volumes. AUGUSTUS WILLIAM HARE was a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Alton Barnes. He was author of *Sermons to a Country Congregation*, two volumes, 1837. These sermons have been much admired for the purity of their style, and as affording 'a striking proof of the effect which a refined and cultivated mind may have in directing the devotions and lives of the simple and ignorant population.' Mr Hare died at Rome in 1834, aged forty. JULIUS CHARLES HARE was rector of Hurstmonceaux and archdeacon of Lewes. He was an able scholar and distinguished member of what has been called the Broad Church party. Part of his youth was spent abroad. 'In 1811,' he said, 'I saw the mark of Luther's ink on the walls of the castle of Wartburg, and there I first learned to throw inkstands at the devil.' In 1818 he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and he became assistant-tutor of the college. In conjunction with Mr Thirlwall, afterwards bishop of St David's, he translated Niebuhr's *History of Rome*, two volumes, 1828-32. Two courses of sermons by Archdeacon Hare on the *Victory of Faith*, and *The Mission of the Comforter*, 1847, have been much admired. In 1848 he wrote the life of his college friend, John Sterling. He was also author of *Parish Sermons*, several *Charges* as archdeacon, and a spirited *Vindication of Luther against his English Assailants*, 1855. Archdeacon Hare died at Hurstmonceaux in 1855, aged sixty. His last words, as life was departing, were, as the summing-up of all his strivings and prayers for himself and others—'Upwards, upwards!' In 1872 was published *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, by Augustus C. Hare, two volumes. These *Memorials* contain accounts of 'the most brotherly of brothers,' Francis Augustus, Julius, and Marcus Hare; also of Mrs Augustus Hare (*née* Maria Leycester), who forms the most interesting person in this family group. We subjoin a few extracts from *Guesses at Truth*:

Wastefulness of Moral Gifts.

Among the numberless marvels at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed with wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts 'which wander through eternity,' and with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good, and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of those thoughts drop to the ground and rot? Who does not continually leave his powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the heights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people. But as in a forest of oaks, among the millions of acorns that fall every autumn, there may perhaps be one in a million that will grow up into a tree, somewhat in like manner it fares with the thoughts and feelings of man. What then must be our confusion, when we see all these wasted thoughts and feelings rise up in the judgment, and bear witness against us!

But how are we to know whether they are wasted or not? We have a simple, infallible test. Those which are laid up in heaven, those which are laid up in any heavenly work, those whereby we in any way carry on the work of God upon earth, are not wasted. Those which are laid up on earth, in any mere earthly work, in carrying out our own ends, or the ends of the Spirit of Evil, are heirs of death from the first, and can only rise out of it for a moment, to sink back into it for ever.

Age lays open the Character.

Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominantly. Time spares the chiseled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.

Loss of the Village Green.

What a loss is that of the village green! It is a loss to the picturesque beauty of our English landscapes. A village green is almost always a subject for a painter who is fond of quiet home scenes, with its old, knotty, wide-spreading oak or elm or ash; its gray church-tower; its cottages scattered in pleasing disorder around, each looking out of its leafy nest; its flock of geese sailing to and fro across it. Where such spots are still found, they refresh the wayworn traveller, wearied by the interminable hedge walls with which 'restless ownership'—to use an expression of Wordsworth's—excludes profane feet from its domain consecrated to Mammon.

The main loss, however, is that to the moral beauty of our landscapes—that to the innocent, wholesome pleasures of the poor. The village green was the scene of their sports, of their games. It was the play-ground for their children. It served for trapball, for cricket, for manly humanising amusements, in which the gentry and farmers might unite with the peasantry. How dreary is the life of the English husbandman now! 'Double, double, toil and trouble,' day after day, month after month, year after year, uncheered by sympathy, unenlivened by a smile; sunless, moonless, starless. He has no place to be merry in but the beer-shop, no amusements but drunken brawls, nothing to bring him into innocent, cheerful fellowship

with his neighbours. The stories of village sports sound like legends of a mythical age, prior to the time when 'Sabbathless Satan,' as Charles Lamb has so happily termed him, set up his throne in the land.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Dr Richard Chenevix Trench, archbishop of Dublin, began his literary career, as already stated, by the publication of several volumes of poems. His theological and other prose works are numerous. Among them are—*Notes on the Parables*, 1841; *Notes on the Miracles*, 1846; *Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge*, 1856; *St Augustine as an Interpreter of Scripture*, 1851; *Synonyms of the New Testament*, 1854; *The Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor;* an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon; On the Authorised Version of the New Testament;* &c. The last of these works evinces extensive learning as well as acute philological observation, and the archbishop has also critically examined the English language. His *Five Lectures on the Study of Words*, 1851; and *English, Past and Present*, 1854, are full of curious information.

Influence of the Reformation on the English Language.

It was only among the Germanic nations of Europe, as has often been remarked, that the Reformation struck lasting roots; it found its strength therefore in the Teutonic element of the national character, which also it, in its turn, further strengthened, purified, and called out. And thus, though Latin came in upon us now faster than ever, and in a certain measure also Greek, yet this was not without its counterpoise, in the contemporaneous unfolding of the more fundamentally popular side of the language. Popular preaching and discussion, the necessity of dealing with the highest matters in a manner intelligible not to scholars only, but to the unlearned, all this served to evoke the native resources of our tongue; and thus the relative proportion between the one part of the language and the other was not dangerously disturbed; the balance was not destroyed, as it would have been if only the Humanists had been at work, and not the Reformers as well.

The revival of learning which found place somewhat earlier in Italy, where it had its birth, than with us, extended to England, and was operative here during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his immediate successors; in other words, if it slightly anticipated in time, it afterwards ran exactly popular with the period during which our Reformation was working itself out. It was an epoch in all respects of immense mental and moral activity, and such are always times of extensive changes and enlargements of a language. The old garment, which served a people's needs in the time past, is too narrow for it now to wrap itself in any more. 'Change in language is not, as in many natural products, continuous; it is not equable, but eminently by fits and starts.' When the foundations of the national mind are heaving under the power of some new truth, greater and more important changes will find place in fifty years than in two centuries of calmer or more stagnant existence. Thus the activities and energies which the Reformation set a-stirring among us here, and these reached far beyond the domain of our directly religious life, caused mighty alterations in the English tongue. For example, the Reformation had its scholarly, we might almost say, its scholastic, as well as its popular aspect. Add this fact to the fact of the revived interest in classical learning, and you will not wonder that a stream of Latin, now larger than ever, began to flow into our language.

Strain at a Gnat and Swallow a Camel.

I cannot doubt that the words of Matthew xxiii. 24, 'which strain *at* a gnat, and swallow a camel,' contain a misprint, which, having been passed over in the first edition of 1611, has held its ground ever since; nor yet that our translators intended, 'which strain *out* a gnat, and swallow a camel;' this being at once intelligible and a correct rendering of the original; while our version, as at present it stands, is neither; or only intelligible on the supposition, no doubt the supposition of most English readers, that 'strain *at* means, swallow with difficulty, men hardly, and with effort swallowing the little insect, but gulping down meanwhile unconcerned the huge animal. It need scarcely be said that this is very far from the meaning of the original words. . . . It was the custom of the more accurate and stricter Jews to strain their wine, vinegar, and other potables through linen or gauze, lest unawares they should drink down some little unclean insect therein, and thus transgress Lev. xi. 20, 23, 41, 42—just as the Buddhists do now in Ceylon and Hindustan—and to this custom of theirs the Lord refers.

From words to proverbs is a short step, and Dr Trench has given us a volume entitled, *On the Lessons in Proverbs*, 1855. He treats of the form and generation of proverbs, and of the poetry, wit, or wisdom contained in them. Lord Russell, we may remark, is said to have given a happy definition of the term proverb: 'The wit of one man and the wisdom of many.' Dr Trench vindicates the importance of proverbs:

On Proverbs.

The fact that they please the people, and have pleased them for ages—that they possess so vigorous a principle of life as to have maintained their ground, ever new and ever young, through all the centuries of a nation's existence—nay, that many of them have pleased not one nation only, but many, so that they have made themselves a home in the most different lands—and further, that they have, not a few of them, come down to us from remotest antiquity, borne safely upon the waters of that great stream of time, which has swallowed so much beneath its waves—all this, I think, may well make us pause should we be tempted to turn away from them with anything of indifference or disdain.

And then, further, there is this to be considered, that some of the greatest poets, the profoundest philosophers, the most learned scholars, the most genial writers in every kind, have delighted in them, have made large and frequent use of them, have bestowed infinite labour on the gathering and elucidating of them. In a fastidious age, indeed, and one of false refinement, they may go nearly or quite out of use among the so-called upper classes. No gentleman, says Lord Chesterfield, or 'No man of fashion,' as I think is his exact word, 'ever uses a proverb.' And with how fine a touch of nature Shakspeare makes Coriolanus, the man who with all his greatness is entirely devoid of all sympathy for the people, to utter his scorn of *them* in scorn of their proverbs, and of their frequent employment of these:

> Hang 'em!
> They said they were an-hungry, sighed forth proverbs:
> That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat:
> That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
> Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
> They vented their complainings.
>
> *Coriolanus*, Act. I., Sc. 1.

But that they have been always dear to the true intellectual aristocracy of a nation, there is abundant evidence to prove. Take but these three names in evidence, which, though few, are in themselves a host.

Aristotle made a collection of proverbs; nor did he count that he was herein doing ought unworthy of his great reputation, however some of his adversaries may have made this a charge against him. He is said to have been the first who did so, though many afterwards followed in the same path. Shakspeare loves them so well, that besides often citing them, and innumerable covert allusions, rapid side glances at them, which we are in danger of missing unless at home in the proverbs of England, several of his plays, as *Measure for Measure*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, have popular proverbs for their titles. And Cervantes, a name only inferior to Shakspeare, has not left us in doubt in respect of the affection with which he regarded them. Every reader of *Don Quixote* will remember his squire, who sometimes cannot open his mouth but there drop from it almost as many proverbs as words. I might name others who held the proverb in honour—men who, though they may not attain to these first three, are yet deservedly accounted great; as Plautus, the most genial of Latin poets; Rabelais and Montaigne, the two most original of French authors; and how often Fuller, whom Coleridge has styled the wittiest of writers, justifies this praise in his witty employment of some old proverb; nor can any thoroughly understand and enjoy *Hudibras*, no one but will miss a multitude of its keenest allusions, who is not thoroughly familiar with the proverbial literature of England.

Their *habitat*, or native place, he thinks, is easily perceived:

Thus our own *Make hay while the sun shines*, is truly English, and could have had its birth only under such variable skies as ours—not certainly in those southern lands where, during the summer time at least, the sun always shines. In the same way there is a fine Cornish proverb in regard of obstinate wrongheads, who will take no counsel except from calamities, who dash themselves to pieces against obstacles which, with a little prudence and foresight, they might have avoided. It is this: *He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.* It sets us at once upon some rocky and wreck-strewn coast; we feel that it could never have been the proverb of an inland people. *Do not talk Arabic in the house of a Moor*—that is, because there thy imperfect knowledge will be detected at once—this we should confidently affirm to be Spanish, wherever we met it. *Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun*, could have its home only in Germany; that enormous vessel, known as the Heidelberg tun, constructed to contain nearly 300,000 flasks, having now stood empty for hundreds of years. As regards, too, the following, *Not every parish priest can wear Dr Luther's shoes*, we could be in no doubt to what people it appertains. Neither could there be any mistake about this solemn Turkish proverb, *Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate*, in so far at least as that it would be at once ascribed to the East.

DEAN STANLEY.

Dr Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, one of the most eminent scholars and liberal divines of the Church of England, has been an extensive contributor to theological literature. He was born in 1815, son of Dr Stanley, rector of Alderley, afterwards bishop of Norwich. Arthur Stanley was the favourite pupil of Dr Arnold at Rugby, whence he removed to Oxford, having passed as an exhibitioner to Balliol College. There he greatly distinguished himself; and in 1838 he was chosen a Fellow of University College, of which he became tutor and examiner. His subsequent preferments were—canon of Canterbury, 1851; Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, canon of Christ Church, and chaplain to the bishop of London, 1858; and dean of Westminster, 1864. He is also chaplain to the Prince of Wales (whom he accompanied in his tour in the East), and chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen. The principal works of Dean Stanley are—*The Life of Dr Arnold*, 1844; *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age*, 1846; *Memoir of Bishop Stanley*, 1850; *The Epistles to the Corinthians*, two volumes, 1854; *Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History*, 1855; *Historical Memorials of Canterbury* (in which we have details of the landing of Augustine, the murder of Thomas-à-Becket, the Black Prince, and Becket's shrine), 1855; *Sermons on the Unity of Evangelical and Apostolical Teaching*, 1859; *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, 1861; *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, two volumes, 1863-65; *Sermons preached in the East during a Tour with the Prince of Wales; with Sermons on Various Subjects preached before the University of Oxford*, 1860-63; *Essays on Questions of Church and State*, 1850-70; *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey; Lectures on the Church of Scotland*, 1871; &c. In December 1872 Dean Stanley was appointed one of the select preachers before the university of Oxford. His election was opposed by the High Church party, but the *placets* for the dean were 349; the *non-placets*, 287. This may be considered a distinguished acknowledgment of what Max Müller has designated Dean Stanley's 'loyalty to truth, his singleness of purpose, his chivalrous courage, and his unchanging devotion to his friends.'

The Oldest Obelisk in the World—The Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis.

Rising wild amidst garden shrubs is the solitary obelisk which stood in front of the temple, then in company with another, whose base alone now remains. This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow: of all the obelisks which sprang up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt.

The Children of the Desert.

The relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The general name by which the Hebrews called 'the wilderness,' including always that of Sinai, was 'the pasture.' Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hillsides, furnish sufficient sustenance for the herds of the six thousand Bedouins who constitute the present population of the peninsula.

Along the mountain ledges green,
The scattered sheep at will may glean
The Desert's spicy stores.

So were they seen following the daughters or the shepherd-slaves of Jethro. So may they be seen climbing the rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black-veiled Bedouin women of the present day. And in the Tiyâha, Towâra, or Alouin tribes, with their chiefs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habitations, we probably see the likeness of the Midianites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves in this their earliest stage of existence. The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs, present to us, on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one sacred tent which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midst, and which recalled the period of their nomadic life long after their settlement in Palestine. The deserted villages, marked by rude inclosures of stone, are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of 'Hazeroth,' and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive sanctuary at Shiloh. The rude burial-grounds, with the many nameless headstones, far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress—at Massah, at Sinai, at Kibroth-hattaavah, 'the graves of desire.' The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one 'going out to meet the other,' the 'obeisance,' the 'kiss' on each side the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultations, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro. The constitution of the tribes, with the subordinate degrees of sheiks, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants—the gentle race of the Towâra.

Early Celebration of the Eucharist.

It has been truly said, though with some exaggeration, that for many centuries the history of the Eucharist might be considered as a history of the Christian Church. And certainly this passage may be regarded as occupying in that history, whether in its narrower or larger sphere, a point of remarkable significance. On the one hand, we may take our stand upon it, and look back, through its medium, on some of the institutions and feelings most peculiar to the apostolic age. We see the most sacred ordinance of the Christian religion as it was celebrated by those in whose minds the earthly and the heavenly, the social and the religious aspect of life, were indistinguishably blended. We see the banquet spread in the late evening, after the sun had set behind the western ridge of the hills of Achaia; we see the many torches blazing, as at Troas, to light up the darkness of the upper room, where, as was their wont, the Christian community assembled; we see the couches laid and the walls hung, after the manner of the East, as on the night of the betrayal; we see the sacred loaf representing, in its compact unity, the harmony of the whole society; we hear the blessing or thanksgiving on the cup responded to by the joint 'Amen,' such as even three centuries later is described as like a peal of thunder; we witness the complete realisation, in outward form, of the apostle's words, suggested doubtless by the sight of the meal and the sacrament blended thus together, '*Whether ye eat or drink*, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' 'Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the *Lord Jesus, giving thanks* to God and the Father by him.'

St Paul's Manual Labour.

On the one hand, the scene of the tent-maker's trade at Corinth, where the few hours of leisure, after the long arguments in the synagogue and the market-place, were consumed with Aquila and Priscilla in the uncongenial labour of weaving the long goats' hair of his native hills into the sackcloth or the tent-cover, for the Greek fisherman or wandering Arab. On the other hand, the dogged stupidity, or the implacable animosity of his adversaries, who were ready with their cold insinuations to contrast, as they supposed, the enforced meanness and degradation of Paul of Tarsus with the conscious dignity and calm repose of the apostles at Jerusalem, or of those who claimed to be their legitimate representatives at Corinth.

Conversion of St Augustine.

Augustine's youth had been one of reckless self-indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived; he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins; and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell; but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin—advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly—he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his friend, his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates, to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sat together, and at last, says Augustine: 'When deep reflection had brought together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears.' He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude; he threw himself down under a fig-tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit: 'How long? how long?—to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now? —why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?' 'So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart,' he says, 'when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, "Take up and read, take up and read." Instantly my countenance altered; I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears, I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find.' . . . There lay the volume of St Paul's Epistles, which he had just begun to study. 'I seized it,' he says, 'I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eyes first fell. "*Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lust thereof.*" No further could I read, nor needed I; for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.'

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses; how his mother's heart was rejoiced; how he was baptised by the great Ambrose; how the old tradition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words *Te Deum Laudamus*. We know how the

profligate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he lived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher since the Apostles. It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of St Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes.

*The Last Encampment.**

Our last Sunday in Syria has arrived, and it has been enhanced to us this morning by the sight of those venerable trees which seemed to the Psalmist and the Prophets of old one of the chief glories and wonders of the creation. Two main ideas were conveyed to the minds of those who then saw them, which we may still bear away with us.

One is that of their greatness, breadth, solidity, vastness. 'The righteous,' says the Psalmist, 'shall flourish like a palm tree.' That is one part of our life; to be upright, graceful, gentle, like that most beautiful of oriental trees. But there is another quality added—'He shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus.' That is, his character shall be sturdy, solid, broad; he shall protect others, as well as himself; he shall support the branches of the weaker trees around him; he shall cover a vast surface of the earth with his shadow; he shall grow, and spread, and endure; he and his works shall make the place where he was planted memorable for future times.

The second feeling is the value of reverence. It was reverence for these great trees which caused them to be employed for the sacred service of Solomon's Temple, and which has insured their preservation for so long. It was reverence for Almighty God that caused these trees, and these only, to be brought down from this remote situation to be employed for the Temple of old. Reverence, we may be sure, whether to God or to the great things which God has made in the world, is one of the qualities most needful for every human being, if he means to pass through life in a manner worthy of the place which God has given him in the world.

But the sight of the Cedars, and our encampment here, recall to us that this is the close of a manner of life which in many respects calls to mind that of the ancient Israelites, as we read it in the Lessons of this and of last Sunday, in the Book of Numbers and of Deuteronomy, 'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel'—so unlike our common life, so suggestive of thoughts which can hardly come to us again. It brings us back, even with all the luxuries which surround us, to something of the freshness, and rudeness, and simplicity of primitive life, which it is good for us all to feel at one time or other. It reminds us, though in a figure, of the uncertainty and instability of human existence, so often compared to the pitching and striking of a tent. The spots on which, day after day for the last six weeks, we have been encamped have again become a desolate open waste—'the spirit of the desert stalks in,' and their place will be known no more. How like the way in which happy homes rise, and sink, and vanish, and are lost. Only the great Rock or Tree of Life under which they have been pitched remains on from generation to generation. . . .

May I take this occasion of speaking of the importance of this one solemn ordinance of religion, never to be forgotten, wherever we are—morning and evening prayer? It is the best means of reminding ourselves of the presence of God. To place ourselves in his hands before we go forth on our journey, on our pleasure, on our work—to commit ourselves again to Him before we retire to rest; this is the best security for keeping up our faith and trust in Him in whom we all profess to believe, whom we all expect to meet after we leave this world. It is also the best security for our leading a good and a happy life. It has been well said twice over by the most powerful delineator of human character (with one exception) ever produced by our country, that prayer to the Almighty searcher of hearts is the best check to murmurs against Providence, or to the inroad of worldly passions, because nothing else brings before us so strongly their inconsistency and unreasonableness. We shall find it twice as difficult to fall into sin if we have prayed against it that very morning, or if we thank God for having kept it from us that very evening. It is the best means of gaining strength and refreshment, and courage and self-denial for the day. It is the best means of gaining content, and tranquillity, and rest for the night; for it brings us, as nothing else can bring us, into the presence of Him who is the source of all these things, and who gives them freely to those who truly and sincerely ask for them.

* From a sermon preached in the encampment at Ehden, beneath the Mountain of the Cedars, May 11, 1862, during Dean Stanley's tour in the East with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

PROFESSOR MAURICE.

In metaphysics and theology, and in practical efforts for the education of the working-classes, the REV. JOHN FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE (1805–1872) was strikingly conspicuous. He was the son of a Unitarian minister, and educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He declined a Fellowship, not being able to declare himself a member of the Church of England; but he afterwards entered the church, and became chaplain of Lincoln's Inn and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. In consequence of what were considered heterodox opinions, Mr Maurice had to vacate his professorial chair, but without forfeiting his popularity. His views on the question of the atonement and the duration of future punishments lost him the Professorship of Theology. Among the works of this author are —*Lectures delivered at Queen's College, London*, published in 1849; *The Religions of the World and their Relations to Christianity*, being the Boyle Lecture Sermons, 1846-47; *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, three volumes, 1850–56 (characterised by Mr Thomas Hughes as 'a mine of learning made living and human, and of original thought made useful for the humblest student, such as no other living man had produced'); *Christian Socialism*, tracts and lectures by Maurice, Kingsley, and others, 1851; *The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament*, 1853; *The Word 'Eternal' and the Punishment of the Wicked*, a pamphlet, 1853; *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History*, and *The Doctrine of Sacrifice*, 1854; *Learning and Working*, six lectures, and *The Religion of Rome*, four lectures, 1855; *Administrative Reform*, a pamphlet, 1855; *Plan of a Female College*, 1855; with *Theological Essays*, and several volumes of *Sermons*. Maurice, like his friend Kingsley, had a high standard of duty and patriotism:

'The action in the heathen world,' he said, 'which has always inspired most of admiration in true minds, is the death of the three hundred Spartans who guarded the pass of Thermopylæ against the army of Xerxes (480 B.C.); and it was recorded on the graves of these three hundred, that they died in obedience to the laws of their country. They felt that it was their business to

be there; that was all. They did not choose the post for themselves; they only did not desert the post which it behoved them to occupy. Our countrymen heartily respond to the doctrine. The notion of dying for glory is an altogether feeble one for them. They had rather stay by their comfortable and uncomfortable firesides, than suffer for what seems to them a fiction. But the words, "England expects every man to do his duty," are felt to be true and not fictitious words. There is power in them. The soldier or sailor who hears them ringing through his heart will meet a charge, or go down in his ship, without dreaming that he shall ever be spoken of or remembered, except by a mother, or a child, or an old friend. So it is in private experience. Women are found sacrificing their lives, not under a sudden impulse of feeling, but through a long course of years, to their children and their husbands, who often requite them very ill; whose words are surly, who spend what affection they have on other objects. The silent devotion goes on; only one here and there knows anything of it; it is quite as likely that the world in general spends its compassion upon those to whom they are ministering; none count their ministries so entirely matters of course as themselves.'

BISHOP BLOMFIELD—REV. C. HARDWICK, ETC.

The scholarship of Cambridge was well supported by the late Bishop of London, DR CHARLES JAMES BLOMFIELD (1786–1857), a native of Bury St Edmunds, in Suffolk, where his father was a schoolmaster. Having distinguished himself at Trinity College, Cambridge (of which he was elected Fellow), Dr Blomfield evinced his philological and critical attainments by his editions of Æschylus and Callimachus (1810–1824), and by his editing the *Adversaria Porsoni*. In 1828 he compiled a Greek Grammar for schools. He was author also of *Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles* and of numerous sermons and charges. His efforts to increase the number of churches were most meritorious and highly successful. He began this pious labour when Bishop of Chester, and continued it in London with such energy, that during the time he held the see more churches were erected than had been built by any other bishop since the Reformation. In 1856 Dr Blomfield resigned his bishopric, but was allowed to retain for life his palace at Fulham, with a pension of £6000 a year. A Memoir of the prelate was published by his son in 1863.

The REV. CHARLES HARDWICK, of St Catharine's Hall, has written a *History of the Thirty-nine Articles*, 1851; a valuable *History of the Christian Church*, 1853; and *Sermons*, 1853.—The REV. WILLIAM GOODE, Rector of Allhallows, London, has been a vigorous opponent of the Oxford Tractarians, and author of other theological works—*The Gifts of the Spirit*, 1834; *The Established Church*, 1834; *The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice*, 1842; &c.

REV. W. J. CONYBEARE—DEAN HOWSON.

A complete guide to the knowledge of St Paul's life and writings has been furnished by the large work, *The Life and Epistles of St Paul*, by the REV. W. J. CONYBEARE, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the REV. J. S. HOWSON, two volumes quarto, 1852. The purpose of this work is described to be to give 'a living picture of St Paul himself, and of the circumstances by which he was surrounded.' The biography of the apostle must be compiled from two sources—his own letters and the narrative in the Acts. Mr Conybeare translates the epistles and speeches of the apostle; and his coadjutor, Mr Howson, contributes the narrative, archæological, and geographical portions. The difficulties of the task are thus stated by Mr Conybeare:

The Varied Life of St Paul.

To comprehend the influences under which he grew to manhood, we must realise the position of a Jewish family in Tarsus, 'the chief city in Cilicia;' we must understand the kind of education which the son of such a family would receive as a boy in his Hebrew home, or in the schools of his native city, and in his riper youth 'at the feet of Gamaliel' in Jerusalem; we must be acquainted with the profession for which he was to be prepared by this training, and appreciate the station and duties of an expounder of the law. And that we may be fully qualified to do all this, we should have a clear view of the state of the Roman empire at the time, and especially of its system in the provinces; we should also understand the political position of the Jews of the 'dispersion;' we should be, so to speak, hearers in their synagogues—we should be students of their rabbinical theology. And in like manner, as we follow the apostle in the different stages of his varied and adventurous career, we must strive continually to bring out in their true brightness the half-effaced forms and colouring of the scene in which he acts; and while he 'becomes all things to all men, that he might by all means save some,' we must form to ourselves a living likeness of the *things* and of the *men* among whom he moved, if we would rightly estimate his work. Thus we must study Christianity rising in the midst of Judaism; we must realise the position of its early churches with their mixed society, to which Jews, proselytes, and heathens had each contributed a characteristic element; we must qualify ourselves to be umpires, if we may so speak, in their violent internal divisions; we must listen to the strifes of their schismatic parties, when one said, 'I am of Paul—and another, I am of Apollos;' we must study the true character of those early heresies which even denied the resurrection, and advocated impurity and lawlessness, claiming the right to sin 'that grace might abound,' 'defiling the mind and conscience' of their followers, and 'making them abominable and disobedient, and to every good work reprobate;' we must trace the extent to which Greek philosophy, Judaising formalism, and Eastern superstition, blended their tainting influence with the pure fermentation of the new leaven which was at last to leaven the whole mass of civilised society.

To this formidable list of requirements must be added some knowledge of the various countries and places visited by Paul; and as relating to the wide range of illustration, Mr Howson mentions a circumstance connected with our naval hero Nelson. In the account of the apostle's voyage to Italy, when overtaken by the storm (Acts xxvii.), it is mentioned that the ship was anchored by the stern; Mr Howson cites some cases in which this has been done in modern times, adding: 'There is still greater interest in quoting the instance of Copenhagen, not only from the accounts we have of the precision with which each ship let go her

anchors astern as she arrived nearly opposite her appointed station, but because it is said that Nelson stated after the battle, that he had that morning been reading the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.'

The Martyrdom of Paul.

As the martyr and his executioners passed on, their way was crowded with a motley multitude of goers and comers between the metropolis and its harbour—merchants hastening to superintend the unloading of their cargoes—sailors eager to squander the profits of their last voyage in the dissipations of the capital—officials of the government, charged with the administration of the provinces, or the command of the legions on the Euphrates or the Rhine—Chaldean astrologers—Phrygian eunuchs—dancing-girls from Syria, with their painted turbans—mendicant priests from Egypt howling for Osiris—Greek adventurers, eager to coin their national cunning into Roman gold—representatives of the avarice and ambition, the fraud and lust, the superstition and intelligence, of the imperial world. Through the dust and tumult of that busy throng, the small troop of soldiers threaded their way silently, under the bright sky of an Italian midsummer. They were marching, though they knew it not, in a procession more truly triumphal than any they had ever followed, in the train of general or emperor, along the Sacred Way. Their prisoner, now at last and for ever delivered from his captivity, rejoiced to follow his Lord 'without the gate.' The place of execution was not far distant; and there the sword of the headsman ended his long course of sufferings, and released that heroic soul from that feeble body. Weeping friends took up his corpse, and carried it for burial to those subterranean labyrinths, where, through many ages of oppression, the persecuted church found refuge for the living and sepulchres for the dead.

Thus died the apostle, the prophet, and the martyr; bequeathing to the church, in her government and her discipline, the legacy of his apostolic labours; leaving his prophetic words to be her living oracles; pouring forth his blood to be the seed of a thousand martyrdoms. Thenceforth, among the glorious company of the apostles, among the goodly fellowship of the prophets, among the noble army of martyrs, his name has stood pre-eminent. And wheresoever the holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge God, there Paul of Tarsus is revered, as the great teacher of a universal redemption and a catholic religion—the herald of glad tidings to all mankind.

Mr Conybeare, in 1855, published a volume of *Essays Ecclesiastical and Social*, reprinted with additions from the *Edinburgh Review*. In these he treats of the Mormons, the Welsh Clergy, Church Parties Temperance, &c. His views on church parties and on the different phases of infidelity are further displayed in a novel—*Perversion*, three volumes, 1856—a very interesting and clever 'tale of the times.' The ingenious author died prematurely in 1857. The father of Mr Conybeare, WILLIAM DANIEL CONYBEARE, Dean of Llandaff (1787-1857), was one of the earliest promoters of the Geological Society, and a frequent and distinguished contributor to its published Transactions. His papers on the Coal-fields were highly valuable; and he was the discoverer of the Plesiosaurus, that strange ante-diluvian animal, the most singular and the most anomalous in its structure, according to Cuvier, that had been discovered amid the ruins of former worlds. To the Bampton Lectures the Dean was also a contributor, having written a work *On the Fathers during the Ante-Nicene Period*, 1839; with a series of *Theological Le tures*, 1834.

DEAN HOWSON, associated with the Rev. W. Conybeare in the valuable work on St Paul, w born in 1816, educated at Trinity College, Can bridge, became Principal of the Collegiate Institu tion, Liverpool, in 1849, and Dean of Chester i 1867.

DEAN ALFORD.

The REV. DR HENRY ALFORD, of Trinity, Vic of Wimeswould, Leicestershire, like Dr Trenc commenced author as a poet—*Poems and Poetic Fragments*, 1831; *The School of the Heart*, 183 &c.—but his *Hulsean Lectures*, 1841, his variou collections of *Sermons*, *Greek Testament* wit notes, &c., gave him a reputation as a divine an a scholar. Dr Alford was a contributor to variou periodicals, and was cut off suddenly in the mid of a busy and useful life. This excellent divin was a native of London, born in 1810, and ed cated at Trinity College, Cambridge; from 18 to 1857 he acted as Examiner in Logic and Mor Philosophy in the university of London; and i 1857 was appointed by Lord Palmerston to th deanery of Canterbury. He died January 12, 187

Dean Alford is believed to have had co siderable effect, though indirectly, on the textu criticism of the country. According to Bisho Ellicott, his present and future fame both is an will be connected with his notes and exegesi 'Here the fine qualities of his mind, his quick ness, keenness of perception, interpretative in stinct, lucidity, and singular fairness, exhibit them selves to the greatest possible advantage. Rarel if ever, does he fail to place before the reader th exact difficulties of the case, and the true wort of the different principles of interpretation.'

The Prince Consort's Public Life.

He came to us in 1840 fresh from a liberal educatio and in becoming one of us, and that in an undefine and exceedingly difficult position, he determined to ben the great powers of his mind, and to use the influence his exalted station to do us good. The early days his residence among us were cast upon troubled times- the gloomy years between 1840-1848. First, before w speak directly of his great national work, deserves men tion the high example of that royal household, whos unstained purity, and ever cautious and punctual pre priety in all civil and Christian duties, has been to thi people a greater source of blessing than we can appre ciate. At last the hour of trial came, and the eventfu year 1848, which overturned so many thrones, passe powerless over our favoured land. Our royal hous was beyond danger, for its foundations rested in th hearts and prayers of the people. And now a period c calm succeeded, during which our Prince's designs fo the good of our people found scope and time to unfol themselves.

The Great Exhibition of 1851, the effects of whic for good have been so many and so universally ac knowledged, is believed to have been his own concep tion; and the plan of it, though filled in by many abl hands, was sketched out by himself, and constantly presided over and brought to maturity by his unwearie care. The event of that year opened to us views with regard to the intercourse and interdependence of foreign nations and ourselves, unknown to English minds before, and suggested to us improvements which have shewn new paths of industry and advancement to thousands of families among us. To him we owe, as a direct consequence of this his plan, our schools of design,

which have called out so many a dormant mind, and brought blessing and competence to so many a household in the lower ranks of life. Of one great society, the 'Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce,' he was to the last the active and indefatigable president.

Only a week before his death, he determined an important point connected with the building designed for the Exhibition. Besides these efforts, you will all remember the interest which he took in our agricultural progress, and in a matter of more vital import to our national wellbeing—the better construction, for decency and comfort, of the cottages of the labouring classes. He has left us his views to be carried out, his schemes to be completed, his example to be followed. Each citizen, each head of a family, ought long to remember, and will long remember, the lessons of his life; we shall not go back again from the higher level to which he has raised us, but shall, I am persuaded, go on in the same course, with more earnest endeavour, with more scrupulous anxiety, because to all other motives is added that of not doing dishonour to his memory, nor violence to what were his own wishes.

Toll out thy towers, toll on, thou old Cathedral,
Filling the ambient air with softest pulses of sorrow;
Toll out a nation's grief, dole for the wail of the people.
Bursting hearts have played with words in the wildness of anguish,
Gathered the bitter herbs that grow in the valley of mourning,
Turned the darksome flowers in wreaths for the wept, the lost one.
Toll for the tale that is told, but for the tale left untold;
Toll for the unreturning, but toll tenfold for the mourning;
Toll for the Prince that is gone, but more for the house that is widowed.

Recognition after Death.

With respect to the subject which furnished us matter for two or three conversations—the probability of meeting and recognising friends in heaven—I thought a good deal, and searched Scripture yesterday. The passage, 1 Thess. iv. 13–18, appears to me almost decisive. Tennyson says:

To search the secret is beyond our lore,
And man must rest till God doth furnish more.

Certainly if there has been one hope which has borne the hearts of Christians up more than another in trials and separations, it is this. It has in all ages been one of the loveliest in the checkered prospect of the future, nor has it been confined to Christians; I mean the idea. You will excuse me, nay, you will thank me, I know, for transcribing an exquisite passage from Cicero's treatise on *Old Age*. It is as follows: 'O glorious day when I shall go to that divine assembly and company of spirits, and when I shall depart out of this bustle, this sink of corruption; for I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have before spoken, but also to my dear Cato [his son], than whom there never was a better man, or one more excellent in filial affection, whose funeral rites were performed by me, when the contrary was natural—namely, that mine should be performed by him. His soul not desiring me, but looking back on me, has departed into those regions where he saw that I myself must come; and I seem to bear firmly my affliction, not because I did not grieve for it, but I comforted myself, thinking that the separation and parting between us would not be for long duration.' The passage from Cicero is considered one of the finest, if not the finest passage in all the heathen authors. It certainly is very fine; but now, when you have admired it enough, turn to 2 Tim. iv. 6–8, and compare the two. Blessed be He indeed who has given us such a certainty of hope!

The Household of a Christian.

From *Quebec Chapel Sermons.*

The household is not an accident of nature, but an ordinance of God. Even nature's processes, could we penetrate their secrets, figure forth spiritual truths; and her highest and noblest arrangements are but the representations of the most glorious of those truths. That very state out of which the household springs, is one, as Scripture and the Church declare to us, not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, seeing that it sets forth and represents to us the relation between Christ and his Church. The household is a representation, on a small scale, as regards numbers, but not as regards the interests concerned, of the great family in heaven and earth. Its whole relations and mutual duties are but reflections of those which subsist between the Redeemer and the people for whom He hath given Himself. The household, then, is not an institution whose duties spring from beneath—from the necessities of circumstances merely; but it is an appointment of God, whose laws are His laws, and whose members owe direct account to Him. The father of a household stands most immediately in God's place. His is the post of greatest responsibility, of greatest influence for good or for evil. His it is, in the last resort, to fix and determine the character which his household shall bear. According as he is good or bad, godly or ungodly, selfish or self-denying, so will for the most part the complexion of the household be also. As he values that which is good, not in his professions, for which no one cares, but in his practice, which all observe, so will it most likely be valued also by his family as they grow up and are planted out in the world. Of all the influences which can be brought to bear on man, paternal influence may be made the strongest and most salutary; and whether so made or not, is ever of immense weight one way or the other. For remember, that paternal influence is not that which the father strives to exert merely, but that which in matter of fact he *does* exert. That superior life, ever moving in advance of the young and observing and imitative life of all of us, that source from which all our first ideas came, that voice which sounded deeper into our hearts than all other voices, day by day, year by year, through all our tender and plastic childhood, will all through life, almost in spite of ourselves, still keep in advance of us, still continue to sound: no other example will ever take so firm hold, no other superiority be ever so vividly and constantly felt. And again remember, this example goes for what it is really worth. Words do not set it—religious phrases do not give it its life and power—it is not a thing of display and effort, but of inner realities, and recurring acts and habits. It is not the raving of the wind round the precipice—not the sunrise and sunset, clothing it with golden glory—which moulded it and gave it its worn and rounded form: but the unmarked dropping of the silent waters, the melting of the yearly snows, the gushing of the inner springs. And so it will be, not that which the outward eye sees in him, not that which men repute him, not public praise, nor public blame, that will enhance or undo a father's influence in his household; but that which he really is in the hearts of his family: that which they know of him in private: the worth to which they can testify, but which the outer world never saw; the affections which flow in secret, of which they know the depth, but others only the surface. And so it will be likewise with a father's religion. None so keen to see into a man's religion as his own household. He may deceive others without; he may deceive himself: he can hardly long succeed in deceiving them. If religion with him be merely a thing put on; an elaborate series of outward duties, attended to for expediency's sake—something fitting his children, but not equally fitting him: oh, none will so soon and so thoroughly learn to appreciate this, as those children themselves: there is not any fact which, when discovered, will have so baneful an effect on their young lives, as such an appreciation. No amount of external devotion will ever counterbalance it: no use of religious phraseology, nor converse with religious people without. But if, on the other hand,

his religion is really a thing in his heart: if he moves about day by day as seeing One invisible: if the love of Christ is really warming the springs of his inner life, then, however inadequately this is shewn in matter or in manner, it will be sure to be known and thoroughly appreciated by those who are ever living their lives around him.

DR ROWLAND WILLIAMS.

This eminent Welsh scholar and divine was a native of Flintshire, Wales, born in 1817. He was educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, in which he was distinguished as a classical scholar. He was elected to a Fellowship of his college, and was classical tutor in it for eight years—from 1842 to 1850. He then removed to St David's College, Lampeter, in which he became Vice-principal and Professor of Hebrew, was appointed chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff in 1850, and select preacher to the university of Cambridge in 1855. In the latter year he published a volume of his sermons under the title of *Rational Godliness after the Mind of Christ and the written Voices of his Church.* His views on the subject of inspiration were considered unorthodox, and led him into controversy, ultimately causing his withdrawal from Lampeter, where he had lived twelve years, greatly benefiting the college there, and discharging his duties as parish minister with exemplary diligence and popular acceptance. In 1860 appeared the volume entitled *Essays and Reviews;* Dr Williams was one of the writers, contributing an article on Bunsen's *Biblical Researches*, for which he was prosecuted in the Court of Arches, and sentenced to a year's suspension. The Privy Council, however, reversed the decision, and Dr Williams continued his pastoral labours and studies until his death in 1870. He died at a vicarage he held near Salisbury, but his friends in Wales sent flowers from the land of his birth to be laid on his coffin. The works of Dr Williams are numerous. The best is his *Hinduism and Christianity Compared*, 1856; a learned and able treatise. He was engaged in his latter years on a more elaborate work, part of which was published in 1866 under the title of *The Prophets of Israel and Judah during the Assyrian Empire.* A second volume was published after his death, entitled *The Hebrew Prophets, translated afresh from the Original*, 1872. He also wrote various essays on the Welsh Church, Welsh Bards, and Anglo-Saxon Antiquities. He was a various as well as a profound scholar, but chiefly excelled in Hebrew and in his ancient native tongue, the Cymric or Welsh. The *Life and Letters of Dr Williams* were published by his widow, two volumes, 1874; and Mrs Williams claims for her husband having done good service by advocating an open Bible and free reverential criticism, and by maintaining these to be consistent with the standards of the English Church. He helped much to vindicate for the Anglican Establishment the wide boundary which he, Dean Stanley, and others considered to be her lawful inheritance.

'Dean Milman,' he says, 'once wrote to me, that what the world wants is a keener perception of the *poetical* character of parts, especially the earlier parts of the Bible. "This work," he added, "will be done slowly, but, in my opinion, surely." In other words, what the world seems to me to want, is a perception that the religion with which the Bible, as a whole, impresses us, is a true religion; but that in its associations, accidents, and personal shortcomings, it has had no supernatural exemption from those incidents of human nature which we find in the transmission of our moral sentiments in general, strengthened as these are by historical examples, but having a fresh germ in ourselves, and yet needing a constant glance heavenward, a tone of mind compounded of prayer and of resolve, in order to keep them sound, and free from all warping influences. Again, to vary the expression, the great object to be set always before our consciences is, "the Father of our spirits," the Eternal Being; and it is an infinite aid to have the records of words and deeds of men who have lived in a like spiritual faith, and who can kindle us afresh.'

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

The Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton (1816–1853) was a clergyman of the Church of England whose life was devoted to the intellectual and spiritual improvement of the working-classes, and whose writings have enjoyed a degree of popularity rarely extended to sermons and theological treatises. He was a native of London, son of an officer, Captain Robertson, R.A. He was educated at Edinburgh and Oxford, taking his degree of M.A. at Brasenose College in 1844. Having entered the Church, he was successively curate at Winchester and Cheltenham, and incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. At the latter he continued six years till his death. In 1848 he assisted in establishing a working-man's Institute, and his address on this occasion, which was afterwards published, attracted, as he said, 'more notice than it deserved or he had expected: it was read by Her Majesty, distributed by nobles and Quakers, sneered at by Conservatives, praised by Tories, slanged by Radicals, and swallowed, with wry faces, by Chartists!' Within six months, it was said Mr Robertson had put himself at variance with the whole accredited theological world of Brighton on the questions of the Sabbath, the Atonement, Inspiration, and Baptism! His talents, sincerity, and saint-like character were, however, acknowledged by all parties, and his death was mourned as a public calamity. His funeral was attended by more than two thousand persons. Four volumes of Mr Robertson's *Sermons* have been published; also his *Life and Letters*, two volumes, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. Robertson's *Sermons* have gone through numerous large editions both in England and America.

Christian Energy.

'Let us be going.' There were two ways open to Christ in which to submit to his doom. He might have waited for it: instead of which He went to meet the soldiers, He took up the cross, the cup of anguish was not forced between His lips. He took it with his own hands, and drained it quickly to the last drop. In after-years the disciples understood the lesson, and acted on it. They did not wait till persecution overtook them; they braved the Sanhedrim, they fronted the world, they proclaimed aloud the unpopular and unpalatable doctrines of the Resurrection and the Cross. Now in

this there lies a principle. Under no conceivable set of circumstances are we justified in sitting

> By the poisoned springs of life,
> Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife.

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered. And thus it is that the spirit of Christianity draws over our life, not a leaden cloud of remorse and despondency, but a sky—not perhaps of radiant, but yet of most serene and chastened and manly hope. There is a past which is gone for ever, but there is a future which is still our own.

The Bible.

It is the universal applicability of Scripture which has made the influence of the Bible universal. This book has spell-bound the hearts of nations in a way in which no single book has ever held men before. Remember too, in order to enhance the marvellousness of this, that the nation from which it emanated was a despised people. For the last eighteen hundred years, the Jews have been proverbially a by-word and a reproach. But that contempt for Israel is nothing new to the world, for before even the Roman despised them, the Assyrian and Egyptian regarded them with scorn. Yet the words which came from Israel's prophets have been the life-blood of the world's devotions. And the teachers, the psalmists, the prophets, and the law-givers of this despised nation spoke out truths that have struck the key-note of the heart of man; and this, not because they were of Jewish, but because they were of universal application.

This collection of books has been to the world what no other book has ever been to a nation. States have been founded on its principles. Kings rule by a compact based on it. Men hold the Bible in their hands when they prepare to give solemn evidence affecting life, death, or property; the sick man is almost afraid to die unless the Book be within reach of his hands; the battle-ship goes into action with one on board whose office it is to expound it; its prayers, its psalms are the language which we use when we speak to God: eighteen centuries have found no holier, no diviner language. If ever there has been a prayer or a hymn enshrined in the heart of a nation, you are sure to find its basis in the Bible. The very translation of it has fixed language and settled the idioms of speech. Germany and England speak as they speak because the Bible was translated. It has made the most illiterate peasant more familiar with the history, customs, and geography of ancient Palestine than with the localities of his own country. Men who know nothing of the Grampians, of Snowdon, or of Skiddaw, are at home in Zion, the lake of Gennesareth, or among the rills of Carmel. People who know little about London, know by heart the places in Jerusalem where those blessed feet trod which were nailed to the Cross. Men who know nothing of the architecture of a Christian cathedral can yet tell you about the pattern of the holy Temple. Even this shews us the influence of the Bible. The orator holds a thousand men for half an hour breathless—a thousand men as one, listening to a single word. But the Word of God has held a thousand nations for thrice a thousand years spell-bound; held them by an abiding power, even the universality of its truth; and we feel it to be no more a collection of books, but *the* Book.

The Smiles and Tears of Life.

The sorrows of the past stand out most vividly in our recollections, because they are the keenest of our sensations. At the end of a long existence we should probably describe it thus: *Few and evil have the days of the years of thy servant been.* But the innumerable infinitesimals of happiness that from moment to moment made life sweet and pleasant are forgotten, and very richly has our Father mixed the materials of these with the homeliest actions and domesticities of existence. See two men meeting together in the streets, mere acquaintances. They will not be five minutes together before a smile will overspread their countenances, or a merry laugh ring off at the lowest amusement. This has God done. God created the smile and the laugh, as well as the sigh and the tear. The aspect of this life is stern, very stern. It is a very superficial account of it which slurs over its grave mystery, and refuses to hear its low deep undertone of anguish. But there is enough, from hour to hour, of bright sunny happiness, to remind us that its Creator's highest name is Love.

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

The biographer of Mr Robertson is himself a popular preacher and author. The REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A., incumbent of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, was sometime preacher in St James's Chapel, York Street; and three volumes of *Sermons* (first, second, and third series) delivered in York Street, have been published. Mr Brooke is author also of *Freedom in the Church of England*, six sermons suggested by the Voysey judgment, which were held to contain a fair statement of the views in respect to freedom of thought entertained by the liberal party in the Church of England. One volume of Mr Brooke's Sermons, entitled *Christ in Modern Life*, is now (1876) in its ninth edition. He has also published *Theology in the English Poets, Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Burns;* the *Life and Work of Frederick Denison Maurice*, a memorial sermon; and a little manual on *English Literature*, forming one of a series of primers edited by Mr J. R. Green. The last sentence in this manual is suggestive:

'Tennyson has always kept us close to the scenery, the traditions, the daily life, and the history of England; and his last drama of *Queen Mary*, 1875, is written almost exactly twelve hundred years since the date of our first poem, Cædmon's Paraphrase. To think of one and then of the other, and of the great and continuous stream of literature that has flowed between them, is more than enough to make us all proud of the name of Englishmen.'

The Creation (*Genesis* i. 1).

It was necessary that a spiritual revelation should be given in harmony with the physical beliefs of the period; and when we demand that the revealed writings should be true to our physical knowledge in order that we should believe in inspiration, we are asking that which would have made all those for whom the Bible was originally written disbelieve at once in *all* it revealed to man. We ask too much: that book was written on wiser principles. It left these questions aside; it spoke in the language, and through the knowledge, of its time. It was content to reveal spiritual truth; it left men to find out scientific truth for themselves. It is inspired with regard to the first; it is not inspired with regard to the latter. It is inspired with regard to universal principles; it is not inspired with regard to details of fact. The proof that it is inspired with regard to principles is that those principles which it lays down or implies are not isolated but universal principles. They are true of national, social, political, intellectual, as well as of spiritual life, and above all, and this is the point which I especially wish to urge, they are identical

with scientific principles. Let us test this in the case of this chapter.

The first principle to be inferred is that of the *unity of God*. One Divine Being is represented as the sole cause of the universe. Now this is the only foundation of a true religion for humanity. Starting from the Semitic peoples, it has gradually made its way over the whole of the Aryan family with the exception of the Hindus; and even among them, and wherever else the worship of many gods exists, it is gradually driving out polytheism and establishing itself as the *necessary* religion for humanity.

The next principle in this chapter is that *all noble work is gradual*. God is not represented as creating everything in a moment. He spent six days at His work, and then said it was very good. Now there is no principle more universal than this—that in proportion to the nobility of anything, is it long in reaching its perfection. The summer fly is born and dies in a few days; the more highly organised animal has a long youth and a mature age. The inferior plant rises, blooms, and dies in a year; the oak transforms the storms and sunshine of a century into the knotted fibres of its stem. The less noble powers of the human mind mature first; the more noble, such as imagination, comparison, abstract reasoning, demand the work of years. The greatest ancient nation took the longest time to develop its iron power; the securest political freedom in a nation did not advance by bounds, or by violent revolutions, but in England 'broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent.' The greatest modern society —the Church of Christ—grew as Christ prophesied, from a beginning as small as a grain of mustard-seed into a noble tree, and grows now more slowly than any other society has ever grown—so slowly, that persons who are not far-seeing say that it has failed. The same law is true of every individual Christian life.

The next truth to be inferred from this chapter is that the universe was prepared for the good and enjoyment of man. I cannot say that this is universal, for the stars exist for themselves, and the sun for other planets than ours; and it is a poor thing to say that the life of animals and plants is not for their own enjoyment as well as ours! but so far as they regard us, it is a universal truth, and the Bible was written for *our* learning. Therefore, in this chapter, the sun and stars are spoken of only in their relation to us, and man is set as master over all creation.

The next principle is the *interdependence of rest and work*. The Sabbath is the outward expression of God's recognition of this as a truth for man. It was commanded because it was necessary. 'The Sabbath was made for man,' said Christ. And the same principle ought to be extended over our whole existence. The life of Christ, the type of the highest human life, was not all work. 'Come ye into the wilderness, and rest awhile.' Toil and refreshment were woven together. But as in this chapter there were six days of work to one of rest, so in His life, as it ought to be in ours, 'labour was the rule, relaxation the exception.' Labour always preceded rest; rest was only purchased by toil.

Lastly, there is one specially spiritual principle which glorifies this chapter, and the import of which is universal, 'God made man in His own image.' It is the divinest revelation in the Old Testament. In it is contained the reason of all that has ever been great in human nature or in human history. In it are contained all the sorrows of the race as it looks back to its innocence, and all the hope of the race as it aspires from the depths of its fall to the height of the imperial palace whence it came. In it is contained all the joy of the race as it sees in Christ this great first principle revealed again. In it are contained all the history of the human heart, all the history of the human mind, all the history of the human conscience, all the history of the human spirit. It is the foundation-stone of all written and unwritten poetry, of all metaphysics, of all ethics, of all religion.

These are the universal principles which are to found in this chapter. And this, we are told, is inspiration; this is not the work of a higher spirit t the spirit of defective and one-sided man. This illum ating constellation of all-embracing truths; stars wh burn, eternal and unwavering, the guides and consol of men in the heaven which arches over our spirit life; their light for ever quiet with the conscious rep of truth, 'their seat the bosom of God, their voice harmony of the world'—to which, obedience be given, nations are great, souls are free, and the r marches with triumphant music to its perfect destin this is not inspiration! Brethren, it *is* inspiration.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D., Bishop of Wi chester (1805-1872), was the third son of t Christian philanthropist, William Wilberfor After his education at Oriel College, Oxford, Wilberforce was ordained curate of Checkend Oxfordshire, and rose to be Bishop of Oxford 1845. In 1869 he was translated to the see Winchester. As a scholar, a prelate, and debat in the House of Lords, of gracious manner a winning address, Bishop Wilberforce was high esteemed, and his accidental death by a fall fr his horse was deeply lamented. He publish several volumes of *Sermons and Charges*, *Agath and other Sunday Stories*, *History of the Ep copal Church in America*, *Hebrew Heroes*, S Two volumes of *Essays* contributed by the bish to the *Quarterly Review* were published in 187

The Reformation of the Church of England.

It bears the mark and impress of the intellectual spiritual peculiarities of no single man. Herein at on it is marked off from the Lutheran, the Calvinist, t Zwinglian, and other smaller bodies. On each one them lay, as the shadow on the sleeping water, the t broken image of some master mind or imperial so The mind of that founder of the new faith, his mode thought and argument, his religious principles, a his great defects, were reproduced in the body which had formed, and which by a natural instinct appropriat and handed on his name. And so it might have be with us too, had there been amongst the Engli Reformers such a leader. If Wycliffe—the great fo runner of the Reformation, whose austere figure stan out above the crowd of notables in English history— Wycliffe had lived a hundred and thirty years later tha he did, his commanding intellect and character might the have stamped upon the religion of England the essenti characteristic of a sect. But from this the goodness God preserved the Church of this land. Like the birt of the beautiful islands of the great Pacific Ocean, th foundations of the new convictions which were so great to modify and purify the medieval faith were laid slowl unseen, unsuspected by ten thousand souls, who laboure they knew not for what, save to accomplish the nece sities of their own spiritual belief. The mighty convu sion which suddenly cast up the submarine foundation into peak, and mountain, and crevasse, and lake, an plain, came not from man's devising, and obeyed n man's rule. Influences of the heaven above, and the daily surrounding atmosphere, wrought their wi upon the new-born islands. Fresh convulsions change modified, and completed their shape, and so the ne and the old were blended together into a harmon which no skill of man could have devised. The Englis Reformers did not attempt to develop a creed or community out of their own internal consciousnes Their highest aim was only to come back to what ha been before. They had not the gifts which created i

others the ambition to be the founders of a new system. They did not even set about their task with any fixed plan or recognised set of doctrines. Their inconsistencies, their variations, their internal differences, their very retractations witness to the gradualness with which the new light dawned upon them, and dispelled the old darkness. The charges of hypocrisy and time-serving which have been made so wantonly against Cranmer and his brethren are all honourably interpreted by the real changes which took place in their own opinions. The patient, loving, accurate study of Holy Scripture was an eminent characteristic of all these men. Thus the opinions they were receiving from others who had advanced far before them in the new faith, were continually modified by this continual voice of God's Word sounding in their ears, and by corresponding changes in their own views. Thus they were enabled by God's grace, out of the utter disintegration round them, to restore in its primitive proportions the ancient Church of England.

BISHOP ELLICOTT.

Dr Charles John Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, a distinguished Scripture commentator and divine, was born in 1819, son of the Rev. C. S. Ellicott, Rector of Whitwell, near Stamford, Lincolnshire. He studied at St John's College, Cambridge; obtained the Hulsean prize in 1843;* in 1858 was chosen to succeed Dr French as Professor of Divinity in King's College, London; in 1860 was elected Hulsean Professor of Divinity in Cambridge; in 1861 was made Dean of Exeter; and in 1863 was promoted to the see of Gloucester and Bristol. Dr Ellicott's first work was a *Treatise on Analytical Science*, 1842, which was followed by the Hulsean lecture on the *History and Obligation of the Sabbath*, 1844. His most important work is a series of *Critical and Grammatical Commentaries on St Paul's Epistles*, published separately (all of which have gone through several editions), namely, *Galatians*, *Ephesians*, *Philippians*, *Colossians*, *Philemon*, *Thessalonians*; also *Pastoral Epistles*. A volume of *Historical Lectures on the Life of Our Lord* by the bishop is now in its sixth edition; and he has also published *Considerations on the Revision of the Authorised Version of the New Testament*. In the preface to his Lectures, Bishop Ellicott says:

'I neither feel nor affect to feel the slightest sympathy with the so-called popular theology of the present day, but I still trust that, in the many places in which it has been almost necessarily called forth in the present pages, no expression has been used towards sceptical writings stronger than may have been positively required by allegiance to catholic truth. Towards the honest and serious thinker who may feel doubts or difficulties in some of the questions connected with our Lord's life, all tenderness may justly be shewn.'

The Lectures do not aim at being a complete Life of our Saviour, but go over the leading incidents—the birth and infancy, the Judean, Eastern Galilee, and Northern Galilee ministries, the journeyings towards Jerusalem, the Last Passover, and the Forty Days. Copious notes from the great Greek commentators and German expositors are given. The critical and grammatical commentaries on St Paul's Epistles are also copious and invaluable to students. A passage is here subjoined from the *Historical Lectures*.

The Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem.

In the retirement of that mountain-hamlet of Bethany—a retirement soon to be broken in upon—the Redeemer of the world may with reason be supposed to have spent His last earthly Sabbath. There too, either in their own house or, as seems more probable, in the house of one who probably owed to our Lord his return to the society of his fellow-men, did that loving household 'make a supper' for their Divine Guest. Joyfully and thankfully did each one of that loving family instinctively do that which might seem most to tend to the honour and glorification of Him whom one of them had declared to be, and whom they all knew to be, the Son of God that was to come into the world. So Martha serves; Lazarus it is specially noticed takes his place at the table, the visible living proof of the omnipotence of his Lord; Mary performs the tender office of a mournfully foreseeing love, that thought nought too pure or too costly for its God—that tender office, which, though grudgingly rebuked by Judas and, alas! others than Judas, who could not appreciate the depths of such a devotion, nevertheless received a praise which it has been declared shall evermore hold its place on the pages of the Book of Life.

But that Sabbath soon passed away. Ere night came on, numbers even of those who were seldom favourably disposed to our Lord, now came to see both Him and the living monument of His merciful omnipotence. The morrow probably brought more of these half-curious, half-awed, yet, as it would now seem, in a great measure believing visitants. The deep heart of the people was stirred, and the time was fully come when ancient prophecy was to receive its fulfilment, and the daughter of Zion was to welcome her King. Yea and in kingly state shall He come. Begirt not only by the smaller band of His own disciples but by the great and now hourly increasing multitude, our Lord leaves the little wooded vale that had ministered to Him its Sabbath-day of seclusion and repose, and directs His way onward to Jerusalem. As yet, however, in but humble guise and as a pilgrim among pilgrims He traverses the rough mountain-track which the modern traveller can even now somewhat hopefully identify; every step bringing Him nearer to the ridge of Olivet, and to that hamlet or district of Bethphage, the exact site of which it is so hard to fix, but which was separated perhaps only by some narrow valley from the road along which the procession was now wending its way. But the Son of David must not solemnly enter the city of David as a scarcely distinguishable wayfarer amid a mixed and wayfaring throng. Prophecy must have its full and exact fulfilment; the King must approach the city of the King with some meek symbols of kingly majesty. With haste, it would seem, two disciples are despatched to the village over against them, to bring to Him 'who had need of it' the colt 'whereon yet never man sat:' with haste the zealous followers cast upon it their garments, and all-unconscious of the significant nature of their act, place thereon their Master—the coming King. Strange it would have been if feelings such as now were eagerly stirring in every heart had not found vent in words. Strange indeed if, with the Hill of Zion now breaking upon their view, the long prophetic past had not seemed to mingle with the present, and evoke those shouts of mysterious welcome and praise, which, first beginning with the disciples and those immediately round our Lord, soon were heard from every mouth of that glorifying multitude. And not from them alone. Number-

* The Rev. John Hulse of Elworth, in the county of Chester, by his will, bearing date 1777, directed that the proceeds of certain estates should be given yearly to a dissertator and a lecturer who should 'shew the evidence for revealed religion, and demonstrate the truth and excellence of Christianity.' The discourses were to be twenty in number, but the Court of Chancery in 1830 reduced the number to eight.

less others there were fast streaming up Olivet, a palm-branch in every hand, to greet the raiser of Lazarus, and the Conqueror of Death; and now all join. One common feeling of holy enthusiasm now pervades that mighty multitude, and displays itself in befitting acts. Garments are torn off and cast down before the Holy One: green boughs bestrew the way; Zion's King rides onward in meek majesty, a thousand voices before, and a thousand voices behind rising up to heaven with Hosannas and with mingled words of magnifying acclamation, some of which once had been sung to the Psalmist's harp, and some heard even from angelic tongues. . . . But the hour of triumph was the hour of deepest and most touching compassion. If, as we have ventured to believe, the suddenly opening view of Zion may have caused the excited feelings of that thronging multitude to pour themselves forth in words of exalted and triumphant praise, full surely we know from the inspired narrative, that on our Redeemer's nearer approach to the city, as it rose up, perhaps suddenly, in all its extent and magnificence before Him who even now beheld the trenches cast about it, and Roman legions mustering round its fated walls, tears fell from those Divine eyes—yea, the Saviour of the world wept over the city wherein He had come to suffer and to die. . . . The lengthening procession again moves onward, slowly descending into the deep valley of the Cedron, and slowly winding up the opposite slope, until at length by one of the Eastern gates it passes into one of the now crowded thoroughfares of the Holy City. Such was the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem.

BISHOP EDWARD HAROLD BROWNE.

The present learned Bishop of Winchester, son of the late Colonel Browne of Morton House, Bucks, was born in 1811, and was educated at Eton, and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was wrangler in 1832. His academical career was highly distinguished. In 1833 he obtained the Crosse theological scholarship, in 1834 the first Hebrew scholarship, and in 1835 the Norrisian prize for a theological essay. He became Fellow and tutor of his college. From 1843 to 1849, he was Vice-principal and Professor of Hebrew in St David's College, Lampeter; in 1854 he was elected Norrisian Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge; in 1857 canon residentiary of Exeter Cathedral; in 1864 he was consecrated Bishop of Ely; and in 1874, Bishop of Winchester. The principal theological work of Bishop Browne is his *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, Historical and Doctrinal*, which was published (1850-53) in two volumes, but is now compressed into one large volume of 864 pages (tenth edition, 1874). In his Introduction (which is a clear and concise historical summary, relating to the Liturgy and Articles) the bishop has the following sensible remarks:

Interpretation of the Thirty-nine Articles.

In the interpretation of them, our best guides must be, first, their own natural, literal, grammatical meaning; next to this, a knowledge of the controversies which had prevailed in the Church, and made such articles necessary; then, the other authorised formularies of the Church; after them the writings and known opinions of such men as Cranmer, Ridley, and Parker, who drew them up; then, the doctrines of the primitive Church, which they professed to follow; and, lastly, the general sentiments of the distinguished English divines who have been content to subscribe the Articles, and have professed their agreement with them for now three hundred years. These are our best guides for the interpretation. Their authority is derivable from Scripture alone.

On the subject of subscription, very few words may be sufficient. To sign any document in a non-natural sense seems neither consistent with Christian integrity nor with common manliness. But, on the other hand, a national Church should never be needlessly exclusive. It should, we can hardly doubt, be ready to embrace, if possible, all who truly believe in God, and in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. Accordingly, our own Church requires of its *lay* members no confession of the faith except that contained in the Apostles' Creed.

In the following pages an attempt is made to interpret and explain the Articles of the Church, which bind the consciences of her clergy, according to their natural and genuine meaning; and to prove that meaning to be both scriptural and catholic. None can feel so satisfied, nor act so straightforwardly, as those who subscribe them in such a sense. But if we consider how much variety of sentiment may prevail amongst persons who are, in the main, sound in the faith, we can never wish that a national Church, which ought to have all the marks of catholicity, should enforce too rigid and uniform an interpretation of its formularies and terms of union. The Church should be not only holy and apostolic, but as well, one and catholic. Unity and universality are scarcely attainable, where a greater rigour of subscription is required than such as shall insure a adherence and conformity to those great catholic truths which the primitive Christians lived by, and died for.

Besides his elaborate *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, Dr Browne has published two volumes of Sermons, one on the *Atonement and other Subjects*, 1859, and the second on *Messiah as Foretold and Expected*, 1862. The latter is a vindication of the true predictive character of Messianic prophecy, derived chiefly from Jewish sources. He is author also of *The Pentateuch and the Elohistic Psalms*, written in reply to Bishop Colenso in 1863; and *The Deaconess*, a sermon preached in 1871. The bishop is also one of the writers in *Aids to Faith*, in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, the *Speaker's Commentary*, &c.

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON.

The Archbishop of York, DR WILLIAM THOMSON, is a native of Whitehaven, Cumberland, born February 11, 1819. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was successively scholar, Fellow, and tutor. He took his degree of B.A. in 1840, was ordained priest in 1843, and was four years pastor at Guildford and Cuddesden; in 1848 he was appointed select preacher at Oxford, and in 1853 was chosen to preach the Bampton Lecture. The subject was the *Atoning Work of Christ*. Two years afterwards (1855) he became incumbent of All-Souls, Marylebone; and in 1858 was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn. This appointment is generally held to be preliminary to a bishopric, and Dr Thomson was in 1861 made Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. In 1863 he was promoted to the archiepiscopal see of York. His first work was a logical treatise, acute and learned, entitled *An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought*, 1842. This was followed by the Bampton Lecture; by *Sermons Preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel*, 1861; *Pastoral Letter*, 1864; *Life in the Light of God's Word*, 1867; *Limits of Philosophical Inquiry*, 1869; and by a Life of Christ and

other articles in Dr Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, as well as contributions to reviews and other literary journals. One of the most valuable of Archbishop Thomson's professional labours was editing and assisting in the authorship of *Aids to Faith*, a series of theological essays by several writers, designed as a reply to *Essays and Reviews*. In this volume (third edition, 1870) Dean Mansel took up the subject of the *Miracles;* the Bishop of Cork (Fitzgerald), the *Evidences;* Dr M'Caul, *Prophecy* and the *Mosaic Record of Creation;* Canon Cooke, *Ideology and Subscription;* Professor Rawlinson, the *Pentateuch;* Dr Browne, Bishop of Ely, *Inspiration;* Dr Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, *Scripture and its Interpretation;* while the archbishop himself, as editor, selected as the subject of his essay the *Death of Christ*, or the doctrine of Reconciliation:

What is there about this teaching that has provoked in times past and present so much disputation? Not, I am persuaded, the hardness of the doctrine, for none of the theories put in its place are any easier, but its want of logical completeness. Sketched out for us in a few broad lines, it tempts the fancy to fill it in and lend it colour; and we do not always remember that the hands that attempt this are trying to make a mystery into a theory, an infinite truth into a finite one, and to reduce the great things of God into the narrow limits of our little field of view. To whom was the ransom paid? What was Satan's share of the transaction? How can one suffer for another? How could the Redeemer be made miserable when He was conscious that His work was one which could bring happiness to the whole human race? Yet this condition of indefiniteness is one which is imposed on us in the reception of every mystery: prayer, the incarnation, the immortality of the soul, are all subjects that pass far beyond our range of thought. And here we see the wisdom of God in connecting so closely our redemption with our reformation. If the object were to give us a complete theory of salvation, no doubt there would be in the Bible much to seek. The theory is gathered by fragments out of many an exhortation and warning; nowhere does it stand out entire and without logical flaw. But if we assume that the New Testament is written for the guidance of sinful hearts, we find a wonderful aptness for that particular end. Jesus is proclaimed as the solace of our fears, as the founder of our moral life, as the restorer of our lost relation with our Father. If He had a cross, there is a cross for us; if He pleased not Himself, let us deny ourselves; if he suffered for sin, let us hate sin. And the question ought not to be, what do all these mysteries mean, but are these thoughts really such as will serve to guide our life, and to assuage our terrors in the fear of death? The answer is twofold —one from history and one from experience. The preaching of the Cross of the Lord even in this simple fashion converted the world. The same doctrine is now the ground of any definite hope that we find in ourselves, of forgiveness of sins and of everlasting life.

DR WILLIAM SMITH.

Most of the divines who assisted Archbishop Thomson in his *Aids to Faith* have been associated with DR WILLIAM SMITH in a *Dictionary of the Bible*, its antiquities, biography, geography, and natural history (1860–1863). This work is a complete storehouse of information on every subject connected with the Bible. Dr Smith has also edited Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, Mythology, and Geography (1840–1852), and several students' manuals, grammars, and small dictionaries. In 1867 he became editor of the *Quarterly Review*. This indefatigable scholar and littérateur is a native of London, born in 1815, and educated at the London University, in which he was Classical Examiner from 1853 till 1869. In 1870 he published, in conjunction with a friend (Mr Hall), a *Copious and Critical English-Latin Dictionary*, said to be the result of fifteen years' labour. In acknowledgment of his service to the cause of education and classical literature, the university of Oxford, in 1870, conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Perhaps no university honour was ever more worthily won.

DR CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN.

The Master of the Temple, CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, D.D., is author of a vast number of sermons and addresses, besides several works of a more elaborate character. His *Expository Lectures on the Romans, on Philippians, the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, the Acts, the Revelation of St John*, &c. are valuable and popular theological works. Some of his collected sermons were delivered in the chapel of Harrow School (two series, 1849 and 1853); in the parish church of St Martin's, Leicester, 1853; *Epiphany, Lent, and Easter Sermons*, 1860; *Sermons at Doncaster*, 1863; *The Book and the Life*, being four sermons at Cambridge, 1862; *Twelve Sermons on Subjects connected with the Church of England*, 1867; *Lessons of the Cross and the Passion* (six lectures), 1869; *Earnest Words for Earnest Men*, 1869; *Last Words in the Parish Church of Doncaster;* &c. For thirty years or more, it may be said that not a single year has passed without some work from Dr Vaughan; and his ministrations in the beautiful Temple Church in London (of old the church of the Knights Templars) are attended by large congregations. Dr Vaughan was born about 1817, and having passed a brilliant university career at Trinity College, Cambridge (in 1837 Browne's medallist for the Greek ode and epigram, and gainer of the members' prize for Latin essay; in 1838, senior classic), he entered into holy orders, and became Vicar of St Martin's, Leicester—a parish of which his father had been incumbent. He was next Head Master of Harrow School (1844–1859), refused the bishopric of Rochester in 1860, and shortly afterwards became Vicar of Doncaster. After a residence of nearly ten years at Doncaster, he accepted the Mastership of the Temple in 1869. As parish clergyman and as Master of the Temple, Dr Vaughan has been distinguished equally for his affectionate earnestness and zeal and his unwearied activity, while his classical attainments have placed him in the first rank of English scholars.

Three Partings.

From *Last Words in the Parish Church of Doncaster.*

Life is full of partings. Every day we see some one whom we shall never see again. Homes are full of these partings, and churches are full of these partings, and therefore Scripture also, the mirror of life, is full of these partings; tells us how bitter they are—or takes that for granted, and tells us rather how solemn they are, how admonitory, how important—bids us regard them, use them, turn them to account.

First, I will speak of bodily partings. Those who were once near together in the flesh are no longer so.

It is a thing of every-day experience. To-night there is a family in this congregation which before next Sunday will have left the town. If *I* had not gone, *they* would have gone. You will say it is a small event to chronicle in this manner. Still it shews, it serves as an example, how common are these local changes which make people who co-existed before co-exist no longer. It shews how hopeless it is to avoid such separations. They are part of our lot. They remind us of the great dispersion; they should make us long for the great reunion.

It is a serious thing to stand on the pier of some seaport town, and see a son or a brother setting sail for India or New Zealand. Such an experience marks, in a thousand homes, a particular day in the calendar with a peculiar, a life-long sadness. And when two hearts have grown into each other by a love real and faithful, and the hour of parting comes—comes under compulsion put upon them, whether by family arrangement or by God's providence—when they know that in all probability they can meet never again on this side the grave—tell us not that this is a light sorrow, a trifling pain; for the time, and it may be for all time, it is a grief, it is a bereavement, it is a death; long days and years may run their course, and yet the image is there; there, and not there—present in dream and vision, absent in converse and in communion. The Word of God is so tender to us, so full of sympathy, that it paints this kind of parting in all its bitterness. No passage of Scripture has been more fondly read and re-read by severed friends than that which contains the record of the love, 'passing the love of women,' between David and the king's son. That last farewell, of which the Prophet Samuel did not disdain to write the full, the almost photographic history, had in it no pang of unfaithfulness or broken vow: the two friends loved afterwards, in absence and distance; and it was given to one of them to bewail the death, in glorious though disastrous battle, of the other, in a strain of lyric lamentation which for beauty and pathos stands still unrivalled among the dirges and dead-marches of the most gifted minstrels and musicians of earth.

There are partings between souls. I speak still of this life. The sands of Tyre and Miletus were wet with tears when St Paul there took leave of disciples and elders. But those separations were brightened by an immortal hope, and he could commend his desolate ones to the word of God's grace, as able to give them an inheritance at last with him and with the saved. I call that a tolerable, a bearable parting. God grant it to us! How different is it when souls part!

There are partings every day between souls. There are those who once knew each other intimately, called each other friends, who now scarcely know whether the once beloved be dead or living. There are those who have drifted asunder, not because one is a lawyer and the other a clergyman; not because one has had experience abroad of battles or sieges, and the other has led the home life of a merchant or a landowner; not even because seas and lands have permanently separated them, and hands once closely clasped in friendship can never meet again in loving embrace on this side the grave. They have parted, not in body but in spirit. Ghosts of old obsolete worn-out friendships haunt the chambers of this being, to remind us of the hollowness of human possessions, and the utter transitoriness of all affections save one.

Go on then from the partings of time to the death-parting which must come. Set yourselves in full view of that—take into your thought what it is—ask, in each several aspect of earth's associations and companionships, what will be for you the meaning of the text—'He saw him no more.'

The life-partings, and the soul-partings, all derive their chief force and significance from the latest and most awful—the one death-parting, which is not probably, but certainly, before each and all. 'He saw him no more.' That parting which the text itself describes was momentous, was memorable. That consecration of the prophet by the prophet—that original casti upon him of the mantle, by which his designation w announced to him—now fulfilled in the very falling up him of the same mantle, as the chariot of fire made way into the abyss of heaven above—turned a comm life, a life of ploughing and farming, prosperous should seem) and wealthy, into a life of absolute worldliness, a life of dedication to God's service, and the highest interests of a generation. This parting w indeed a meeting. It brought two lives and two so into one, as no length of bodily converse could h united them. The spirit of Elijah then began to rest Elisha, when they were parted for ever as to the soci and fellowship of the living. It has ever been so w those highest and most solemn unities in which n with man, and man with his God, finds the crown consummation of his being. It is through the dea parting that the everlasting meeting begins.

The Ascension.

When a man's heart is crushed within him by galling tyranny of sense; when, from the dawning the day till the setting of the sun, and for hours beyc it, he is compelled to gather straw for Egypt's bric and to bake them in the world's scorching kiln, till spring of life is dried up within, and he is ready to s Let me but eat and drink and sleep, for there is noth real but this endless task-work; then, how sweet say to one's self: 'And a cloud received him out of th sight.' Yes, just out of sight, but as certainly as the eye could pierce it, there is a heaven all bright, pure, all real; there is One there who has my v nature, in it toiled as ceaselessly as the most care-wc and world-laden of us all, having no home, and leisure so much as to eat. He is there—His warf accomplished, His life's labour fulfilled; He is there, rest, yet still working, working for me, bearing me up His heart, feeling for and feeling with me in each tr and in each temptation; and not feeling only, but pr ing too, with that intercession which is not only n but inside God; and not interceding only, but a ministering grace hour by hour, coming into me wi that very thought and recollection of good, that ex resolution and purpose and aspiration, which is need to keep me brave and to keep me pure. Only let r heart be fully set to maintain that connection, that spi tual marriage and union, which is between Christ abo and the soul below; only let me cherish, by prayer a watching, that spirit of soberness, that freedom (to u St Peter's strong phrase in this day's Epistle) from t intoxications of sense, which makes a man in t world and yet not of it—and I too shall at last rea that blessed home where Christ already is, and for me!

Thus, too, when sorrow comes, when the light of th life is quenched and annihilated by reason of some fo wish frustrated or some precious possession torn awa when I am beginning to say, take away now my life, f there is nothing left to live for—then I look upward a see, if not at this moment the bow in the cloud, the bo of hope and promise, yet at least the cloud—the clot behind which Jesus is, Jesus the Man of Sorrows, havi still a thought for every struggling sorrowing man, a holding in His hand the very medicine, the very balr for the particular sorrow, the particular void, the pa ticular stroke and pang, of each disconsolate desola wayfarer towards the home and the rest.

Such is one part of the doctrine—let us say, o utterance of the voice—of the ascension. This is n your home. This life is not your all—no, not even no Behind the cloud which witnessed the view of th ascending Lord, there, there is your country, your cit your church, your dwelling-place, even now. 'Ye a come,' the apostle says, 'to the city of the living Go to the spirits of the perfected just, to Jesus the Mediato and to God the Father of all.'

Comfort is strength. The very word means it. But we separate the two—in idea at least—and the ascension has both for us. We want not soothing only, but invigoration too. The ascension has a voice of this kind. 'The Lord working with them.' They went forth everywhere, in the strength of the ascension—the Lord working with them. He who is Himself in heaven for us, will have us on earth for Him. We must be His witnesses.

Think we, all of us, of that coming day, when the cloud which concealed shall be the cloud which reveals Him. It is a solemn and touching thing to gaze into the fathomless depth of a perfectly clear sunlit or starlit sky, and lose ourselves in wonder and awe, as we vainly search out its mysterious, its ever-growing and multiplying secrets. But scarcely less solemn or less touching, to one whose Bible is in his heart, to mark that little cloud, small as a man's hand, which just specks with white the otherwise blue expanse, and which, though it seems nearer, less ethereal, less celestial far than the other, is yet the token to Christian eyes of an ascension past and an advent future. A cloud then received Him. Ye shall see Him coming in a cloud. Knit the two in your thoughts—knit the two in your prayers and your aspirations—live in the twofold light of the angels' ascension-day greeting. 'This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go.'

DR LIDDON.

The Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., Canon of St Paul's, and Ireland Professor of Exegesis in the university of Oxford, is author of the Bampton Lectures for 1866, the subject being *The Divinity of our Lord and Saviour;* also *Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford, Some Elements of Religion, being Lent Lectures,* &c. Dr Liddon was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree of M.A. in 1852. From 1854 to 1859 he was Vice-principal of the Theological College of Cuddesden; in 1864 he was appointed a prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. The volume of university sermons was originally published under the title *Some Words for God,* but that title was soon dropped—wisely we think—as 'liable to misconstruction and in deference to the opinion of critics.' The author says his volume makes no pretension to be a volume of essays. 'An essay belongs to general literature; a sermon is the language of the Church.' Dr Liddon, however, is an eloquent preacher, whose pulpit ministrations are highly prized, and appear to want no other graces of literature than those which he adopts.

Faith and Intellect (2 Cor. x. 5).

Here is an Apostle of the Lord Jesus who uses the language of a soldier. He is planning a campaign; nay, rather he is making war: he glows with the fire of a genuine military enthusiasm. The original Greek which he uses has in it a vigour and point which is lost, to a great extent, in our English translation. The writer might almost be a Roman general, charged to sustain the honour of the Empire in a revolted province or beyond a remote frontier, and bent upon illustrating the haughty maxim which defined the duty of an imperial people—

> To spare the vanquished, but to crush the proud.

Indeed, it has been urged that the recent history of Cilicia itself may have well suggested this language to St Paul. The Apostle's native country had been the scene of some very fierce struggles in the wars against Mithridates and the pirates; and we are told that the latter war was only ended, not sixty years before the Apostle's birth, by the reduction of one hundred and twenty strongholds and the capture of more than ten thousand prisoners. The dismantled ruins may have easily and naturally impressed the boyish imagination of Saul of Tarsus with a vivid sense of the destructive energy of the military power of Rome; but the Apostle of the nations only remembers these earlier impressions to give them a spiritual application. The weapons of his warfare are not carnal; the standard under which he fights is a more sacred sign than that of the Cæsar; the operations which he projects are to be carried out in a territory more difficult of conquest than any which kept the conquerors of the world at bay. He is invading the region of human thought; and as he fights for God, he is sternly resolved upon conquest. He sees rising before him the lofty fortresses of hostile errors; they must be reduced and razed. Every mountain fastness to which the enemy of Light and Love can retreat must be scaled and destroyed; and all the thought of the human soul which is hostile to the authority of the Divine truth, must be 'led away as a prisoner of war' into the camp of Christ. Truly a vast and unaccountable ambition; a dream—if it were not, as it was, a necessity; a tyranny—if anything less vigorous and trenchant had been consistent with the claims of the Truth of God, or equal to the needs of the soul of man.

The particular opposition to the work of Christ which the Apostle encountered at Corinth was indeed less intellectual in its form than the Galatian Judaism, or than the theosophic angel-worship which was popular at Colosse, or than the more sharply-defined heresies of a later time which, as we know from the pastoral epistles, threatened or infected the churches of Ephesus and Crete. St Paul's Corinthian opponents resisted, depreciated, disowned, beyond everything else, the Apostle's own personal authority. This, however, was the natural course of things at a time when single apostles well-nigh impersonated the whole doctrinal action of the Church; and feeling this, St Paul speaks not as one who was reasserting a personal claim of any sort, but merely and strictly as a soldier, as an organ, I might say, as a function, of the truth. The truth had an indefeasible right to reign in the intellect of man. The Apostle asserts that right, when he speaks of bringing the whole intelligence of man into the obedience of Christ. Now, as then, Christ's Church is militant here on earth, not less in the sphere of thought than in the sphere of outward and visible action; and St Paul's burning words rise above the temporary circumstances which called them forth, and furnish a motto and an encouragement to us who, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, fight in the ranks of the same army and against the same kind of foes as he did.

Remark, first of all, that it is 'the undue exaltation of' intellect with which the Church of Christ is in energetic and perpetual conflict. With intellect itself, with really moral and reasonable intellect, with the thought of man recognising at once its power and its weakness, its vast range and its necessary limits, religion has, can have, no quarrel. It were a libel on the all-wise Creator to suppose that between intellect and spirit, between thought and faith, there could be any original relations other than those of perfect harmony. Paradise could have been the scene of no such unseemly conflict as that which we are considering; and here, as elsewhere in human nature, we are met with unmistakable traces of the fall of our first parent. A range of granite mountains, which towers proudly above the alluvial soil of a neighbouring plain and above the softer rocks at its immediate base, speaks to the geologist of a subterranean fire that at some remote epoch had thus upheaved the primal crust of the earth with convulsive violence. And the arrogant pretensions of human thought in the

children of Adam speak no less truly of an ancient convulsion which has marred the harmony of the faculties of the soul, and has forced the mind of fallen man into an attitude which instinctively disputes the claims of revelation.

The Mysteries of Nature.

The wonderful world in which we men pass this stage of our existence, whether the higher world of faith be open to our gaze or not, is a very temple of many and august mysteries. You will walk, perhaps, to-morrow afternoon into the country; and here or there the swelling buds, or the first fresh green of the opening leaf, will remind you that already spring is about to re-enact before your eyes the beautiful spectacle of her yearly triumph. Everywhere around you are evidences of the existence and movement of a mysterious power which you can neither see, nor touch, nor define, nor measure, nor understand. This power lives speechless, noiseless, unseen, yet energetic, in every bough above your head, in every blade of grass beneath your feet. It bursts forth from the grain into the shoot, from the branch into the bud; it bursts into leaf, and flower, and fruit. It creates bark, and fibre; it creates height, and bulk; it yields grace of form and lustre of colour. It is incessant in its labour; it is prodigal of its beauty; it is uniformly generous and bountiful in its gifts to man. Yet, in itself, what is it? You give it a name; you call it vegetation. And perhaps you are a botanist; you trace out and you register the variety of its effects, and the signs of its movement. But after all you have only labelled it. Although it is so common, it is not in reality familiar to you. Although you have watched it unthinkingly from your childhood upwards, and perhaps see in it nothing remarkable now, you may well pause in wonder and awe before it, for of a truth it is a mystery. What is it in itself—this power which is so certainly around you, yet which so perfectly escapes you when you attempt to detect or to detain it in your grasp? What is it, this pervading force, this life-principle, this incomprehensible yet most certainly present fact, but an assertion of the principle of mystery which robes the soil of God's earth with life and beauty, that everywhere it may cheer the faith and rebuke the pride of man! Yes, when next you behold the green field or the green tree, be sure that you are in the presence of a very sacrament of nature; your eye rests upon the outward and visible sign of an inward and wholly invisible force.

Or look at those other forces with which you seem to be so much at home, and which you term attraction and gravitation. What do you really know about them? You name them: perhaps you can repeat a mathematical expression which measures their action. But after all you have only named and described an effect; you have not accounted for, you have not penetrated into, you have not unveiled its cause. Why, I ask, in the nature of things, should such laws reign around us? They do reign; but why? what is the power which determines gravitation? where does it reside? how is it to be seized, apprehended, touched, examined? There it is: but there, inaccessible to your keenest study, it remains veiled and buried. You would gladly capture and subdue and understand it; but, as it is, you are forced to confess the presence of something which you cannot even approach.

And you yourselves—fearfully and wonderfully made as you are—what are you but living embodiments, alike in your lower and your higher natures, and in the law of their union, of this all-pervading principle of mystery? The life-power which feels and moves in your bodies successfully eludes the knife of the anatomist, as he lays bare each nerve and each muscle that contributes to the perfection of feeling and movement. Yet how much more utterly mysterious is your human nature when you examine its higher aspects; when you analyse mind, and personality, and that marvellous mystery of language, wherein thought takes nothing less than a physical for and passes by means of a sensible vehicle from o immaterial spirit to another!

ISAAC TAYLOR—DR WARDLAW.

A long series of works on theology and ment philosophy—ingenious in argument, and oft eloquent though peculiar in style — proceed from the pen of ISAAC TAYLOR (1787–1865). Taylor's father was an artist and engraver, nonconformist, who afterwards became minist of an Independent congregation at Colchester, a subsequently at Ongar in Essex (*ante*, 174). Isa Taylor was born at Lavenham in Suffolk. H first commenced writing in the *Eclectic Revie* He seems to have early settled down to literatu as a profession. In 1822 appeared *Elements Thought;* in 1825, *The History of the Transm sion of Ancient Books to Modern Times;* in 182 *The Process of Historical Proof;* in 1829, *T Natural History of Enthusiasm.* At that time t belief that a bright era of renovation, union, a extension presently awaited the Christian Chur was generally entertained. Mr Taylor participate he says, in the cheering hope, and his glowing la guage and unsectarian zeal found many admire The tenth edition of the volume is now befo us. Discord, however, soon sprung up in O ford; and Mr Taylor, in some papers on *Ancie Christianity*, published periodically, combated t arguments of the Tractarians, and produced number of works, all of a kindred character, illu trating Christian faith or morals. These are *Spiritual Despotism*, 1835; *Physical Theory Another Life*, 1839; *Lectures on Spiritual Chri tianity*, 1841; *Saturday Evening*, 1842; *Histo of Fanaticism*, 1843; *Loyola and Jesuitism*, 184 *Wesley and Methodism*, 1851; *Home Educatio* 1852; *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*, 1852; *T Restoration of Belief*, 1855; &c. In 1856, M Taylor wrote for the *North British Review* a lon critical analysis of the works of Dr Chalmer which gave great offence to many of the leadin supporters of the *Review*, and led to its suspe sion for some time. With cordial admiration the character and exertions of our great countr man, Mr Taylor questioned if much of his writin would live. The works of Dr Chalmers, he sai were deficient in method, in condensation, an style; his reasoning was also frequently inco sistent, and his opinions were hampered b adherence to creed, or to the systematic theolog of Scotland. The following extracts will give a idea of the style and manner of Mr Taylor.

Rapid Exhaustion of the Emotional Faculties.

From *Physical Theory of Another Life.*

Every one accustomed to reflect upon the operatio of his own mind, must be aware of a distinction betwe the intellectual and the moral faculties as to the rate which they severally move; for while the reasonin power advances in a manner that might be likened an increase according to the rule of arithmetical pr gression, and which consists in the adding of one prop sition to another, and in the accumulation of equ quantities; it is, on the contrary, the characteristic of t passions, and of all intense sentiments, to rise with a accelerated movement, and to increase at the rate of geometrical progression. Even the milder emotions love and joy, and much more the vehement sensation

such as hatred, anger, jealousy, revenge, despair, tend always towards this sort of rapid enhancement, and fail to do so only as they are checked, either by a sense of danger connected with the indulgence of them, or by feelings of corporeal exhaustion, or by the interference of the incidents and interests of common life. Especially it is to be noticed that those of the emotions which kindle or are kindled by the imagination, are liable to an acceleration such as produces a physical excitement highly perilous both to mind and body, and needing to be speedily diverted. And although the purely moral emotions are not accompanied with precisely the same sort of corporeal disturbance, nevertheless, when they actually gain full possession of the soul, they rapidly exhaust the physical powers, and bring on a state of torpor, or of general indifference.

Now this exhaustion manifestly belongs to the animal organisation; nor can we doubt that if it were possible to retain the body in a state of neutrality, or of perfect quiescence, from the first to the last, during a season of profound emotion, then these same affections might advance much further, and become far more intense, than, as it is, they ever can or may. The corporeal limitation of the passions becomes, in truth, a matter of painful consciousness whenever they rise to an unusual height, or are long continued; and there takes place then within the bosom, an agony, partly animal, partly mental, and a very uneasy sense of the inadequateness of our strongest emotions to the occasion that calls them out. We feel that we cannot feel as we should: emotions are frustrate, and the affections which should have sprung upward are detained in a paroxysm on earth. It is thus with the noblest sentiments, and thus with profound grief; and the malign and vindictive passions draw their tormenting force from this very sense of restraint, and they *rend* the soul because they can *move* it so little. Does there not arise amid these convulsions of our nature, a tacit anticipation of a future state, in which the soul shall be able to feel, and to take its fill of emotion?

Selfishness of the Anchoret.

From *The Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

The ancient monkery was a system of the most deliberate selfishness. That solicitude for the preservation of individual interests which forms the basis of the human constitution, is so broken up and counteracted by the claims and pleasures of domestic life, that though the principle remains, its manifestations are suppressed, and its predominance effectually prevented, except in some few tempers peculiarly unsocial. But the anchoret is a selfist by his very profession; and like the sensualist, though his taste is of another kind, he pursues his personal gratification, reckless of the welfare of others. His own advantage or delight, or—to use his favourite phrase—the good of his soul, is the sovereign object of his cares. His meditations, even if they embrace the compass of heaven, come round ever and again to find their ultimate issue in his own bosom; but can that be true wisdom which just ends at the point whence it started? True wisdom is a progressive principle. In abjuring the use of the active faculties, in reducing himself by the spell of vows to a condition of physical and moral annihilation, the insulated says to his fellows, concerning whatever might otherwise have been converted to their benefit, 'It is corban;' thus making void the law of love to our neighbour, by a pretended intensity of love to God.

That so monstrous an immorality should have dared to call itself by the name of Sanctity, and should have done so too in front of Christianity, is indeed amazing, and could never have happened if Christianity had not first been shorn of its life-giving warmth, as the sun is deprived of its power of heat when we ascend into the rarity of upper space.

The tendency of a taste for imaginative indulgences to petrify the heart, has been already adverted to, and it receives a signal illustration in the monkish life, especially in its more perfect form of absolute separation from the society of man. The anchoret was a disjoined particle, frozen deep into the mass of his own selfishness, and there embedded, below the touch of every human sympathy. This sort of meditative insulation is the ultimate and natural issue of all enthusiastic piety; and may be met with even in our own times, among those who have no inclination to run away from the comforts of common life.

Hebrew Figurative Theology.

From *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry.*

The Hebrew writers, one and all, with marvellous unanimity, speak of God *relatively only;* or as He is related to the immediate religious purposes of their teaching. . . It is the human spirit always that is the central or cohesive principle of the Hebrew Theology. The theistic affirmations that are scattered throughout the books of the Old Testament are not susceptible of a synthetic adjustment by any rule of logical distribution; and although they are never contradictory one of another, they may seem to be so, inasmuch as the principle which would shew their accordance stands remote from human apprehension: it must be so; and to suppose otherwise would be to affirm that the finite mind may grasp the infinite. The several elements of Theism are complementary one of another, only in relation to the needs and to the discipline of the human mind; not so in relation to its modes of speculative thought, or to its own reason. Texts packed in order will not build up a theology, in a scientific sense; what they will do is this: they meet the variable necessities of the spiritual life, in every mood, and in every possible occasion of that life. . . .

If we were to bring together the entire compass of the figurative theology of the Scriptures (and this must be the theology of the Old Testament), it would be easy to arrange the whole in periphery around the human spirit, as related to its manifold experiences; but a hopeless task it would be to arrange the same passages as if in circle around the hypothetic attributes of the Absolute Being. The human reason falters at every step in attempting so to interpret the Divine Nature; yet the quickened soul interprets for itself, and it does so anew every day, those signal passages upon which the fears, the hopes, the griefs, the consolations of years gone by have set their mark.

A son of Isaac Taylor, bearing the same name, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Twickenham, is author of an interesting volume, *Words and Places*, or etymological illustrations of history, ethnology, and geography (third edition, 1873). Mr Taylor bids fair to add fresh lustre to the 'family pen.'

DR RALPH WARDLAW (1779–1853), of the Independent Church, Glasgow, was author of *Discourses on the Socinian Controversy*, 1814, which have been frequently reprinted, and which Robert Hall said completely exhausted the subject. Dr Wardlaw published various sermons and theological essays, and was a learned, able divine, and a very impressive preacher. A Life of Dr Wardlaw was published in 1856 by Dr W. L. Alexander.

REV. THOMAS DALE, ETC.

The REV. THOMAS DALE, Canon of St Paul's, Vicar of St Pancras, and ultimately Dean of Rochester, was author of two volumes of *Sermons*, the first preached at St Bride, 1830, and the second before the university of Cambridge, 1832–36. The

other publications of Mr Dale are—*The Sabbath Companion*, 1844; *Commentary on the Twenty-third Psalm*, 1845; *The Domestic Liturgy and Family Chaplain*, 1846; &c. Mr Dale, while at college in Cambridge, published some poetical narratives, *The Widow of Nain*, *The Outlaw of Tarsus*, and *Irad and Adah*, afterwards collected into one volume, 1842. Mr Dale was a native of London, born in 1797. He was for some time Professor of English Literature at the London University, and subsequently at King's College. He died in 1870.

The *Bridgewater Treatises* form a valuable series of works on the theology of natural history. The Earl of Bridgewater (1758–1829) bequeathed a sum of £8000 to be invested in the public funds, and paid to persons appointed by the President of the Royal Society to write and publish works on the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in the Creation. The works so produced are—*The Hand, its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design*, by SIR CHARLES BELL, Professor of Surgery in the university of Edinburgh (1774–1842); *Geology and Mineralogy considered with Reference to Natural Theology*, by DR WILLIAM BUCKLAND, Dean of Westminster (1784–1856); *The Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man*, by DR THOMAS CHALMERS (1780–1847); *The Physical Condition of Man*, by DR JOHN KIDD; *The Habits and Instincts of Animals*, by the REV. W. KIRBY (1759–1851); *Chemistry and Meteorology*, by DR W. PROUT; *Animal and Vegetable Physiology*, by DR P. M. ROGET (1779–1869); *Astronomy and General Physics*, by DR W. WHEWELL (1794–1866). The names here given afford sufficient evidence of the judicious administration of the trust. The President of the Royal Society called in to his aid, in selecting the writers, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London, and it is creditable to their liberality that the first of the treatises was assigned to a Presbyterian minister—Dr Chalmers.

PROFESSOR JOWETT.

The REV. BENJAMIN JOWETT, a native of Camberwell, and born in 1817, was elected to a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1835, and became a Fellow in 1838. In 1842 he commenced his career as tutor, which he held till 1870, when he was elected Master of Balliol College. In the interval, Mr Jowett held several appointments and published several works. In 1855, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston, he was appointed Regius Professor of Greek, and the same year he published a *Commentary on the Epistles of St Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans*. In 1860 he contributed an essay on the *Interpretation of Scripture* to the volume entitled *Essays and Reviews*. In this essay, and also in his commentary on St Paul's Epistles, Professor Jowett was charged with having promulgated heretical opinions, and the case was brought before the Church courts, but dismissed on the ground of the inapplicability of the statute under which the proceedings had been instituted. In 1871 the learned professor published the result of many years' labour, *Plato's Dialogues translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions*, four volumes.

On the Interpretation of Scripture.

The difference of interpretation which prevails among ourselves is partly traditional, that is to say, inherited from the controversies of former ages. The use made of Scripture by Fathers of the Church, as well as by Luther and Calvin, affects our idea of its meaning at the present hour. Another cause of the multitude of interpretations is the growth or progress of the human mind itself. Modes of interpreting vary as time goes on; they partake of the general state of literature or knowledge. It has not been easily or at once that mankind have learned to realise the character of sacred writings—they seem almost necessarily to veil themselves from human eyes as circumstances change; it is the old age of the world only that has at length understood its childhood. (Or rather perhaps is beginning to understand it, and learning to make allowance for its own deficiency of knowledge; for the infancy of the human race, as of the individual, affords but few indications of the workings of the mind within.) More often than we suppose, the great sayings and doings upon the earth, 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' are lost in a sort of chaos to the apprehension of those that come after. Much of past history is dimly seen, and receives only a conventional interpretation, even when the memorials of it remain. There is a time at which the freshness of early literature is lost; mankind have turned rhetoricians, and no longer write or feel in the spirit which created it. In this unimaginative period in which sacred or ancient writings are partially unintelligible, many methods have been taken at different times to adapt the ideas of the past to the wants of the present. One age has wandered into the flowery paths of allegory,

> In pious meditation fancy fed;

another has straitened the liberty of the Gospel by a rigid application of logic; the former being a method which was at first more naturally applied to the Old Testament, the latter to the New. Both methods of interpretation, the mystical and logical, as they may be termed, have been practised on the Vedas and the Koran, as well as on the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the true glory and note of divinity in these latter being not that they have hidden mysterious or double meanings, but a simple and universal one, which is beyond them and will survive them. Since the revival of literature, interpreters have not unfrequently fallen into error of another kind from a pedantic and misplaced use of classical learning; the minute examination of words often withdrawing the mind from more important matters. A tendency may be observed within the last century to clothe systems of philosophy in the phraseology of Scripture. But 'new wine cannot thus be put into old bottles.' Though roughly distinguishable by different ages, these modes or tendencies also exist together; the remains of all of them may be remarked in some of the popular commentaries of our own day.

More common than any of these methods, and not peculiar to any age, is that which may be called by way of distinction the rhetorical one. The tendency to exaggerate or amplify the meaning of simple words for the sake of edification may indeed have a practical use in sermons, the object of which is to awaken not so much the intellect as the heart and conscience. Spiritual food, like natural, may require to be of a certain bulk to nourish the human mind. But this 'tendency to edification' has had an unfortunate influence on the interpretation of Scripture. For the preacher almost necessarily oversteps the limits of actual knowledge; his feelings overflow with the subject; even if he have the power, he has seldom the time for accurate thought or inquiry; and in the course of years spent in writing, perhaps without study, he is apt to persuade himself, if not others, of the truth of his own repetitions.

REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

The REV. JAMES MARTINEAU (brother of Harriet Martineau), born in 1805, was for some time pastor of dissenting congregations (Unitarian) in Dublin and Liverpool, and afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy in New College, Manchester, and in London. In 1861, he accepted the appointment of preacher in a chapel in Little Portland Street. Mr Martineau is an eloquent preacher and writer: his chief works are—*The Rationale of Religious Inquiry*, 1845; *Endeavours after the Christian Life*, 1847; *Studies of Christianity*, 1858; *Essays, Philosophical and Theological*, two series, 1868-69; &c. We subjoin two passages from the *Endeavours after the Christian Life.*

Nothing Human ever Dies.

Standing as each man does in the centre of a wide circumference of social influences, recipient as he is of innumerable impressions from the mighty human heart, his inward being may be justly said to consist far more in others' lives than in his own; without them and alone, he would have missed the greater part of the thoughts and emotions which make up his existence; and when he dies, he carries away their life rather than his own. He dwells still below, within their minds: their image in his soul (which perhaps is the best element of their being) passes away to the world incorruptible above.

All that is noble in the world's past history, and especially the minds of the great and good, are, in like manner, never lost.

The true records of mankind, the human annals of the earth, are not to be found in the changes of geographical names, in the shifting boundaries of dominion, in the travels and adventures of the baubles of royalty, or even in the undulations of the greater and lesser waves of population. We have learned nothing, till we have penetrated far beyond these casual and external changes, which are of interest only as the effect and symptoms of the great mental vicissitudes of our race. History is an account of the past experience of humanity; and this, like the life of the individual, consists in the ideas and sentiments, the deeds and passions, the truths and toils, the virtues and the guilt, of the mind and heart within. We have a deep concern in preserving from destruction the *thoughts* of the past, the leading conceptions of all remarkable forms of civilisation; the achievements of genius, of virtue, and of high faith. And in this nothing can disappoint us; for though these things may be individually forgotten, collectively they survive, and are in action still. All the past ages of the world were necessary to the formation of the present; they are essential ingredients in the events that occur daily before our eyes. One layer of time has Providence piled up upon another for immemorial ages: we that live stand now upon this 'great mountain of the Lord;' were the strata below removed, the fabric and ourselves would fall in ruins. Had Greece, or Rome, or Palestine been other than they were, Christianity could not have been what it is: had Romanism been different, Protestantism could not have been the same, and we might not have been here this day. The separate civilisations of past countries may be of colours singly indiscernible; but in truth they are the prismatic rays which, united, form our present light. And do we look back on the great and good, lamenting that they are gone? Do we bend in commemorative reverence before them, and wish that our lot had been cast in their better days? What is the peculiar function which Heaven assigns to such minds, when tenants of our earth? Have the great and the good any nobler office than to touch the human heart with deep veneration for greatness and goodness?—to kindle in the understanding the light of more glorious conceptions, and in the conscience the fires of a holier virtue? And that we grieve for their departure, and invoke their names, is proof that they are performing such blessed office still—that this their highest life for others, compared with which their personal agency is nothing, is not extinct. Indeed, God has so framed our memory that it is the infirmities of noble souls which chiefly fall into the shadows of the past; while whatever is fair and excellent in their lives, comes forth from the gloom in ideal beauty, and leads us on through the wilds and mazes of our mortal way. Nor does the retrospect, thus glorified, deceive us by any fallacy; for things present with us we comprehend far less completely, and appreciate less impartially, than things past. Nothing can become a clear object of our thought, while we ourselves are in it: we understand not our childhood till we have left it; our youth, till it has departed; our life itself, till it verges to its close; or the majesty of genius and holiness, till we look back on them as fled. Each portion of our human experience becomes in succession intelligible to us, as we quit it for a new point of view. God has stationed us at the intersecting line between the known and the unknown: He has planted us on a floating island of mystery, from which we survey the expanse behind in the clear light of experience and truth, and cleave the waves, invisible, yet ever breaking, of the unbounded future. Our very progress, which is our peculiar glory, consists in at once losing and learning the past; in gaining fresh stations from which to take a wiser retrospect, and become more deeply aware of the treasures we have used. We are never so conscious of the succession of blessings which God's providence has heaped on us, as when lamenting the lapse of years; and are then richest in the fruits of time, when mourning that time steals those fruits away.

Space and Time.

Who can deny the effect of wide space alone in aiding the conception of vast time? The spectator who, in the dingy cellar of the city, under the oppression of a narrow dwelling, watching the last moments of some poor mendicant, finds incongruity and perplexity in the thought of the eternal state, would feel the difficulty vanish in an instant, were he transplanted to the mountain-top, where the plains and streams are beneath him, and the clouds are near him, and the untainted breeze sweeps by, and he stands alone with nature and with God. And when, in addition to the mere spectacle and love of nature, there is a knowledge of it too; when the laws and processes are understood which surround us with wonder and beauty every day, when the great cycles are known through which the material world passes without decay; then, in the immensity of human hopes, there appears nothing which needs stagger faith: it seems no longer strange, that the mind which interprets the material creation should survive its longest period, and be admitted to its remoter realms.

Some Scottish Presbyterian ministers remain to be mentioned:

DR CANDLISH—DR CUMMING.

DR ROBERT S. CANDLISH was one of the ministers of Edinburgh—son of an early friend of Burns the poet. He was born in Edinburgh in 1806. In 1834 he became minister of St George's, Edinburgh; but seceding from the Established Church in 1843 along with Dr Chalmers and a large body of the clergy, he was an active and influential member of the Free Church, and an able debater in its courts. He wrote several theological works—*Exposition of the Book of*

Genesis, Examination of Mr Maurice's Theological Essays, Discourses on the Resurrection, &c. Dr Candlish died in 1873.—DR JOHN CUMMING, of the Scotch Church, London (born in Aberdeenshire in 1809), has distinguished himself by his zeal against popery, and by his interpretation of the Scriptures as to the duration of the world. He has written a great number of religious works—*Apocalyptic Sketches, Voices of the Night, Voices of the Day, Voices of the Dead, Expository Readings on the Old and New Testament*, and various controversial tracts. He is in theology what Mr G. P. R. James was in fiction—as fluent and as voluminous. Amidst all the fluctuations of opinion on theology and forms of worship, Dr Cumming has kept together a large congregation of various classes in London.

DR GUTHRIE.

The REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE was born at Brechin, Forfarshire, July 12, 1803. His father was a banker and merchant. The son was educated for the Scottish Church. 'It occupied me,' he says, 'eight years to run my regular curriculum. I attended the university for two additional years before I became a licentiate, and other five years elapsed before I obtained a presentation to a vacant church, and became minister of the parish of Arbirlot. Here were fifteen years of my life spent—the greater part of them at no small cost—qualifying myself for a profession which, for all that time, yielded me nothing for my maintenance.' And Guthrie adds: 'The inadequate means of creditably supporting themselves and their families of which most ministers have to complain is a very serious matter, threatening, in an enterprising and commercial, and wealthy country such as ours, to drain away talent from the pulpit.' This point is well worthy of consideration. In 1837 Mr Guthrie was appointed one of the ministers of Old Greyfriars parish in Edinburgh, and by his zeal and eloquence and philanthropy rose into high and general estimation. He left the Establishment at the period of the Disruption in 1843, and became one of the founders of the Free Church. His efforts to reclaim the wretched population of the worst parts of Edinburgh, and his exertions in the promotion of ragged schools, were appreciated by the public, and Dr Guthrie became not only one of the most popular preachers, but one of the best-beloved citizens of Edinburgh. He was a man of a large heart and truly catholic spirit. As a pulpit orator he has rarely been surpassed. His sermons were marked by poetic imagery and illustration—perhaps too profusely—but generally striking, pathetic, and impressive in a high degree.

'He had all the external attractions of a pulpit orator; an unusually tall and commanding person, with an abundance of easy and powerful, because natural, gesture; a quickly and strongly expressive countenance, which age rendered finer as well as more comely; a powerful, clear, and musical voice, the intonations of which were varied and appropriate, managed with an actor's skill, though there was not the least appearance of art.'

The variety of his illustrations was immense, but he delighted most, and was most successful, in those of a nautical character. A storm at sea and a shipwreck from Guthrie were paintings never to be forgotten. This eminent preacher a philanthropist died at St Leonard's-on-Sea, F ruary 24, 1873. His principal works are—*Gospel in Ezekiel*, 1855; *Christ and the Inhe ance of the Saints*, 1858; *The Way to Life*, 18 *The City, its Sins and Sorrows; Pleas for Rag Schools; Saving Knowledge, addressed to Yo Men;* and various other short religious treat and tracts on intemperance.

Decadence of the Ancient Portion of Edinburgh.

There is a remarkable phenomenon to be seen certain parts of our coast. Strange to say, it pro notwithstanding such expressions as 'the stable and s land,' that it is not the land but the sea which is stable element. On some summer day, when ther not a wave to rock her, nor breath of wind to fill her or fan a cheek, you launch your boat upon the wat and, pulling out beyond lowest tide-mark, you idly upon her bows to catch the silvery glance of a pass fish, or watch the movements of the many curious cr tures that travel the sea's sandy bed, or creeping out their rocky homes, wander amid its tangled mazes. the traveller is surprised to find a deep-sea shell imbedd in the marbles of a mountain peak, how great is y surprise to see beneath you a vegetation foreign to deep! Below your boat, submerged many feet bene the surface of the lowest tide, away down in these gr crystal depths, you see no rusting anchor, no moulderi remains of some shipwrecked one, but in the standi stumps of trees, the mouldering vestiges of a forest, wh once the wild cat prowled, and the birds of heav singing their loves, had nestled and nursed their you In counterpart to those portions of our coast where s hollowed caves, with sides the waves have polished, a floors still strewed with shells and sand, now stand hi above the level of strongest stream-tides, there sta these dead, decaying trees—entombed in the deep. strange phenomenon, which admits of no other explan tion than this, that there the coast-line has sunk benea its ancient level.

Many of our cities present a phenomenon as melan choly to the eye of a philanthropist, as the other interesting to a philosopher or geologist. In th economical, educational, moral, and religious aspec certain parts of this city bear palpable evidence of corresponding subsidence. Not a single house, nor block of houses, but whole streets, once from end to en the homes of decency, and industry, and wealth, an rank, and piety, have been engulfed. A flood of ign rance, and misery, and sin now breaks and roars abo the top of their highest tenements. Nor do the o stumps of a forest still standing up erect beneath th sea-wave, indicate a greater change, a deeper subsidenc than the relics of ancient grandeur, and the touchin memorials of piety which yet linger about the wretched dwellings, like evening twilight on the hills- like some traces of beauty on a corpse. The unfurnish floor, the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sicke ing atmosphere, the patched and dusty window- through which a sunbeam, like hope, is faintly stealin —the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, th ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretch mother, in muttering dreams, sleeps off last night debauch, or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghas liness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We ha often looked on them. And they appear all the sadd for the restless play of fancy. Excited by some vestig of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul an broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the co and cracked hearth-stone, an elaborately carved corni too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fue some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendent on the crumb ling ceiling, fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gr scenes and actors of other days—when beauty, eleganc

and fashion graced these lonely halls, and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

But there is that in and about these houses which bears witness of a deeper subsidence, a yet sadder change. Bent on some mission of mercy, you stand at the foot of a dark and filthy stair. It conducts you to the crowded rooms of a tenement, where—with the exception of some old decent widow who has seen better days, and when her family are all dead, and her friends all gone, still clings to God and her faith in the dark hour of adversity and amid the wreck of fortune—from the cellar-dens below to the cold garrets beneath the roof-tree, you shall find none either reading their Bible, or even with a Bible to read. Alas! of prayer, of morning or evening psalms, of earthly or heavenly peace, it may be said the place that once knew them knows them no more. But before you enter the doorway, raise your eyes to the lintel-stone. Dumb, it yet speaks of other and better times. Carved in Greek or Latin, or our own mother-tongue, you decipher such texts as these: 'Peace be to this house;' 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it;' 'We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;' 'Fear God;' or this, 'Love your neighbour.' Like the mouldering remnants of a forest that once resounded with the melody of birds, but hears nought now save the angry dash or melancholy moan of breaking waves, these vestiges of piety furnish a gauge which enables us to measure how low in these dark localities the whole stratum of society has sunk.

Dr Guthrie's First Interest in Ragged Schools.

My first interest in the cause of Ragged Schools was awakened by a picture which I saw in Anstruther, on the shores of the Firth of Forth. It represented a cobbler's room; he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees; that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character; and from beneath his shaggy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him. Interested by this scene, we turned from his picture to the inscription below; and with growing wonder read how this man, by name John Pounds, by trade a cobbler in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets; how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts, how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society no fewer than five hundred children.

I confess that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remember saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment, and in my calmer and cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it: 'That man is an honour to humanity. He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!' Nor was John Pounds only a benevolent man. He was a genius in his way; at anyrate he was ingenious; and if he could not catch a poor boy in any other way, like Paul, he would win him by guile. He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but a potato! He knew the love of an Irishman for a potato, and might be seen running alongside an unwilling boy with one held under his nose, with a temper as hot and a coat as ragged as his own. . . .

Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic scenery of the crags and green valleys around Arthur's Seat, we came at length to St Anthony's well, and sat down on the great black stone beside it to have a talk with the ragged boys who pursue their calling there. Their 'tinnies' [tin dishes] were ready with a draught of the clear cold water in hope of a halfpenny. . . . We began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one was fatherless, the son of a poor widow; the father of the other was alive, but a man of low habits and bad character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school; the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath-school. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead the enterprise, the idea of a Ragged School was then floating in my brain; and so, with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said: 'Would you go to school if—besides your learning—you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good, to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of them, the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as—hearing of three sure meals a day—the boy leaped to his feet and exclaimed: 'Ay, will I, sir, and bring the hail land [the whole tenement or flat] too;' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and munificent an offer, he exclaimed: 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir!'

DR NORMAN MACLEOD.

The Rev. Norman Macleod (1812–1872), a distinguished member of the Scottish Church, was a native of Campbelton, Argyleshire. He was descended from a family of Highland clergymen, of whose life and labours he has drawn an interesting picture in his *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*, 1867. His paternal grandfather was minister of Morven, where his uncle, the Rev. John Macleod, still labours. His father, an enthusiastic Celtic scholar and a shrewd able man, became minister of Campsie, in Stirlingshire, but Norman spent several of his boyish years at Morven, where he enjoyed an open-air life with the excitement of fishing and boating. A love of the sea and of ships and sailors remained with him throughout all his life, and was of importance to him in the way of oratorical illustration, both as a preacher and writer. He studied at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities—not with any marked distinction—and is described as a special favourite with his fellow-students, 'ever ready with apt quotations from Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats.' He was a short time tutor to the son of a Yorkshire squire, with whom he visited Weimar. He sang well to the guitar, sketched cleverly, was as keen a waltzer as any *attaché* in Weimar, and threw himself with a vivid sense of enjoyment into the gaieties of the little capital. But with it all, he held fast to his own convictions of right and truth, and only once attended the duke's court on Sunday. To the simple forms and service of the Presbyterian Church he was strongly attached, though he gradually dropped some of the strict Calvinistic doctrines, and inclined to the more genial theology of men like Stanley, Maurice, and others of what is termed the Broad Church. He thus describes a confirmation scene in York Cathedral: 'The scene was beyond all description. Fancy upwards of three thousand children under fifteen, the females dressed in white, with ladies and gentlemen, all assembled in that glorious minster—the thousand stained-glass windows throwing a

dazzling light of various hues on the white mass—the great organ booming through the never-ending arches! The ceremony is intensely simple: they come in forties and fifties and surround the bishop, who repeats the vows, and lays his hand successively on each head. I could not help comparing this with a sacramental occasion in the Highlands, where there is no minster but the wide heaven, and no organ but the roar of the eternal sea, the church with its lonely churchyard and primitive congregation, and—think of my Scotch pride—I thought the latter scene more grand and more impressive.'

He received his first appointment in the church as minister of Loudon in Ayrshire, a district inhabited by a small proportion of Covenanting farmers and a large number of political weavers. With both, of course, he had his difficulties. The strict theologians examined him on the 'fundamentals,' and the weavers scoffed at religion, and disputed his political opinions. Visiting one well-known Chartist, he was requested to sit down on a bench at the front of the door, and discuss the 'seven points.' The weaver, with his shirt sleeves turned up, his apron rolled about his waist, and his snuff-mull in his hand, vigorously propounded his favourite political dogmas.

'When he had concluded, he turned to the minister and demanded an answer. "In my opinion," was the reply, "your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long-run national bankruptcy." "Nay-tion-al bankruptcy!" said the old man meditatively, and diving for a pinch. "Div—ye—think—sae?" then, briskly, after a long snuff, "Dod, I'd risk it!" The naiveté of this philosopher, who had scarcely a sixpence to lose, "risking" the nation for the sake of his theory was never forgotten by his companion.'

The frankness and geniality of the young minister melted down all opposition. From Campsie he removed to Dalkeith, and in 1851 he succeeded to the Barony parish, in Glasgow, with which in future his name was to be identified, and in which he laboured with unflagging zeal. His first publication was a volume entitled *The Earnest Student*, being an account of the life of his brother-in-law, John Mackintosh. The proceeds of the work, amounting to £200, he sent as a contribution to the Indian missions of the Free Church, of which Mackintosh had been a student. In 1858 he received the honorary degree of D.D. He was appointed one of the deans of the Chapel Royal, and one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland. From 1860 till his death, he was editor of *Good Words*, a periodical projected by Mr Strahan, the publisher, and which under Dr Macleod became (as it now continues under his brother and biographer, the Rev. Donald Macleod) eminently successful. To its pages he contributed his stories, *The Old Lieutenant*, *The Highland Parish*, *The Starling*, &c. He was more a man of action than a student, but these works—especially his reminiscences of the Highland parish of his youth—form pleasant and instructive reading. His *Peeps in the Far East*, describing scenes he had visited, and sketches of society, during a mission to India, are of the same character. His mission to India greatly increased his popularity, and he was equally a favourite with the court and aristocracy and with the inmates of the darkest *closes* and miserable lodgings in Glasgow. charmed all circles, and sympathised with He was honoured with the friendship of Queen. 'I am never tempted,' he says, 'to ceal my convictions from the Queen, for she sympathises with what is true, and like speaker to utter the truth exactly as he bel it.' In another place, he says: 'She has a re ing searching mind, anxious to get at the and reality of things, and abhors all sh whether in word or deed. . . . It was really g to hear her talk on moral courage and livin duty.' The domestic life of Her Majesty at moral is indicated in a little note which s that 'the Queen sat down to spin at a nice S wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her— *o' Shanter*, and *A Man's a Man for a'* These particulars are given in a *Memoir of man Macleod* by his brother (1876), a work cuted with admirable taste and judgment. Indian mission of Dr Macleod, and his ince work at home, undermined his naturally r constitution. On the 3d of June 1872 he pleted his sixtieth year, and on the 16th h pired—leaving behind him a noble examp devotion to duty, and of self-sacrificing effo promote the good of mankind.

Life in a Highland Bothy Fifty Years Since.

When I was young, I was sent to live among peasantry in the parish (in the West Highlands) so acquire a knowledge of the language, and living, did, very much like themselves, it was my delig spend the long evenings in their huts, hearing tales and songs. These huts were of the most prim description. They were built of loose stones and the walls were thick, the door low, the rooms numb one only, or in more aristocratic cases two. The was clay; the peat-fire was built in the middle o floor, and the smoke, when amiable and not bullie a sulky wind, escaped quietly and patiently throu hole in the roof. The window was like a port-h part of it generally filled with glass and part with One bed, or sometimes two (with clean home-m sheets, blankets, and counterpane), a 'dresser' bowls and plates, a large chest, and a corner full of filled up the space beyond the circle about the Upon the rafters above, black as ebony from peat-r a row of hens and chickens with a stately cock roo in a paradise of heat.

Let me describe one of these evenings. Round fire are seated, some on stools, some on stones, som the floor, a happy group. Two or three girls, fine hea blue-eyed lassies, with their hair tied up with rib snood, are knitting stockings. Hugh, the son of Sa is busking hooks; big Archy is peeling willow-w and fashioning them into baskets; the shepherd Dor the son of Black John, is playing on the Jew's ha while beyond the circle are one or two herd-boy kilts, reclining on the floor, all eyes and ears for stories. The performances of Donald begin the even and form interludes to its songs, tales, and recitati He has two large Lochaber trumps, for Loch trumps were to the Highlands what Cremona vio were to musical Europe. He secures the end of e with his teeth, and grasping them with his hands that the tiny instruments are invisible, he applies little finger of each hand to their vibrating steel tong He modulates their tones with his breath, and brings of them Highland reels, strathspeys, and jigs—s wonderfully beautiful, silvery, distinct, and harmoni sounds as would draw forth cheers and an encore e in St James's Hall. But Donald, the son of Black Jo

is done, and he looks to bonny Mary Cameron for a blink of her hazel eye to reward him, while in virtue of his performance he demands a song from her. Now Mary has dozens of songs, so has Kirsty, so has Flory —love songs, shearing songs, washing songs, Prince Charlie songs, songs composed by this or that poet in the parish; and therefore Mary asks 'What song?' So until she can make up her mind, and have a little playful flirtation with Donald, she requests Hugh, the son of Sandy, to tell a story. Although Hugh has abundance of this material, he too protests that he has none. But having betrayed this modesty, he starts off with one of those which are given by Mr Campbell (*Highland Tales*), to whose admirable and truthful volumes I refer the reader. When the story is done, improvisation is often tried, and amidst roars of laughter the aptest verses, the truest and most authentic specimens of tales, are made, sometimes in clever satire, sometimes with knowing allusions to the weaknesses or predilections of those round the fire. Then follow riddles and puzzles; then the trumps resume their tunes, and Mary sings her song, and Kirsty and Flory theirs, and all join in chorus, and who cares for the wind outside or the peat-reek inside! Never was a more innocent or happy group.

This fondness for music from trump, fiddle, or bagpipe, and for song-singing, story-telling, and improvisation, was universal, and imparted a marvellous buoyancy and intelligence to the people.

These peasants were, moreover, singularly inquisitive and greedy of information. It was a great thing if the schoolmaster or any one else was present who could tell them about other people and other places. I remember an old shepherd who questioned me closely how the hills and rocks were formed, as a gamekeeper had heard some sportsmen talking about this. The questions which were put were no doubt often odd enough. A woman, for example, whose husband was anxious to emigrate to Australia, stoutly opposed the step until she could get her doubts solved on some geographical point that greatly disturbed her. She consulted the minister, and the tremendous question which chiefly weighed on her mind was, whether it was true that the feet of the people there were opposite to the feet of the people at home? And if so, what then?

Wee Davie.

'Wee Davie' was the only child of William Thorburn, blacksmith. He had reached the age at which he could venture, with prudence and reflection, on a journey from one chair to another; his wits kept alive by maternal warnings of 'Tak care, Davie; mind the fire, Davie.' When the journey was ended in safety, and he looked over his shoulders with a crow of joy to his mother, he was rewarded, in addition to the rewards of his own brave and adventurous spirit, by such a smile as equalled only his own, and by the well-merited approval of 'Weel done, Davie!'

Davie was the most powerful and influential member of the household. Neither the British fleet, nor the French army, nor the Armstrong gun had the power of doing what Davie did. They might as well have tried to make a primrose grow or a lark sing!

He was, for example, a wonderful stimulus to labour. The smith had been rather disposed to idleness before his son's arrival. He did not take to his work on cold mornings as he might have done, and was apt to neglect many opportunities, which offered themselves, of bettering his condition; and Jeanie was easily put off by some plausible objection when she urged her husband to make an additional honest penny to keep the house. But 'the bairn' became a new motive to exertion; and the thought of leaving him and Jeanie more comfortable, in case sickness laid the smith aside, or death took him away, became like a new sinew to his powerful arm, as he wielded the hammer, and made it ring the music of hearty work on the sounding anvil. The meaning of benefit-clubs, sick-societies, and penny-banks was fully explained by 'wee Davie.'

Davie also exercised a remarkable influence on his father's political views and social habits. The smith had been fond of debates on political questions; and no more sonorous growl of discontent than his could be heard against 'the powers that be,' the injustice done to the masses, or the misery which was occasioned by class legislation. He had also made up his mind not to be happy or contented, but only to endure life as a necessity laid upon him, until the required reforms in church and state, at home and abroad, had been attained. But his wife, without uttering a syllable on matters which she did not even pretend to understand; by a series of acts *out* of Parliament; by reforms in household arrangements; by introducing good *bills* into her own House of Commons; and by a charter, whose points were chiefly very commonplace ones—such as a comfortable meal, a tidy home, a clean fireside, a polished grate, above all, a cheerful countenance and womanly love—by these *radical* changes she had made her husband wonderfully fond of his home. He was, under this teaching, getting every day too contented for a patriot, and too happy for a man in an ill-governed world. His old companions at last could not coax him out at night. He was lost as a member of one of the most philosophical clubs in the neighbourhood. 'His old pluck,' they said, 'was gone.' The wife, it was alleged by the patriotic bachelors, had 'cowed' him, and driven all the spirit out of him. But 'wee Davie' completed this revolution. I shall tell you how.

One failing of William's had hitherto resisted Jeanie's silent influence. The smith had formed the habit, before he was married, of meeting a few companions, 'just in a friendly way,' on pay-nights at a public-house. It was true that he was never 'what might be called a drunkard' —'never lost a day's work'—'never was the worse for liquor,' &c. But, nevertheless, when he entered the snuggery in Peter Wilson's whisky-shop, with the blazing fire and comfortable atmosphere; and when, with half-a-dozen talkative, and, to him, pleasant fellows and old companions, he sat round the fire, and the glass circulated; and the gossip of the week was discussed; and racy stories were told; and one or two songs sung, linked together by memories of old merry-meetings; and current jokes were repeated, with humour, of the tyrannical influence which some would presume to exercise on 'innocent social enjoyment'—then would the smith's brawny chest expand, and his face beam, and his feelings become malleable, and his sixpences begin to melt, and flow out in generous sympathy into Peter Wilson's fozy hand, to be counted greedily beneath his sodden eyes. And so it was that the smith's wages were always lessened by Peter's gains. His wife had her fears—her horrid anticipations—but did not like to 'even to' her husband anything so dreadful as what she in her heart dreaded. She took her own way, however, to win him to the house and to good, and gently insinuated wishes rather than expressed them. The smith, no doubt, she comforted herself by thinking, was only 'merry,' and never ill-tempered or unkind—'yet at times'—'and then, what if—!' Yes, Jeanie, you are right! The demon sneaks into the house by degrees, and at first may be kept out, and the door shut upon him; but let him only once take possession, then he will keep it, and shut the door against everything pure, lovely, and of good report—barring it against thee and 'wee Davie,' ay, and against One who is best of all—and will fill the house with sin and shame, with misery and despair! But 'wee Davie,' with his arm of might, drove the demon out. It happened thus:

One evening when the smith returned home so that 'you could *know it* on him,' Davie toddled forward; and his father, lifting him up, made him stand on his knee. The child began to play with the locks of the Samson, to pat him on the cheek, and to repeat with glee the name of 'dad-a.' The smith gazed on him

intently, and with a peculiar look of love, mingled with sadness. 'Isn't he a bonnie bairn?' asked Jeanie, as she looked over her husband's shoulder at the child, nodding and smiling to him. The smith spoke not a word, but gazed intently upon his boy, while some sudden emotion was strongly working in his countenance.

'It's done!' he at last said, as he put his child down.

'What's wrang? what's wrang?' exclaimed his wife as she stood before him, and put her hands round his shoulders, bending down until her face was close to his.

'Everything is wrang, Jeanie.'

'Willy, what is't? are ye no weel?—tell me what's wrang wi' you!—oh, tell me!' she exclaimed, in evident alarm.

'It's a' richt noo,' he said, rising up and seizing the child. He lifted him to his breast, and kissed him. Then looking up in silence, he said: 'Davie has done it, along wi' you, Jeanie. Thank God, I am a free man!'

His wife felt awed, she knew not how.

'Sit doon,' he said, as he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away a tear from his eye, 'and I'll tell you a' aboot it.'

Jeanie sat on a stool at his feet, with Davie on her knee. The smith seized the child's little hand in one of his own, and with the other took his wife's.

'I hav'na been what ye may ca' a drunkard,' he said, slowly, and like a man abashed, 'but I hae been often as I shouldna hae been, and as, wi' God's help, I never, never will be again!'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jeanie.

'It's done, it's done!' he said; 'as I'm a leevan man, it's done! But dinna greet, Jeanie. Thank God for you and Davie, my best blessings.'

'Except Himsel'!' said Jeanie, as she hung on her husband's neck.

'And noo, woman,' replied the smith, 'nae mair about it; it's done. Gie wee Davie a piece, and get the supper ready.'

REV. DR JOHN EADIE.

DR JOHN EADIE (1813-1876), an eminent Biblical scholar and Professor of Hermeneutics and Christian Evidences to the United Presbyterian Church, was a voluminous writer. His principal works are—*An Analytical Concordance of the Holy Scriptures; Biblical Cyclopædia; Commentaries on the Greek Text of the Epistles of Paul to the Colossians, Ephesians, and Philippians; Early Oriental History* (issued as a volume of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*); *History of the English Bible*, and various other theological writings—lectures, sermons, biographical sketches, &c. His *History of the English Bible*, published only a few weeks before his death, is an external and critical account of the various English translations of Scripture, and is completely exhaustive of the subject. From his celebrity as a Hebrew scholar and Biblical critic, Dr Eadie was appointed a member of the committee engaged at Westminster in translating and revising the Scriptures, and regularly attended the monthly meetings of the committee. The Glasgow University (his *alma mater*) conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and he received the degree of D.D. from the university of St Andrews. As a professor, Dr Eadie was highly popular, and in private life was greatly esteemed. He was liberal in many of his views, and differed from most of his Presbyterian brethren in being favourable to the introduction of instrumental music in churches, and in believing that the Scriptures did not forbid marriage with a deceased wife's sister. One interesting trait of the learned divine has been record 'He was particularly fond of flowers and anim especially birds, of which from his earliest y he kept many about him' (*Scotsman*). Dr E was a native of Alva in Stirlingshire. After st ing at the university of Glasgow he was licer as a preacher in 1835, and at the time of his d was minister of Lansdowne Church, Glasgow. 1860, having attained his semi-jubilee as a pa his congregation honoured him with a substa token of their good-will and veneration.

DR JOHN TULLOCH—DR JOHN CAIRD.

DR JOHN TULLOCH, Principal of St M College, St Andrews, in 1855 received one o Burnett prizes for a treatise on *Theism, the ness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise All-beneficent Creator.* The Burnett Prize Es are published under the bequest of an Aber merchant, John Burnett (1739-1784), who £1600 to be applied every forty years to foundation of two premiums for essays on Being and Character of God from Reason Revelation. Dr Tulloch, in 1859, publishe volume of four lectures, delivered at the Pl sophical Institution, Edinburgh—*Leaders o Reformation*, or sketches of Luther, Calvin, I mer, and Knox. He is also author of *Eng Puritanism and its Leaders—Cromwell, Mi* &c. 1861; *Beginning Life, Chapters for Yo Men*, 1862; *Christ of the Gospels and Chris Modern Criticism*, 1864; *Studies in the Relig Thought of England*, 1867; *Rational Theo and Christian Philosophy in England in Seventeenth Century*, two volumes, 1872. This is an able work, supplying a desideratum in literature. Also *The Christian Doctrine of* 1876.

Liberal English Churchmen.

It was the merit of Hales, and Chillingworth, Taylor (says Dr Tulloch), attached as they were pers ally to one side in this struggle [between the two theo of church organisation], that they penetrated beneath theoretical narrowness which enslaved both sides, grasped the idea of the church more profoundly comprehensively. They saw the inconsistency o formal *jus divinum* with the essential spirit of Prot antism, imperfectly as this spirit had been developed England, or indeed elsewhere. According to this spi the true idea of the church is moral and not ritual consists in certain verities of faith and worship, rather t in any formal unities of creed or order. The genuine b of Christian communion is to be found in a comm recognition of the great realities of Christian thou and life, and not in any outward adhesion to a defi ecclesiastical or theological system. All who profess Apostles' Creed are members of the church, and national worship should be so ordered as to admit o who make this profession. The purpose of these chu men, in short, was comprehension, and not exclus While they held that no single type of church gov ment and worship was absolutely divine, they ackn ledged in different forms of church order an expres more or less of the divine ideas which lie at the roo all Christian society, and which—and not any accid of external form—gave to that society its essential c acter. In a word, the church appeared to them more divine, the more ample the spiritual activitie embraced, and the less the circle of heresy or disse cut off. This breadth and toleration separated t alike from Prelatists and Puritans.

Principal Tulloch is a native of the parish of Tibbermore, Perthshire, of which his father was minister. He was born in 1823. Besides the above works, he has contributed to the reviews and other periodicals, and holds a conspicuous place in the national church. He is author also of *Religion and Theology, a Sermon for the Times*, 1876. The object of this discourse is to shew that religion and theology are two distinct things, and that a person may be devoutly religious without accepting a complicated creed:

The knowledge that is essential to religion is a simple knowledge, like that which the loved has of the person who loves, the bride of the bridegroom, the child of the parent. It springs from the personal and spiritual, and not from the cognitive or critical side of our being; from the heart, and not from the head. Not merely so; but if the heart or spiritual sphere be really awakened in us—if there be a true stirring of life here, and a true seeking towards the light—the essence and strength of a true religion may be ours, although we are unable to answer many questions that may be asked, or to solve even the difficulties raised by our own intellect.

In the course of this argument, the preacher notes the fact that under the most various influences and the most diverse types the same fruits of character appear.

Diverse Modes of Christian Thought.

As some men are said to be born Platonists, and some Aristotelians, so some are born Augustinians, and some Pelagians or Arminians. These names have been strangely identified with true or false views of Christianity. What they really denote is diverse modes of Christian thinking, diverse tendencies of the Christian intellect, which repeat themselves by a law of nature. It is no more possible to make men think alike in theology than in anything else where the facts are complicated and the conclusions necessarily fallible. The history of theology is a history of 'variations;' not indeed, as some have maintained, without an inner principle of movement, but with a constant repetition of oppositions underlying its necessary development. The same contrasts continually appear throughout its course, and seem never to wear themselves out. From the beginning there has always been the broader and the narrower type of thought—a St Paul and St John, as well as a St Peter and St James; the doctrine which leans to the works and the doctrine which leans to grace; the milder and the severer interpretations of human nature and of the divine dealings with it—a Clement of Alexandria, an Origen and a Chrysostom, as well as a Tertullian, an Augustine, and a Cyril of Alexandria, an Erasmus no less than a Luther, a Castalio as well as a Calvin, a Frederick Robertson as well as a John Newman. Look at these men and many others equally significant on the spiritual side as they look to God, or as they work for men, how much do they resemble one another! The same divine life stirs in them all. Who will undertake to settle which is the truer Christian? But look at them on the intellectual side, and they are hopelessly disunited. They lead rival forces in the march of Christian thought—forces which may yet find a point of conciliation, and which may not be so widely opposed as they seem, but whose present attitude is one of obvious hostility. Men may meet in common worship and in common work, and find themselves at one. The same faith may breathe in their prayers, and the same love fire their hearts. But men who think can never be at one in their thoughts on the great subjects of the Christian revelation. They may own the same Lord, and recognise and reverence the same types of Christian character, but they will differ so soon as they begin to define their notions of the Divine, and draw conclusions from the researches either of ancient or of modern theology. Of all the false dreams that have ever haunted humanity, none is more false than the dream of catholic unity in this sense. It vanishes in the very effort to grasp it, and the old fissures appear within the most carefully compacted structures of dogma.

The REV. DR JOHN CAIRD, in the year 1855, preached a sermon before the Queen in the parish church of Crathie, which was published by royal command, and attracted great attention and admiration, and was translated under the auspices of Chevalier Bunsen. This popular discourse was of a practical nature, and was entitled *The Religion of Common Life*. In 1858 Dr Caird published a volume of *Sermons*, which also was widely circulated. He is one of the most eloquent of divines. Dr Caird is a native of Greenock, born in 1823. In 1873 he was elected Principal of the university of Glasgow.

Character and Doctrine.

Actions, in many ways, teach better than words, and even the most persuasive oral instruction is greatly vivified when supplemented by the silent teaching of the life.

Consider, for one thing, that actions are *more intelligible* than words. All verbal teaching partakes more or less of the necessary vagueness of language, and its intelligibility is dependent, in a great measure, on the degree of intellectual culture and ability in the mind of the hearer. Ideas, reflections, deductions, distinctions, when presented in words, are liable to misapprehension; their power is often modified or lost by the obscurity of the medium through which they are conveyed, and the impression produced by them is apt very speedily to vanish from the mind. Many minds are inaccessible to any formal teaching that is not of the most elementary character; and there are comparatively few to whom an illustration is not more intelligible than an argument.

But whatever the difficulty of understanding words, deeds are almost always intelligible. Let a man not merely speak but act the truth; let him reveal his soul in the inarticulate speech of an earnest, pure, and truthful life, and this will be a language which the profoundest must admire, while the simplest can appreciate. The most elaborate discourse on santification will prove tame and ineffective in comparison with the eloquence of a humble, holy walk with God. In the spectacle of a penitent soul pouring forth the broken utterance of its contrition at the Saviour's feet, there is a nobler sermon on repentance than eloquent lips ever spoke. Instruct your children in the knowledge of God's great love and mercy, but let them see that love cheering, animating, hallowing your daily life; describe to them the divinity and glory of the Saviour's person and work, but let them note how daily you think of Him, hear with what profoundest reverence you name His name, see how the sense of a divine presence sheds a reflected moral beauty around your own—and this will be a living and breathing theology to them, without which formal teaching will avail but little. Sermons and speeches, too, may weary; they may be listened to with irksomeness, and remembered with effort: but living speech never tires: it makes no formal demand on the attention, it goes forth in feelings and emanations that win their way insensibly into the secret depths of the soul. The medium of verbal instruction, moreover, is conventional, and it can be understood only where one special form of speech is vernacular, but the language of action and life is

[illegible] and universal. The living epistle needs no translation to be understood in every country and clime; a noble act of heroism or self-sacrifice speaks to the common heart of humanity; a humble, gentle, holy, Christlike life preaches to the simple ear in the whole world. There is no speech nor language in which the voice is not heard, and its words go forth to the ends of the world.

The REV. JOHN KER, D.D., minister of a United Presbyterian church in Glasgow, has published a volume of *Sermons* (1868), which has gone through several editions, and forms a valuable contribution to our works of practical divinity. Fine literary taste and power are combined with the illustration of Christian doctrine and duty. We subjoin some passages from a sermon on the 'Eternal Future.'

'It doth not yet Appear what We shall Be.'

The first step of the soul into another state of being is a mystery. We know it continues conscious and active, for we read, in the case of Dives, that 'in hell he lift up his eyes.' *To depart and be with Christ is far better*, but the existence of the soul separate from the body, and from all material organs, is incomprehensible.

The place of our future life is obscure. How there can be relation to place without a body, we do not know; and even when the body is restored, we cannot tell the locality of the resurrection-world. Nothing in reason, and nothing certain in revelation, connects it with any one spot in God's universe. It may be far away from earth, in some central kingdom, the glittering centres of which we can perceive in thick-sown stars, that are the pavement of the land which has its dust of gold. It may be, as our hearts would rather suggest, in this world renewed and glorified—a world sacred as the scene of Christ's sufferings, and endeared to us as the cradle of our immortal life. Or that great word, *Heaven*—the heaven of heavens—may gather many worlds around this one as the centre of God's most godlike work—may inclose the new and old, the near and far, in its wide embrace. *It doth not yet appear.*

The outward manner of our final existence is also uncertain. That it will be blessed and glorious, freed from all that can hurt or annoy, we may well believe. We may calculate that, in the degree in which the incorruptible and immortal body shall excel the body of sin and death, our final home, with its scenes of beauty and grandeur, its landscapes and skies, shall surpass our dwelling-place on this earth. Whether we may possess merely our present faculties, enlarged and strengthened, as a child's mind expands into a man's, or whether new faculties of perception may not be made to spring forth, as if sight were given to a blind man, we find it impossible to affirm. . . .

There are some minds which trouble themselves with the fear lest their present life and its natural affections should be irrecoverably lost in the future world. The place and circumstances seem so indefinite, and must be so different from the present, that they are tossed in uncertainty. Will they meet their friends again so as to know them, or will they not be separated from them by the vast expanses of that world, and by the varied courses they may have to pursue? We may have our thoughts about these things tranquillised, if we bring them into connection with Christ. Our eternal life begins in union with Him, and it must for ever so continue. If we are gathered round Him in heaven, and know Him, and are known of Him, this will insure acquaintance with one another. It is strange that it could ever be made matter of doubt. And when we think that He gave us human hearts and took one into His own breast—that He bestowed on us human homes and affections, and solaced Himself with them—we need not fear that He will deny us our heart's wish, w[illegible] is natural and good. Variety of powers and te[illegible] must have as much separate as there is in the [illegible] and his own name for heaven—the Father's h[illegible] many mansions—speaks of unity as well as diver[illegible] the one and the many one paternal presence.

Mind over Matter.

It is the presence of life, above all of intellig[illegible] which gives significance to creation, and which [illegible] the positive light in arithmetic before all its [illegible] spheres. The most beautiful landscape wants its charm till we see, or fancy in it, the home of man.

This may be charged as egotism, but it is the [illegible] by which we must judge the world. [illegible] must look out on God's universe with the eye [illegible] that its Maker has bestowed upon us, a[illegible] must believe that they were meant to guide us [illegible] The eras of geology receive their interest as they [illegible] instinct with animation, and as they foreshad[illegible] entrance of the intelligent mind, which was at [illegible] appear among them to be their interpreter. It [illegible] reason of man which has reconstructed them out [illegible] dead ashes. It is that same reason which gives [illegible] present living world all that it has of meaning, [illegible] unity. The forms of beauty and grandeur which [illegible] put on are only the clothing furnished by mind. [illegible] Alps and Andes are but millions of atoms till th[illegible] mind has fused them and stamps on them the conceptio[illegible] the everlasting hills. Niagara is a gush of water[illegible] to the soul gets into it that sweep of resistless p[illegible] which the beholder feels. The ocean wave [illegible] waves is only great when the spirit has breathed [illegible] the idea of immensity. If we analyse our feelin[illegible] shall find that thought meets us wherever we turn. [illegible] real grandeur of the world is in the soul which [illegible] in it, which sees some conception of its own rel[illegible] from the mirror around it—for mind is not only [illegible] but life-giving, and has received from its Mak[illegible] portion of his own creative power: it breathes [illegible] dead matter the breath of life, and it becomes a l[illegible] soul.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

RICHARD SHARP.

This gentleman, commonly called 'Conversa[illegible] Sharp' (1759–1835), after mingling in all the [illegible] tinguished society of London, from the day [illegible] Johnson and Burke to those of Byron, Ro[illegible] and Moore, in 1834 published—at first anon[illegible] mously—a small volume of *Letters and Essay[illegible] Prose and Verse*. Rogers thought the vol[illegible] hardly equal to Sharp's reputation; but his re[illegible] tation was founded on his conversational pow[illegible] and the higher order of genius is not—as [illegible] Walter Scott observed—favourable to this tal[illegible] 'For forming a good converser,' adds Sc[illegible] 'good taste, and extensive information, and [illegible] complishment are the principal requisites, [illegible] which must be added an easy and elegant deliv[illegible] and a well-toned voice.' Mackintosh, howe[illegible] termed Sharp the best critic he had ever kno[illegible] and Byron also bears testimony to his abil[illegible] Macaulay said he never talked scandal. Fr[illegible] commercial concerns Mr Sharp had realised [illegible] large fortune—he left £250,000—and had a s[illegible] in parliament. The *Essays* evince knowledge [illegible] the world and sound sense. A few of his maxi[illegible] and reflections are subjoined:

Satirical writers and talkers are not half so clever [illegible] they think themselves, nor as they ought to be. T[illegible]

do winnow the corn, 'tis true, but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add that they who are always speaking ill of others, are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others; though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults. The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr Johnson, Mr Burke, and Mr Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.

Trifling precautions will often prevent great mischiefs; as a slight turn of the wrist parries a mortal thrust.

Untoward accidents will sometimes happen; but after many, many years of thoughtful experience, I can truly say, that nearly all those who began life with me have succeeded or failed as they deserved.

Even sensible men are too commonly satisfied with tracing their thoughts a little way backwards; and they are, of course, soon perplexed by a profounder adversary. In this respect, most people's minds are too like a child's garden, where the flowers are planted without their roots. It may be said of morals and of literature, as truly as of sculpture and painting, that to understand the outside of human nature, we should be well acquainted with the inside.

It appears to me indisputable that benevolent intention and beneficial tendency must combine to constitute the moral goodness of an action. To do as much good and as little evil as we can, is the brief and intelligible principle that comprehends all subordinate maxims. Both good tendency and good will are indispensable; for conscience may be erroneous as well as callous, may blunder as well as sleep. Perhaps a man cannot be thoroughly mischievous unless he is honest. In truth, practice is also necessary, since it is one thing to see that a line is crooked, and another thing to be able to draw a straight one. It is not quite so easy to do good as those may imagine who never try.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

WILLIAM MAGINN (1793–1842), one of the most distinguished periodical writers of his day, a scholar and wit, has left scarcely any permanent memorial of his genius or acquirements. He was born at Cork, and at an early period of life assisted his father in conducting an academy in that city. He received his degree of LL.D. in his twenty-fourth year. In 1819 Maginn commenced contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine*. His papers were lively, learned, and libellous—an alliterative enumeration which may be applied to nearly all he wrote. He was a keen political partisan, a Tory of the old Orange stamp, who gave no quarter to an opponent. At the same time there was so much scholarly wit and literary power about Maginn's contributions, that all parties read and admired him. For nine years he was one of the most constant writers in *Blackwood*, and his Odoherty papers (prose and verse) were much admired. He had removed to London in 1823, and adopted literature as a profession. In 1824 Mr Murray the publisher commenced a daily newspaper, *The Representative*. Mr Disraeli was reported to be editor, but he has contradicted the statement. He was then too young to be intrusted with such a responsibility. Maginn, however, was engaged as foreign or Paris correspondent. His residence in France was short; the *Representative* soon went down, and Maginn returned to London to 'spin his daily bread out of his brains.' He was associated with Dr Giffard in conducting the *Standard* newspaper, and when *Fraser's Magazine* was established in 1830, he became one of its chief literary supporters. One article in this periodical, a review of *Berkeley Castle*, led to a hostile meeting between Maginn and the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. Mr Berkeley had assaulted Fraser, the publisher of the offensive criticism, when Maginn wrote to him, stating that he was the author. Hence the challenge and the duel. The parties exchanged shots three several times, but without any serious result. Happily, such scenes and such literary personalities have passed away. The remainder of Maginn's literary career was irregular. Habits of intemperance gained ground upon him; he was often arrested and in jail; but his good-humour seems never to have forsaken him. He wrote a series of admirable Shakspeare papers for *Blackwood* in 1837, and in the following year he commenced a series of Homeric ballads, which extended to sixteen in number. In 1842 he was again in prison, and his health gave way. One of his friends wrote to Sir Robert Peel, acquainting him with the lamentable condition of Dr Maginn, and the minister took steps for the relief of the poor author, at the same time transmitting what has been termed a 'splendid gift,' but which Maginn did not live to receive. He died on the 29th of August 1842. The sort of estimation in which he was held by his contemporaries may be gathered from the following rhyming epitaph on him by Lockhart:

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
So his portion soon spent—like the poor heir of Lynn—
He turned author ere yet there was beard on his chin,
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin,
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
'Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,'
But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin—
All the same to the doctor from claret to gin—
Which led swiftly to jail and consumption therein.
It was much when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin:
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken MAGINN.

FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT).

The REV. FRANCIS MAHONY (1804–1866) was also a native of Cork, and equally noted for scholarship and conviviality. He was educated at St Acheul, the college of the Jesuits at Amiens. Among the Jesuits he lived, as he said, in an atmosphere of Latin, and became a first-rate Latin scholar. He studied afterwards at Rome, and having taken priest's orders, he officiated in London and at Cork. He broke off from the Jesuits,

and became one of the writers in *Fraser's Magazine* (about 1834), and contributed a series of papers, afterwards collected and published as *The Reliques of Father Prout*, 1836. From the gay tavern life of the 'Fraserians,' Mahony went abroad and travelled for some years. He became Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, and his letters were in 1847 collected and published as *Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk.* For the last eight years of his life he lived chiefly in Paris, and was the correspondent of the *Globe*, his letters forming the chief attraction of that London evening journal. A volume of *Final Memorials of Father Prout* (or Mahony) was published in 1876 by Mr Blanchard Jerrold, who has recorded Mahony's wonderful facility in Latin composition, his wit, quaint sayings, genial outbursts of sentiment, reverence for religion among all his convivialities, and his genuine goodness of heart. James Hannay said of this Irish humorist: 'Mahony's fun is essentially Irish—fanciful, playful, odd, irregular, and more grotesque than Northern fun. In one of his own phrases, he is an Irish potato, seasoned with Attic salt.'

The Shandon Bells.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glibe rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I 've heard bells tolling
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly—
O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O,
In Saint Sophia,
The Turkman gets;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

SIR GEORGE AND SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD.

The elder of these brothers—sons of an English gentleman, James Roper Head, Esq.—was author of *Forest Scenes in North America*, 1829, and *Home Tours in England*, 1835–37. The *Home Tours* were made in the manufacturing districts, through which the author travelled as a Poor-law Commissioner, and were written in a light, pleasing style. He afterwards applied himself to a laborious topographical and antiquarian account of *Rome*, in three volumes, 1849, and he translated Cardinal Pacca's *Memoirs* and *Apuleius' Metamorphoses*. He died in 1855, aged seventy-three.

His brother, FRANCIS BOND HEAD (born at Rochester, January 1, 1793), had more vivacity and spirit as an author, though retaining many of the family characteristics. While a captain in the army, he published *Rough Notes taken during some Rapid Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes*, 1826. The work was exceedingly popular, and the reputation of 'Galloping Head,' as the gay captain was termed, was increased by his *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau*. He was appointed governor of Upper Canada in 1835, and created a baronet in 1837; but his administrative was not equal to his literary talent, and he was forced to resign in 1838. He published a narrative of his administration, which was more amusing than convincing. Turning again to purely literary pursuits, Sir Francis wrote *The Emigrant*, 1852, and essays in the *Quarterly Review*, afterwards republished in a collected form with the title of *Stokers and Pokers—Highways and Byways*. He wrote a *Life of Bruce, the Traveller*, for the 'Family Library.' The national defences of this country appearing to Sir Francis lamentably deficient, he issued a note of warning, *The Defenceless State of Great Britain*, 1850. Visits to Paris and Ireland produced *A Faggot of French Sticks, or Paris in* 1851, and *A Fortnight in Ireland*, 1852. In 1869 he produced a practical work, *The Royal Engineer*. The judgments and opinions of the author are often rash and prejudiced, but he is seldom dull, and commonplace incidents are related in a picturesque and attractive manner. Sir Francis died at Croydon in 1875.

Description of the Pampas.

The great plain, or pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the

part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

A French Commissionnaire.

In Paris this social luxury has been so admirably supplied, that, like iced water at Naples, the community could now hardly exist without it. Accordingly, at the intersection of almost all the principal streets, there is posted by the police an intelligent, respectable-looking man—there are about twelve thousand of them—cleanly dressed in blue velveteen trousers, and a blue corduroy jacket, on the breast of which is affixed a brass ticket, invariably forfeited by misconduct, bearing his occupation and number. The duties of this commissionnaire are not only at various fixed prices to go messages in any direction, and at determined rates to perform innumerable other useful services, but he is especially directed to assist aged and infirm people of both sexes in crossing streets crowded with carriages, and to give to strangers, who may inquire their way, every possible assistance. The luxury of living, wherever you may happen to lodge, within reach of a person of this description, is very great. For instance, within fifty yards of my lodgings, there was an active, honest, intelligent dark-blue fellow, who was to me a living book of useful knowledge. Crumpling up the newspaper he was usually reading, he could in the middle of a paragraph, and at a moment's notice, get me any sort of carriage—recommend me to every description of shop—tell me the colour of the omnibus I wanted—where I was to find it—where I was to leave it—how I ought to dress to go here, there, or anywhere; what was done in the House of Assembly last night—who spoke best—what was said of his speech—and what the world thought of things in general.

The Electric Wires, and Tawell the Murderer.

Whatever may have been his fears—his hopes—his fancies—or his thoughts—there suddenly flashed along the wires of the electric telegraph, which were stretched close beside him, the following words: 'A murder has just been committed at Salthill, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London by the train which left Slough at 7 h. 42 m. P.M. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown greatcoat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet. He is in the last compartment of the second first-class carriage.'

And yet, fast as these words flew like lightning past him, the information they contained, with all its details, as well as every secret thought that had preceded them, had already consecutively flown millions of times faster; indeed, at the very instant that, within the walls of the little cottage at Slough, there had been uttered that dreadful scream, it had simultaneously reached the judgment-seat of heaven!

On arriving at the Paddington station, after mingling for some moments with the crowd, he got into an omnibus, and as it rumbled along, taking up one passenger and putting down another, he probably felt that his identity was every minute becoming confounded and confused by the exchange of fellow-passengers for strangers that was constantly taking place. But all the time he was thinking, the cad of the omnibus—a policeman in disguise—knew that he held his victim like a rat in a cage. Without, however, apparently taking the slightest notice of him, he took one sixpence, gave change for a shilling, handed out this lady, stuffed in that one, until, arriving at the bank, the guilty man, stooping as he walked towards the carriage-door, descended the steps; paid his fare; crossed over to the Duke of Wellington's statue, where pausing for a few moments, anxiously to gaze around him, he proceeded to the Jerusalem Coffee-house, thence over London Bridge to the Leopard Coffee-house in the Borough, and finally to a lodging-house in Scott's Yard, Cannon Street.

He probably fancied that, by making so many turns and doubles, he had not only effectually puzzled all pursuit, but that his appearance at so many coffee-houses would assist him, if necessary, in proving an *alibi;* but, whatever may have been his motives or his thoughts, he had scarcely entered the lodging when the policeman—who, like a wolf, had followed him every step of the way—opening the door, very calmly said to him—the words no doubt were infinitely more appalling to him even than the scream that had heen haunting him—'Haven't you just come from Slough?' The monosyllable 'No,' confusedly uttered in reply, substantiated his guilt.

The policeman made him his prisoner; he was thrown into jail; tried; found guilty of wilful murder; and hanged.

A few months afterwards, we happened to be travelling by rail from Paddington to Slough, in a carriage filled with people all strangers to one another. Like English travellers, they were all mute. For nearly fifteen miles no one had uttered a single word, until a short-bodied, short-necked, short-nosed, exceedingly respectable-looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting posts and rails of the electric telegraph, significantly nodded to us as he muttered aloud: 'Them 's the cords that hung John Tawell!'

T. C. HALIBURTON.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON (1796–1865), long a judge in Nova Scotia, is author of a series of amusing works illustrative of American and colonial manners, marked by shrewd, sarcastic

remarks on political questions, the colonies, slavery, domestic institutions and customs, and almost every familiar topic of the day. The first series—which had previously been inserted as letters in a Nova Scotia paper—appeared in a collected form under the title of *The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.* A second series was published in 1838, and a third in 1840. 'Sam Slick' was a universal favourite, and in 1843 the author conceived the idea of bringing him to England. *The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England*, gives an account of the sayings and doings of the clockmaker when elevated to the dignity of the 'Honourable Mr Slick, Attaché of the American Legation to the court of St James's.' There is the same quaint humour, acute observation, and laughable exaggeration in these volumes as in the former, but, on the whole, Sam is most amusing on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr Haliburton has also written an *Account of Nova Scotia*, 1828; *Bubbles of Canada*, 1839; *The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony*, and *Letter-bag of the Great Western*, 1839; *Rule and Misrule of the English in America*, 1851; *Yankee Stories*, and *Traits of American Humour*, 1852; *Nature and Human Nature*, 1855.

We must do our publishers the justice to say, that the first periodical in Great Britain which noticed Mr Haliburton's works was *Chambers's Journal.*

Soft Sawder and Human Natur.

In the course of a journey which Mr Slick performs in company with the reporter of his humours, the latter asks him how, in a country so poor as Nova Scotia, he contrives to sell so many clocks. 'Mr Slick paused,' continues the author, 'as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said, in a confidential tone: "Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him." At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farm-house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbours, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to alight was accepted by Mr Slick, who said "he wished to take leave of Mrs Flint before he left Colchester." We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said: "If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me—why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dike"*—— "Seventy," said the deacon—"only seventy." "Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it. Then there is that water-privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it: the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and"—— "Too old," said the deacon—"too old for all those speculations." "Old!" repeated the Clockmaker—"not you; why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays." The deacon was pleased. "Your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;" saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable. As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone: "That is what I call *soft sawder*. An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture—without looking at him. Now I find"—— Here his lecture on soft sawder was cut short by the entrance of Mrs Flint. "Jist come to say good-bye, Mrs Flint." "What! have you sold all your clocks?" "Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbour Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it. I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, secretary of state for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles; it is a beautiful article—a real first chop—no mistake, genuine super-fine; but I guess I'll take it back; and, beside, Squire Hawk might think it hard that I did not give him the offer." "Dear me," said Mrs Flint, "I should like to see it; where is it?" "It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store; I guess he can ship it on to Eastport." "That's a good man," said Mrs Flint, "jist let's look at it." Mr Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock—a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he, too, thought it a handsome one; but the deacon was a prudent man: he had a watch, he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. "I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon; it ain't for sale," said Mr Slick; "and if it was, I reckon neighbour Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it." Mrs Flint said that Mr Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. "It's no consarn of mine," said Mr Slick, "as long as he pays me, what he has to do; but I guess I don't want to sell it; and beside, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars.—Why, it an't possible!" said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; why, as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here—how on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs Flint: I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States—I'll set it agoing, and put it to the right time." As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, "that I call *human natur!* Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars—it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs Flint will never let Mrs Steel have the refusal—nor will the deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, it is difficult to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in *human natur* to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned—when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to soft sawder to get them into the house, and to human natur that they never come out of it."'

* Flat rich land diked in from the sea.

THOMAS MILLER—W. HONE—MISS COSTELLO.

Among the *littérateurs* inspired—perhaps equally—by the love of nature and admiration of the writings of Miss Mitford and the Howitts, was THOMAS MILLER (1809-1874), a native of

Gainsborough, one of the humble, happy, industrious self-taught sons of genius. He was brought up to the trade of a basket-maker, and while thus obscurely labouring 'to consort with the muse and support a family,' he attracted attention by his poetical effusions. Through the kindness of Mr Rogers, our author was placed in the more congenial situation of a bookseller, and had the gratification of publishing and selling his own writings. Mr Miller was author of various works: *A Day in the Woods*, *Royston Gower*, *Fair Rosamond*, *Lady Jane Grey*, and other novels. Several volumes of rural descriptions and poetical effusions also proceeded from his pen.

The *Every-day Book*, *Table Book*, and *Year Book*, by WILLIAM HONE (1779–1842), published in 1833, in four large volumes, with above five hundred wood-cut illustrations, form a calendar of popular English amusements, sports, pastimes, ceremonies, manners, customs, and events incident to every day in the year. Mr Southey has said of these works: 'I may take the opportunity of recommending the *Every-day Book* and *Table Book* to those who are interested in the preservation of our national and local customs: by these very curious publications their compiler has rendered good service in an important department of literature.' Charles Lamb was no less eulogistic. Some political parodies written by Hone led to his prosecution by the government of the day, in which the government was generally condemned. Hone was acquitted and became popular; the parodies are now forgotten, but the above works will preserve his name.

A number of interesting narratives of foreign travel were published by MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO, who died in 1870; she commenced her literary career in 1835 with *Specimens of the Early Poetry of France*. Her principal works are —*A Summer among the Bocages and Vines*, 1840; *A Pilgrimage to Auvergne, from Picardy to Le Velay*, 1842; *Béarn and the Pyrenees*, 1844; *The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales*, 1845; *A Tour to and from Venice by the Vaudois and the Tyrol*, 1846; &c. Miss Costello was also one of the band of lady-novelists, having written *The Queen Mother*, *Clara Fane*, &c.; and in 1840 she published a series of *Memoirs of Eminent Englishwomen*, commencing with the reign of Elizabeth.

MRS JAMESON.

On subjects of art and taste, and generally in what may be termed elegant literature, the writings of MRS ANNA JAMESON (1797–1860) occupy a prominent place. They are very numerous, including—*The Diary of an Ennuyée* (memoranda made during a tour in France and Italy), 1826; *Loves of the Poets*, two volumes, 1829; *Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns*, two volumes, 1831; *Characteristics of Women*, two volumes, 1832; *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.* (memoirs accompanying engravings from Lely's portraits), two volumes, 1833; *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*, two volumes, 1834; *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada*, three volumes, 1838; *Rubens, his Life and Genius*, translated from the German of Dr Waagen, 1840; *Pictures of the Social Life of Germany, as represented in the Dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony*, 1840; *Hand-book to the Public Galleries of Art*, two volumes, 1842; *Companion to Private Galleries of Art in and near London*, 1844; *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters*, two volumes, 1845; *Memoirs and Essays on Art, Literature, and Social Morals*, 1846; *Sacred and Legendary Art*, two volumes, 1848; *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, 1850; *Legends of the Madonna*, 1852; *Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies*, 1854; *Sisters of Charity*, a lecture, 1855; *The Communion of Labour*, a lecture, 1856; with various communications to literary journals. In such a variety of works, all, of course, cannot be equal—some bear the appearance of task-work; but generally we may apply to Mrs Jameson the warm eulogium of Professor Wilson: she is 'one of the most eloquent of our female writers; full of feeling and fancy; a true enthusiast with a glowing soul.' On the subject of art, her writing is next to that of Ruskin; to intense love of the beautiful, she adds a fine discriminating and cultivated taste, with rich stores of knowledge. Mrs Jameson was a native of Dublin, daughter of Mr Murphy, an artist of ability. Having married a barrister named Jameson, who accepted an official appointment in Canada, she resided there for some time, but her marriage proving unhappy, a separation took place, and Mrs Jameson returned to England, and devoted herself to literature—especially the literature of art. Her latest work (which she did not live to complete, but which was finished by Lady Eastlake) was an account of the *Scriptural and Legendary History of our Lord, as represented in Christian Art.*

Counsel to Young Ladies—An Eastern Apologue.

It is a common observation, that girls of lively talents are apt to grow pert and satirical. I fell into this danger when about ten years old. Sallies at the expense of certain people, ill-looking, or ill-dressed, or ridiculous, or foolish, had been laughed at and applauded in company, until, without being naturally malignant, I ran some risk of becoming so from sheer vanity.

The fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truths of science. So thought our Saviour when he taught the multitude in parables. A good clergyman who lived near us, a famous Persian scholar, took it into his head to teach me Persian—I was then about seven years old—and I set to work with infinite delight and earnestness. All I learned was soon forgotten; but a few years afterwards, happening to stumble on a volume of Sir William Jones's works—his Persian Grammar—it revived my orientalism, and I began to study it eagerly. Among the exercises given was a Persian fable or poem—one of those traditions of our Lord which are preserved in the East. The beautiful apologue of *St Peter and the Cherries*, which Goethe has versified or imitated, is a well-known example. This fable I allude to was something similar, but I have not met with the original these forty years, and must give it here from memory.

'Jesus,' says the story, 'arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing, never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. "Faugh!" said one, stopping his

nose; "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third; "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all draggled and bleeding!" "No doubt," said a fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving!" And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said: "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!" Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves: "Who is this? this must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog;" and being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way.'

I can recall, at this hour, the vivid, yet softening and pathetic impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It struck me as exquisitely humorous, as well as exquisitely beautiful. It gave me a pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful, and I took the lesson so home, that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.

Pictures of the Madonna.

Of the pictures in our galleries, public or private—of the architectural adornments of those majestic edifices which sprung up in the middle ages (where they have not been despoiled or desecrated by a zeal as fervent as that which reared them), the largest and most beautiful portion have reference to the Madonna—her character, her person, her history. It was a theme which never tired her votaries—whether, as in the hands of great and sincere artists, it became one of the noblest and loveliest, or, as in the hands of superficial, unbelieving, time-serving artists, one of the most degraded. All that human genius, inspired by faith, could achieve best—all that fanaticism, sensualism, atheism, could perpetuate of worst, do we find in the cycle of those representations which have been dedicated to the glory of the Virgin. And, indeed, the ethics of the Madonna worship, as evolved in art, might be not unaptly likened to the ethics of human love: so long as the object of sense remained in subjection to the moral idea—so long as the appeal was to the best of our faculties and affections—so long was the image grand or refined, and the influences to be ranked with those which have helped to humanise and civilise our race; but so soon as the object became a mere idol, then worship and worshippers, art and artists, were together degraded.

The Loves of the Poets.

The theory which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this, that where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited; that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry as in everything else; for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. Poets have risen up and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols which have been the idols of a day. If the worship be out of date, and the idols cast down, it is because those adorers wanted sincerity of purpose and feeling; their raptures were feigned; their incense was bought or adulterate. In the brain or in the fancy, one beauty may eclipse another—one coquette may drive out another, and, tricked off in airy verse, they float away unregarded like morning vapours, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient brightness; but let the heart be once touched, and it is not only wakened but inspired; the lover kindled into the poet presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise; she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity. When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and godlike shapes, impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through such mechanical superiority? No; it was the spirit of faith within which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and love.

The Studious Monks of the Middle Ages.

But for the monks, the light of liberty, and literature, and science, had been for ever extinguished; and for six centuries there existed for the thoughtful, the gentle, the inquiring, the devout spirit, no peace, no security, no home but the cloister. There, Learning trimmed her lamp; there, Contemplation 'pruned her wings;' there, the traditions of art, preserved from age to age by lonely studious men, kept alive, in form and colour, the idea of a beauty beyond that of earth—of a might beyond that of the spear and the shield—of a Divine sympathy with suffering humanity. To this we may add another and a stronger claim to our respect and moral sympathies. The protection and the better education given to women in these early communities; the venerable and distinguished rank assigned to them when, as governesses of their order, they became in a manner dignitaries of the church; the introduction of their beautiful and saintly effigies, clothed with all the insignia of sanctity and authority, into the decoration of places of worship and books of devotion—did more, perhaps, for the general cause of womanhood than all the boasted institutions of chivalry.

Venice—Canaletti and Turner.

It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice! Just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerreotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance; we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies—the transparent gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Traghetto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aërial, fantastic splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal; even his skies and water—and is *that* Venice? 'But,' says my friend, 'if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures!' True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream—but this dream upon the canvas, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the colour or light. Turner, the colour and light without the forms. But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian; there is

more of Venice in his 'Cornaro Family,' or his 'Pesaro Madonna,' than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are, I must needs say it; but when I think of Enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry—petrifactions, materialities: 'We start, for life is wanting there!' I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, 'put down the church of St Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous:' here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our churches—I have always been of Mr Westmacott's principles and party; always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple; and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very acme of such irreverence and impropriety in taste; but here the impression is far different. O those awful, grim, mounted warriors and doges, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari!—man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, lifelike—suspended, as it were, so far above us, that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches, and that was almost daily, whether at morn, or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steed, and trampled Turk; or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, 'Good Heavens! how came they there?' And not to forget the great wonder of modern times—I hear people talking of a railway across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetise Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the syren of the Adriatic into the 'dull catalogue of common things;' and they call on me to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of *Murray's Hand-book;* but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me, that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more; to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus, and in this gigantic causeway and its seventy-five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen-winged, to which neither alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier—nothing but a commonplace. I must say I pity them. *I* see a future fraught with hopes for Venice—

> Twining memories of old time
> With new virtues more sublime!

CHARLES WATERTON.

The *Wanderings* and *Essays* of CHARLES WATERTON (1782–1865), a Yorkshire squire, form very interesting and delightful reading. Mr Waterton set out from his seat of Walton Hall, Wakefield, in 1812, to wander 'through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, with the view to reach the inland frontier fort of Portuguese Guiana; to collect a quantity of the strongest Wourali poison; and to catch and stuff the beautiful birds which abound in that part of South America.' He made two more journeys to the same territories—in 1816 and 1820—and in 1825 published his *Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles.* His fatigues and dangers were numerous.

'In order to pick up matter for natural history, I have wandered through the wildest parts of South America's equinoctial regions. I have attacked and slain a modern python, and rode on the back of a cayman close to the water's edge; a very different situation from that of a Hyde-Park dandy on his Sunday prancer before the ladies. Alone and barefoot I have pulled poisonous snakes out of their lurking-places; climbed up trees to peep into holes for bats and vampires; and for days together hastened through sun and rain to the thickest parts of the forest to procure specimens I had never seen before.'

The adventures of the python and cayman—or the snake and crocodile—made much noise and amusement at the time, and the latter feat formed the subject of a caricature. Mr Waterton had long wished to obtain one of those enormous snakes called Coulacanara, and at length he saw one coiled up in his den. He advanced towards it stealthily, and with his lance struck it behind the neck and fixed it to the ground.

Adventure with the Snake.

That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and his additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. [It measured fourteen feet, and was of great thickness.] We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times.

On the following day, Mr Waterton killed the animal, securing its skin for Walton Hall. The crocodile was seized on the Essequibo. He had been tantalised for three days with the hope of securing one of the animals. He baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and at last was successful. The difficulty was to pull him up. The Indians proposed shooting him with arrows; but this the 'Wanderer' resisted. 'I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to catch a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen.' The men pulled, and out he came—Mr Waterton standing armed with the mast of the canoe, which he proposed to force down the animal's throat.

Riding on a Crocodile.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I

gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride—

Delphini insidens, vada cæurula sulcat Arion.

The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand: it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds.

The cayman, killed and stuffed, was also added to the curiosities of Walton Hall. Mr Waterton's next work was *Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology, with an Autobiography of the Author and a View of Walton Hall*, 1838—reprinted with additions in 1851. His account of his family—an old Roman Catholic family that had suffered persecution from the days of Henry VIII. downwards—is a quaint, amusing chronicle; and the notes on the habits of birds shew minute observation, as well as a kindly genial spirit on the part of the eccentric squire.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

As a traveller, novelist, and historical writer, MR ELIOT WARBURTON, an English barrister (1810–1852), was a popular though incorrect author. He had a lively imagination and considerable power of description, but these were not always under the regulation of taste or judgment. His first work, *The Crescent and the Cross, or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel*, 1844, is the best of his productions. To ride on a crocodile was Mr Waterton's unparalleled feat, and Mr Warburton thus describes his first shot at a crocodile, which, he said, was an epoch in his life.

Crocodile Shooting in the Nile.

We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively, and the wild duck and turtle, nay, even the vulture and the eagle, had swept past or soared above us in security. At length, the cry of 'Timseach, timseach!' was heard from half-a-dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half-a-dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in-shore. R—— was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his finlike legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say: 'He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim.' I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun; whizz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piasters for the timseach!' I exclaimed, and half-a-dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe each traveller, who is honest enough, will make the same confession.

In the same work is a striking incident illustrative of savage life:

Nubian Revenge.

There appears to be a wild caprice amongst the institutions, if such they may be called, of all these tropical nations. In a neighbouring state to that of Abyssinia, the king, when appointed to the regal dignity, retires into an island, and is never again visible to the eyes of men but once—when his ministers come to strangle him; for it may not be that the proud monarch of Behr should die a natural death. No men, with this fatal exception, are ever allowed even to set foot upon the island, which is guarded by a band of Amazons. In another border country, called Habeesh, the monarch is dignified with the title of Tiger. He was formerly Malek of Shendy, when it was invaded by Ismael Pasha, and was even then designated by this fierce cognomen. Ismael, Mehemet Ali's second son, advanced through Nubia, claiming tribute and submission from all the tribes. Nemmir—which signifies Tiger—the king of Shendy, received him hospitably, as Mahmoud, our dragoman, informed us, and, when he was seated in his tent, waited on him to learn his pleasure. 'My pleasure is,' replied the invader, 'that you forthwith furnish me with slaves, cattle, and money to the value of one hundred thousand dollars.' 'Pooh!' said Nemmir, 'you jest; all my country could not produce what you require in one hundred moons.' 'Ha! Wallah!' was the young pasha's reply, and he struck the Tiger across the face with his pipe. If he had done so to his namesake of the jungle, the insult could not have roused fiercer feelings of revenge, but the human animal did not shew his wrath at once. 'It is well,' he replied; 'let the pasha rest; *to-morrow he shall have nothing more to ask.*' The Egyptian, and the few Mameluke officers of his staff, were tranquilly smoking towards evening, entertained by some dancing-girls, whom the Tiger had sent to amuse them; when they observed that a huge pile of dried stacks of Indian corn was rising rapidly round the tent. 'What means this?' inquired Ismael angrily; 'am not I pasha?' 'It is but forage for your highness's horses,' replied the Nubian, for, were your troops once arrived, the people would fear to approach the camp.'

Suddenly, the space is filled with smoke, the tent curtains shrivel up in flames, and the pasha and his comrades find themselves encircled in what they well know is their funeral pyre. Vainly the invader implores mercy, and assures the Tiger of his warm regard for him and all his family; vainly he endeavours to break through the fiery fence that girds him round; a thousand spears bore him back into the flames, and the Tiger's triumphant yell and bitter mockery mingle with his dying screams. The Egyptians perished to a man. Nemmir escaped up the country, crowned with savage glory, and married the daughter of a king, who soon left him his successor, and the Tiger still defies the old pasha's power. The latter, however, took a terrible revenge upon his people: he burned all the inhabitants of the village nearest to the scene of his son's slaughter, and cut off the right hands of five hundred men besides. So much for African warfare.

The other works of Mr Eliot Warburton are—*Hochelaga, or England in the New World*, 1846 (Hochelaga is an aboriginal Indian name for Canada); *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, 1849; *Reginald Hastings* and *Darien*, novels, and a *Memoir of the Earl of Peterborough*—the famous earl (1658-1735). The last was a posthumous work, published in 1853. Mr Warburton had been deputed by the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company to visit the tribes of Indians who inhabit the Isthmus of Darien, with a view to effect a friendly understanding with them, and to make himself thoroughly acquainted with their country. He sailed in the *Amazon* steamer, and was among the passengers who perished by fire on board that ill-fated ship. That awful catastrophe carried grief into many families, and none of its victims were more lamented than Eliot Warburton.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

The *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, originally printed in the *London Magazine*, and published in a separate form in 1822, describe the personal experiences of a scholar and man of genius who, like Coleridge, became a slave to the use of opium. To such an extent had he carried this baneful habit that in 'the meridian stage of his career' his daily ration was eight thousand drops of laudanum. He had found, he says, that the solid opium required a length of time to expand its effects sensibly, oftentimes not less than four hours, whereas the tincture, laudanum, manifested its presence instantaneously. The author of the *Confessions* was THOMAS DE QUINCEY, son of an English merchant, and born August 15, 1785, at Greenhay, near Manchester. His father died while his children were young, leaving to his widow a fortune of sixteen hundred pounds a year. Thomas was educated at Bath, and subsequently at Worcester College, Oxford. When about sixteen, he made his way to London, and tried to raise a sum of two hundred pounds on his expectations from the paternal estate. He was reduced to extreme destitution by his dealings with the Jews, and by his want of any profession or remunerative employment. He was saved from perishing on the streets by a young woman he knew—one of the unfortunate *waifs* of the city—who restored him to consciousness with some warm cordial, after he had fainted from exhaustion. This 'youthful benefactress' he tried in vain to trace in his after-years. It is strange, as Miss Martineau has remarked, and as indeed occurred to himself when reflecting on this miserable period of his life, 'that while tortured with hunger in the streets of London for many weeks, and sleeping (or rather lying awake with cold and hunger) on the floor of an empty house, it never once occurred to him to earn money. As a classical corrector of the press, and in other ways, he might no doubt have obtained employment, but it was not till afterwards asked why he did not, that the idea ever entered his mind.' His friends, however, discovered him before it was too late, and he proceeded to Oxford. He was then in his eighteenth year. In the following year (1804) De Quincey seems to have first tasted opium. He took it as a cure for toothache, and indulged in the pleasing vice, as he then considered it, for about eight years. He continued his intellectual pursuits, married, and took up his residence in the Lake country, making occasional excursions to London, Bath, and Edinburgh. Pecuniary difficulties at length embarrassed him, and, enfeebled by opium, he sank into a state of misery and torpor. From this state he was roused by sharp necessity, and by the success of his contributions to the *London Magazine*, which were highly prized, and seemed to open up a new source of pleasure and profit. He also contributed largely to *Blackwood's* and to *Tait's* magazines, in which his 'Autobiographic Sketches,' 'Recollections of the Lakes,' and other papers appeared. Next to Macaulay, he was perhaps the most brilliant periodical writer of the day. After many years' residence at Grasmere, De Quincey removed to Scotland, and lived at Lasswade, near Edinburgh. He died in Edinburgh, December 8, 1859, in his seventy-fifth year.

Besides the *Confessions*, Mr De Quincey published the *Dialogues of Three Templars on Political Economy*, 1824; and twenty years later, he produced a volume on the same science—*The Logic of Political Economy*, 1844. The highest authority on political economy—Mr M'Culloch—has eulogised these treatises of Mr De Quincey as completely successful in exposing the errors of Malthus and others in applying Ricardo's theory of value. A collected edition of the works of De Quincey has been published in sixteen volumes, distributed in the main, he says, into three classes: first, papers whose chief purpose is to interest and amuse (autobiographic sketches, reminiscences of distinguished contemporaries, biographical memoirs, whimsical narratives, and such like); secondly, essays, of a speculative, critical, or philosophical character, addressing the understanding as an insulated faculty (of these there are many); and, thirdly, papers belonging to the order of what may be called prose-poetry—that is, fantasies or imaginations in prose—including the *Suspiria de Profundis*, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*—and which are remarkable for pathos and eloquence. In all departments, De Quincey must rank high, but he would have been more popular had he practised the art of condensation. His episodical digressions and diffuseness sometimes overrun all limits—especially when, like Southey (in the *Doctor*), he takes up some favourite philosophical theory or scholastic illustration, and presents it in every possible shape and colour. The exquisite conversation of De Quincey was of the same character—in 'linked sweetness

drawn out,' but rich and various in an extraordinary degree. His autobiographic and personal sketches are almost as minute and unreserved as those of Rousseau, but they cannot be implicitly relied upon. He spared neither himself nor his friends, and has been accused of unpardonable breaches of confidence and exaggerations, especially as respects the Wordsworth family. It has been said that if his life were written truthfully no one would believe it, so strange the tale would seem.*

The following is part of the melancholy yet fascinating *Confessions*. One day a Malay wanderer had called on the recluse author in his cottage at Grasmere, and De Quincey gave him a piece of opium.

Dreams of the Opium-Eater.

May 18.—The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. Every night, through his means, I have been transported into Asiatic scenery. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, &c., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles, and was laid, confounded with all unutterable abortions, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

Some slight abstraction I thus attempt of my oriental dreams, which filled me always with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a killing sense of eternity and infinity. Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case in my dreams) for centuries. Sometimes I escaped, and found myself in Chinese houses. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into ten thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. So often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way. I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke; it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside, come to shew me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. No experience was so awful to me, and at the same time so pathetic, as this abrupt translation from the darkness of the infinite to the gaudy summer air of highest noon, and from the unutterable abortions of miscreated gigantic vermin to the sight of infancy and innocent *human* natures.

June 1819.—I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, more massed, and are accumulated in far grander and more towering piles; secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite; and, thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish

* *Memoir of Professor Wilson*, by his daughter, Mrs Gordon. 'I remember,' says Mrs Gordon, 'his (De Quincey's) coming to Gloucester Place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage, and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor (Wilson) ordered a room to be prepared for him, and they found each other such good company, that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year. He rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room, at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. An ounce of laudanum per diem prostrated animal life in the early part of the day. It was no unfrequent sight to find him lying upon the rug in front of the fire, his head resting upon a book, with his arms crossed over his breast, plunged in profound slumber.' He was most brilliant at supper parties, sitting till three or four in the morning.

the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not actually more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream, to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but, having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic variations, which often suddenly re-combined, locked back into a startling unity, and restored the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnised by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of savannahs and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had once tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said to myself: 'It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of Resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day: for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven; and the churchyard is as verdant as the forest lawns, and the forest lawns are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer.' I turned, as if to open my garden gate, and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked, and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length, 'So, then, I have found you at last.' I waited; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last; the same, and yet, again, how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light of mighty London fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted!), her eyes were streaming with tears. The tears were now no longer seen. Sometimes she seemed altered; yet again sometimes *not* altered; and hardly older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe. Suddenly her countenance grew dim; and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in London, walking again with Ann—just as we had walked, when both children, eighteen years before, along the endless terraces of Oxford Street.

Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me: and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! And again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'

In the same impassioned and melodious prose, De Quincey talks of dreams 'moulding themselves eternally like the billowy sands of the desert, as beheld by Bruce, into towering columns.' They 'soar upwards to a giddy altitude, then stalk about for a minute all aglow with fiery colour, and finally unmould and dislimn with a collapse as sudden as the motions of that eddying breeze under which their vapoury architecture had arisen.' De Quincey had a peculiar vein of humour or irony, often breaking out where least expected, and too long continued. This is exemplified in his paper on *Murder as one of the Fine Arts*, which fills above a hundred pages, and in other essays and reviews; but the grand distinction of De Quincey is his subtle analytical faculty, and his marvellous power of language and description.

Joan of Arc.

What is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so did they to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years,

until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honours from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own: that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. 'Life,' thou saidst, 'is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.' This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom would ever bloom for *her*.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents. 'The pile struck terror,' says M. Michelet, 'by its height.' . . . There would be a certainty of calumny arising against her—some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most, who in their own persons would yield to it least. Meantime there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no positive testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. . . . What else but her meek, saintly demeanour won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? 'Ten thousand men,' says M. Michelet himself, 'ten thousand men wept; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No, she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

The last and most indefatigable of the original corps of the *Quarterly Review* was MR JOHN WILSON CROKER (1780–1857). He was a native of Galway, his father being surveyor-general of customs and excise in Ireland, and he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. His first literary attempts were satirical—*Familiar Epistles on the Irish Stage*, 1804; and an *Intercepted Letter from Canton*, or a satire on certain politicians and magnates in the city of Dublin, 1805. These local productions were followed by *Songs of Trafalgar*, 1806, and a pamphlet, entitled *A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present*, 1807. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Swift*, has copied one passage from this *Sketch*, which appears to be an imitation of the style of Grattan.

Character of Swift.

On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot—her first—almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw—he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic—remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she must cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman; his gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts. Guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years, and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise;

his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

Mr Croker studied law at Lincoln's Inn, but getting into parliament for the borough of Downpatrick (1807), he struck into that path of public life which he was fitted to turn to the best advantage. In 1809 he took a prominent part in defending the Duke of York during the parliamentary investigation into the conduct of His Royal Highness, and shortly afterwards he was made Secretary to the Admiralty, an office which he held for nearly twenty-two years, until 1830, when he retired with a pension of £1500 per annum. In 1809 he published anonymously *The Battles of Talavera*, a poem in the style of Scott, and which Sir Walter reviewed in the second volume of the *Quarterly Review*. In the same style Mr Croker commemorated the *Battle of Albuera*, 1811. This seems to have been the last of his poetical efforts. He was now busy with the *Quarterly Review*. Criticism, properly so called, he never attempted. His articles were all personal or historical, confined to attacks on Whigs and Jacobins, or to the rectification of dates and facts regarding public characters and events. He was the reviewer of Keats's *Endymion* in 1818, to which Byron playfully alluded:

> Who killed John Keats?
> I, says the *Quarterly*,
> So savage and Tartarly,
> 'Twas one of my feats.

But this deadly article is only a piece of abuse of three pages, in which Keats is styled a copyist of Leigh Hunt, 'more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype.' Lady Morgan's *Italy* is despatched in the same trenchant style. But one of Mr Croker's greatest 'feats' in this way was mortifying the vanity of Fanny Burney or Madame D'Arblay, who wished to have it believed that she was only seventeen when her novel of *Evelina* was published. She is said to have kept up the delusion without exactly giving the date; but the reviewer, knowing that she was born at Lynn, in Norfolk, had the parish-register examined, and found that the fair novelist was baptised in June 1752, and consequently was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age when *Evelina* appeared, instead of being a prodigy of seventeen. Mr Croker's success in this species of literary statistics led him afterwards to apply it to the case of the Empress Josephine and Napoleon; he had the French registers examined, and from them proved that both Josephine and Napoleon had falsified their ages. This fact, with other disparaging details, the reviewer brought out in a paper which appeared on the occasion of the late emperor's visit to England—no doubt to mortify the new Napoleon dynasty. In the same spirit he assailed Soult when he visited this country—recounting all his military errors and defeats, and reminding him that the Duke of Wellington had deprived him of his dinner at Oporto in 1809 and at Waterloo in 1815. The duke is said to have been seriously displeased with the reviewer on account of this mistimed article. Two of the later contributions to the *Review* by Mr Croker made considerable noise. We refer to those on Macaulay's History and Moore's Memoirs. In the case of the former, Mr Rogers said Croker 'attempted murder, but only committed suicide.' With Moore the reviewer had been on friendly terms. They were countrymen and college acquaintances; and when Lord John Russell published the poet's journals for the benefit of his widow, a generous man, who had known the deceased, would have abstained from harsh comments. Croker applied the scalpel without mercy; Lord John ventured a remark on the critic's 'safe malignity;' and Croker retaliated by shewing that Moore had been recording unfavourable notices of him in his journal at the very time that he was cultivating his acquaintance by letters, and soliciting favours at his hands. Lord John's faults as an editor were also unsparingly exposed; and on the whole, in all but good feeling, Croker was triumphant in this passage-at-arms. No man with any heart would have acted as Croker did, but he was blinded by his keen partisanship and pride. He was a political gladiator bound to do battle against all Whigs and innovators in literature. Mr Disraeli has satirised him under the name of 'Rigby' in his novel of *Coningsby*. Mr Croker, however, did service to literature by his annotated edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and his publication of the Suffolk Papers, the Letters of Lady Hervey, and Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court of George II.* He wrote *Stories from the History of England for Children*, which had the merit of serving as a model for Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, and he collected some of his contributions to the *Review*, and published them under the title of *Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*. At the time of his death he was engaged in preparing an edition of Pope's works, which has since passed into the abler hands of the Rev. Whitworth Elwin.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The following notice of MISS MARTINEAU appeared in Horne's *Spirit of the Age*: 'Harriet Martineau was born in the year 1802, one of the youngest among a family of eight children. Her father was a proprietor of one of the manufactories in Norwich, in which place his family, originally of French origin, had resided since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was indebted to an uncle, a surgeon in Norwich, for her education. She has herself ascribed her taste for literary pursuits to the extreme delicacy of her health in childhood; to the infirmity (deafness) with which she has been afflicted ever since, which, without being so complete as to deprive her absolutely of all intercourse with the world, yet obliged her to seek occupations and pleasures within herself; and to the affection which subsisted between her and the brother nearest her own age, the Rev. James Martineau, whose fine mind and talents are well known. The occupation of writing, first begun to gratify her own taste and inclination, became afterwards to her a source of honourable independence, when, by one of the disasters so common in trade, her family became involved in misfortunes. She was then enabled to reverse the common lot of unmarried daughters in such circumstances, and cease to be in any respect a

burden. She realised an income sufficient for her simple habits, but still so small as to enhance the integrity of the sacrifice which she made to principle in refusing the pension offered to her by government in 1840. Her motive for refusing it was, that she considered herself in the light of a political writer, and that the offer did not proceed from the people, but from the government, which did not represent the people.' It is said in another account that when pressed on this subject by Lord Melbourne, she declined to accept a pension, the proceeds of a system of taxation which she had condemned in her works.

The literary career of Miss Martineau displayed unwearied application, as well as great versatility of talent and variety of information. It commenced in 1823, when she published *Devotional Exercises for Young Persons*. From this time till 1831 she issued a number of tracts and short moral tales, and wrote some prize essays, which were published by the Unitarian Association. Two works on social questions, *The Rioters* and *The Turn Out*, were among the first attempts to expound in a popular form the doctrines of political economy. In 1832-34 she produced more valuable *Illustrations of Political Economy*, *Taxation*, and *Poor Laws*. A visit to America next led to *Society in America*, 1837, and *Retrospect of Western Travel*, 1838, both able and interesting works. In the same year she published a *Letter to the Deaf*, and two small *Guides to Service*, to which she afterwards added two more domestic manuals. To 1838 also belongs a small tract, *How to Observe*. In 1839 appeared *Deerbrook*, a novel, containing striking and eloquent passages, one of which we subjoin :

Effects of Love and Happiness on the Mind.

There needs no other proof that happiness is the most wholesome moral atmosphere, and that in which the immortality of man is destined ultimately to thrive, than the elevation of soul, the religious aspiration, which attends the first assurance, the first sober certainty of true love. There is much of this religious aspiration amidst all warmth of virtuous affections. There is a vivid love of God in the child that lays its cheek against the cheek of its mother, and clasps its arms about her neck. God is thanked—perhaps unconsciously—for the brightness of his earth, on summer evenings, when a brother and sister, who have long been parted, pour out their heart-stores to each other, and feel their course of thought brightening as it runs. When the aged parent hears of the honours his children have won, or looks round upon their innocent faces as the glory of his decline, his mind reverts to Him who in them prescribed the purpose of his life, and bestowed its grace. But religious as is the mood of every good affection, none is so devotional as that of love, especially so called. The soul is then the very temple of adoration, of faith, of holy purity, of heroism, of charity. At such a moment the human creature shoots up into the angel; there is nothing on earth too defiled for its charity—nothing in hell too appalling for its heroism—nothing in heaven too glorious for its sympathy. Strengthened, sustained, vivified by that most mysterious power, union with another spirit, it feels itself set well forth on the way of victory over evil, sent out conquering and to conquer. There is no other such crisis in human life. The philosopher may experience uncontrollable agitation in verifying his principle of balancing systems of worlds, feeling, perhaps, as if he actually saw the creative hand in the act of sending the planets forth on their everlasting way; but this philosopher, solitary seraph as he may be regarded amidst a myriad of men, knows at such a moment no emotions so divine as those of the spirit becoming conscious that it is beloved—be it the peasant-girl in the meadow, or the daughter of the sage reposing in her father's confidence, or the artisan beside his loom, or the man of letters musing by his fireside. The warrior about to strike the decisive blow for the liberties of a nation, however impressed with the solemnity of the hour, is not in a state of such lofty resolution as those who, by joining hearts, are laying their joint hands on the whole wide realm of futurity for their own. The statesman who, in the moment of success, feels that an entire class of social sins and woes is annihilated by his hand, is not conscious of so holy and so intimate a thankfulness as they who are aware that their redemption is come in the presence of a new and sovereign affection. And these are many—they are in all corners of every land. The statesman is the leader of a nation, the warrior is the grace of an age, the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the lover, where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he has been; wherever children are at play together, there he will soon be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on, unspeakable, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse.

The democratic opinions of the authoress—for in all but her anti-Malthusian doctrines Miss Martineau was a sort of female Godwin—are strikingly brought forward, and the characters are well drawn. *Deerbrook* is a story of English domestic life. The next effort of Miss Martineau was *The Hour and the Man*, 1840, a novel or romance founded on the history of the brave Toussaint L'Ouverture; and with this *man* as hero, Miss Martineau exhibits as the *hour* of action the period when the slaves of St Domingo threw off the yoke of slavery. There is much passionate as well as graceful writing in this tale; its greatest defect is, that there is too much disquisition, and too little connected or regular fable. Among the other works of Miss Martineau are several for children, as *The Peasant and the Prince*, *The Settlers at Home*, *Feats on the Fiord*, and *The Crofton Boys*—all pleasing and instructive little tales. Her next work, *Life in the Sick-Room, or Essays by an Invalid*, 1844, presents many interesting and pleasing sketches, full of acute and delicate thought and elegant description.

Sea View from the Window of the Sick-Room at Tynemouth.

Think of the difference to us between seeing from our sofas the width of a street, even if it be Sackville Street, Dublin, or Portland Place, in London, and thirty miles of sea view, with its long boundary of rocks, and the power of sweeping our glance over half a county, by means of a telescope! But the chief ground of preference of the sea is less its space than its motion, and the perpetual shifting of objects caused by it. There can be nothing in inland scenery which can give the sense of life and motion and connection with the world like sea changes. The motion of a water-fall is too continuous—too little varied—as the breaking of the waves would be, if that were all the sea could afford. The fitful action of a windmill, the waving of trees, the ever-changing aspects of mountains are good and beautiful; but there is something more lifelike in the going forth and return of ships, in the passage of fleets, and in

the never-ending variety of a fishery. But, then, there must not be too much sea. The strongest eyes and nerves could not support the glare and oppressive vastness of an unrelieved expanse of waters. I was aware of this in time, and fixed myself where the view of the sea was inferior to what I should have preferred if I had come to the coast for a summer visit. Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the Prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the Prior's fishpond, the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half-way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farmhouses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with a white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and, finally, they part off on the village-green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railway; and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; a windmill, now in motion, and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer evening ride, pricking on in the lane where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farmhouse, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over head—for it is now chill evening—and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises, which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I? there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, among country-people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing.

For four years she was an inmate of this sick-room. A series of tales, illustrative of the evils springing from the Game Laws (1845), are marked by Miss Martineau's acuteness and fine clear style, but are overcoloured in tone and sentiment. Another short tale, *The Billow and the Rock*, 1846, founded on the incidents of Lady Grange's captivity, is interesting, without any attempt at conveying a political lesson. In 1848 appeared *Eastern Life, Past and Present*, three volumes—a very interesting book of travels, but disfigured by wild speculative opinions on Scripture history and character, and on mesmerism and clairvoyance. A volume on *Household Education* appeared in 1849, and the *History of England* from 1816 to 1846, in 1850. This is an admirable account of the thirty years' peace. In 1851 Miss Martineau published a collection of letters between herself and Mr H. G. Atkinson, *On the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*—a work which met with universal condemnation. Miss Martineau's friend, Charlotte Brontë, grieved sadly over this declension on the part of one whom she admired as combining the highest mental culture with the nicest discharge of feminine duties. The book, she said, was 'the first exposition of avowed atheism and materialism she had ever read—the first unequivocal declaration of disbelief of God or a future life.' Hundreds, she said, had deserted Miss Martineau on account of this book, but this the authoress has denied. 'I am not aware,' says Miss Martineau, 'of having lost any friends whatever by that book, *while I have gained a new world of sympathy*.' In fact, most persons regarded this singular lady as *sui generis*, and would never dream of binding her by the 'fixed and settled rules.' Her next performance was a translation and condensation of the *Positive Philosophy* of Augustus Comte, two volumes, 1853. M. Comte's work is a complete account of science and scientific method, as developed at the time he wrote, beginning with mathematics, and ending with social physics or sociology; but it is also, says Mr Brimley, 'a fierce polemic against theology and metaphysics, with all the notions and sentiments that have their root in them'—a 'strict limitation of the human faculties to phenomenal knowledge.' Hence the system 'not only fails to provide an aim for the action of man and of society; but if an aim were conceded to it, has no moral force to keep men steady, no counteracting power to the notorious selfishness and sensuality against which we have to be ever on our guard.' In 1854 Miss Martineau published a *Complete Guide to the Lakes*. Many years since she fixed her residence in the beautiful Lake country, at Ambleside, where she managed her little farm of two acres with the skill of a practical agriculturist, and was esteemed an affectionate friend and good neighbour. She was a regular contributor of political and social articles to the *Daily News* and other journals. In 1869 she reproduced in one volume all the short memoirs, royal, political, professional, scientific, social, and literary, which she had written for the *Daily News* from her first connection with the paper in 1852. These form a very interesting and instructive work—high-toned in principle, and felicitous in expression. She is occasionally unjust, as in the case of Macaulay, and inaccurate in others, but she is never dull. Miss Martineau also contributed articles to

Once a Week and other periodicals. It was impossible for her to be idle so long as a shred of health remained. She died on the evening of the 27th June 1876, having entered on her 75th year. Immediately after her death the *Daily News* printed an autobiography sent to that journal by Miss Martineau when she believed she was near death in 1855. It is a remarkably frank, unaffected production. As a writer of fiction, she says of herself: 'None of her novels or tales have, or ever had, in the eyes of good judges or in her own, any character of permanence. The artistic aim and qualifications were absent; she had no power of dramatic construction; nor the poetic inspiration on the one hand, nor critical cultivation on the other, without which no work of the imagination can be worthy to live. Two or three of her Political Economy Tales are perhaps her best achievement in fiction—her doctrine furnishing the plot which she was unable to create, and the brevity of space duly restricting the indulgence in detail which injured her longer narratives, and at last warned her to leave off writing them. It was fortunate for her that her own condemnation anticipated that of the public. To the end of her life she was subject to solicitations to write more novels and more tales; but she for the most part remained steady in her refusal.'

Of her book on *Society in America*, while claiming credit for it as a trustworthy account of the political structure and relations of the Federal and State Governments, she says: 'On the whole, the book is not a favourable specimen of Harriet Martineau's writings, either in regard to moral or artistic taste. It is full of affectations and preachments.' As to religion, she describes herself as being, in early life, an earnest Unitarian. But she says that her *Eastern Life, Past and Present*'—which she ranks as the best of her writings—shewed that at that time (1849) 'she was no longer a Unitarian, or a believer in revelation at all.' With regard to the *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, she observes: 'This book brought upon its writers, as was inevitable, the imputation of atheism from the multitude who cannot distinguish between the popular and the philosophical sense of the word—between the disbelief in the popular theology which has caused a long series of religious men to be called atheists, and the disbelief in a First Cause—a disbelief which is expressly disclaimed in the book.'

Miss Martineau thus accounts for her choice of rural instead of London life: 'She felt that she could not be happy, or in the best way useful, if the declining years of her life were spent in lodgings in the morning and drawing-rooms in the evening. A quiet home of her own, and some few dependent on her for their domestic welfare, she believed to be essential to every true woman's peace of mind; and she chose her plan of life accordingly.'

The Napiers.

Two generations of Englishmen have rejoiced in the felt and lively presence of a family who seemed born to perpetuate the associations of a heroic age, and to elevate the national sentiment at least to the point reached in the best part of the military period of our civilisation, while our mere talkers were bemoaning the material tendencies and the sordid temper of our people in our own century. The noble old type of the British knight, lofty in valour and in patriotism, was felt to exist in its full virtue while we had the Napiers in our front, conspicuous in the eyes of an observing world. We have every reason to hope that the type will not be lost, whatever may be the destiny of Europe as to war or peace. . . . We have many gallant men left, as we always have had, and always shall have; but there never have been any, and there never can be any like the Napiers. They were a group raised from among the medieval dead, and set in the midst of us, clothed in a temperament which admitted all the ameliorating influences of our period of civilisation. They were a great and never-to-be forgotten sight to our generation; and our posterity will see them in the mirror of tradition for ages to come. We are wont to say that tradition is old and has left off work; but it is not often now that tradition has such a theme as the Napiers. It will not willingly be let die till tradition itself is dead.

The Royal Marriage Law (1857).

There was a strong hope that when our young Queen Victoria, who was at full liberty as sovereign to please herself in marriage, had made her choice, this wretched and demoralising Marriage Act, always reprobated by the wisest and best men of the time, would be repealed. There were then none left of the last generation who could be pointed at, or in any way affected by such a repeal; and it was thought that it would be wise to do the thing before there was a new generation to introduce difficulty into the case. The opportunity has almost been allowed to slip from us. The royal children have ceased to be children, at least the elder ones. Meantime there is, as we all know, a strong and growing popular distrust in our own country and in others of the close dynastic connections which are multiplying by means of the perpetual intermarriages of a very few families. The political difficulties recently, and indeed constantly experienced from the complication of family interests involving almost every throne in Europe, are a matter of universal feeling and conversation. There is no chance for the physical and intellectual welfare of coming generations when marriages take place among blood relations; and there is no chance for morality and happiness when, under legal or state compulsion, young people love in one direction and marry in another. No evils that could possibly arise from marriages out of the royal pale can for a moment compare with the inevitable results of a marriage law like ours, perpetuated through other generations, than the unhappy one that is gone. Royalty will have quite difficulties enough to contend with, all through Europe, in coming times, without the perils consequent on this law. Its operation will expose all the intermarried royal families in Europe to criticism and ultimate rejection by peoples who will not be governed by a coterie of persons diseased in body through narrow intermarriage, enfeebled in mind—strong only in their prejudices, and large only in their self-esteem and in requirements. There is yet time to save the thrones of Europe—or at least the royal palaces of England—from the consequences of a collision between the great natural laws ordained by Providence, and the narrow and mischievous artificial law ordained by a wilful king of England. That king is in his grave, and the last of his children is now gone to join him there. Let the time be laid hold of to bury his evil work in the tomb which is now to be sealed over him and his for ever; and the act will be gratefully acknowledged by a long line of future princes and princesses, who will be spared the bitter suffering of those who have gone before. It can never be, as was said by wise men eighty years ago, that royal personages who are declared of age at eighteen will have no will of their own, in such a matter as marriage, at five-and-twenty. Marriage is too solemn and sacred a matter to be treated as a piece of state politics; and the ordinance which is holy in the freedom

of private life may be trusted with the domestic welfare of prince and peasant alike.

Postal Reform—Anecdote of Coleridge.

From *History of the Thirty Years' Peace* (1816-1846).

Coleridge, when a young man, was walking through the Lake district, when he one day saw the postman deliver a letter to a woman at a cottage door. The woman turned it over and examined it, and then returned it, saying that she could not pay the postage, which was a shilling. Hearing that the letter was from her brother, Coleridge paid the postage, in spite of the manifest unwillingness of the woman. As soon as the postman was out of the house, she shewed Coleridge how his money had been wasted, as far as she was concerned. The sheet was blank. There was an agreement between her brother and herself, that as long as all went well with him, he should send a blank sheet in this way once a quarter, and she had thus tidings of him without expense of postage.

Most people would have remembered this incident as a curious story to tell; but there was one mind which wakened up at once to a sense of the significance of the fact. It struck Mr Rowland Hill that there must be something wrong in a system which drove a brother and sister to cheating, in order to gratify their desire to hear of one another's welfare. It was easy enough in those days to collect a mass of anecdotes of such cheating. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends, must have tidings of each other, where there is any possibility of obtaining them; and those who had not shillings to spend in postage—who could no more spend shillings in postage than the class above them could spend hundreds of pounds on pictures—would resort to any device of communication, without thinking there was any harm in such cheating, because no money was kept back from government which could have been paid. There was curious dotting in newspapers, by which messages might be spelled out. Newspapers being franked by writing on the covers the names of members of parliament, a set of signals was arranged by which the names selected were made to serve as a bulletin. Men of business so wrote letters as that several might go on one sheet, which was to be cut up and distributed. The smuggling of letters by carriers was enormous. After all expenditure of time and ingenuity, there remained, however, a terrible blank of enforced silence. We look back now with a sort of amazed compassion to the old crusading times when warrior-husbands and their wives, gray-headed parents and their brave sons, parted with the knowledge that it must be months or years before they could hear even of one another's existence. We wonder how they bore the depth of silence. And we feel the same now about the families of polar voyagers. But, till a dozen years ago, it did not occur to many of us how like this was the fate of the largest classes in our own country. The fact is, there was no full and free epistolary intercourse in the country, except between those who had the command of franks. There were few families in the wide middle class who did not feel the cost of postage a heavy item in their expenditure; and if the young people sent letters home only once a fortnight, the amount at the year's end was rather a serious matter. But it was the vast multitude of the lower orders who suffered like the crusading families of old, and the geographical discoverers of all time. When once their families parted off from home, it was a separation almost like that of death. The hundreds of thousands of apprentices, of shopmen, of governesses, of domestic servants, were cut off from family relations as if seas or deserts lay between them and home. If the shilling for each letter could be saved by the economy of weeks or months at first, the rarity of the correspondence went to increase the rarity; new interests hastened the dying out of old ones; and the ancient domestic affections were but too apt to wither away, till the wish for intercourse was gone. The young girl could not ease her heart by pouring out her cares and difficulties to her mother before she slept, as she can now when the penny and the sheet of paper are the only condition of the correspondence. The young lad felt that a letter home was a somewhat serious and formal matter, when it must cost his parents more than any indulgence they ever thought of for themselves; and the old fun and light-heartedness were dropped from such domestic intercourse as there was. The effect upon morals of this kind of restraint is proved beyond a doubt by the evidence afforded in the army. It was a well-known fact, that in regiments where the commanding officer was kind and courteous about franking letters for the privates, and encouraged them to write as often as they pleased, the soldiers were more sober and manly, more virtuous and domestic in their affections, than where difficulty was made by the indolence or stiffness of the franking officer. To some persons, this aspect has ever appeared the most important of the various interesting aspects of the postage reform achieved by Mr Rowland Hill. As for others, it is impossible to estimate the advantage of the change. In reading Cowper's life, how strange now seems his expenditure of time, thought, and trouble about obtaining franks for the manuscripts and proofs of his Homer; now, when every mail carries packets between authors, printers, and publishers, for a few pence, without any teasing solicitation for franks, or dependence upon anybody's good offices! What a mass of tradesmen's patterns and samples, of trade circulars, of bills and small sums of money, of music and books, of seeds and flowers, of small merchandise and friendly gifts, of curious specimens passing between men of science, of bulletins of health to satisfy anxious hearts, is every day sent abroad over the land; and now spreading over wide oceans and across continents, through Rowland Hill's discovery of a way to throw down the old barriers and break through the ancient silence! It was truly a beneficent legislation which made this change.

It was not easy, however, to make the change. Long after the case was made clear—long after the old evils and the new possibility were made as evident as facts and figures can make any proposition—there was difficulty—vexatious, even exasperating difficulty—in carrying the reform. One great obstacle at the outset was that the post-office has, through all time, declared itself perfect. As the Duke of Wellington declared of our representative system that it could not be improved, while the grass and trees of Old Sarum were sending two members to parliament, so the post-office declared itself perfect when carts and saddle-horses carried its bags; and again, when Mr Palmer's mail-coaches—declared an impossible creation in 1797—brought the Bath letters to London in eighteen hours, and could take no notice of out-of-the-way towns and small villages; and again, when a letter from Uxbridge, posted on Friday night, could not reach Gravesend till Tuesday morning; and, finally, when the state of postal communication in Great Britain was what has been indicated above. No postal reforms of a comprehensive character have ever originated in the Post-office itself. This is natural, because its officers are wholly occupied with its interior affairs, and cannot look abroad so as to compare its provisions with the growing needs of society. It required a pedestrian traveller in the Lake District, making his wayside observations, and following up the suggestion; an investigator who could ascertain something of the extent of the smuggling of letters; a man of an open heart, who could enter into family sympathies; a man of philosophical ingenuity, who could devise a remedial scheme; and a man of business, who could fortify such a scheme with an impregnable accuracy, to achieve such a reform. The man was among us, and the thing was done.

Mr Hill ascertained that 'the cost of mere transit incurred upon a letter sent from London to Edinburgh,

a distance of four hundred miles, is not more than one thirty-sixth part of a penny.' When this was once made clearly known to the people of London and Edinburgh, it was not likely that they would be long content to pay a shilling or upwards. It was not likely that rich merchants would be content; and much less the multitude to whom a shilling was a prohibitory duty on correspondence. It would strike them all that if government received such a profit as this on the transmission of letters, the government must be getting much too rich at the expense of letter-writers, and to the injury of persons who would fain write letters if they could. If it appeared, however, that the revenue from the post-office was unaccountably small—that it was diminishing in actual amount instead of increasing with the spread of population—it was clear that the Post-office could not be so perfect as it thought itself; that it was not answering its purpose; that whatever might be its mismanagement and consequent expensiveness, there must also be an enormous amount of smuggling letters. And the facts were so. Between the years 1815 and 1835, the Post-office annual revenue had declined; while, on its own existing terms, it ought, from the increase of population, to have risen £507,700—from the mere increase of population it ought to have risen thus much, without regard to the improvement of education, and the spread of commerce, which had taken place in these twenty years.

The way to deal with smuggling is now very well understood. To extinguish smuggling it is necessary to lower duties to the point which makes smuggling not worth while. In some of the most populous districts of England it was believed that the number of letters illegally conveyed by carriers, and delivered in an awkward and irregular sort of way at the cost of a penny each, far exceeded that of the letters sent through the Post-office. The penny posts established in towns were found to answer well. Putting together these and a hundred other facts with that of the actual cost of transmission of an Edinburgh letter, Mr Hill proposed to reduce the cost of all letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight to a penny. The shock to the Post-office of such an audacious proposal was extreme; and so was the amazement of the public at the opening of such a prospect. As the actual cost of transmission to any part of the kingdom reached by the mail was less than a farthing, the penny rate might be made uniform—to the saving of a world of time and trouble—and still the profit or tax would be two hundred per cent. Mr Hill's calculation was, that if the postage could be paid in advance so as to save time and trouble in delivery, and other facilities of communication be established, which he pointed out, and the postage be reduced to a penny for half-ounce letters, the increase in the number of letters, by the stoppage of smuggling, and the new cheapness, must soon be fourfold. When it became fourfold, the net revenue, after defraying the expense of conveying franks and newspapers, would amount to £1,278,000 per annum—a sum only £280,000 less than the existing revenue. As no one supposed that the increase would ultimately be so little as fourfold, there was every prospect that the Post-office revenue would, in a few years, recover its then present amount directly; while it was certain that, under other heads, the revenue must be largely increased through the stimulus given to commerce by improved communication.

When Mr Hill proposed his plan, the revenue was in a flourishing state—in a state which would justify such an experiment as this for such ends. It was well that none foresaw the reverse which was at hand, and the long depression which must ensue; for none might have had courage to go into the enterprise. But that reverse served admirably as a test of the reform; and through the long depression which ensued, Mr Hill's plan, though cruelly maimed, and allowed at first no fair chance, worked well while everything else was working ill. The revenue from the Post-office went on steadily increasing, while every other branch of the natio income was declining or stationary. . . .

And from our own country the blessing is reach many more; and cheap postage is becoming establis in one nation after another, extending the benefits of invention among myriads of men who have not heard the name of its author. The poet's shilling gi in the Lake District was well laid out!

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

A love of natural history and poetry, gr industry, and a happy talent for description, d tinguish these popular writers, originally memb of the Society of Friends. Mary Botham wa native of Uttoxeter, county of Stafford; Willi Howitt was born in 1795, at Heanor, in Derb shire. They were married in 1823, and the sa year they published, in conjunction, *The For Minstrel*, a series of poems. In the preface is t following statement: 'The history of our poeti bias is simply what we believe, in reality, to that of many others. Poetry has been our youth amusement, and our increasing daily enjoyme in happy, and our solace in sorrowful hou Amidst the vast and delicious treasures of o national literature, we have revelled with growi and unsatiated delight; and at the same tim living chiefly in the quietness of the country, v have watched the changing features of nature; v have felt the secret charm of those sweet but u ostentatious images which she is perpetually pr senting, and given full scope to those workings the imagination and of the heart, which natur beauty and solitude prompt and promote. Th natural result was the transcription of those imag and scenes.'

A poem in this volume serves to complete happy picture of studies pursued by a married pa in concert:

Away with the pleasure that is not partaken?
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.
When we sit by the fire that so cheerily blazes
On our cozy hearthstone, with its innocent glee,
Oh! how my soul warms, while my eye fondly gaz
To see my delight is partaken by thee!

And when, as how often, I eagerly listen
To stories thou read'st of the dear olden day,
How delightful to see our eyes mutually glisten,
And feel that affection has sweetened the lay.
Yes, love—and when wandering at even or morning
Through forest or wild, or by waves foaming whi
I have fancied new beauties the landscape adorning
Because I have seen thou wast glad in the sight.

And how often in crowds, where a whisper offende
And we fain would express what there might r
be said,
How dear is the glance that none else comprehende
And how sweet is the thought that is secretly rea
Then away with the pleasure that is not partaken!
There is no enjoyment by one only ta'en:
I love in my mirth to see gladness awaken
On lips, and in eyes, that reflect it again.

Mrs Howitt has since published a great varie of works—*The Seven Temptations*, a drama poem, 1834; *Wood Leighton*, a novel; *The H of West Wayland;* and several volumes both prose and verse for children. The attention

Mr and Mrs Howitt having been drawn to the Swedish language, they studied it with avidity, and Mrs Howitt has translated the tales of Frederika Bremer and the *Improvisatore* of Hans Christian Andersen, all of which have been exceedingly popular, and now circulate extensively both in England and America. Mr Howitt has been a still more voluminous writer. His happiest works are those devoted to rural description. The *Book of the Seasons*, 1831, delineates the picturesque and poetical features of the months, and all the objects and appearances which the year presents in the garden, the field, and the waters. An enthusiastic lover of his subject, Mr Howitt is remarkable for the fullness and variety of his pictorial sketches, the richness and purity of his fancy, and the occasional force and eloquence of his language.

Love of the Beautiful.

If I could but arouse in other minds (he says) that ardent and ever-growing love of the beautiful works of God in the creation, which I feel in myself—if I could but make it in others what it has been to me—

> The nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being—

if I could open to any the mental eye which can never be again closed, but which finds more and more clearly revealed before it beauty, wisdom, and peace in the splendours of the heavens, in the majesty of seas and mountains, in the freshness of winds, the ever-changing lights and shadows of fair landscapes, the solitude of heaths, the radiant face of bright lakes, and the solemn depths of woods, then, indeed, should I rejoice. Oh that I could but touch a thousand bosoms with that melancholy which often visits mine, when I behold little children endeavouring to extract amusement from the very dust, and straws, and pebbles of squalid alleys, shut out from the free and glorious countenance of nature, and think how differently the children of the peasantry are passing the golden hours of childhood, wandering with bare heads and unshod feet, perhaps, but singing a 'childish, wordless melody' through vernal lanes, or prying into a thousand sylvan leafy nooks, by the liquid music of running waters, amidst the fragrant heath, or on the flowery lap of the meadow, occupied with winged wonders without end. Oh that I could but baptise every heart with the sympathetic feeling of what the city-pent child is condemned to lose; how blank, and poor, and joyless must be the images which fill its infant bosom, to that of the country one, whose mind

> Will be a mansion for all lovely forms,
> His memory be a dwelling-place
> For all sweet sounds and harmonies!

I feel, however, an animating assurance that nature will exert a perpetually increasing influence, not only as a most fertile source of pure and substantial pleasures—pleasures which, unlike many others, produce, instead of satiety, desire, but also as a great moral agent: and what effects I anticipate from this growing taste may be readily inferred, when I avow it as one of the most fearless articles of my creed, that it is scarcely possible for a man in whom its power is once firmly established, to become utterly debased in sentiment or abandoned in principle. His soul may be said to be brought into habitual union with the Author of Nature—

> Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind.

In this spirit Mr Howitt has written *The Rural Life of England*, two volumes, 1838; *The Boy's Country Book;* and *Visits to Remarkable Places*, two volumes; the latter work giving an account of old English halls, battle-fields, and the scenes of striking passages in English history and poetry. Another work of the same kind, *The Homes and Haunts of the Poets*, 1847, is greatly inferior, being disfigured by inaccuracies and rash dogmatic assertions. Mr Howitt was for some years in business in the town of Nottingham, and a work from his fertile pen, the nature of which is indicated by its name, the *History of Priestcraft*, 1834, so recommended him to the Dissenters and reformers of that town, that he was made one of their aldermen. Disliking the bustle of public life, Mr Howitt retired from Nottingham, and resided for three years at Esher, in Surrey. Mr and Mrs Howitt then removed to Germany, and after three years' residence in that country, the former published a work on the *Social and Rural Life of Germany*, which the natives admitted to be the best account of that country ever written by a foreigner. Our industrious author has also translated a work written expressly for him, *The Student Life of Germany*. After his return, Mr Howitt embarked in periodical literature as a proprietor, but neither *The People's Journal* nor *Howitt's Journal* was a successful speculation. He then sailed for Australia, and a two years' residence in that colony enabled him to publish an interesting and comprehensive work, in two volumes, entitled *Land, Labour, and Gold, or Two Years in Victoria, with Visits to Sydney and Van Diemen's Land*. He has also published *The Ruined Castles and Abbeys of Great Britain*, 1861; *History of the Supernatural; Letters on Transportation*, 1863; *Discovery in Australia*, &c., 1865; *The Mad War Planet, and other Poems*, 1871. The last was a decided failure. But few writers have displayed greater intellectual activity than Mary and William Howitt, and to the young they have been special benefactors.

Mountain Children.—By MARY HOWITT.

Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirits free!

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall impedes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers played.

The gray and ancient peaks
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the low voice of water as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth—
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in his spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons ;
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones !

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes ;
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary ; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread !

Mountains.—From 'The Book of the Seasons.'

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude ! how the inward eye is fixed on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks ! How our heart bounds to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts ! How inspiriting are the odours that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine ! how beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture !

At this season of the year [autumn] the ascents of our own mountains are most practicable. The heat of summer has dried up the moisture with which winter rains saturate the spongy turf of the hollows ; and the atmosphere, clear and settled, admits of the most extensive prospects. Whoever has not ascended our mountains knows little of the beauties of this beautiful island. Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain-flowers, the glowing moss, the richly tinted lichens at his feet ; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated sod, and of the spicy shrubs ; and heard the bleat of the flock across their solitary expanses, and the wild cry of the mountain-plover, the raven, or the eagle ; and seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summit ; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges of every varied hue, but all silent as images of eternity ; and cast his gaze over lakes and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty—knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

But when we let loose the imagination from even these splendid scenes, and give it free charter to range through the far more glorious ridges of continental mountains, through Alps, Apennines, or Andes, how is it possessed and absorbed by all the awful magnificence of their scenery and character ! The skyward and inaccessible pinnacles, the

Palaces where Nature thrones
Sublimity in icy halls !

the dark Alpine forests, the savage rocks and precipices, the fearful and unfathomable chasms filled with the sound of ever-precipitating waters ; the cloud, the silence, the avalanche, the cavernous gloom, the terrible visitations of Heaven's concentrated lightning, darkness, and thunder ; or the sweeter features of living, rushing streams, spicy odours of flower and shrub, fresh spirit-elating breezes sounding through the dark pine-grove ; the ever-varying lights and shadows, and aërial hues ; the wide prospects, and, above all, the simple inl ants !

We delight to think of the people of mounta regions ; we please our imaginations with their p esque and quiet abodes ; with their peaceful sec lives, striking and unvarying costumes, and prir manners. We involuntarily give to the mounta heroic and elevated qualities. He lives am noble objects, and must imbibe some of their nob he lives amongst the elements of poetry, and be poetical ; he lives where his fellow-beings ar far separated from their kind, and surrounded b sternness and the perils of savage nature ; his affections must therefore be proportionably concent his home-ties lively and strong ; but, more than a lives within the barriers, the strongholds, the ver refuge which Nature herself has reared to preserve liberty in the earth, to preserve to man his hi hopes, his noblest emotions, his dearest treasure faith, his freedom, his hearth, and his home. glorious do those mountain-ridges appear when we upon them as the unconquerable abodes of free he as the stern, heaven-built walls from which the few feeble, the persecuted, the despised, the helpless the delicate woman, have from age to age, in thei perils, in all their weaknesses and emergencies, power and cruelty were ready to swallow them looked down and beheld the million waves of despo break at their feet ; have seen the rage of murd armies, and tyrants, the blasting spirit of ambi fanaticism and crushing domination recoil from bases in despair. 'Thanks be to God for mountai is often the exclamation of my heart as I trace history of the world. From age to age they have the last friends of man. In a thousand extremities have saved him. What great hearts have throbbe their defiles from the days of Leonidas to thos Andreas Hofer ! What lofty souls, what tender he what poor and persecuted creatures have they shelt in their stony bosoms from the weapons and tortur their fellow-men !

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold !

was the burning exclamation of Milton's agonised indignant spirit, as he beheld those sacred bulwarl freedom for once violated by the disturbing demo the earth ; and the sound of his fiery and lamer appeal to Heaven will be echoed in every generous to the end of time.

Thanks be to God for mountains ! The variety w they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet wer small advantage ; the beauty which they spread ov our vision in their woods and waters, their crags slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, wer splendid gift ; the sublimity which they pour into deepest souls from their majestic aspects ; the po which breathes from their streams, and dells, and heights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and man of their inhabitants, the songs and legends which awoke in them, were a proud heritage to imagina minds ; but what are all these when the thought co that without mountains the spirit of man must bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain.

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, behold how wonderfully the countries where our was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, w our philosophy and literature, the fountains of intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as tinctly walled out by God's hand with moun ramparts from the eruptions and interruptions of barism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fat of man's destinies, I am lost in an exulting admirat Look at the bold barriers of Palestine ! see how infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the tribes of the uncivilised North by the heights of Ha

and Rhodope! behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself; the geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world; and it is there, too, that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes has remoulded the people of Europe, while languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it like shadows over the landscape, the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and shew us in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were: shew us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them; and shew us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of freedom is found for ever.

Country Rambles—The South of England.

From *The Rural Life of England.*

Cross only the south of England, and how delightful were the route to him who has the love of nature and of his country in his heart; and no imperious cares to dispute it with them. Walk up, as I have said, from Salisbury to Stonehenge. Sit down amid that solemn circle, on one of its fallen stones: contemplate the gigantic erection, reflect on its antiquity, and what England has passed through and become while those stones have stood there. Walk forth over that beautiful and immense plain—see the green circles, and lines, and mounds, which ancient superstition or heroism has everywhere traced upon it, and which nature has beautified with a carpet of turf as fine and soft as velvet. Join those simple shepherds, and talk with them. Reflect, poetical as our poets have made the shepherd and his life—what must be the monotony of that life in lowland counties—day after day, and month after month, and year after year—never varying, except from the geniality of summer to winter; and what it must be then, how dreary its long reign of cold, and wet, and snow!

When you leave them, plunge into the New Forest in Hampshire. There is a region where a summer month might be whiled away as in a fairy-land. There, in the very heart of that old forest, you find the spot where Rufus fell by the bolt of Tyrell, looking very much as it might look then. All around you lie forest and moorland for many a mile. The fallow and red deer in thousands herd there as of old. The squirrels gambol in the oaks above you; the swine rove in the thick fern and the deep glades of the forest as in a state of nature. The dull tinkle of the cattle-bell comes through the wood; and ever and anon, as you wander forward, you catch the blue smoke of some hidden abode, curling over the tree tops; and come to sylvan bowers, and little bough-overshadowed cottages, as primitive as any that the reign of the Conqueror himself could have shewn. What haunts are in these glades for poets: what streams flow through their bosky banks, to soothe at once the ear and eye enamoured of peace and beauty! What endless groupings and colourings for the painter! At Boldre you may find a spot worth seeing, for it is the parsonage once inhabited by the venerable William Gilpin—the descendant of Barnard Gilpin, the apostle of the north—the author of *Forest Scenery;* and near it is the school, which he built and endowed for the poor from the sale of his drawings. Not very distant from this stands the rural dwelling of one of England's truest-hearted women, Caroline Bowles—and not far off you have the woods of Netley Abbey, the Isle of Wight, the Solent, and the open sea.

But still move on through the fair fields of Dorset and Somerset, to the enchanted land of Devon. If you want stern grandeur, follow its north-western coast; if peaceful beauty, look down into some one of its rich vales, green as an emerald, and pastured by its herds of red cattle; if all the summer loveliness of woods and rivers, you may ascend the Tamar or the Tavy, or many another stream; or you may stroll on through valleys that for glorious solitudes, or fair English homes amid their woods and hills, shall leave you nothing to desire. If you want sternness and loneliness, you may pass into Dartmoor. There are wastes and wilds, crags of granite, views into far-off districts, and the sounds of waters hurrying away over their rocky beds, enough to satisfy the largest hungering and thirsting after poetical delight. I shall never forget the feelings of delicious entrancement with which I approached the outskirts of Dartmoor. I found myself amongst the woods near Haytor Crags. It was an autumn evening. The sun, near its setting, threw its yellow beams amongst the trees, and lit up the ruddy tors on the opposite side of the valley into a beautiful glow. Below, the deep dark river went sounding on its way with a melancholy music, and as I wound up the steep road all beneath the gnarled oaks, I ever and anon caught glimpses of the winding valley to the left, all beautiful with wild thickets and half shrouded faces of rock, and still on high these glowing ruddy tors standing in the blue air in their sublime silence. My road wound up, and up, the heather and the bilberry on either hand shewing me that cultivation had never disturbed the soil they grew in; and one sole woodlark from the far-ascending forest to the right, filled the wide solitude with his wild autumnal note. At that moment I reached an eminence, and at once saw the dark crags of Dartmoor high aloft before me, and one large solitary house in the valley beneath the woods. So fair, so silent—save for the woodlark's note and the moaning river—so unearthly did the whole scene seem, that my imagination delighted to look upon it as an enchanted land, and to persuade itself that that house stood as it would stand for ages, under the spell of silence, but beyond the reach of death and change.

But even there you need not rest—there lies a land of gray antiquity, of desolate beauty still before you—Cornwall. It is a land almost without a tree. That is, all its high and wild plains are destitute of them, and the bulk of its surface is of this character. Some sweet and sheltered vales it has, filled with noble wood, as that of Tresillian near Truro; but over a great portion of it extend gray heaths. It is a land where the wild furze seems never to have been rooted up, and where the huge masses of stone that lie about its hills and valleys are clad with the lichen of centuries. And yet how does this bare and barren land fasten on your imagination! It is a country that seems to have retained its ancient attachments longer than any other. The British tongue here lingered till lately—as the ruins of King Arthur's palace still crown the stormy steep of Tintagel; and the saints that succeeded the heroic race, seem to have left their names on almost every town and village.

It were well worth a journey there merely to see the vast mines which perforate the earth, and pass under the very sea; and the swarming population that they employ. It were a beautiful sight to see the bands of young maidens, that sit beneath long sheds, crushing the ore, and singing in chorus. But far more were it worth the trip to stand at the Land's-End, on that lofty, savage, and shattered coast, with the Atlantic roaring all around you. The Hebrides themselves, wild and desolate, and subject to obscuring mists as they are, never made me feel more shipped into a dream-land than that scenery. At one moment the sun shining over the calm sea, in whose transparent depths the tawny rocks were seen far down. Right and left extend

the dun cliffs and cavernous precipices, and at their feet the white billows playing gracefully to and fro over the nearly sunken rocks, as through the manes of huge sea-lions. At the next moment all wrapt in the thickest obscurity of mist; the sea only cognisable by its sound; the dun crags looming through the fog vast and awfully, and all round you on the land nothing visible, as you trace back your way, but huge gray stones that strew the whole earth. In the midst of such a scene I came to a little deserted hut, standing close by a solitary mere amongst the rocks, and the dreamy effect became most perfect. What a quick and beautiful contrast was it to this, as the very same night I pursued my way along the shore, the clear moon hanging on the distant horizon, the waves of the ocean on one hand coming up all luminous and breaking on the strand in billows of fire, and on the other hand the sloping turf sown with glow-worms for some miles, thick as the stars overhead.

I speak of the delight which a solitary man may gather up for ever from such excursions; that will come before him again and again in all their beauty from his past existence, into many a crowd and many a solitary room; but how much more may be reaped by a congenial band of affectionate spirits in such a course. To them, a thousand different incidents or odd adventures, flashes of wit and moments of enjoyment combine to quicken both their pleasures and friendship. The very flight from a shower, or the dining on a turnip-pie, no very uncommon dish in the rural inns of Cornwall, may furnish merriment for the future. And if this one route would be a delicious summer's ramble, with all its coasting and its seaports into the bargain, how many such stretch themselves in every direction through England. The fair orchard-scenes of Hereford and Worcester, in spring all one region of bloom and fragrance—the hills of Malvern and the Wrekin. The fairy dales of Derbyshire; the sweet forest and pastoral scenes of Staffordshire; the wild dales, the scars and tarns of Yorkshire; the equally beautiful valleys and hills of Lancashire, with all those quaint old halls that are scattered through it, memorials of past times, and all connected with some incident or other of English history. And then there is Northumberland—the classic ground of the ancient ballad—the country of the Percy—of Chevy Chace—of the Hermit of Warkworth—of Otterburn and Humbledown—of Flodden, and many another stirring scene. And besides all these are the mountain regions of Cumberland, of Wales, of Scotland, and Ireland, that by the power of steam, are being brought every day more within the reach of thousands. What an inexhaustible wealth of beauty lies in those regions! These, if every other portion of the kingdom were reduced by ploughing and manufacturing and steaming to the veriest commonplace, these, in the immortal strength of their nature, bid defiance to the efforts of any antagonist or reducing spirit. These will still remain wild and fair, the refuge and haunt of the painter and the poet—of all lovers of beauty, and breathers after quiet and freshness. Nothing can pull down their lofty and scathed heads; nothing can dry up those everlasting waters, that leap down their cliffs and run along their vales in gladness; nothing can certainly exterminate those dark heaths, and drain off those mountain lakes, where health and liberty seem to dwell together; nothing can efface the loveliness of those regions, save the hand of Him who placed them there. I rejoice to think that while this great nation remains, whatever may be the magnitude of the designs for the good of the world in which Providence purposes to employ it—however populous it may be necessary for it to become—whatever the machinery and manufactories that may be needfully at work in it; that while Cumberland, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland continue, there will continue regions of indestructible beauty—of free and unpruned nature, so fair that those who are not satisfied therewith, would not be satisfied with the whole universe. More sublimity other countries may boast, more beauty has fallen to the lot of none on God's globe.

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

This gentleman (born at Comrie, in Perthshire, in 1813) is author of a number of works, critical and biographical. The best known of these is his *Gallery of Literary Portraits*, the first portion published in 1845, a second in 1849, and a third in 1855. In the interval between the successive appearance of these volumes, Mr Gilfillan published *The Bards of the Bible*, 1850; *The Book of British Poesy*, 1851; *The Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant*, 1852; &c. In 1856 he published *The History of a Man*—a singular melange of fancy sketches and biographical facts; and in the following year, *Christianity and our Era;* in 1864, *Martyrs and Heroes of the Scottish Covenant;* in 1867, *Night* (a poem in blank verse, by no means a happy effort of the author); and the same year a volume of biographies, entitled *Remoter Stars in the Church Sky;* in 1869, *Modern Christian Heroes;* in 1871, *Life of Sir Walter Scott.* Mr Gilfillan has also been a large contributor to periodical works, and has edited a series of the British Poets. At the same time he discharges the duties of a pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in Dundee, and has published several volumes of sermons and discourses. The industry of Mr Gilfillan is a remarkable and honourable feature in his character; and his writings, though too often disfigured by rash judgments and a gaudy rhetorical style, have an honest warmth and glow of expression which attest the writer's sincerity, while they occasionally present striking and happy illustrations. From his very unequal pages, many felicitous images and metaphors might be selected.

Lochnagar and Byron.

We remember a pilgrimage we made some years ago to Lochnagar. As we ascended, a mist came down over the hill, like a veil dropped by some jealous beauty over her own fair face. At length the summit was reached, though the prospect was denied us. It was a proud and thrilling moment. What though darkness was all around? It was the *very* atmosphere that suited the scene. It was 'dark Lochnagar.' And only think how fine it was to climb up and clasp its cairn—to lift a stone from it, to be in after-time a memorial of our journey—to sing the song which made it terrible and dear, in its own proud drawing-room, with those great fog-curtains floating around—to pass along the brink of its precipices—to snatch a fearful joy, as we leaned over and hung down, and saw far beneath the gleam of eternal snow shining up from its hollows, and columns, or rather perpendicular seas of mist, streaming up upon the wind—

> Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
> Where every wave breaks on a living shore —

tinged, too, here and there, on their tops, by gleams of sunshine, the farewell beams of the dying day. It was the grandest moment in our lives. We had stood upon many hills—in sunshine and in shade, in mist and in thunder—but never had before, nor hope to have again, such a feeling of the grandeur of this lower universe—such a sense of horrible sublimity. Nay, we question if there be a mountain in the empire, which, though seen in similar circumstances, could awaken the same emotions in our minds. It is not its loftiness, though that be great—nor its bold outline, nor its savage loneliness, nor its mist-loving precipices, but the associations which

crown its crags with a 'peculiar diadem;' its identification with the image of a poet, who, amid all his fearful errors, had perhaps more than any of the age's bards the power of investing all his career—yea, to every corner which his fierce foot ever touched, or which his genius ever sung—with profound and melancholy interest. We saw the name Byron written in the cloud-characters above us. We saw his genius sadly smiling in those gleams of stray sunshine which gilded the darkness they could not dispel. We found an emblem of his poetry in that flying rack, and of his character in those lowering precipices. We seemed to hear the wail of his restless spirit in the wild sob of the wind, fainting and struggling up under its burden of darkness. Nay, we could fancy that this hill was designed as an eternal monument to his name, and to image all those peculiarities which make that name for ever illustrious. Not the loftiest of his country's poets, he is the most sharply and terribly defined. In magnitude and round completeness, he yields to many—in jagged, abrupt, and passionate projection of his own shadow over the world of literature, to none. The genius of convulsion, a dire attraction, dwells around him, which leads many to hang over, and some to leap down his precipices. Volcanic as he is, the coldness of wintry selfishness too often collects in the hollows of his verse. He loves, too, the cloud and the thick darkness, and comes 'veiling all the lightnings of his song in sorrow.' So, like Byron beside Scott and Wordsworth, does Lochnagar stand in the presence of his neighbour giants, Ben-mac-Dhui, and Ben-y-boord, less lofty, but more fiercely eloquent in its jagged outline, reminding us of the *via* of the forked lightning, which it seems dumbly to mimic, projecting its cliffs like quenched batteries against earth and heaven, with the cold of snow in its heart, and with a coronet of mist round its gloomy brow.

No poet since Homer and Ida has thus, everlastingly, shot his genius into the heart of one great mountain, identifying himself and his song with it. Not Horace with Soracte—not Wordsworth with Helvellyn—not Coleridge with Mont Blanc—not Wilson with the Black Mount—not even Scott with the Eildons—all these are still common property, but Lochnagar is Byron's own—no poet will ever venture to sing it again. In its dread circle none durst walk but he. His allusions to it are not numerous, but its peaks stood often before his eye: a recollection of its grandeur served more to colour his line than the glaciers of the Alps, the cliffs of Jura, or the thunder hills of fear, which he heard in Chimari; even from the mountains of Greece he was carried back to Morven, and

Lochnagar, with Ida, looked o'er Troy.

From a graphic sketch of a once popular divine by Mr Gilfillan we make an extract:

The Rev. Edward Irving.

We come, in fine, to the greatest of them all, Edward Irving. And first, let us glance at the person of the man. In reference to other literary men, you think, or at least speak, of their appearance last. But so it was of this remarkable man, that most people put his face and figure in the foreground, and spoke of his mental and moral faculties as belonging to them, rather than of them as belonging to the man. In this respect, he bore a strong resemblance to the two heroes of the French Revolution, Mirabeau and Danton. Irving was a Danton spiritualised. Had he been born in France, and subjected to its desecrating influences, and hurled head foremost into the vortex of its revolution, he would, in all probability, have cut some such tremendous figure as the Mirabeau of the Sans-culottes; he would have laid about him as wildly at the massacres of September, and carried his huge black head as high in the death-cart, and under the guillotine. Had he been born in England, in certain circles, he had perhaps emerged from obscurity in the shape of an actor, the most powerful that ever trod the stage, combining the statuesque figure and sonorous voice of the Kemble family, with the energy, the starts, and bursts and inspired fury of Kean, added to some qualities peculiarly his own. Had he turned his thought to the tuneful art, he had written rugged and fervent verse, containing much of Milton's grandeur, and much of Wordsworth's oracular simplicity. Had he snatched the pencil, he would have wielded it with the savage force of Salvator Rosa, and his conceptions would have partaken now of Blake's fantastic quaintness, and now of Martin's gigantic monotony. Had he lived in the age of chivalry, he would have stood side by side in glorious and well-foughten field with Cœur de Lion himself, and died in the steel harness full gallantly. Had he lived in an age of persecution, he had been either a hardy martyr, leaping into the flames as into his wedding suit, or else a fierce inquisitor, aggravating by his portentous frown, and more portentous squint, the agonies of his victim. Had he been born in Calabria, he had been as picturesque a bandit as ever stood on the point of a rock between a belated painter and the red evening sky, at once an object of irresistible terror and irresistible admiration, leaving the poor artist in doubt whether to take to his pencil or to his heels. But, in whatever part or age of the world he had lived, he must have been an extraordinary man. . .

No mere size, however stupendous, or expression of face, however singular, could have uplifted a common man to the giddy height on which Irving stood for a while, calm and collected as the statue upon its pedestal. It was the correspondence, the reflection of his powers and passions upon his person; independence stalking in his stride, intellect enthroned on his brow, imagination dreaming on his lips, physical energy stringing his frame, and athwart the whole a cross ray, as from Bedlam, shooting in his eye! It was this which excited such curiosity, wonder, awe, rapture, and tears, and made his very enemies, even while abusing, confess his power, and tremble in his presence. It was this which made ladies flock and faint, which divided attention with the theatres, eclipsed the oratory of parliament, drew demireps to hear themselves abused, made Canning's fine countenance flush with pleasure, 'as if his veins ran lightning,' accelerated in an alarming manner the twitch in Brougham's dusky visage, and elicited from his eye those singular glances, half of envy and half of admiration, which are the truest tokens of applause, and made such men as Hazlitt protest, on returning half squeezed to death from one of his displays, that a monologue from Coleridge, a recitation of one of his own poems from Wordsworth, a burst of puns from Lamb, and a burst of passion from Kean, were not to be compared to a sermon from Edward Irving.

His manner also contributed to the charm. His aspect, wild, yet grave, as of one labouring with some mighty burden; his voice, deep, clear, and with crashes of power alternating with cadences of softest melody; his action, now graceful as the wave of the rose-bush in the breeze, and now fierce and urgent as the motion of the oak in the hurricane. Then there was the style, curiously uniting the beauties and faults of a sermon of the seventeenth century with the beauties and faults of a parliamentary harangue or magazine article of the nineteenth—quaint as Browne, florid as Taylor, with the bleak wastes which intersect the scattered green spots of Howe, mixed here with sentences involved, clumsy, and cacophonous as the worst of Jeremy Bentham's, and interspersed there with threads from the magic loom of Coleridge. It was a strange amorphous Babylonish dialect, imitative, yet original, rank with a prodigious growth of intertangled beauties and blemishes, inclosing amid wide tracts of jungle little bits of clearest and purest loveliness, and throwing out sudden volcanic

bursts of real fire, amid jets of mere smoke and hot water. It had great passages, but not one finished sermon or sentence. It was a thing of shreds, and yet a web of witchery. It was perpetually stumbling the least fastidious hearer or reader, and yet drawing both impetuously on. And then, to make the medley 'thick and slab,' there was the matter, a grotesque compound, including here a panegyric on Burns, and there a fling at Byron; here a plan of future punishment, laid out with as much minuteness as if he had been projecting a bridewell, and there a ferocious attack upon the *Edinburgh Review;* here a glimpse of the gates of the Celestial City, as if taken from the top of Mount Clear, and there a description of the scenery and of the poet of the Lakes; here a pensive retrospect to the days of the Covenant, and there a dig at the heart of Jeremy Bentham; here a ray of prophecy, and there a bit of politics; here a quotation from the Psalms, and there from the *Rime of the Anciente Mariner.* Such was the strange, yet overwhelming exhibition which our hero made before the gaping, staring, wondering, laughing, listening, weeping, and thrilling multitudes of fashionable, political, and literary London.

He was, in fact, as De Quincey once called him to us, a 'demon of power.' We must not omit, in merest justice, his extraordinary gift of prayer. Some few of his contemporaries might equal him in preaching, but none approached to the very hem of his garment while rapt up into the heaven of devotion. It struck you as the prayer of a great being conversing with God. Your thoughts were transported to Sinai, and you heard Moses speaking with the Majesty on high, under the canopy of darkness, amid the quaking of the solid mountain and the glimmerings of celestial fire; or you thought of Elijah praying in the cave in the intervals of the earthquake, and the fire and the still small voice. The solemnity of the tones convinced you that he was conscious of an unearthly presence, and speaking to it, not to you. The diction and imagery shewed that his faculties were wrought up to their highest pitch, and tasked to their noblest endeavour, in that 'celestial colloquy sublime.' And yet the elaborate intricacies and swelling pomp of his preaching were exchanged for deep simplicity. A profusion of Scripture was used; and never did inspired language better become lips than those of Irving. His public prayers told to those who could interpret their language of many a secret conference with Heaven—they pointed to wrestlings all unseen, and groanings all unheard—they drew aside, involuntarily, the veil of his secret retirements, and let in a light into the sanctuary of the closet itself. Prayers more elegant, and beautiful, and melting, have often been heard; prayers more urgent in their fervid importunity have been uttered once and again (such as those which were sometimes heard with deep awe to proceed from the chamber where the perturbed spirit of Hall was conversing aloud with its Maker till the dawning of the day); but prayers more organ-like and Miltonic, never. The fastidious Canning, when told by Sir James Mackintosh, of Irving praying for a family of orphans as 'cast upon the fatherhood of God,' was compelled to start, and own the beauty of the expression.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

An American traveller and miscellaneous writer, BAYARD TAYLOR, a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1825, was apprenticed to a printer, and afterwards devoted himself to literature and foreign travel. His publications are numerous, including *Ximena, and other Poems*, 1844; *Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff*, 1846; *A Voyage to California*, &c., 1850; *The Lands of the Saracen*, 1854; *A Visit to India, China, and Japan*, 1855; *Travels in Greece and Russia*, 1859; *At Home and Abroad* (sketches of life and scenery), two volumes, 1859–1862; *The Poet Journal*, a poetical domestic autobiography, 1862; *Hannah Thurston*, a story of American life, 1863; *John Godfrey's Fortunes*, a novel, 1864; *The Story of Kennet*, a tale of American life, 1866; *Colorado*, 1867; *By-ways of Europe*, 1869; &c. A collective edition of the poems of Bayard Taylor was published at Boston in 1864, and a collective edition of his travels in ten volumes by Putnam of New York, in 1869. This enterprising traveller in 1862 was appointed secretary to the American legation at the Court of St. Petersburg.

Student Life in Germany.—From 'Views Afoot.'

Receiving a letter from my cousin one bright December morning, the idea of visiting him struck me, and s within an hour, B—— and I were on our way to Heidelberg. It was delightful weather; the air was mild the early days of spring, the pine forests around wore softer green, and though the sun was but a hand breadth high, even at noon, it was quite warm on t open road. We stopped for the night at Bensheim; a the next morning was as dark as a cloudy day in t north can be, wearing a heavy gloom I never saw els where. The wind blew the snow down from the summi upon us, but being warm from walking, we did not he it. The mountains looked higher than in summer, a the old castles more grim and frowning. From the ha roads and freezing wind, my feet became very sore, a after limping along in excruciating pain for a league two, I poured some brandy into my boots, which dead ened the wounds so much, that I was enabled to g on in a kind of trot, which I kept up, only stopping te minutes to dinner, until we reached Heidelberg. But have not yet recovered from the lameness which followe this performance.

The same evening there was to be a general *commer* or meeting of the societies among the students, and determined not to omit witnessing one of the mo interesting and characteristic features of student lif So, borrowing a cap and coat, I looked the stude well enough to pass for one of them, although the form article was somewhat of the *Philister* form. Baader, young poet of some note, and president of the 'Palati Society, having promised to take us to the commers, v met at eight o'clock at an inn frequented by the student and went to the rendezvous, near the Markt Platz.

A confused sound of voices came from the inn, as v drew near, and groups of students were standing arou the door. In the entrance-hall we saw the Red Fishe man, one of the most conspicuous characters about University. He is a small, stout man, with bare nec and breasts, red hair—whence his name—and a strang mixture of roughness and benevolence in his counte ance. He has saved many persons, at the risk of h own life, from drowning in the Neckar, and on th account is leniently dealt with by the faculty whenev he is arrested for assisting the students in any of the unlawful proceedings. Entering the room I could scarce see at first, on account of the smoke that ascended fro a hundred pipes. All was noise and confusion. Ne the door sat some half-dozen musicians, who we getting their instruments ready for action, and the lo room was filled with tables, all of which seemed to full, yet the students were still pressing in. The tabl were covered with great stone jugs and long bee glasses; the students were talking and shouting a drinking. One who appeared to have the arrangeme of the meeting, found seats for us together, and havi made a slight acquaintance with those sitting next we felt more at liberty to witness their proceedin They were all talking in a sociable, friendly way, a I saw no one who appeared to be intoxicated. T beer was a weak mixture, which I should think wou

make one fall over from its weight, rather than its intoxicating properties. Those sitting near me drank but little, and that principally to make or return compliments. One or two at the other end of the table were more boisterous, and more than one glass was overturned upon their legs. Leaves containing the songs for the evening lay at each seat, and at the head, where the president sat, were two swords crossed, with which he occasionally struck upon the table to preserve order. Our president was a fine, romantic-looking young man, dressed in the old German costume—black beaver and plume, and velvet doublet with slashed sleeves. I never saw in any company of young men so many handsome, manly countenances. If their faces were any index of their characters, there were many noble, free souls among them. Nearly opposite to me sat a young poet, whose dark eyes flashed with feeling as he spoke to those near him. After some time passed in talking and drinking together, varied by an occasional air from the musicians, the president beat order with the sword, and the whole company joined in one of their glorious songs, to a melody at the same time joyous and solemn. Swelled by so many manly voices it arose like a hymn of triumph—all other sounds were stilled. Three times during the singing all rose to their feet, clashed their glasses together around the tables and drank to their fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honour to those who struggle in the cause of freedom.

After this song, the same order was continued as before, except that students from the different societies made short speeches, accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany—predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and she would arise at last, like a phœnix, among the nations of Europe; and at the close, gave 'strong, united, regenerated Germany!' Instantly all sprang to their feet, and clashing the glasses together, gave a thundering '*hoch!*' This enthusiasm for their country is one of the strongest characteristics of the German students; they have ever been first in the field for her freedom, and on them mainly depends her future redemption.

Cloths were passed around, the tables wiped off, and preparations made to sing the *Landsfather*, or consecration song. This is one of the most important and solemn of their ceremonies, since by performing it the new students are made *burschen*, and the bands of brotherhood continually kept fresh and sacred. All became still a moment, then commenced the lofty song:

Silent bending, each one lending
To the solemn tones his ear,
Hark, the song of songs is sounding—
Back from joyful choir resounding,
Hear it, German brothers, hear!

German, proudly raise it, loudly
Singing of your fatherland.
Fatherland! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us, sword in hand!

Take the beaker, pleasure seeker,
With thy country's drink brimmed o'er!
In thy left the sword is blinking,
Pierce it through the cap, while drinking
To thy Fatherland once more!

With the first line of the last stanza, the presidents sitting at the head of the table take their glasses in their right hands, and at the third line the sword in their left, at the end striking their glasses together and drinking.

In left hand gleaming, thou art beaming,
Sword from all dishonour free!
Thus I pierce the cap, while swearing,
It in honour ever wearing,
I a valiant Bursch will be!

They clash their swords together till the third line is sung, when each takes his cap, and piercing the point of the sword through the crown, draws it down to the guard. Leaving their caps on the swords, the presidents stand behind the two next students, who go through the same ceremony, receiving the swords at the appropriate time, and giving them back loaded with their caps also. This ceremony is going on at every table at the same time. These two stanzas are repeated for every pair of students, till all have performed it and the presidents have arrived at the bottom of the table, with their swords strung full of caps. Here they exchange swords, while all sing:

Come, thou bright sword, now made holy,
Of free men the weapon free;
Bring it, solemnly and slowly,
Heavy with pierced caps to me!
From its burden now divest it;
Brothers, be ye covered all,
And till our next festival,
Hallowed and unspotted rest it!

Up, ye feast companions! ever
Honour ye our holy band!
And with heart and soul endeavour
E'er as high-souled men to stand!
Up to feast, ye men united!
Worthy be your fathers' fame,
And the sword may no one claim,
Who to honour is not plighted!

Then each president, taking a cap off his sword, reaches it to the student opposite, and they cross their swords, the ends resting on the two students' heads, while they sing the next stanza:

So take it back; thy head I now will cover,
And stretch the bright sword over.
Live also then this Bursche, hoch!
Wherever we may meet him,
Will we, as Brother, greet him—
Live also this, our Brother, hoch!

This ceremony was repeated till all the caps were given back, and they then concluded with the following:

Rest, the Burschen-feast is over,
Hallowed sword, and thou art free!
Each one strive a valiant lover
Of his fatherland to be!
Hail to him, who, glory-haunted,
Follows stills his fathers bold;
And the sword may no one hold
But the noble and undaunted!

The Landsfather being over, the students were less orderly; the smoking and drinking began again, and we left, as it was already eleven o'clock, glad to breathe the pure cold air.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

A native of New York, born in 1819, HERMAN MELVILLE was early struck with a passion for the sea, and in his eighteenth year made a voyage as a common sailor from New York to Liverpool. A short experience of this kind usually satisfies youths who dream of the perils and pleasures of a sea life; but Herman Melville liked his rough nautical novitiate, and after his return home sailed in a whaling vessel for the Pacific. This was in 1841. In the following year the vessel arrived at Nukuheva, one of the Marquesa Islands.

'Those who for the first time visit the South Seas, generally are surprised at the appearance of the islands when beheld from the sea. From the vague accounts we sometimes have of their beauty, many people are apt to picture to themselves enamelled and softly swelling plains, shaded over with delicious groves, and watered by purling brooks, and the entire country but little elevated above the surrounding ocean. The reality is very different; bold rock-bound coasts, with the surf beating high against the lofty cliffs, and broken here and there into deep inlets, which

open to the view thickly-wooded valleys, separated by the spurs of mountains clothed with tufted grass, and sweeping down towards the sea from an elevated and furrowed interior, form the principal features of these islands.'

Melville and a brother sailor, Toby, disgusted with the caprice and tyranny of the captain, clandestinely left the ship, and falling into the hands of a warlike cannibal-race who inhabit the Typee Valley, were detained for four months. Melville was rescued by the crew of a Sidney whaler, and after some time spent in the Society and Sandwich Islands, he arrived at Boston, in October 1844, having been nearly three years absent from home. The adventurer now settled down in Massachusetts, married, and commenced author. In 1846 appeared *Typee: a Peep at Polynesian Life, or Four Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas.* The narrative was novel and striking. It was the first account of the natives of those islands by one who had lived familiarly amongst them, and the style of the writer was lively and graphic. Some remarks unfavourable to the missionaries gave offence, but Melville maintained they were based on facts, and protested that he had no feeling of animosity in the matter. The success of *Typee* soon led to another volume of similar sketches. In 1847 was published *Omoo, a Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas.* This also enjoyed great popularity. The subsequent works of the author were not so successful; though fresh and vigorous in style, they wanted novelty and continuous interest. These are—*Mardi, and a Voyage Thither*, 1849; *Redburn, his first Voyage*, 1849; *White Jacket*, 1850; *Moby Dick*, 1851; *Pierre*, 1852; *Israel Potter*, 1855; *Piazza Tales*, 1856; *The Confidence Man in Masquerade*, 1857. *The Refugee*, 1865; and a volume of poems, entitled *Battle Pieces and Aspects of War*, 1866. About 1860, Melville left his farm in Massachusetts and made a voyage round the world in a whaling vessel. The rambling propensity was too strong to be resisted.

Scenery of the Marquesas—Valley of Tior.

The little space in which some of these clans pass away their days would seem almost incredible. The glen of Tior will furnish a curious illustration of this. The inhabited part is not more than four miles in length, and varies in breadth from half a mile to less than a quarter. The rocky vine-clad cliffs on one side tower almost perpendicularly from their base to the height of at least fifteen hundred feet; while across the vale—in striking contrast to the scenery opposite—grass-grown elevations rise one above another in blooming terraces. Hemmed in by these stupendous barriers, the valley would be altogether shut out from the rest of the world, were it not that it is accessible from the sea at one end, and by a narrow defile at the other.

The impression produced upon my mind, when I first visited this beautiful glen, will never be obliterated.

I had come from Nukuheva by water in the ship's boat, and when we entered the bay of Tior it was high noon. The heat had been intense, as we had been floating upon the long smooth swell of the ocean, for there was but little wind. The sun's rays had expended all their fury upon us; and to add to our discomfort, we had omitted to supply ourselves with water previous to starting. What with heat and thirst together, I became so impatient to get ashore, that when at last we glided towards it, I stood up in the bow of the boat ready for a spring. As she shot two-thirds of her length high upon the beach, propelled by three or four strong strokes of the oars, I leaped among a parcel of juvenile savages, who stood prepared to give us a kind reception; and with them at my heels, yelling like so many imps, I rushed forward across the open ground in the vicinity of the sea, and plunged, diver fashion, into the recesses of the first grove that offered.

What a delightful sensation did I experience! I felt as if floating in some new element, while all sort of gurgling, trickling, liquid sounds fell upon my ear. People may say what they will about the refreshing influences of a cold-water bath, but commend me when in a perspiration to the shade baths of Tior, beneath the cocoa-nut trees, and amidst the cool delightful atmosphere which surrounds them.

How shall I describe the scenery that met my eye, as I looked out from this verdant recess! The narrow valley, with its steep and close adjoining sides draperied with vines, and arched overhead with a fretwork of interlacing boughs, nearly hidden from view by masses of leafy verdure, seemed from where I stood like an immense arbour disclosing its vista to the eye, whilst as I advanced it insensibly widened into the loveliest vale eye ever beheld.

It so happened that the very day I was in Tior the French admiral, attended by all the boats of his squadron, came down in state from Nukuheva to take formal possession of the place. He remained in the valley about two hours, during which time he had a ceremonious interview with the king.

The patriarch-sovereign of Tior was a man very far advanced in years; but though age had bowed his form and rendered him almost decrepid, his gigantic frame retained all its original magnitude and grandeur of appearance. He advanced slowly and with evident pain, assisting his tottering steps with the heavy war-spear he held in his hand, and attended by a group of gray-bearded chiefs, on one of whom he occasionally leaned for support. The admiral came forward with head uncovered and extended hand, while the old king saluted him by a stately flourish of his weapon. The next moment they stood side by side, these two extremes of the social scale—the polished, splendid Frenchman, and the poor tattooed savage. They were both tall and noble-looking men; but in other respects how strikingly contrasted! Du Petit Thouars exhibited upon his person all the paraphernalia of his naval rank. He wore a richly decorated admiral's frock-coat, a laced chapeau bras, and upon his breast were a variety of ribbons and orders; while the simple islander, with the exception of a slight cincture about his loins, appeared in all the nakedness of nature.

At what an immeasurable distance, thought I, are these two beings removed from each other. In the one is shewn the result of long centuries of progressive civilisation and refinement, which have gradually converted the mere creature into the semblance of all that is elevated and grand; while the other, after the lapse of the same period, has not advanced one step in the career of improvement. 'Yet, after all,' quoth I to myself, 'insensible as he is to a thousand wants, and removed from harassing cares, may not the savage be the happier of the two?' Such were the thoughts that arose in my mind as I gazed upon the novel spectacle before me. In truth it was an impressive one, and little likely to be effaced. I can recall even now with vivid distinctness every feature of the scene. The umbrageous shades where the interview took place—the glorious tropical vegetation around—the picturesque grouping of the mingled throng of soldiery and natives—and even the golden-hued bunch of bananas that I held in my hand at the time, and of which I occasionally partook while making the aforesaid philosophical reflections.

First Interview with the Natives.

It was now evening, and by the dim light we could just discern the savage countenances around us, gleaming

with wild curiosity and wonder; the naked forms and tattooed limbs of brawny warriors, with here and there the slighter figures of young girls, all engaged in a perfect storm of conversation, of which we were of course the one only theme; whilst our recent guides were fully occupied in answering the innumerable questions which every one put to them. Nothing can exceed the fierce gesticulation of these people when animated in conversation, and on this occasion they gave loose to all their natural vivacity, shouting and dancing about in a manner that well-nigh intimidated us.

Close to where we lay, squatting upon their haunches, were some eight or ten noble-looking chiefs—for such they subsequently proved to be—who, more reserved than the rest, regarded us with a fixed and stern attention, which not a little discomposed our equanimity. One of them in particular, who appeared to be the highest in rank, placed himself directly facing me; looking at me with a rigidity of aspect under which I absolutely quailed. He never once opened his lips, but maintained his severe expression of countenance, without turning his face aside for a single moment. Never before had I been subjected to so strange and steady a glance; it revealed nothing of the mind of the savage, but it appeared to be reading my own.

After undergoing this scrutiny till I grew absolutely nervous, with a view of diverting it if possible, and conciliating the good opinion of the warrior, I took some tobacco from the bosom of my frock and offered it to him. He quietly rejected the proffered gift, and, without speaking, motioned me to return it to its place.

In my previous intercourse with the natives of Nukuheva and Tior, I had found that the present of a small piece of tobacco would have rendered any of them devoted to my service. Was this act of the chief a token of his enmity? Typee or Happar? I asked within myself. I started, for at the same moment this identical question was asked by the strange being before me. I turned to Toby; the flickering light of a native taper shewed me his countenance pale with trepidation at this fatal question. I paused for a second, and I know not by what impulse it was that I answered 'Typee.' The piece of dusky statuary nodded in approval, and then murmured 'Mortarkee!' 'Mortarkee,' said I, without further hesitation—'Typee Mortarkee.'

What a transition! The dark figures around us leaped to their feet, clapped their hands in transport, and shouted again and again the talismanic syllables, the utterance of which appeared to have settled everything.

When this commotion had a little subsided, the principal chief squatted once more before me, and throwing himself into a sudden rage, poured forth a string of philippics, which I was at no loss to understand, from the frequent recurrence of the word Happar, as being directed against the natives of the adjoining valley. In all these denunciations my companion and I acquiesced, while we extolled the character of the warlike Typees. To be sure our panegyrics were somewhat laconic, consisting in the repetition of that name, united with the potent adjective 'mortarkee.' But this was sufficient, and served to conciliate the good-will of the natives, with whom our congeniality of sentiment on this point did more towards inspiring a friendly feeling than anything else that could have happened.

At last the wrath of the chief evaporated, and in a few moments he was as placid as ever. Laying his hand upon his breast, he now gave me to understand that his name was 'Mehevi,' and that, in return, he wished me to communicate my appellation. I hesitated for an instant, thinking that it might be difficult for him to pronounce my real name, and then with the most praiseworthy intentions intimated that I was known as 'Tom.' But I could not have made a worse selection; the chief could not master it: 'Tommo,' 'Tomma,' 'Tommee,' everything but plain 'Tom.' As he persisted in garnishing the word with an additional syllable, I compromised the matter with him at the word 'Tommo;' and by that name I went during the entire period of my stay in the valley. The same proceeding was gone through with Toby, whose mellifluous appellation was more easily caught.

An exchange of names is equivalent to a ratification of good-will and amity among these simple people; and as we were aware of this fact, we were delighted that it had taken place on the present occasion.

Reclining upon our mats, we now held a kind of levee, giving audience to successive troops of the natives, who introduced themselves to us by pronouncing their respective names, and retired in high good humour on receiving ours in return. During this ceremony the greatest merriment prevailed, nearly every announcement on the part of the islanders being followed by a fresh sally of gaiety, which induced me to believe that some of them at least were innocently diverting the company at our expense, by bestowing upon themselves a string of absurd titles, of the humour of which we were of course entirely ignorant.

All this occupied about an hour, when the throng having a little diminished, I turned to Mehevi and gave him to understand that we were in need of food and sleep. Immediately the attentive chief addressed a few words to one of the crowd, who disappeared, and returned in a few moments with a calabash of 'poee-poee,' and two or three young cocoa-nuts stripped of their husks, and with their shells partly broken. We both of us forthwith placed one of these natural goblets to our lips, and drained it in a moment of the refreshing draught it contained. The poee-poee was then placed before us, and even famished as I was, I paused to consider in what manner to convey it to my mouth.

This staple article of food among the Marquese islanders is manufactured from the produce of the bread-fruit tree. It somewhat resembles in its plastic nature our bookbinders' paste, is of a yellow colour, and somewhat tart to the taste.

Such was the dish, the merits of which I was now eager to discuss. I eyed it wistfully for a moment, and then unable any longer to stand on ceremony, plunged my hand into the yielding mass, and to the boisterous mirth of the natives drew it forth laden with the poee-poee, which adhered in lengthy strings to every finger. So stubborn was its consistency, that in conveying my heavily-freighted hand to my mouth, the connecting links almost raised the calabash from the mats on which it had been placed. This display of awkwardness—in which, by-the-bye, Toby kept me company—convulsed the by-standers with uncontrollable laughter.

As soon as their merriment had somewhat subsided, Mehevi, motioning us to be attentive, dipped the fore-finger of his right hand in the dish, and giving it a rapid and scientific twirl, drew it out coated smoothly with the preparation. With a second peculiar flourish he prevented the poee-poee from dropping to the ground as he raised it to his mouth, into which the finger was inserted and drawn forth perfectly free from any adhesive matter. This performance was evidently intended for our instruction; so I again essayed the feat on the principles inculcated, but with very ill success.

A starving man, however, little heeds conventional proprieties, especially on a South-Sea Island, and accordingly Toby and I partook of the dish after our own clumsy fashion, beplastering our faces all over with the glutinous compound, and daubing our hands nearly to the wrist. This kind of food is by no means disagreeable to the palate of a European, though at first the mode of eating it may be. For my own part, after the lapse of a few days I became accustomed to its singular flavour, and grew remarkably fond of it.

So much for the first course; several other dishes followed it, some of which were positively delicious. We concluded our banquet by tossing off the contents of two more young cocoa-nuts, after which we regaled ourselves with the soothing fumes of tobacco, inhaled

from a quaintly carved pipe which passed round the circle.

During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest, when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, embrowned from a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the Line. They felt our skin, much in the same way that a silk-mercer would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

In almost every department of literature this author has distinguished himself, but is comparatively little known out of his own country. DR SIMMS is a native of Charleston, South Carolina, born in 1806, and admitted to the bar of that state in 1827. The same year he published two volumes of *Lyrical Poems* and *Early Lays*, which were followed by *The Vision of Cortes, and other Poems*, 1829; *The Tri-Colour*, 1830; *Atalantis, a Drama of the Sea*, 1832; *Passages and Pictures*, 1839; and several other small volumes of poems, descriptive, dramatic, and legendary. Dr Simms has written several volumes of novelettes, colonial romances, revolutionary romances, and border romances, illustrative of North American history and manners. A uniform edition of the *Revolutionary* and *Border Romances* (completed in 1859) is published in eighteen volumes, and the collected poems of Dr Simms in two volumes. A *History of South Carolina*, *Lives of Francis Marion*, *Captain Smith* (*founder of Virginia*), *Chevalier Bayard*, and *Nathaniel Greene*, various critical disquisitions, and political pamphlets, have also been published by this versatile author.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The most original and popular of American philosophers and essayists is RALPH WALDO EMERSON, born at Boston in the year 1803. His father was a Unitarian minister, and after the usual course of education at Harvard College, young Emerson was ordained minister of the second Unitarian church in Boston. He held this charge for about three years (1829–1832), and resigning it in consequence of some change in his religious views, he devoted himself to a life of study, living chiefly at Concord, New Hampshire. His prose works consist of orations, lectures, and essays. Those published previous to 1870 were collected and printed in two volumes at Boston. He has also produced two volumes of *Poems*. His principal works are six orations—*Man Thinking*, 1837; *Address to the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge*, U.S., 1838; *Literary Ethics*, 1838; *The Method of Nature*, 1841; *Man the Reformer*, 1841; and *The Young American*, 1844. Mr Emerson has also published four series of essays—small volumes, issued in the years 1841, 1844, 1870, and 1871. In 1848 he delivered a course of lectures in Exeter Hall, London. 'The logicians have an incessant triumph over him,' said Harriet Martineau, 'but their triumph is of no avail; he conquers minds as well as hearts.' In 1849 he delivered another course of lectures on *Representative Men*—namely, Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, and Goethe. This selection of 'representative men,' was probably suggested by Mr Carlyle's lectures on hero worship delivered in 1840, and Mr Emerson has been termed 'the American Carlyle,' though he is by no means a slavish imitator of his English friend. For four years (1840–1844) Mr Emerson was associated with Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli, in conducting a literary journal, entitled *The Dial*; and on the death of the countess he joined with Mr W. H. Channing in writing a memoir of that learned and remarkable woman, which was published in 1852. The other works of Mr Emerson are—*English Traits*, 1856; *The Conduct of Life*, 1860; an *Oration on the Death of President Lincoln*, 1865; *Society and Solitude*, twelve chapters or essays, 1870; *Parnassus, Selected Poems;* a volume of *Essays*, 1875; &c. In 1866 the university of Harvard conferred upon Mr Emerson the honorary degree of LL.D.

Civilisation.—From 'Society and Solitude.'

Poverty and industry with a healthy mind read very easily the laws of humanity, and love them; place the sexes in right relations of mutual respect, and a severe morality gives that essential charm to woman which educates all that is delicate, poetic, and self-sacrificing, breeds courtesy and learning, conversation and wit in her rough mate; so that I have thought a sufficient measure of civilisation is the influence of good women.

Another measure of culture is the diffusion of knowledge, overturning all the old barriers of caste, and, by the cheap press, bringing the university to every poor man's door in the newsboy's basket. Scraps of science, of thought, of poetry, are in the coarsest sheet, so that in every house we hesitate to burn a newspaper until we have looked it through.

The ship, in its latest complete equipment, is an abridgment and compound of a nation's arts: the ship steered by compass and chart—longitude reckoned by lunar observation and by chronometer—driven by steam; and in wildest sea-mountains, at vast distances from home—

> The pulses of her iron heart
> Go beating through the storm.

No use can lessen the wonder of this control, by so weak a creature, of forces so prodigious. I remember I watched, in crossing the sea, the beautiful skill whereby the engine in its constant working was made to produce two hundred gallons of fresh-water out of salt-water every hour—thereby supplying all the ship's wants.

The skill that pervades complex details; the man that maintains himself; the chimney taught to burn its own smoke; the farm made to produce all that is consumed on it; the very prison compelled to maintain itself and yield a revenue, and, better still, made a reform school and a manufactory of honest men out of rogues, as the steamer made fresh-water out of salt—all these are examples of that tendency to combine antagonisms, and utilise evil, which is the index of high civilisation.

Civilisation is the result of highly complex organisation. In the snake, all the organs are sheathed; no hands, no feet, no fins, no wings. In bird and beast, the organs are released, and begin to play. In man, they are all unbound, and full of joyful action. With this unswaddling he receives the absolute illumination we call reason, and thereby true liberty.

Beauty.—From 'The Conduct of Life.'

The poets are quite right in decking their mistresses with the spoils of the landscape, flower-gardens, gems, rainbows, flushes of morning, and stars of night, since all beauty points at identity, and whatsoever thing does not express to me the sea and sky, day and night, is somewhat forbidden and wrong. Into every beautiful object there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine, and just as much bounded by outlines, like mountains on the horizon, as into tones of music or depths of space. Polarised light shewed the secret architecture of bodies; and when the *second-sight* of the mind is opened, now one colour, or form, or gesture, and now another, has a pungency, as if a more interior ray had been emitted, disclosing its deep holdings in the frame of things.

The laws of this translation we do not know, or why one feature or gesture enchants, why one word or syllable intoxicates, but the fact is familiar that the fine touch of the eye, or a grace of manners, or a phrase of poetry, plants wings at our shoulders; as if the Divinity, in his approaches, lifts away mountains of obstruction, and designs to draw a truer line, which the mind knows and owns. This is that haughty force of beauty, *vis superba formæ*, which the poets praise—under calm and precise outline, the immeasurable and divine—beauty hiding all wisdom and power in its calm sky.

All high beauty has a moral element in it, and I find the antique sculpture as ethical as Marcus Antoninus, and the beauty ever in proportion to the depth of thought. Gross and impure natures, however decorated, seem impure shambles; but character gives splendour to youth, and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs. An adorer of truth we cannot choose but obey, and the woman who has shared with us the moral sentiment—her locks must appear to us sublime. Thus, there is a climbing scale of culture, from the first agreeable sensation which a sparkling gem or a scarlet stain affords the eye, up through fair outlines and details of the landscape, features of the human face and form, signs and tokens of thought and character in manners, up to the ineffable mysteries of the human intellect. Wherever we begin, thither our steps tend: an ascent from the joy of a horse in his trappings up to the perception of Newton, that the globe on which we ride is only a larger apple falling from a larger tree; up to the perception of Plato, that globe and universe are rude and early expressions of an all-dissolving unity—the first stair on the scale to the temple of the mind.

Old Age.—From 'Society and Solitude.'

When life has been well spent, age is a loss of what it can well spare—muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk, and works that belong to these. But the central wisdom, which was old in infancy, is young in fourscore years, and, dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise. I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old. I have heard that, whenever the name of man is spoken, the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill—at the end of life just ready to be born—affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiment.

MR RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, author of several works on art, was born in London in 1819, the only son of a wealthy wine-merchant. He was entered at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he graduated, and in 1839 took the Newdegate prize for English poetry. Impressed with the idea that art was his vocation in life, he studied painting under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding; but the pencil has long since become merely the auxiliary of the pen. In 1843 appeared the first portion of his *Modern Painters, by an Oxford Graduate*, which, though published when the author was only twenty-four years of age, bears the impress of deep thought, and is written with rare eloquence and in choice English. The second part was published in 1846, and the third and fourth volumes ten years later, in 1856. Many other works appeared in the interval. Indeed, Mr Ruskin is now one of the most voluminous writers of the day; but it may be questioned if he has ever risen to the level of the first two volumes of the *Modern Painters*. Latterly, his works have been little more than hurriedly written pamphlets, reviews, and revisals of popular lectures, which, though often rising into passages of vivid description and eloquence, and possessing the merit of great clearness, are generally loose and colloquial in style. The *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, 1849, and the *Stones of Venice*, three volumes, 1851–53, are the principal of Mr Ruskin's works, besides the *Modern Painters;* but we may also mention the following: *Letters in Defence of the Pre-Raphaelites*, published at various times since 1851; *The Construction of Sheepfolds* (the discipline of the church), 1851; *The Opening of the Crystal Palace*, 1854; *Notes on the Academy Exhibitions*, published in the month of May for the last few years; *The Elements of Drawing*, 1857; *The Political Economy of Art*, 1858; *The Two Paths*, 1859; besides contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, the *Art Journal*, the *Scotsman*, &c. In 1861 a selection from the works of Mr Ruskin was published in one volume—a treasure to all young literary students and lovers of art. His subsequent works have been numerous: *Lectures on Civilisation*, 1866; *The Queen of the Air, being a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm*, 1869; *Lectures on Art*, delivered before the university of Oxford in 1870, &c. Mr Ruskin made a munificent offer of £5000 for the endowment of a master of drawing in Oxford, which was accepted by the university authorities in November 1871.

Mr Ruskin's influence upon art and art-literature has been remarkable. The subject has received a degree of consideration among general readers that it had not previously enjoyed in our day, or perhaps in any period of our history; and to Mr Ruskin's veneration for every work of creation, inculcated in all his writings, may be ascribed the origin of the society of young artists, known as the Pre-Raphaelites. Protesting against what they conceived to be lax conventionalism in the style of most modern painters, the innovators went back, as they said, to Nature, preferring her in all her moods and phases, to ideal visions of what she occasionally might, or ought to appear. Mr Ruskin seems often to contradict himself; but on this point his own mind is easy. 'I never met with a question yet,' he says in the inaugural address to the Cambridge School of Art, 'which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their

opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times.' With this clever apology we may pass over apparent incongruities in the details of his system, and rest satisfied with the great principles which he so eloquently inculcates. These are singularly pure and lofty. The aim and object of his teaching, he says, is to declare that 'whatever is great in human art is the expression of man's delight in God's work,' and he insists upon a pure heart and earnest mind as essential to success.

The Sky.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organisation; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not 'too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;' it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

The Two Paths.

Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support—parents to help—brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the morning's labour and prompt the twilight thought. But when you are fairly *at* the work, what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fullness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth—it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune that you desire: but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live.

The following eloquent passage is from *Modern Painters:*

The Dangers of National Security.

That is to everything created pre-eminently useful which enables it rightly and fully to perform the functions appointed to it by its Creator. Therefore, that we may determine what is chiefly useful to man, it is necessary first to determine the use of man himself. Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this, follow me no further; for this I purpose always to assume) is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is in the pure and first sense of the word useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us. But things that only help us to exist are in a secondary and mean sense useful; or rather, if they be looked for alone they are useless and worse; for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence. And yet people speak in this working-age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses and lands, and food and raiment, were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration were all profitless; so that men insolently call themselves utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables. Men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life and the raiment than the body, who look to this.

earth as a stable and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen who love the corn they grind, and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew, and the water they draw, are better than the pine-forests that cover the mountain like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the Preacher, that though God 'hath made everything beautiful in His time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.' This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations in their struggles for existence, in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganisation, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith. But when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other; and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of their rest—evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others, and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also—a fear greater than that of sword and sedition—that dependence on God may be forgotten because the bread is given and the water sure, that gratitude to Him may cease because His constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law, that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world, that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion; compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the iris colours its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed upon them, and are ploughed down into dust.

And though I believe we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety in all matters however trivial, in all directions however distant. And at this time .... there is need, bitter need, to bring back, if we may, into men's minds, that to live is nothing unless to live be to know Him by whom we live, and that He is not to be known by marring His fair works, and blotting out the evidence of His influences upon His creatures, not amidst the hurry of crowds and crash of innovation, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligences which He gave to men of old. He did not teach them how to build for glory and for beauty; He did not give them the fearless, faithful, inherited energies that worked on and down from death to death, generation after generation, that we, foul and sensual as we are, might give the carved work of their poured-out spirit to the axe and the hammer; He has not cloven the earth with rivers, that their white wild waves might turn wheels and push paddles, nor turned it up under, as it were fire, that it might heat wells and cure diseases; He brings not up His quails by the east wind only to let them fall in flesh about the camp of men; He has not heaped the rocks of the mountain only for the quarry, nor clothed the grass of the field only for the oven.

We give another extract from the same work:

What is Truly Practical.

All science and all art may be divided into that which is subservient to life and which is the object of it + —, practical —, or theoretical + +. Yet the step between practical and theoretic science is the step between the miner and the geologist, the apothecary and the chemist, and the step between practical and theoretic art is that between the bricklayer and the architect, between the plumber and the artist; and this is a step allowed on all hands to be from less to greater, so that the so-called useless part of each profession does by the authoritative and right instinct of mankind assume the superior and more noble place. Only it is ordained that, for our encouragement, every step we make in the more exalted range of science, adds something also to its practical applicabilities; that all the great phenomena of nature, the knowledge of which is desired by the angels only, by us partly as it reveals to further vision the being and the glory of Him in whom they rejoice and we live, dispense yet such kind influences and so much of material blessing as to be joyfully felt by all inferior creatures, and to be desired by them with such single desire as the imperfection of their nature may admit; that the strong torrents which in their own gladness fill the hills with hollow thunder and the vales with winding light, have yet their bounden charge of field to feed and barge to bear; that the fierce flames to which the Alps owes its upheaval and the volcano its terror, temper for us the metal vein and quickening spring; and that for our incitement, I say not our reward, for knowledge is its own reward, herbs have their healing, stones their preciousness, and stars their times.

It would appear, therefore, that those pursuits which are altogether theoretic, whose results are desirable or admirable in themselves, and for their own sake, and in which no further end to which their productions or discoveries are referred, can interrupt the contemplation of things as they are, by the endeavour to discover of what selfish uses they are capable (and of this order are painting and sculpture), ought to take rank above all pursuits which have any taint in them of subserviency to life, in so far as all such tendency is the sign of less eternal and less holy function.

The Beautiful alone not Good for Man.

I believe that it is not good for man to live amongst what is most beautiful; that he is a creature incapable of satisfaction by anything upon earth; and that to allow him habitually to possess, in any kind whatsoever, the utmost that earth can give, is the surest way to cast him into lassitude or discontent.

If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without a pause for a series of years, and children were brought up and educated in the room in which it was perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music, or understanding of it, would be very small. And an accurately parallel effect seems to be produced upon the powers of contemplation by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain districts. The faculties are paralysed by the abundance, and cease, as we before noticed of the imagination, to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than those which present themselves to the eye. So that it is, in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions—that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around

the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should become the objects of adventure—at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory and the winter's tale of age.

Nor is it always that the inferiority is felt. For, so natural is it to the human heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession, and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied, that there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away promise of something greater than themselves, than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of Nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by the fancy pictured or pursued.

Precipices of the Alps.

Dark in colour, robed with everlasting mourning, for ever tottering like a great fortress shaken by war, fearful as much in their weakness as in their strength, and yet gathered after every fall into darker frowns and unhumiliating threatening; for ever incapable of comfort or healing from herb or flower, nourishing no root in their crevices, touched by no hue of life on buttress or ledge, but to the utmost desolate; knowing no shaking of leaves in the wind, nor of grass beside the stream—no other motion but their own mortal shivering, the dreadful crumbling of atom from atom in their corrupting stones; knowing no sound of living voice or living tread, cheered neither by the kid's bleat nor the marmot's cry: haunted only by uninterrupted echoes from afar off, wandering hither and thither among their walls unable to escape, and by the hiss of angry torrents, and sometimes the shriek of a bird that flits near the face of them, and sweeps frightened back from under their shadow into the gulf of air; and sometimes, when the echo has fainted, and the wind has carried the sound of the torrent away, and the bird has vanished, and the mouldering stones are still for a little time—a brown moth, opening and shutting its wings upon a grain of dust, may be the only thing that moves or feels in all the waste of weary precipice darkening five thousand feet of the blue depth of heaven.

The Fall of the Leaf.

If ever, in autumn, a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.

JOHN STERLING.

JOHN STERLING (1806–1844) was born at Kaimes Castle, Isle of Bute. His father, Captain Sterling, became editor of the *Times* daily journal, and his son John, after being educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was early familiar with literary society. Frederick Maurice, Coleridge, Carlyle, and other distinguished men of that period, were among his friends. He contributed essays, tales, and poems to the periodicals, all marked by fine taste and culture. Having taken holy orders in the church, he officiated for eight months as curate at Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex, where Mr Hare was rector. Delicate health, and some change in his religious opinions, induced him to resign this charge, and he continued afterwards to reside chiefly abroad or in the south of England, occupying himself with occasional contributions in prose and verse to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Westminster Review*. He published also a volume of *Poems*, 1839; *The Election*, a poem, 1841; and *Stafford*, a tragedy, 1843. He charmed every society into which he entered by his conversation and the amiable qualities of his mind and heart. His prose works have been collected and edited in two volumes, 1848, with a memoir of his life by his friend, Archdeacon Hare. That memoir, with the letters it contains, and the subsequent memoir by Mr Carlyle, have given an interest and fame to John Sterling, which his writings alone would have failed to produce.

The Miseries of Old Age and the Misfortunes of Early Death.

There are two frequent lamentations which might well teach us to doubt the wisdom of popular opinions: men bewail in themselves the miseries of old age, and in others the misfortune of an early death. They do not reflect that life is made up of emotions and thoughts, some cares and doubts and hopes and scattered handfuls of sorrow and pleasure, elements incapable of being measured by rule or dated by an almanac. It is not from the calendar or the parish-register that we can justly learn for what to grieve, and wherefore to rejoice; and it is rather an affected refinement than a sage instinct, to pour out tears in proportion as our wasting days, or those of our friends, are marked by clepsydra. And even as old age, if it be the fruit of natural and regular existence, is full, not of aches and melancholy, but of lightness and joy; so there are men who perform their course in a small circle of years, whose maturity is to be reckoned, not by the number of their springs and summers, but of their inward seasons of greenness and glory, and who by a native kindliness have enjoyed, during a brief and northern period, more sunshine of the soul than ever came to the clouded breast of a basking Ethiop.

Yet the many men of exalted genius who have died in early life, have all been lamented, as if they had perished by some strange and unnatural chance, and as if He, without whose will no sparrow falls to the ground, only suspended His providence with regard to the eagle ministers of truth and beauty. Happy indeed, thrice happy, are such beings as Sophocles and Titian, in whom the golden chain runs out to the last link, and whose hearts are fed by a bright calm current until they fall asleep in a fresh and blooming antiquity. But happy also were Raphael, Sidney, and Schiller, who accomplished in the half of man's permitted term, the fulfilment of their aim, and gained sight of the rising stars, when others were still labouring in the heats of noon. Happy we may even call the more disturbed and incomplete career of Byron and Shelley and Burns, who were so much clogged by earthly impediments, and vexed with mental disease, nourished by the disease of the material frame, that death would rather seem, if we may humbly speak what perhaps we but ignorantly and wildly fancy, a setting free to further improvement, than a final cutting off in the midst of imperfection.

The Worth of Knowledge.

Read the oldest records of our race, and you will find the writers holding up to admiration, or relating with heart-felt emotion, the facts that we ourselves most delight in. The fidelity of Joseph to his master, the love of Hector for his wife and child, come home to our hearts as suddenly as to those of the ancient Hebrew

among the Syrian mountains, or the pagan Greek in the islands of the Ægean Sea. In the Indian code of Menu, said to be at least three thousand years old—as old as Homer—we find that the husband and all the male relations are strictly enjoined to honour the women: 'where women are dishonoured, all religious acts become fruitless. Where a husband is contented with his wife and she with her husband, in that house will fortune assuredly be permanent.' A hundred generations of mankind have not changed this.

The first Chaldean who observed that the planets seem to journey among the other stars, and not merely to rise and set with them, that Jupiter and Sirius follow different laws, knew a truth which is now the foundation of astronomy in London and Paris no less than of old in Babylon. The first Egyptian who, meditating on curved figures, discerned that there is one in which all the lines from one point to the circumference are equal, gained the idea of a circle, such as it has presented itself to every later mind of man from Thales and Euclid down to Laplace and Herschel. Nay, in truth, those who most exalt the acquirements of our age compared with the past—and they can hardly be too much exalted—must admit that all progress implies continuity—that we can take a step forward only by having firm footing for the step behind it.

According to a well-known story, some Sidonian mariners, probably at least a thousand years before our era, were carrying a cargo of natron or native carbonate of soda, extensively used for its cleansing properties, as wood-ashes are now. They were sailing along the coast of Syria, and landed to cook their food at the mouth of a stream flowing down from the Mount Carmel of Scripture. They took some lumps of the natron from their boat, and used them as stones to set their cauldron on. The fire which they kindled beneath melted the soda and the flint sand of the shore, and to the astonishment of these Sidonians, formed a shining liquid, which cooled and hardened, and was found to be transparent. This was the first invention of glass. It was soon manufactured by the Egyptians, and is found abundantly in their tombs.

There is a story in the history of England, told, I think, originally by Bede, so justly called the Venerable, which is as striking and affecting in its way as any of those deeds of heroic patriotism that enrich the annals of Greece and Rome.

More than twelve hundred years ago, when the north-eastern part of England was occupied by the pagan Angles, or people of Jutland and Holstein, who had conquered it from the old Celtic population, a Christian missionary from Rome endeavoured to introduce his better faith among these rude and bloody men. The council of the chiefs was assembled round their king. Paulinus spoke; and at last one of the warriors said: 'The soul of man is like a sparrow, which in a winter night, when the king with his men is sitting by the warm fire, enters for a moment from the storm and darkness, flits through the lighted hall, and then passes again into the black night. Thus,' he said, 'our life shoots across the world; but whence it comes and whither it goes we cannot tell. If, then, the new doctrine can give us any certainty, O king, let us receive it with joy.' In this simple and earnest fashion does the unappeasable longing of man for knowledge speak itself out of the dim barbarian soul.

EDWARD WILLIAM LANE, ETC.

This able oriental scholar (1801–1876) was a native of Hereford, son of a prebendary in the cathedral there. He made three visits to Egypt, one result of which was his work, *The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, 1836, which was highly successful. He next gave the public a translation, 'drawn chiefly from the most copious Eastern sources,' of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. But his greatest work was the construction of a complete *Arabic-English Lexicon*, one volume of which was published in 1863, and four others at intervals of three or four years. Though incomplete at the time of his death, Mr Lane had left materials for three more volumes, which will complete this great work, which all scholars at home and abroad consider as an honour to England.

FRANK TREVELYAN BUCKLAND (born in 1826), son of Dr Buckland the eminent geologist, studied at Christ Church, Oxford. Mr Buckland is an Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales. He has written *Curiosities of Natural History*, and other works, and edited White's *Selborne*, enriching it with copious additions. As a naturalist and pleasing writer, Mr Buckland has done much to encourage the study of nature and increase our knowledge of the habits of animals.

CHARLES KNIGHT (1790–1872), a native of Windsor, both as publisher and author, did good service to the cause of cheap popular literature. His *Etonian*, and *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, drew forth many accomplished young scholars as contributors—including Macaulay—and his Pictorial England, the Pictorial Bible, shilling volumes, and other serial works, supplied a fund of excellent reading and information. As editor of Shakspeare, Mr Knight took higher ground, and acquitted himself with distinction, though resting the text too exclusively on the folio of 1623. A collection of essays was published by Mr Knight under the title of *Once upon a Time*, 1833, and another is named *The Old Printer and the Modern Press*. His *Passages of a Working Life during Half a Century*, 1863–65, is an interesting autobiography, illustrating the literary life of the period. His playful epitaph by Douglas Jerrold, '*Good* Knight,' describes his character.

The *Biographical and Critical Essays* of MR ABRAHAM HAYWARD, Queen's Counsel, published in 1858–1865, are lively, interesting papers, originally communicated to the *Edinburgh Review*. Mr Hayward has also translated Goethe's *Faust*, and is author of a number of professional treatises.

ALBANY FONBLANQUE (1793–1872), a distinguished journalist, for many years editor of the *Examiner*, published in 1837 three volumes of political papers under the title of *England under Seven Administrations*. He was a witty sparkling writer, careful and fastidious. In his early days he frequently wrote an article ten times over before he had it to his mind. In 1873, a further selection from his editorial writings, with a sketch of his life, was published by his nephew, E. B. Fonblanque.

DR DORAN.

In the department of light parlour-books or Ana, the works of DR JOHN DORAN have been successful. His *Table Traits, and Something on Them*, 1854, is chiefly on the art of dining, and evinces a great extent of curious reading and observation. His next work, *Habits and Men, with Remnants of Record touching the Makers of Both* (also 1854), is full of anecdotes, illustrative of eminent persons, customs, manners, dress, &c. Next year the author produced *Lives of the Queens of*

England of the House of Hanover, two volumes. This work is also chiefly anecdotical, and presents interior pictures of the courts of the three Georges —the last happily forming a strong contrast to the coarseness and licentiousness of George I. and George II. *Knights and their Days*, 1856, is a chronicle of knighthood from Falstaff downwards, with anecdotes, quaint stories, whimsical comments, and episodes of all kinds. *Monarchs Retired from Business*, two volumes, 1857, is a work of the same complexion, relating to kings and rulers who voluntarily or involuntarily—Louis-Philippe being among the latter—abandoned the cares and state of government. The *History of Court Fools*, 1858, embraces a good deal of historical anecdote and illustration; and a few months afterwards the indefatigable doctor was ready with *New Pictures and Old Panels*, another collection of Ana, relating to authors, actors, actresses, preachers, and vanities of all sorts. Dr Doran's next appearance was as an editor: *Journal of the Reign of King George III., from the Year 1771 to 1783, by Horace Walpole; being a Supplement to his Memoirs, now first published from the Original Manuscripts; edited with Notes;* two volumes, 1859. As an historian, Horace Walpole was not to be trusted; he was rather a brilliant gossip with strong prejudices; but he could not have had a better editor than Dr Doran, who could trace him into all his recesses and books, and was familiar with the characters and events of which he treated. The editor's notes, indeed, are very much like the author's text, and he had applied himself assiduously to his task. In 1860, Dr Doran produced *Lives of the Princes of Wales;* in 1861, *The Bentley Ballads;* in 1863, a *History of the English Stage;* and in 1868, *Saints and Sinners.*

The Style Royal and Critical—the Plural 'We.'

With respect to the style and title of kings, it may be here stated that the royal 'We' represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect in the august person of the sovereign. 'Le Roi le veut'—the King will have it so—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression it was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: 'For such is our good pleasure.' The royal subscription in Spain, 'Yo, el Re'—I, the King—has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the kings of France—that is, by the *married* kings. Thus, when the French monarch summoned a council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, his majesty invariably commenced his address with the words, 'Having previously consulted on this matter with the queen,' &c. It is very probable, almost certain, that the king had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had*, seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort in the eyes of the grandees and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the kings of France. 'According to my thinking,' says the garrulous old abbé of Villeloin, 'this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time.' It may here be added, with respect to English kings, that the first 'king's speech' ever delivered was by Henry I. in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal 'We:' it h never before been employed in England. The sa monarch has the credit of having been the first Engl king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the se 'Grace,' and 'My Liege,' were the ordinary titles which our Henry IV. was addressed. 'Excellent Gra was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet h the other; Edward IV. was 'Most High and Migh Prince;' Henry VII. was the first English 'Highness Henry VIII. was the first complimented by the title 'Majesty;' and James I. prefixed to the last ti 'Sacred and Most Excellent.'

Visit of George III. and Queen Charlotte to the City of London.

The queen was introduced to the citizens of Lond on Lord-Mayor's Day; on which occasion they may said emphatically, to have 'made a day of it.' Th left St James's Palace at noon, and in great stat accompanied by all the royal family, escorted by guard and cheered by the people, whose particular holid was thus shared in common. There was the usu ceremony at Temple Bar of opening the gates to royalt and giving it welcome; and there was the once usu address made at the east end of St Paul's Churchyar by the senior scholar of Christ's Hospital schoo Having survived the cumbrous formalities of the firs and smiled at the flowery figures of the second, th royal party proceeded on their way, not to Guildha but to the house of Mr Barclay, the patent medicin vendor, an honest Quaker whom the king respected, an ancestor to the head of the firm whose name is n unmusical to Volscian ears—Barclay, Perkins, & C Robert Barclay, the only surviving son of the author the same name, who wrote the celebrated *Apology fo the Quakers*, and who was now the king's entertaine was an octogenarian, who had entertained in the sam house two Georges before he had given welcome to th third George and his Queen Charlotte. The hear old man, without abandoning Quaker simplicity, we a little beyond it, in order to do honour to the youn queen; and he hung his balcony and rooms with brilliant crimson damask, that must have scatter blushes on all who stood near—particularly on th cheeks of the crowds of 'Friends' who had assembl within the house to do honour to their sovereigns. . .

Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last of o sovereigns who thus honoured a Lord-Mayor's sho And as it *was* the last occasion, and that the youn Queen Charlotte was *the* heroine of the day, the oppo tunity may be profited by to shew how that royal lad looked and bore herself in the estimation of one of th Miss Barclays, whose letter, descriptive of the scen appeared forty-seven years subsequently, in 1808. Th following extracts are very much to our purpose: 'Abo one o'clock papa and mamma, with sister Western attend them, took their stand at the street-door, whe my two brothers had long been to receive the nobilit more than a hundred of whom were then waiting in th warehouse. As the royal family came, they were co ducted into one of the counting-houses, which w transformed into a very pretty parlour. At half-past tw their majesties came, which was two hours later tha they intended. On the second pair of stairs was place our own company, about forty in number, the chief whom were of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodo habits. Next to the drawing-room doors were place our own selves, I mean papa's children, none else, to th great mortification of visitors, being allowed to enter for as kissing the king's hand without kneeling was a unexampled honour, the king confined that privilege t our own family, as a return for the trouble we had bee at. After the royal pair had shewn themselves at th balcony, we were all introduced, and you may believ at that juncture, we felt no small palpitations. Th king met us at the door—a condescension I di

not expect—at which place he saluted us with great politeness. Advancing to the upper end of the room, we kissed the queen's hand, at the sight of whom we were all in raptures, not only from the brilliancy of her appearance, which was pleasing beyond description, but being throughout her whole person possessed of that inexpressible something that is beyond a set of features, and equally claims our attention. To be sure, she has not a fine face, but a most agreeable countenance, and is vastly genteel, with an air, notwithstanding her being a little woman, truly majestic; and I really think, by her manner is expressed that complacency of disposition which is truly amiable: and though I could never perceive that she deviated from that dignity which belongs to a crowned head, yet on the most trifling occasions she displayed all that easy behaviour that negligence can bestow. Her hair, which is of a light colour, hung in what is called coronation-ringlets, encircled in a band of diamonds, so beautiful in themselves, and so prettily disposed, as will admit of no description. Her clothes, which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, was a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and silver. The lustre of her stomacher was inconceivable. The king I think a very personable man. All the princes followed the king's example in complimenting each of us with a kiss. The queen was up-stairs three times, and my little darling, with Patty Barclay, and Priscilla Ball, were introduced to her. I was present, and not a little anxious on account of my girl, who kissed the queen's hand with so much grace that I thought the princess-dowager would have smothered her with kisses. Such a report was made of her to the king, that Miss was sent for, and afforded him great amusement by saying, 'that she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and her grandpapa would not allow her to make a courtesy.' Her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen. When he first met her, he tried to persuade Miss to let him introduce her to the queen; but she would by no means consent till I informed her he was a prince, upon which her little female heart relented, and she gave him her hand—a true copy of the sex. The king never sat down, nor did he taste anything during the whole time. Her majesty drank tea, which was brought her on a silver waiter by brother John, who delivered it to the lady-in-waiting, and she presented it kneeling. The leave they took of us was such as we might expect from our equals; full of apologies for our trouble for their entertainment—which they were so anxious to have explained, that the queen came up to us, as we stood on one side of the door, and had every word interpreted. My brothers had the honour of assisting the queen into her coach. Some of us sat up to see them return, and the king and queen took especial notice of us as they passed. The king ordered twenty-four of his guard to be placed opposite our door all night, lest any of the canopy should be pulled down by the mob, in which [the canopy, it is to be presumed] there were one hundred yards of silk damask.'

In Allibone's *Dictionary of British and American Authors*, 1859, we find the following biographical particulars relative to the above author: 'John Doran, LL.D., born 1807 in London—family originally of Drogheda, in Ireland. He was educated chiefly by his father. His literary bent was manifested at the age of fifteen, when he produced the melodrama of the *Wandering Jew*, which was first played at the Surrey Theatre in 1822 for Tom Blanchard's benefit. His early years were spent in France. He was successively tutor in four of the noblest families in Great Britain.' Dr Doran has contributed largely to the literary journals.

WILLIAM JOHN THOMS.

In 1849 was commenced a weekly journal, *Notes and Queries*, a medium of inter-communication for literary men, artists, antiquaries, genealogists, &c. The projector and editor of this excellent little periodical was MR WILLIAM JOHN THOMS, born in Westminster in 1803, and librarian in the House of Lords. Mr Thoms has published a *Collection of Early Prose Romances*, 1828; *Lays and Legends of Various Nations*, 1834; *Notelets on Shakspeare*, and several historical treatises. Having retired from the editorship of *Notes and Queries*, a complimentary dinner was given to Mr Thoms on the 1st November 1872, Earl Stanhope chairman, at which about one hundred and twenty friends and admirers of the retiring editor were present. Mr Thoms has been succeeded in the editorial chair by Dr Doran.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

Several works of a thoughtful and earnest character, written in what Mr Ruskin has termed 'beautiful and quiet English,' have been published (most of them anonymously) by ARTHUR HELPS, afterwards Sir Arthur, this popular author having been honoured in 1872 by the title of K.C.B. Sir Arthur was born in 1814, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1838, and having been successively private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Monteagle) and to the Chief Secretary for Ireland (Lord Morpeth), he was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council in the year 1859. His works are—*Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*, 1835; *Essays written in the Intervals of Business*, 1841; *King Henry II.*, a historical drama, and *Catherine Douglas*, a tragedy, 1843; *The Claims of Labour*, 1844; *Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourses*, 1847; *Companions of my Solitude*, 1851; *Conquerors of the New World, and their Bondsmen*, two volumes, 1848–52; *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*, 1855; a second series of *Friends in Council*, 1859; *The Life of Pizarro*, 1869; *Casimir Maremma*, and *Brevia*, or *Short Essays*, in 1870; *Conversations on War and General Culture*, *The Life of Hernando Cortes and The Conquest of Mexico*, and *Thoughts upon Government*, in 1871; in 1872, the *Life of Mr Brassey the Engineer*. The essays and dialogues of this author evince a fine moral feeling and discriminating taste. They have all gone through numerous editions, and their purity of expression, as well as justness of thought, must have had a beneficial effect on many minds. Sir Arthur died March 7, 1875.

Advantages of Foreign Travel.

This, then, is one of the advantages of travel, that we come upon new ground, which we tread lightly, which is free from associations that claim too deep and constant an interest from us; and not resting long in any one place, but travelling onwards, we maintain that desirable lightness of mind; we are spectators, having for the time no duties, no ties, no associations, no responsibilities; nothing to do but to look on, and look fairly. Another of the great advantages of travel lies in what you learn from your companions; not merely from those you set out with, or so much from them as

from those whom you are thrown together with on the journey. I reckon this advantage to be so great, that I should be inclined to say, that you often get more from your companions in travel than from all you come to see. People imagine they are not known, and that they shall never meet again with the same company—which is very likely so—they are free for the time from the trammels of their business, profession, or calling; the marks of the harness begin to wear out; and altogether they talk more like men than slaves with their several functions hanging like collars round their necks. An ordinary man on travel will sometimes talk like a great imaginative man at home, for such are never utterly enslaved by their functions. Then the diversities of character you meet with instruct and delight you. The variety in language, dress, behaviour, religious ceremonies, mode of life, amusements, arts, climate, governments, lays hold of your attention and takes you out of the wheel-tracks of your everyday cares. He must, indeed, be either an angel of constancy and perseverance, or a wonderfully obtuse Caliban of a man, who, amidst all this change, can maintain his private griefs or vexations exactly in the same place they held in his heart while he was packing for his journey. The change of language is alone a great delight. You pass along, living only with gentlemen and scholars, for you rarely detect what is vulgar or inept in the talk around you. Children's talk in another language is not childish to you, and indeed everything is literature, from the announcement at a railway-station to the advertisements in a newspaper. Read the Bible in another tongue, and you will perhaps find a beauty in it you have not thoroughly appreciated for years before.

The Course of History.

The course of history is like that of a great river wandering through various countries; now, in the infancy of its current, collecting its waters from obscure small springs in splashy meadows, and from unconsidered rivulets which the neighbouring rustics do not know the name of; now, in its boisterous youth, forcing its way straight through mountains; now, in middle life, going with equable current busily by great towns, its waters sullied yet enriched with commerce; and now, in its burdened old age, making its slow and difficult way with great broad surface, over which the declining sun looms grandly to the sea. The uninstructed or careless traveller generally finds but one form of beauty or of meaning in the river: the romantic gorge or wild cascade is, perhaps, the only kind of scenery which delights him. And so it has often been in our estimate of history. Well-fought battles, or the doings of gay courts, or bloody revolutions, have been the chief sources of attraction; while less dressed events, but not of less real interest or import, have often escaped all notice.

Discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nuñez.

Early in September 1513 he set out on his renowned expedition for finding 'the other sea,' accompanied by a hundred and ninety men well armed, and by dogs, which were of more avail than men, and by Indian slaves to carry the burdens. He went by sea to the territory of his father-in-law, King Careta, by whom he was well received, and, accompanied by whose Indians, he moved on into Poncha's territory. This cacique took flight, as he had done before, seeking refuge amongst his mountains; but Vasco Nuñez, whose first thought in his present undertaking was discovery and not conquest, sent messengers to Poncha, promising not to hurt him. The Indian chief listened to these overtures, and came to Vasco Nuñez with gold in his hands. It was the policy of the Spanish commander on this occasion to keep his word: we have seen how treacherous he could be when it was not his policy; but he now did no harm to Poncha, and, on the contrary, he secured his frie ship by presenting him with looking-glasses, hatch and hawk-bells, in return for which he obtained gui and porters from among this cacique's people, wh enabled him to prosecute his journey. Follow Poncha's guides, Vasco Nuñez and his men commen the ascent of the mountains, until he entered the coun of an Indian chief called Quarequa, whom they fou fully prepared to resist them. The brave Indian vanced at the head of his troops, meaning to m a vigorous attack; but they could not withstand discharge of the firearms; indeed they believed Spaniards to have thunder and lightning in their ha —not an unreasonable fancy—and, flying in the utm terror from the place of battle, a total rout ensued. T rout was a bloody one, and is described by an auth who gained his information from those who were pres at it, as a scene to remind one of the shambles. T king and his principal men were slain, to the number six hundred. In speaking of these people, Peter Mar makes mention of the sweetness of their language, a how all the words might be written in Latin letters, was also to be remarked in that of the inhabitants Hispaniola. This writer also mentions, and there reason for thinking that he was rightly informed, t there was a region not two days' journey from Qua qua's territory, in which Vasco Nuñez found a race black men, who were conjectured to have come fr Africa, and to have been shipwrecked on this coa Leaving several of his men, who were ill, or over-wea in Quarequa's chief town, and taking with him guic from this country, the Spanish commander pursu his way up the most lofty sierras there, until, on t 25th of September 1513, he came near to the top of mountain from whence the South Sea was visible. T distance from Poncha's chief town to this point w forty leagues, reckoned then six days' journey, t Vasco Nuñez and his men took twenty-five days to it in, suffering much from the roughness of the ways a from the want of provisions. A little before Vas Nuñez reached the height, Quarequa's Indians inform him of his near approach to it. It was a sight whi any man would wish to be alone to see. Vasco Nui bade his men sit down while he alone ascended a looked down upon the vast Pacific, the first man of t Old World, so far as we know, who had done so. Fa ing on his knees, he gave thanks to God for the favo shewn to him in his being the first man to discover a behold this sea; then with his hand he beckoned to men to come up. When they had come, both he a they knelt down and poured forth their thanks to Go He then addressed them in these words: 'You see he gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are bei accomplished, and the end of our labours. Of that ought to be certain, for as it has turned out true wl King Comogre's son told of this sea to us, who ne thought to see it, so I hold for certain that what he t us of there being incomparable treasures in it will fulfilled. God and his blessed mother who have assist us, so that we should arrive here and behold this s will favour us that we may enjoy all that there is in Every great and original action has a prospective gre ness, not alone from the thoughts of the man w achieves it, but from the various aspects and hi thoughts which the same action will continue to prese and call up in the minds of others to the end, it m be, of all time. And so a remarkable event may on acquiring more and more significance. In this ca our knowledge that the Pacific, which Vasco Nuñ then beheld, occupies more than one-half of the earth surface, is an element of thought which in our min lightens up and gives an awe to this first gaze of l upon those mighty waters. To him the scene might n at that moment have suggested much more than would have done to a mere conqueror; indeed, Pet Martyr likens Vasco Nuñez to Hannibal shewing Ita to his soldiers.

Great Questions of the Present Age.

From *Companions of my Solitude.*

What patient labour and what intellectual power is often bestowed in coming to a decision on any cause which involves much worldly property. Might there not be some great hearing of any of the intellectual and spiritual difficulties which beset the paths of all thoughtful men in the present age? Church questions, for example, seem to require a vast investigation. As it is, a book or pamphlet is put forward on one side, and somehow the opposing facts and arguments seldom come into each other's presence. And thus truth sustains great loss.

My own opinion is, if I can venture to say that I have an opinion, that what we ought to seek for is a church of the utmost width of doctrine, and with the most beautiful expression that can be devised for that doctrine—the most beautiful expression, I mean, in words, in deeds, in sculpture, and in sacred song; which should have a simple easy grandeur in its proceedings that should please the elevated and poetical mind, charm the poor, and yet not lie open to just cavilling on the part of those somewhat hard, intellectual worshippers who must have a reason for everything; which should have vitality and growth in it; and which should attract and not repel those who love truth better than any creature.

Pondering these things in the silence of the downs, I at last neared home; and found that the result of all my thoughts was that any would-be teacher must be contented and humble, or try to be so, in his efforts of any kind; and that if the great questions can hardly be determined by man (divided, too, as he is from his brother in all ways), he must still try and do what he can on lower levels, hoping ever for more insight, and looking forward to the knowledge which may be gained by death.

Advice to Men in Small Authority.

It is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times in a day, in the course of your business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanour is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS ('MARK TWAIN').

This humorous writer and lecturer is a native of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri, where he was born in 1835. He has been successively a printer, a steamboat pilot, a miner, and a newspaper editor—the last in San Francisco. In 1867 he published a story of the Californian gold mines, entitled *The Jumping Frog*, which instantly became popular. In the same year he went on a pleasure trip to Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt, &c., and the result was two volumes of amusing incidents and description—the first, entitled *Innocents Abroad*, giving the details of the journey from New York to Naples; and the second, under the title of the *New Pilgrim's Progress*, describing the Holy Land and the Grecian and Syrian shores. Mr Clemens is author of various other works—*Burlesque Autobiography, Eye-openers, Good Things, Screamers, A Gathering of Scraps, Roughing It*, &c.

The Noblest Delight.

What is it that confers the noblest delight? What is that which swells a man's breast with pride above that which any other experience can bring to him? Discovery! To know that you are walking where none others have walked; that you are beholding what human eye has not seen before; that you are breathing a virgin atmosphere. To give birth to an idea—to discover a great thought—an intellectual nugget, right under the dust of a field that many a brain-plough had gone over before. To find a new planet, to invent a new hinge, to find the way to make the lightnings carry your messages. To be the *first*—that is the idea. To do something, say something, see something, before *anybody* else—these are the things that confer a pleasure compared with which other pleasures are tame and commonplace, other ecstasies cheap and trivial. Morse, with his first message, brought by his servant, the lightning; Fulton, in that long-drawn century of suspense, when he placed his hand upon the throttle-valve, and lo, the steamboat moved; Jenner, when his patient with the cow's virus in his blood walked through the small-pox hospitals unscathed; Howe, when the idea shot through his brain that for a hundred and twenty generations the eye had been bored through the wrong end of the needle; the nameless lord of art who laid down his chisel in some old age that is forgotten now, and gloated upon the finished Laocoon; Daguerre, when he commanded the sun, riding in the zenith, to print the landscape upon his insignificant silvered plate, and he obeyed; Columbus, in the *Pinta's* shrouds, when he swung his hat above a fabled sea and gazed abroad upon an unknown world! These are the men who have really *lived*—who have actually comprehended what pleasure is—who have crowded long lifetimes of ecstasy into a single moment.

Puzzling an Italian Guide.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said: 'Come wis me, genteelmen! come! I shew you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo. Write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!'

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger.

'What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!'

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest: 'Ah, Ferguson, what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?'

'Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!'

Another deliberate examination. 'Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?'

'He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!'

Then the doctor laid the document down, and said: 'Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.'

'But zis is ze great Christo'——

'I don't care who it is! It 's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out! and if you haven't, drive on!'

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said: 'Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I shew you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!'

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude.

'Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!'

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions. 'Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?'

'Christopher Colombo!—ze great Christopher Colombo!'

'Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?'

'Discover America!—discover America. Oh, ze devil!'

'Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?'

'Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!'

'What did he die of?'

'I do not know!—I cannot tell.'

'Small-pox, think?'

'I do not know, genteelmen!—I do not know *what* he die of!'

'Measles, likely?'

'Maybe—maybe—I do *not* know—I think he die of somethings.'

'Parents living?'

'Im-posseeble!'

'Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?'

'Santa Maria!—*sis* ze bust!—*sis* ze pedestal!'

'Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?'

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting to this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican, again—that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest, sometimes—even admiration—it was very hard to keep from it. We succeeded though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered—nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never shewed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

'See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!'

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

'Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?'

'Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!'

'Yes, yes. Born here?'

'No! '*Gyptian* mummy!'

'Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?'

'No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!'

'Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?'

'Oh, *sacré bleu*, been dead three thousan' year!'

The doctor turned on him savagely—

'Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this! Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!*—thunder and lightning, I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or by George we'll brain you!'

DR JOHN BROWN—MR M. M'LENNAN.

JOHN BROWN, son of the distinguished theological professor in connection with the Associate Synod (*ante*, p. 353), and an accomplished member of the literary society of Edinburgh, was born in 1810, studied medicine, and settled down as a medical practitioner in the Scottish capital. In 1858 he published *Horæ Subsecivæ*, a volume of essays on Locke and Sydenham, with other occasional papers. One of Dr Brown's objects in this publication he thus explains:

To give my vote for going back to the old manly, intellectual, and literary culture of the days of Sydenham, Arbuthnot, and Gregory; when a physician fed, enlarged, and quickened his entire nature; when he lived in the world of letters as a freeholder, and reverenced the ancients, while at the same time he pushed on among his fellows, and lived in the present, believing that his profession and his patients need not suffer, though his *horæ subsecivæ* were devoted occasionally to miscellaneous thinking and reading, and to a course of what is elsewhere called 'fine confused feeding,' or though, as his Gaelic historian says of Rob Roy at his bye hours, he be 'a man of incoherent transactions.' As I have said, system is not always method, much less progress.

He adds, as of more important and general application:

Physiology and the laws of health are the interpreters of disease and cure, over whose porch we may best inscribe *hinc sanitas*. It is in watching nature's methods of cure in ourselves and in the lower animals, and in a firm faith in the self-regulative, recuperative powers of nature, that all our therapeutic intentions and means must proceed, and that we should watch and obey their truly divine voice and finger with reverence and godly fear, as well as with diligence and worldly wisdom—humbly standing by while He works, guiding and stemming or withdrawing His current, and acting as His ministers and helps.

One story in this volume, *Rab and his Friends*, has been exceedingly popular, and, being published in a separate form, has had as wide a circulation as any of the novels of Scott or Dickens. It is a short and simple tale of a poor Scotch carrier and his dog Rab:

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington, and he had the gravity of all great fighters. A Highland gamekeeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much graver than the other dogs, said: 'Oh, sir, life 's full o' sairiousness to him—he can just never get enuff o' fechtin'.

The carrier's wife, Ailie, a gentle, delicate old woman, had to submit to an operation for cancer in the breast. It was performed in the Edinburgh Hospital, Rab and his master being present, and the scene is painted with a truth and dramatic vividness which go directly to the heart. Ailie dies; her husband caught a low fever prevailing in the village, and died also. Rab is present at both interments; there was deep snow on the ground; and after the second of the burials he slunk home to the stable, whence he could neither be tempted or driven, and ultimately he had to be killed. On this homely and slender basis of fact, the story of *Rab and his Friends* has been constructed, and its mixture of fancy, humour, and pathos—all curiously blended, and all thoroughly national in expression and feeling—is quite inimitable. No right-hearted Scotsman ever read the little story without tears. In 1861 Dr Brown published a

second series of *Horæ Subsecivæ*, containing twelve sketches ('our dogs' not being forgotten), one of which we subjoin :

Queen Mary's Child-Garden.

If any one wants a pleasure that is sure to please, one over which he needn't growl the sardonic beatitude of the great Dean, let him, when the mercury is at 'Fair,' take the nine A.M. train to the north and a return ticket for Callander, and when he arrives at Stirling, let him ask the most obliging and knowing of station-masters to telegraph to the Dreadnought for a carriage to be in waiting. When passing Dunblane Cathedral, let him resolve to write to the *Scotsman*, advising the removal of a couple of shabby trees which obstruct the view of that beautiful triple end window which Mr Ruskin and everybody else admires, and by the time he has written this letter in his mind, and turned the sentences to it, he will find himself at Callander and the carriage all ready. Giving the order for the Port of Monteith, he will rattle through this hard-featured, and to our eye, comfortless village, lying ugly amid so much grandeur and beauty, and let him stop on the crown of the bridge, and fill his eyes with the perfection of the view up the Pass of Leny—the Teith lying diffuse and asleep, as if its heart were in the Highlands and it were loath to go, the noble Ben Ledi imaged in its broad stream. Then let him make his way across a bit of pleasant moorland—flushed with maiden-hair and white with cotton grass, and fragrant with the *Orchis conopsia*, well deserving its epithet *odoratissima*.

He will see from the turn of the hillside the Blair of Drummond waving with corn and shadowed with rich woods, where eighty years ago there was a black peat-moss ; and far off, on the horizon, Damyat and the Touch Fells ; and at his side the little loch of Ruskie, in which he may see five Highland cattle, three tawny brown and two brindled, standing in the still water—themselves as still, all except their switching tails and winking ears—the perfect images of quiet enjoyment, By this time he will have come in sight of the Lake of Monteith, set in its woods, with its magical shadows and soft gleams. There is a loveliness, a gentleness and peace about it more like 'lone St Mary's Lake,' or Derwent Water, than of any of its sister lochs. It is lovely rather than beautiful, and is a sort of gentle prelude, in the *minor* key, to the coming glories and intenser charms of Loch Ard and the true Highlands beyond.

You are now at the Port, and have passed the secluded and cheerful manse, and the parish kirk with its graves, close to the lake, and the proud aisle of the Grahams of Gartmore washed by its waves. Across the road is the modest little inn, a Fisher's Tryst. On the unruffled water lie several islets, plump with rich foliage, brooding like great birds of calm. You somehow think of them as on, not in the lake, or like clouds lying in a nether sky—'like ships waiting for the wind.' You get a coble, and a *yauld* old Celt, its master, and are rowed across to Inchmahome, 'the Isle of Rest.' Here you find on landing huge Spanish chestnuts, one lying dead, others standing stark and peeled, like gigantic antlers, and others flourishing in their *viridis senectus*, and in a thicket of wood you see the remains of a monastery of great beauty, the design and workmanship exquisite. You wander through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts, and old fruit-trees, and at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon one of the strangest and most touching sights you ever saw—an oval space of about eighteen feet by twelve, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high, and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age.

What is this ? It is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower ; but besides its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and 'fancy free,' do with a bower? It is plainly, as was, we believe, first suggested by our keen-sighted and diagnostic Professor of Clinical Surgery, *the Child-Queen's Garden*, with her little walk, and its rows of boxwood, left to themselves for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, 'here is that first garden of her simpleness.' Fancy the little, lovely royal child, with her four Marys, her playfellows, her child maids of honour, with their little hands and feet, and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing, and running, and gardening as only children do and can. As is well known, Mary was placed by her mother in this Isle of Rest before sailing from the Clyde for France. There is something 'that tirls the heart-strings a' to the life' in standing and looking on this unmistakable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time. Were we Mr Tennyson, we would write an Idyll of that child Queen, in that garden of hers, eating her bread and honey—getting her teaching from the holy men, the monks of old, and running off in wild mirth to her garden and her flowers, all unconscious of the black, lowering thunder-cloud on Ben Lomond's shoulder.

> Oh, blessed vision ! happy child !
> Thou art so exquisitely wild ;
> I think of thee with many fears
> Of what may be thy lot in future years.
> I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,
> Lord of thy house and hospitality.
> And Grief, uneasy lover ! never rest
> But when she sat within the touch of thee.
> What hast thou to do with sorrow,
> Or the injuries of to-morrow ?

You have ample time to linger there amid

> The gleams, the shadows, and the peace profound,

and get your mind informed with quietness and beauty, and fed with thoughts of other years, and of her whose story, like Helen of Troy's, will continue to move the hearts of men as long as the gray hills stand round about that gentle lake, and are mirrored at evening in its depths.

A volume illustrative of Scotch rustic life—true in speech, thought, and action—appeared anonymously in 1870, under the title of *Peasant Life : Being Sketches of the Villagers and Field-labourers of Glenaldie.* There is a degree of force and reality in these homely sketches, drawn directly from nature, equal to the pictures of Crabbe. Professor Wilson's *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* are purely Arcadian. The author of *Peasant Life* (understood to be a solicitor in Caithness, Mr MALCOLM M'LENNAN) enlists our sympathy for coarse farm-labourers and 'bondagers' or field-workers, and shews that pure and natural love, and pure and natural emotion, are best studied under thatched roofs and in untutored hearts. The author published a second work, *Dr Benoni*, but it is inferior to the *Peasant Life*.

WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG.

This gentleman is author of various works, political and literary—*Political Problems for our Age and Country ; The Creed of Christendom ; Literary and Social Judgments ; Truth versus Edification ; Enigmas of Life ; Rocks Ahead, or the Warnings of Cassandra ;* &c. Mr Greg is a man of intellectual power and fine aspirations. Though unorthodox in opinion, he is sound at heart, religious in feeling, and a sincere well-wisher of humanity. He is most popular on directly practical questions, with a philanthropic turn. Mr Greg (born in Liverpool about 1810) succeeded

John Ramsay M'Culloch in 1864 as Comptroller of H.M. Stationery Office. The following extracts are from the most eloquent of his writings —the *Enigmas of Life:*

Glorified Spirits.

Whether in the lapse of ages and in the course of progressive being, the more dormant portions of each man's nature will be called out, and his desires, and therefore the elements of his heaven, change; whether the loving will learn to thirst for knowledge, and the fiery and energetic to value peace, and the active and earnest to grow weary of struggle and achievement, and to long for tenderness and repose, and the rested to begin a new life of aspiration, and those who had long lain satisfied with the humble constituents of the beatific state, to yearn after the conditions of a loftier being, we cannot tell. Probably. It may be, too, that the tendency of every thought and feeling will be to gravitate towards the great centre, to merge in one mighty and all-absorbing emotion. The thirst for knowledge may find its ultimate expression in the contemplation of the Divine Nature—in which indeed all may be contained. It may be that all longings will be finally resolved into striving after a closer union with God, and all human affections merged in the desire to be a partaker in His nature. It may be that in future stages of our progress, we shall become more and more severed from the human, and joined to the divine; that, starting on the threshold of the eternal world with the one beloved being who has been the partner of our thoughts and feelings on this earth, we may find, as we go forward to the goal, and soar upward to the throne, and dive deeper and deeper into the mysteries and immensities of creation, that *affection* will gradually emerge in *thought*, and the cravings and yearnings of the heart be calmed and superseded by the sublimer interests of the perfected intelligence; that the hands which have so long been joined in love may slowly unclasp, to be stretched forth towards the approaching glory; that the glance of tenderness which we cast on the companion at our side may become faint, languid, and hurried before the earnest gaze with which we watch 'the light that shall be revealed.' We might even picture to ourselves that epoch in our progress through successively loftier and more purified existences, when those who on earth strengthened each other in every temptation, sustained each other under every trial, mingled smiles at every joy and tears at every sorrow; and who, in succeeding varieties of being, hand in hand, heart with heart, thought for thought, penetrated together each new secret, gained each added height, glowed with each new rapture, drank in each successive revelation, shall have reached that point where all lower affections will be merged in one absorbing Presence; when the awful nearness of the perfect love will dissolve all other ties and swallow up all other feelings; and when the finished and completed soul, before melting away into that sea of light which will be its element for ever, shall turn to take a last fond look of the now glorified but thereby lost companion of so much anguish and so many joys! But we cannot *yet* contemplate the prospect without pain: therefore it will not be *yet*; not till we can contemplate it without joy: for heaven is a scene of bliss and recompense, not of sorrow and bereavement.

Human Development.

Two glorious futures lie before us: the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. History indicates that the individual man needs to be transplanted in order to excel the past. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shewn no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Eschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Job? What devout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman have modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquirements, was Bacon superior to Plato? or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Very early in our history individual men beat their wings against the allotted boundaries of their earthly dominions; early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, then, surely we see clearly intimated to us our appointed work—namely, to raise the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity, not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard; not to put our own souls or brains into a hotbed, but to put all our fellowmen into a fertile and a wholesome soil. If this be so, both our practical course and our speculative difficulties are greatly cleared. The timid fugitives from the duties and temptations of the world, the selfish coddlers and nursers of their own souls, the sedulous cultivators either of a cold intellect or of a fervent spiritualism, have alike deserted or mistaken their mission, and turned their back upon the goal. The philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real fellow-workmen of the Most High. This principle may give us the clue to many dispensations which at first seem dark and grievous, to the grand scale and the distracting slowness of nature's operations; to her merciless inconsideration for the individual when the interests of the race are in question:

> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life.
>
> *In Memoriam.*

Noble souls are sacrificed to ignoble masses; the good champion often falls, the wrong competitor often wins: but the great car of humanity moves forward by those very steps which revolt our sympathies and crush our hopes, and which, if we could, we would have ordered otherwise.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, ETC.

MR ARNOLD is perhaps better known as a critic and theologian than as a poet (*ante*, page 472). He has published *Essays on Criticism*, 1865; *Lectures on the Study of Celtic Literature*, 1867; *Culture and Anarchy*, 1870; *St Paul and Protestantism*, *Literature and Dogma*, *God and the Bible*, a review of objections to *Literature and Dogma*, 1875; &c. Without subscribing to Mr Arnold's theological opinions, we may note the earnest, reverential tone with which he discusses such subjects, and the amount of thought and reading he has brought to bear on them. He says: 'Why meddle with religion at all? why run the risk of breaking a tie which it is so hard to join again? And the risk is not to be run lightly, and one is not always to attack people's illusions about religion merely because illusions they are. But at the present moment two things about the Christian religion must surely be clear to anybody with eyes in his head. One is, that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it as it is.'

Two volumes, partly biographical and partly critical—*A Manual of English Prose Literature*, 1872; and *Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley*, 1874—have been published by WILLIAM MINTO, M.A., now editor of *The*

Examiner. The first work 'endeavours to criticise upon a methodical plan,' and selects certain authors (De Quincey, Macaulay, and Carlyle) for 'full criticism and exemplification.' The second volume, besides describing the characteristics of the poets, traces how far each was influenced by his literary predecessors and his contemporaries. The two works are valuable for students of our literature, and are interesting to all classes of readers. Mr Minto is, we believe, a native of Aberdeen, and promises to take a high place among our critical and political writers—a place worthy the successor of Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, and John Forster.

Something similar to Mr Minto's volumes are two by MR LESLIE STEPHENS, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, entitled *Hours in a Library*, being a series of sketches of favourite authors, drawn with taste and discrimination, and bearing the impress of a true lover of literature. Another editor, Mr R. H. HUTTON of the *Spectator*, has collected two volumes of his *Essays Theological and Literary*, in which there is more of analytical criticism and ingenious dogmatic discussion than in the above.

SCIENTIFIC WRITERS.

The progress of physical and mental science, up to the nineteenth century, was traced with eminent ability in the dissertations written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Ethical philosophy was treated by Dugald Stewart and Mackintosh, as already stated, and a third dissertation was added by Archbishop Whately, exhibiting a general view of the rise, progress, and corruptions of Christianity. Mathematical and physical science was taken up by PROFESSOR JOHN PLAYFAIR (1748–1819), distinguished for his illustrations of the Huttonian theory, and for his biographies of Hutton and Robison. Playfair treated of the period which closed with Newton and Leibnitz, and the subject was continued through the course of the eighteenth century by SIR JOHN LESLIE, who succeeded to Playfair in the chair of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. Sir John (1766–1832) was celebrated for his ardour in physical research, and for his work, an *Experimental Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat*, 1804. A sixth dissertation was added in 1856 by the Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, DR JAMES DAVID FORBES, who continued the general view of the progress of mathematical and physical science principally from 1755 to 1850.

'If we look for the distinguishing characteristic of the centenary period just elapsed (1750–1850), we find it,' says Professor Forbes, 'in this, that it has drawn far more largely upon experiment as a means of arriving at truth than had previously been done. By a natural conversion of the process, the knowledge thus acquired has been applied with more freedom and boldness to the exigencies of mankind, and to the further investigation of the secrets of nature. If we compare the now extensive subjects of heat, electricity, and magnetism, with the mere rudiments of these sciences as understood in 1750; or if we think of the astonishing revival of physical and experimental optics—which had well-nigh slumbered for more than a century—during the too short lives of Young and Fresnel, we shall be disposed to admit the former part of the statement; and when we recollect that the same period has given birth to the steam-engine of Watt, with its application to shipping and railways—to the gigantic telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse, wonderful as works of art as well as instruments of sublime discovery—to the electric telegraph, and to the tubular bridge—we shall be ready to grant the last part of the proposition, that science and art have been more indissolubly united than at any previous period.'

A series of *Lectures on Some Recent Advances in Physical Science*, 1876, by PROFESSOR TAIT of the university of Edinburgh, continues the history of modern progress, and describes fully the marvels of the spectrum analysis, one of the triumphs of the present generation.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

A great chemist and a distinguished man of letters, HUMPHRY DAVY, was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, in 1778. He was educated at the school of Truro, and afterwards apprenticed to a surgeon at Penzance. He was an enthusiastic reader and student. 'His was an ardent boyhood,' says Professor Forbes: 'Educated in a manner somewhat irregular, and with only the advantages of a remote country town, his talents appeared in the earnestness with which he cultivated at once the most various branches of knowledge and speculation. He was fond of metaphysics; he was fond of experiment; he was an ardent student of nature; and he possessed at an early age poetic powers which, had they been cultivated, would, in the opinion of competent judges, have made him as eminent in literature as he became in science. All these tastes endured throughout life. Business could not stifle them—even the approach of death was unable to extinguish them. The reveries of his boyhood on the sea-worn cliffs of Mount's Bay may yet be traced in many of the pages dictated during the last year of his life amidst the ruins of the Coliseum. But the physical sciences—those more emphatically called at that time chemical—speedily attracted and absorbed his most earnest attention. The philosophy of the imponderables—of light, heat, and electricity—was the subject of his earliest, and also that of his happiest essays.' Of his splendid discoveries, the most useful to mankind have been his experiments on breathing the gases, his lectures on agricultural chemistry, his invention of the safety-lamp, and his protectors for ships.

At the early age of twenty-two, Davy was appointed lecturer to the Royal Institution of London. In 1803 he commenced lecturing on agriculture, and his lectures were published in 1813, under the title of *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*. His lecture *On Some Chemical Agents of Electricity* is considered one of the most valuable contributions ever made to chemical science. Dr Paris, the biographer of Davy, observes that, 'since the account given by Newton of his first discoveries in optics, it may be questioned whether so happy and successful an instance of philosophical induction has ever been afforded as that by which Davy discovered the composition of the

fixed alkalis.' In 1812 he published *Elements of Chemical Philosophy*. About 1815 he entered on the investigation of fire-damp, which is the cause of explosions in mines. The result was his invention of the safety-lamp, for which he was rewarded with a baronetcy by the prince regent in 1818, and the coal-owners of the north of England presented him with a service of plate worth £2000. In 1820 Davy was elected President of the Royal Society, in the room of Sir Joseph Banks, deceased.

It is mortifying to think that this great man, captivated by the flatteries of the fashionable world, and having married (1812) a rich Scottish lady, Mrs Apreece, lost much of the winning simplicity of his early manner, and of his pure devotion to science. In 1826 Sir Humphry had a paralytic attack, and went abroad for the recovery of his health. He composed an interesting little volume, *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing*, 1828; and he wrote also *Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher*, which appeared after his death. He died at Geneva on the 29th May 1829, and the Genevese government honoured him with a public funeral.

The posthumous volume of *Consolations* contains some finely written speculations on moral and ethical questions, with descriptions of Italian scenery. The work is in the form of dialogues between a liberal and accomplished Roman Catholic and an English patrician, poetical and discursive, whose views on religion entered the verge of scepticism. The former he calls Ambrosio; the latter, Onuphrio. Another interlocutor is named Philalethes. We subjoin part of their dialogues.

The Future State of Human Beings.

Ambrosio. Revelation has not disclosed to us the nature of this state, but only fixed its certainty. We are sure from geological facts, as well as from sacred history, that man is a recent animal on the globe, and that this globe has undergone one considerable revolution, since the creation, by water; and we are taught that it is to undergo another, by fire, preparatory to a new and glorified state of existence of man; but this is all we are permitted to know, and as this state is to be entirely different from the present one of misery and probation, any knowledge respecting it would be useless, and indeed almost impossible.

Philalethes. My genius has placed the more exalted spiritual natures in cometary worlds, and this last fiery revolution may be produced by the appulse of a comet.

Amb. Human fancy may imagine a thousand ways in which it may be produced; but upon such notions it is absurd to dwell. I will not allow your genius the slightest approach to inspiration, and I can admit no verisimility in a reverie which is fixed on a foundation you now allow to be so weak. But see, the twilight is beginning to appear in the orient sky, and there are some dark clouds on the horizon opposite to the crater of Vesuvius, the lower edges of which transmit a bright light, shewing the sun is already risen in the country beneath them. I would say that they may serve as an image of the hopes of immortality derived from revelation; for we are sure from the light reflected in those clouds that the lands below us are in the brightest sunshine, but we are entirely ignorant of the surface and the scenery; so, by revelation, the light of an imperishable and glorious world is disclosed to us; but it is in eternity, and its objects cannot be seen by mortal eye or imaged by mortal imagination.

Phil. I am not so well read in the Scriptures as I hope I shall be at no very distant time; but I b the pleasures of heaven are mentioned more dis than you allow in the sacred writings. I th remember that the saints are said to be crowned palms and amaranths, and that they are descrit perpetually hymning and praising God.

Amb. This is evidently only metaphorical; m the sensual pleasure which approaches nearest intellectual one, and probably may represent the d resulting from the perception of the harmony of and of truth seen in God. The palm as an ever tree, and the amaranth a perdurable flower, are em of immortality. If I am allowed to give a metaph allusion to the future state of the blest, I s image it by the orange-grove in that sheltered gl which the sun is now beginning to shine, and of the trees are at the same time loaded with sweet g fruit and balmy silver flowers. Such objects may portray a state in which hope and fruition becom eternal feeling.

Indestructibility of Mind.

The doctrine of the materialists was always, ev my youth, a cold, heavy, dull, and insupportable do to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When heard, with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the p the physiologist, of the gradual accretion of matte its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were nec by its own inherent forces, and at last issuing intellectual existence, a walk into the green fiel woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my fee from Nature to God. I saw in all the powers of m the instruments of the Deity. The sunbeams, the b of the zephyr, awakening animation in forms prep by divine intelligence to receive it, the insensate the slumbering eggs which were to be vivified, appe like the new-born animal, works of a divine mir saw love as the creative principle in the material v and this love only as a divine attribute. Then my mind I felt connected with new sensations and ind hopes—a thirst for immortality; the great nam other ages and of distant nations appeared to me still living around me, and even in the fancied r ments of the heroic and the great, I saw, as it the decrees of the indestructibility of mind. feelings, though generally considered as poetical, think, offer a sound philosophical argument in fav the immortality of the soul. In all the habit instincts of young animals, their feelings and mover may be traced an intimate relation to their imp perfect state; their sports have always affinities to modes of hunting or catching their food; and y birds, even in the nests, shew marks of fondness v when their frames are developed, become signs of a necessary to the reproduction and preservation o species. The desire of glory, of honour, of imm fame, and of constant knowledge, so usual in y persons of well-constituted minds, cannot, I thin other than symptoms of the infinite and progr nature of the intellect—hopes which, as they cann gratified here, belong to a frame of mind suited nobler state of existence.

Religion, whether natural or revealed, has alway same beneficial influence on the mind. In yout health and prosperity, it awakens feelings of grat and sublime love, and purifies at the same time th exalts. But it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, its effects are most truly and beneficially felt; submission in faith and humble trust in the d will, from duties become pleasures, undecaying so of consolation. Then, it creates powers which believed to be extinct; and gives a freshness to mind, which was supposed to have passed awa ever, but which is now renovated as an immortal Then it is the Pharos, guiding the wave-tossed ma

to his home—as the calm and beautiful still basins or fiords, surrounded by tranquil groves and pastoral meadows, to the Norwegian pilot escaping from a heavy storm in the North Sea—or as the green and dewy spot, gushing with fountains, to the exhausted and thirsty traveller in the midst of the desert. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves. It appears as that evening-star of light in the horizon of life, which, we are sure, is to become, in another season, a morning-star; and it throws its radiance through the gloom and shadow of death.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

The more popular treatises of this eminent astronomer—the *Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy*, 1830, and *Treatise on Astronomy*, 1833, have been widely circulated. Sir John subsequently collected a series of *Essays which appeared in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, with Addresses and other Pieces*, 1857. Profoundly versed in almost every branch of physics, Sir John Herschel occasionally sported with the Muses, but in the garb of the ancients—in hexameter and pentameter verses. The following stanzas are at least equal to Southey's hexameters, and the first was made in a dream in 1841, and written down immediately on waking:

Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him with feeble denial;
Sure of his love, and oh! sure of his mercy at last,
Bitter and deep though the draught, yet shun not the cup of thy trial,
But in its healing effect, smile at its bitterness past.

Pray for that holier cup while sweet with bitter lies blending,
Tears in the cheerful eye, smiles on the sorrowing cheek,
Death expiring in life, when the long-drawn struggle is ending;
Triumph and joy to the strong, strength to the weary and weak.

The abstruse studies and triumphs of Sir John Herschel—his work on the Differential Calculus, his Catalogues of Stars and Nebulæ, and his Treatises on Sound and Light are well known; but perhaps the most striking instance of his pure devotion to science was his expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, and his sojourn there for four years, solely at his own expense, with the view of examining under the most favourable circumstances the southern hemisphere. This completed a telescopic survey of the whole surface of the visible heavens, commenced by Sir William Herschel above seventy years ago, assisted by his sister Caroline and his brother Alexander, and continued by him almost down to the close of a very long life.* Sir William died in 1822, aged eighty-four. In 1876 was published a *Memoir of Caroline Herschel*, the sister of Sir William and aunt of Sir John, who died in 1848, aged ninety-seven years and ten months. The author of this memoir, Mrs John Herschel, says of Caroline: 'She stood beside her brother, William Herschel, sharing his labours, helping his life. In the days when he gave up a lucrative career that he might devote himself to astronomy, it was owing to her thrift and care that he was not harassed by the rambling vexations of money matters. She had been his helper and assistant in the days when he was a leading musician; she became his helper and assistant when he gave himself up to astronomy. By sheer force of will and devoted affection, she learned enough of mathematics and of methods of calculation, which to those unlearned seem mysteries, to be able to commit to writing the results of his researches. She became his assistant in the workshop; she helped him to grind and polish his mirrors; she stood beside his telescope in the nights of mid-winter, to write down his observations when the very ink was frozen in the bottle. She kept him alive by her care; thinking nothing of herself, she lived for him. She loved him, and believed in him, and helped him with all her heart and with all her strength.'

This devoted lady discovered eight comets! The survey of the heavens begun by Sir William Herschel was resumed in 1825 by his son, Sir John, who published the results in 1847. On his return from the Cape, the successful astronomer was honoured with a baronetcy, the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L., and the Astronomical Society—of which he was president—voted him a testimonial for his work on the Southern Hemisphere. Besides the works to which we have referred, Sir John Herschel published *Outlines of Astronomy*, 1849, of which a fifth edition, corrected to the existing state of astronomical science, was published in 1858; and he edited *A Manual of Scientific Inquiry*, 1849, prepared by authority of the Admiralty for the use of the navy.

Sir John Herschel was born at Slough, near Windsor, in 1792, and studied at St John's College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's Degree in 1813, coming out as Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. His first work was a *Collection of Examples of the Application of the Calculus to Finite Differences*, 1813. He contributed various papers to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and the Royal Society of Edinburgh (1819–24), and he was employed for eight years in re-examining the nebulæ and cluster of

* 'Herschel, a musician residing at Bath, though a native of Hanover, which he had left in early youth, devoted his leisure to the construction and improvement of reflecting telescopes, with which he continued ardently to survey the heavens. His zeal and assiduity had already drawn the notice of astronomers, when he announced to Dr Maskelyne, that, on the night of the 13th March 1781, he observed a shifting star, which, from its smallness, he judged to be a comet, though it was distinguished neither by a nebulosity nor a tail. The motion of the star, however, was so slow as to require distant observations to ascertain its path. The president Saron, an expert and obliging calculator, was the first who conceived it to be a planet, having inferred, from the few observations communicated to him, that it described a circle with a radius of about twelve times the mean distance of the earth from the sun. Lexell removed all doubt, and before the close of the year, he computed the elements of the new planet with considerable accuracy, making the great axis of its orbit nineteen times greater than that of the earth, and the period of its revolution eighty-four years. Herschel proposed, out of gratitude to his royal patron (George III.), to call the planet he had found by the barbarous appellation of Georgium Sidus; but the classical name of *Uranus*, which Bode afterwards applied, is almost universally adopted. Animated by this happy omen, he prosecuted his astronomical observations with unwearied zeal and ardour, and continued, during the remainder of a long life, to enrich science with a succession of splendid discoveries.'—Sir John Leslie. Herschel's discoveries were chiefly made by means of his forty-feet reflector, to construct which funds were advanced by the king. An Irish nobleman, the Earl of Rosse, after many years' labour to improve the telescope, completed in 1844, and erected at Parsonstown, a telescope of six feet aperture and fifty-three or fifty-four feet of focal length. The result of Lord Rosse's observations with his six-feet speculum has been to resolve many nebulæ into stars.

stars discovered by his father. The result was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1832; the nebulæ were about 2300 in number, and of these 525 were discovered by Sir John himself. He also discovered between three and four thousand double stars. Sir John received from William IV. the Hanoverian Guelphic order of knighthood, and Queen Victoria in 1838 conferred upon him a baronetcy. He was literally covered with honorary distinctions from learned societies and foreign academies. From 1850 till 1855 he held the office of Master of the Mint, which he was forced to resign from ill health. On the 11th of May 1871, this most illustrious of European men of science died at his seat, Collingwood, near Hawkhurst, Kent, aged seventy-nine.

Tendency and Effect of Philosophical Studies.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow minded, against the study of natural philosophy—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt of the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state. The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing them to bear on some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or the future destinies of mankind; while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these oursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character. . . .

The question '*cui bono*'—to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend?—is one which the speculative philosopher who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt them from such questioning; communicating a do to his own mind the purest happiness (aft exercise of the benevolent and moral feelings) of human nature is susceptible, and tending to the of no one, he might surely allege *this* as a sufficie direct reply to those who, having themselves capacity, and less relish for intellectual pursuit constantly repeating upon him this inquiry.

A Taste for Reading.

If I were to pray for a taste which should sta in stead under every variety of circumstances, an source of happiness and cheerfulness to me throug and a shield against its ills, however things mi amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, onl worldly advantage, and not in the slightest deg superseding or derogating from the higher offic surer and stronger panoply of religious principl as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleas gratification. Give a man this taste, and the me gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a mo verse selection of books. You place him in c with the best society in every period of history the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the b and the purest characters that have adorned hum You make him a denizen of all nations—a cont rary of all ages. The world has been created fo It is hardly possible but the character should t higher and better tone from the constant ha associating in thought with a class of thinkers, the least of it, above the average of humanity. morally impossible but that the manners should tinge of good breeding and civilisation from constantly before one's eyes the way in which the bred and best-informed have talked and conducted selves in their intercourse with each other. Ther gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a ha reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a character and conduct, which is not the less ef because it works insensibly, and because it is rea last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be summed up than in the words of the Latin poet:

Emollit mores, nec *sinit* esse feros.

It civilises the conduct of men, and *suffers* them remain barbarous.

MRS MARY SOMERVILLE.

Another distinguished astronomer, a w contemporary of Caroline Herschel, was M SOMERVILLE, who died at Naples, Nove 28, 1872, aged ninety-two. She had attain the highest proficiency and honours in ph science, was a member of various learned soc at home and abroad, had received the approb of Laplace, Humboldt, Playfair, Herschel other eminent contemporaries, and at the a ninety-two was engaged in solving mathem problems! Mrs Somerville was born in manse or parsonage of Jedburgh; her f Sir William George Fairfax, Vice-admiral o Red, was Lord Duncan's captain at the bat Camperdown in 1797. His daughter Mary educated at a school in Musselburgh, and i she was fourteen, it was said, she had st Euclid, and Bonnycastle's and Euler's Algebr concealed as much as possible her acquiren In 1804 she was married to her cousin, Ca Samuel Greig, son of Admiral Greig, who s many years in the Russian navy, and Governor of Cronstadt. Captain Greig die

years after their union. In 1812 his widow married another cousin, Dr William Somerville, son of the minister of Jedburgh, author of two historical works—the histories of the Revolution and of the reign of Queen Anne—and of memoirs of his own *Life and Times*. The venerable minister (1741–1813) records, with pride, that Miss Fairfax had been born and nursed in his house, her father being at that time abroad on public service; that she long resided in his family, and was occasionally his scholar, being remarkable for her ardent thirst of knowledge and her assiduous application to study. Dr William Somerville, the son, attained the rank of Inspector of the Army Medical Board, and Physician to the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. He took great pains to foster the intellectual pursuits of his wife, and lived to witness her success and celebrity, dying at Florence in 1860, at the great age of ninety-one. Mrs Somerville first attracted notice by experiments on the magnetic influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum. Lord Brougham then solicited her to prepare for the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, a popular summary of the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace. She complied, and her manuscript being submitted to Sir John Herschel, he said he was delighted with it—that it was a book for posterity, but quite above the class for which Lord Brougham's course was intended. Mrs Somerville herself modestly said of it: 'I simply translated Laplace's work from algebra into common language.' However, she consented to publish it as an independent work, under the title of *The Mechanism of the Heavens*, 1831, and it at once fixed her reputation as one of the ablest cultivators of physical science. The Royal Society admitted her a member, and commissioned a bust of her, which was executed by Chantrey, and placed in the hall of the Society in Somerset House. It is said that Mrs Somerville, meeting one day with Laplace, in Paris, the great geometer said: 'There have been only three women who have understood me—yourself, Caroline Herschel, and a Mrs Greig, of whom I have never been able to learn anything.' 'I was Mrs Greig,' said the modest little woman. 'So, then, there are only two of you!' exclaimed the philosopher. The learned Frenchman did not live to see Mrs Somerville's version of his great work, as he died in 1827. In 1834 Mrs Somerville published *The Connection of the Physical Sciences*, a work which affords a condensed view of the phenomena of the universe, and has enjoyed great popularity; it is now in the ninth edition. Her next work was her *Physical Geography*, published in 1848. This work was chiefly written in Rome, and while resident there, Mrs Somerville met with a little adventure which she thus describes in her *Personal Recollections:*

Scene in the Campagna.

I had very great delight in the Campagna of Rome; the fine range of Apennines bounding the plain, over which the fleeting shadows of the passing clouds fell, ever changing and always beautiful, whether viewed in the early morning, or in the glory of the setting sun, I was never tired of admiring; and whenever I drove out, preferred a country drive to the more fashionable Villa Borghese. One day Somerville and I and our daughters went to drive towards the Tavolato, on the road to Albano. We got out of the carriage and went into a field, tempted by the wild-flowers. On one side of this field ran the aqueduct; on the other, a deep and wide ditch full of water. I had gone towards the aqueduct, leaving the others in the field. All at once, we heard a loud shouting, when an enormous drove of the beautiful Campagna gray cattle, with their wide-spreading horns, came rushing wildly between us, with their heads down and their tails erect, driven by men with long spears, mounted on little spirited horses at full gallop. It was so sudden and so rapid, that only after it was over did we perceive the danger we had run. As there was no possible escape, there was nothing for it but standing still, which Somerville and my girls had presence of mind to do, and the drove dividing, rushed like a whirlwind to the right and left of them. The danger was not so much of being gored, as of being run over by the excited and terrified animals, and round the walls of Rome places of refuge are provided for those who may be passing when the cattle are driven.

Near where this occurred there is a house with the inscription, 'Casa Dei Spiriti;' but I do not think the Italians believe in either ghosts or witches; their chief superstition seems to be the 'Jettatura' or evil eye, which they have inherited from the early Romans, and, I believe, Etruscans. They consider it a bad omen to meet a monk or priest on first going out in the morning. My daughters were engaged to ride with a large party, and the meet was at our house. A Roman, who happened to go out first, saw a friar, and rushed in again laughing, and waited till he was out of sight. Soon after they set off, this gentleman was thrown from his horse and ducked in a pool; so the Jettature was fulfilled. But my daughters thought his bad seat on horseback enough to account for his fall without the evil eye.

After an interval of eleven years from the publication of her *Physical Geography*, Mrs Somerville came forward with two more volumes, *On Molecular and Microscopic Science*. She continued her scientific studies and inquiries; and in January 1872, a gentleman who had visited her, wrote: 'She is still full of vigour, and working away at her mathematical researches, being particularly occupied just now with the theory of quaternions, a branch of transcendent mathematics which very few, if any, persons of Mrs Somerville's age and sex have ever had the wish or power to study.' For many years the deceased resided with her family at Florence, and there she was as assiduous in the cultivation of her flower-garden and of music as she was of her mathematics. Her circumstances were easy though not opulent, and Sir Robert Peel—the most attentive of all prime-ministers since the days of Halifax to literary and scientific claims—had in 1835 placed her on the pension list for £300 per annum. She had three children, a son (who died in 1865) and two daughters. To an American gentleman who visited her, she said: 'I speak Italian, but no one could ever take me for other than a Scotch woman.' Her love of science had been to her an inexhaustible source of interest and gratification; 'and I have no doubt,' she said, 'but we shall know more of the heavenly bodies in another state of existence'—in that eternal city 'which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.'

In her old age Mrs Somerville had amused herself by writing out reminiscences of her early struggles and difficulties in the acquirement of knowledge, and of her subsequent studies and life. These were published in 1873 by her daughter, Martha Somerville, under the title of

Personal Recollections from Early Life to Old Age, of Mary Somerville, with Selections from her Correspondence.

PROFESSOR J. D. FORBES.

JAMES DAVID FORBES is chiefly known for his theory of glacial motion, which appears to have been independent of that of Rendu, and also for his observations as to the plastic or viscous theory of glaciers. His claims have been disputed, but the general opinion seems to be that the palm of originality, or at least priority of announcement, belongs to the Scottish professor. Mr Forbes was born at Colinton, near Edinburgh, in 1809, son of Sir William Forbes, an eminent banker and citizen of Edinburgh; his mother, Williamina Belches, heiress of a gentleman of the old stock of Invermay, afterwards Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. This lady was the object of Sir Walter Scott's early and lasting attachment. Visiting at St Andrews thirty years later in his life, he says: 'I remembered the name I had once carved in Runic characters beside the castle gate, and asked why it should still agitate my heart.' Lady Forbes had then been long dead. In 1833, Mr Forbes was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in the university of Aberdeen, which he held until 1859, when he became Principal of St Andrews University. He died December 31, 1868. His principal works are—*Travels through the Alps and Savoy*, 1843; *Norway and its Glaciers*, 1853; *The Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa*, 1855; and *Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers*, 1859. He wrote also numerous papers in the scientific journals.

DR WHEWELL.

WILLIAM WHEWELL was a native of Lancaster, born May 24, 1794. He was of humble parentage, and his father, a joiner, intended him to follow his own trade; but he was early distinguished for ability, and after passing with honour through the grammar-school at Lancaster, he was placed at Heversham School, in order to be qualified for an exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge, connected with that seminary. He entered Trinity College in 1812, became a Fellow in 1817, took his degree of M.A. in 1819, and the same year published his first work, a *Treatise on Mechanics*. He was ordained priest in 1826. For four years, from 1828 to 1832, he was Professor of Mineralogy; from 1838 to 1855, he was Professor of Moral Theology or Casuistical Divinity; and from 1841 till his death, he was Master of Trinity College. These accumulated university honours sufficiently indicate the high estimation in which Dr Whewell's talents and services were held. In the Cambridge Philosophical Society, the Royal Society, and British Association for the Advancement of Science, he was no less distinguished; while his scientific and philosophic works gave him a European fame. After contributing various articles to reviews, Dr Whewell in 1833 published his Bridgewater Treatise on *Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology*—an able work, learned and eloquent, which has passed through seven editions. His next and his greatest work was his *History of the Inductive Sciences*, three volumes, 1837; which was followed in 1840 by *The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*. Passing over va mathematical publications, we may notic indicating the versatility of Dr Whewell's ta that in the year 1847 he published *Verse T lations from the German, English Hexa Translations*, and *Sermons* preached in T College Chapel. In 1853 he issued anonym *Of the Plurality of Worlds: an Essay*. Ther a common belief in the doctrine of the plu of worlds, which was supported by Dr Cha in his *Astronomical Discourses*. Whewe his Essay (which is one of the cleverest works), opposed the popular belief, mainta that the earth alone among stars and plan the abode of intellectual, moral, and reli creatures. Sir David Brewster and others op this theory. Dr Whewell said the views h committed to paper had been long in his and the convictions they involved had gra grown deeper. His friend, Sir James Ste thought the plurality of worlds was a do which supplied consolation and comfort to a oppressed with the aspect of the sin and mis the earth. But Whewell replied: 'To m effect would be the contrary. I should ha consolation or comfort in thinking that our ea selected as the especial abode of sin; an consolation which revealed religion offer this sin and misery is, not that ther other worlds in the stars sinless and h but that on the earth an atonement and r ciliation were effected. This doctrine gi peculiar place to the earth in theology. It has been, in a peculiar manner the scene of agency and presence. This was the vie which I worked.' In opposition to Dean M who held that a true knowledge of God is impo for man, Dr Whewell said: 'If we *cannot* anything about God, revelation is in vain. cannot have anything revealed to us, if we ha power of seeing what is revealed. It is of r to take away the veil, when we are blind. consequence of our defect of sight, we cann God at all by the sun of nature, we canno Him by the lightning of Sinai, nor by the Mount Carmel, nor by the star in the East, r the rising sun of the Resurrection. If we c know God, to what purpose is it that the tures, Old and New, constantly exhort us to Him, and represent to us the knowledge o as the great purpose of man's life, and th ground of his eternal hopes?'

Numerous works connected with moral osophy were from time to time publish Whewell—as *Elements of Morality*, 1845; *Le on Systematic Morality*, 1846; *Lectures History of Moral Philosophy in England*, *Platonic Dialogues for English Readers*, 1861, &c. Various scientific memoirs, ser and miscellaneous pieces in prose and vers thrown off by the indefatigable Master of T and perhaps, as Sir John Herschel said, 'a wonderful variety and amount of knowled almost every department of human inquir never accumulated by any man.' The de Dr Whewell was accidental. He was t from his horse on the 24th of February, an on the 6th of March 1866. An account writings, with selections from the correspon of Dr Whewell, was lately published by I. hunter, M.A., &c.

Wonders of the Universe.

The Book of Job comes down to us freighted apparently with no small portion of the knowledge of that early age; speaking to us not merely of flocks and herds, of wine and oil, of writings and judgments; but telling us also of ores and metals drawn from the recesses of the mountains—of gems and jewels of many names and from various countries; of constellations and their risings, and seasons, and influences. And above all, it comes tinged with a deep and contemplative spirit of observation of the wonders of the animate and inanimate creation. The rain and the dew, the ice and the hoar-frost, the lightning and the tempest, are noted as containing mysteries past men's finding out. Our awe and admiration are demanded for the care that provides for the lion and the ostrich after their natures; for the spirit that informs with fire and vigour the war-horse and the eagle; for the power that guides the huge behemoth and leviathan. . . .

Not only these connections and transitions, but the copiousness with which properties, as to us it seems, merely ornamental, are diffused through the creation, may well excite our wonder. Almost all have felt, as it were, a perplexity chastened by the sense of beauty, when they have thought of the myriads of fair and gorgeous objects that exist and perish without any eye to witness their glories—the flowers that are born to blush unseen in the wilderness—the gems, so wondrously fashioned, that stud the untrodden caverns—the living things with adornments of yet richer workmanship that, solitary and unknown, glitter and die. Nor is science without food for such feelings. At every step she discloses things and laws pregnant with unobtrusive splendour. She has unravelled the web of light in which all things are involved, and has found its texture even more wonderful and exquisite than she could have thought. This she has done in our own days—and these admirable properties the sunbeams had borne about with them since light was created, contented, as it were, with their unseen glories. What, then, shall we say? These forms, these appearances of pervading beauty, though we know not their end and meaning, still touch all thoughtful minds with a sense of hidden delight, a still and grateful admiration. They come over our meditations like strains and snatches of a sweet and distant symphony—sweet indeed, but to us distant and broken, and overpowered by the din of more earthly perceptions—caught but at intervals—eluding our attempts to learn it as a whole, but ever and anon returning on our ears, and elevating our thoughts of the fabric of this world. We might, indeed, well believe that this harmony breathes not for us alone—that it has nearer listeners—more delighted auditors. But even in us it raises no unworthy thoughts—even in us it impresses a conviction, indestructible by harsher voices, that far beyond all that we can know and conceive, the universe is full of symmetry and order and beauty and life.

Final Destiny of the Universe.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Indefinite duration and gradual decay are not the destiny of this universe. It will not find its termination only in the imperceptible crumbling of its materials, or clogging of its wheels. It steals not calmly and slowly to its end. No ages of long and deepening twilight shall gradually bring the last setting of the sun—no mountains sinking under the decrepitude of years, or weary rivers ceasing to rejoice in their courses, shall prepare men for the abolition of this earth. No placid *euthanasia* shall silently lead on the dissolution of the natural world. But the trumpet shall sound—the struggle shall come—this goodly frame of things shall be rent and crushed by the mighty arm of its Omnipotent Maker. It shall expire in the throes and agonies of some sudden and fierce convulsion; and the same hand which plucked the elements from the dark and troubled slumbers of their chaos, shall cast them into their tomb, pushing them aside, that they may no longer stand between His face and the creatures whom He shall come to judge.

BABBAGE—AIRY—HIND—NICHOL.

CHARLES BABBAGE (1792–1871) is popularly celebrated for his calculating-machine. But he was author of about eighty volumes, including his valuable work on the *Economy of Manufactures and Machinery*, 1833—a volume that has been translated into most foreign languages. Mr Babbage's most original work is one entitled *A Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, a most ingenious attempt to bring mathematics into the range of sciences which afford proof of Divine design in the constitution of the world. Mr Babbage was a native of Devonshire, and after attending the grammar-school at Totnes, was entered at Cambridge, and took his Bachelor's degree from Peterhouse College in 1814. It is said that Mr Babbage spent some thousands in perfecting his calculating-machine. It was presented, together with drawings illustrative of its operation, to King's College, London. For eleven years (1828–39) Mr Babbage held the appointment of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge.

The Astronomer-royal, SIR GEORGE BIDDELL AIRY (born at Alnwick in 1801), has done valuable service by his lectures on experimental philosophy, and his published Observations. He is author of the treatise on Gravitation in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and of various lectures and communications in scientific journals. From the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh he has received the honorary degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D., and in 1871 he was nominated a Companion (civil) of the Bath.

MR JOHN RUSSELL HIND, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, and superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac*, has discovered ten small planets, for which the Astronomical Society awarded him their gold medal, and a pension of £200 a year has been granted to him by royal warrant. Any new discovery or observation is chronicled by Mr Hind in the *Times* newspaper, and his brief notes are always welcome. Mr Hind is a native of Nottingham, born in 1823. He is author of various astronomical treatises and contributions to scientific journals.

JOHN PRINGLE NICHOL (1804–1859) did much to popularise astronomy by various works at once ingenious and eloquent—as *Views of the Architecture of the Heavens*, 1837; *Contemplations on the Solar System*, 1844; *Thoughts on the System of the World*, 1848; *The Planet Neptune, an Exposition and History*, 1848; *The Stellar Universe*, 1848; *The Planetary System*, 1850. Mr Nichol was a native of Brechin, Forfarshire. He was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, was sometime Rector of Montrose Academy, and in 1836 was appointed Professor of Practical Astronomy in Glasgow. The professor's son, JOHN NICHOL, B.A. Oxon., is Regius Professor of English Language and Literature in the university of Glasgow. He is author of *Hannibal*, an historical drama, 1873, and other works, evincing literary and critical talent of a superior description.

ADAMS—GRANT—PROCTOR—LOCKYER.

The discoverer of the planet Neptune, MR JOHN COUCH ADAMS (born in 1816), is an instance of persevering original genius. He was intended by his father, a farmer near Bodmin, in Cornwall, to follow the paternal occupation, but was constantly absorbed in mathematical studies. He entered St John's College, became senior wrangler in 1843, was soon after elected to a Fellowship, and became one of the mathematical tutors of his college. In 1844 he sent to the Greenwich Observatory a paper on the subject of the discovery whence he derives his chief fame. Certain irregularities in the planet Uranus being unaccounted for, Mr Adams conceived that they might be occasioned by an undiscovered planet beyond it. He made experiments for this purpose; and at the same time a French astronomer, M. Le Verrier, had arrived at the same result, assigning the place of the disturbing planet to within one degree of that given by Mr Adams. The honour was thus divided, but both were independent discoverers. In 1858 Mr Adams was appointed Lowndean Professor of Astronomy, Cambridge.

A *History of Physical Astronomy*, 1852, by ROBERT GRANT, is a work of great research and completeness, bringing the history of astronomical progress down to 1852. In conjunction with Admiral Smyth, Mr Grant has translated Arago's *Popular Astronomy*, and he was conjoined with the Rev. B. Powell in translating Arago's *Eminent Men*, 1857. Mr Grant is a native of Grantown, Inverness-shire, born in 1814. In 1859, on the death of Professor Nichol, Mr Grant was appointed to the chair of Practical Astronomy in the university of Glasgow.

Two of our younger men of science, happily engaged in popularising astronomy, are RICHARD A. PROCTOR and JOSEPH NORMAN LOCKYER. The former (late scholar of St John's College, Cambridge, and King's College, London) is author of *Saturn and its System*, 1865; *The Expanse of Heaven* (a series of essays on the wonders of the firmament), *Light Science for Leisure Hours*, *Our Place among Infinities*, 1875; *Science Byways*, 1876; and a great number of other occasional short astronomical treatises. Mr Lockyer (born at Rugby in 1836) was in 1870 appointed Secretary of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction, and the same year he was chief of the English Government Eclipse Expedition to Sicily. In the following year he was elected Rede Lecturer to the university of Cambridge. Mr Lockyer is author of *Elementary Lessons in Astronomy*, and of various interesting papers in the literary journals. He is editor of *Nature*, a weekly scientific periodical.

BADEN POWELL—PRICHARD.

The REV. BADEN POWELL (1796–1860), for some time Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford, was author of a *History of Natural Philosophy*, 1842; a series of three *Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation*, 1855; a work entitled *The Order of Nature*, 1859; and an essay *On the Study and Evidences of Christianity*, 1860—a treatise which formed a part of the volume entitled *Essays and Reviews*. In some of these treatises, he discusses matters on the border-land between religion and science, and his opinions on miracles excited considerable controversy.

Researches into the Physical History of Mankind, by DR JAMES C. PRICHARD (1785–1848), a work in five volumes, 1836–47, and *The Natural History of Man*, one volume, 1843, open up a subject of interest and importance. Dr Prichard's investigations tend to confirm the belief that 'man is one in species, and to render it highly probable that all the varieties of this species are derived from one pair and a single locality on the earth.' He conceives that the negro must be considered the primitive type of the human race—an idea that contrasts curiously with Milton's poetical conception of Adam, his 'fair, large front,' and 'eye sublime,' and 'hyacinthine locks,' and of Eve with her 'unadorned golden tresses.' Dr Prichard rests his theory on the following grounds: (1) That in inferior species of animals any variations of colour are chiefly from dark to lighter, and this generally as an effect of domesticity and cultivation; (2) That we have instances of light varieties, as of the Albino among negroes, but never anything like the negro among Europeans; (3) That the dark races are better fitted by their organisation for the wild or natural state of life; and (4) That the nations or tribes lowest in the scale of actual civilisation have all kindred with the negro race. Of course, this conclusion must be conjectural: there is no possibility of arriving at any certainty on the subject.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, ETC.

This eminent metaphysician sustained for some years the fame of the Scottish colleges for the study of the human mind. He was a native of Glasgow, born March 8, 1788, son of Dr William Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy and Botany. He was of an old Presbyterian stock, the Hamiltons of Preston. A certain Sir William Hamilton was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1673, and dying without issue, he was succeeded by his brother, Sir Robert Hamilton, the leader—or rather misleader—of the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. This baronet, after the Revolution of 1688, refused to acknowledge King William III., as being 'an uncovenanted sovereign.' He did not assume the baronetcy, but the Scottish philosopher in 1816 established his claim to the title which the conscientious, wrong-headed baronet refused, and became the twenty-fourth representative of the old name and house. William Hamilton studied at Glasgow University, and, like his townsman, J. G. Lockhart, obtained a presentation to Balliol College, Oxford, as a Snell exhibitioner. During his academical career, he was distinguished for the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, and for his indefatigable application as a student of ancient and modern literature. He afterwards studied law, and was called to the Scottish bar in 1813. In 1820 he was a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, vacant by the death of Dr Brown, but was defeated by the Tory candidate, Mr John Wilson, the famous 'Christopher North.' The state of the vote was twenty-one to eleven. Hamilton next year obtained the appointment of Professor of Civil History. In

1829 he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* an article on Cousin's *Cours de Philosophie*, which seems to have been the first public general exhibition of his talent as a powerful thinker, and which was hailed by the metaphysicians of the day, British and foreign—then a very limited class—as a production of extraordinary ability. He wrote other articles for the Review—papers on phrenology (to which he was strenuously opposed), on perception, on the philosophers Reid and Brown, and on logic. These essays were collected and published under the title of *Discussions in Philosophy and Literature, Education, and University Reform*, 1852. In 1836 Sir William was elected to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh, after a severe contest, in which the rival candidate was Isaac Taylor, author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, and other works (*ante*, p. 684). The appointment rested with the town-council, and Sir William had a majority of four—eighteen members of council voting for him, and fourteen for Mr Taylor. His lectures were well attended, and he took much interest in his class. His writings, though limited in quantity, were influential, and according to Professor Veitch, the spring-time of a new life in Scottish speculation had begun. 'A more profound analysis, a more comprehensive spirit, a learning that had surveyed the philosophical literature of Greece and Germany, and marked the relative place in the intellectual world of the sturdy growths of home thought, were the characteristics of the man who had now espoused the cause of Scottish speculative philosophy.' Sir William Hamilton died May 6, 1856, at which time he had reached the age of sixty-eight. He was regarded as the most profound philosophical scholar of his day—a man of immense erudition and attainments. His principal works were, as we have said, contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, but he also edited the works of Dr Thomas Reid, 1846, adding preface, notes, and supplementary dissertations; and at the time of his death, was engaged on the works of Professor Dugald Stewart. He contemplated a memoir of Stewart, but did not live to accomplish the task. This, however, has since been done by one of his pupils, MR JOHN VEITCH, 1858. The most celebrated of Sir William Hamilton's essays are those against phrenology, on Cousin and the philosophy of the unconditioned, on perception, and on Whately and logic. 'His philosophy,' says a Scottish metaphysician in the *North British Review*, 'is a determined recoil against the method and systems of Mylne and Brown, the two professors who, in Hamilton's younger years, were exercising the greatest influence on the opinions of Scottish students. So far as he felt attractions, they were towards Reid, the great metaphysician of his native college; Aristotle, the favourite at Oxford, where he completed his education; and Kant, whose sun was rising from the German Ocean on Britain, and this, in spite of all opposing clouds, about the time when Hamilton was forming his philosophic creed. Professor Ferrier thinks that the "dedication of his powers to the service of Reid" was the "one mistake in his career;" to us it appears that it must rather have been the means of saving one possessed of so speculative a spirit from numberless aberrations. But Kant exercised as great an influence over Hamilton as even Reid did. His whole philosophy turns round those topics which are discussed in the *Kritik of Pure Reason*, and he can never get out of those "forms" in which Kant sets all our ideas so methodically, nor lose sight of those terrible antinomies, or contradictions of reason, which Kant expounded in order to shew that the laws of reason can have no application to objects, and which Hegel glorified in, and was employing as the ground-principle of his speculations, at the very time when Hamilton aspired to be a philosopher. From Kant he got the principle that the mind begins with phenomena and builds thereon by forms or laws of thought; and it was as he pondered on the Sphinx enigmas of Kant and Hegel, that he evolved his famous axiom about all positive thought lying in the proper conditioning of one or other of two contradictory propositions, one of which, by the rule of excluded middle, must be true. His pupils have ever since been standing before this Sphinx proposing, under terrible threats, its supposed contradictions, and are wondering whether their master has resolved the riddle.' To those who delight in 'the shadowy tribes of mind,' must be left the determination of these difficulties. The general reader will find many acute and suggestive remarks in Sir William's essays on education, logic, and the influence of mathematical studies. Against the latter, as a mental exercise, he waged incessant war. He defined philosophy to be the knowledge of effects and their causes, and he limited the term philosophy to the science of the mind, refusing the claim of mathematics and the physical sciences to the title. Lord Macaulay was as little disposed as Sir William to acknowledge the claim urged for mathematics, and Sir David Brewster, too, adopted the heresy.

The following is part of Sir William Hamilton's dicta:

On Mathematics.

Some knowledge of their object-matter and method is requisite to the philosopher; but their study should be followed out temperately, and with due caution. A mathematician in contingent matter is like an owl in daylight. Here, the wren pecks at the bird of Pallas, without anxiety for beak or talon; and there, the feeblest reasoner feels no inferiority to the strongest calculator. It is true, no doubt, that a power of mathematical and a power of philosophical, of general logic, *may* sometimes be combined; but the individual who unites both, reasons well out of necessary matter, from a still resisting vigour of intellect, and in spite, not in consequence, of his geometric or algebraic dexterity. He is naturally strong—not a mere cipherer, a mere demonstrator; and this is the explanation why Mr De Morgan, among other mathematicians, so often argues right. Still, had Mr De Morgan been less of a mathematician, he might have been more of a philosopher; and be it remembered that mathematics and dram-drinking tell, especially in the long-run. For a season, I admit Toby Philpot may be the champion of England; and Warburton testifies, 'It is a thing notorious that the oldest mathematician in England is the worst reasoner in it.'

Notes of Sir William Hamilton's lectures were taken by students and shorthand reporters, and they have been published in four volumes, 1859-1861, edited by Professors Mansel and Veitch. The latter, in 1869, published a Memoir of Sir William, undertaken at the request of the family of the

deceased philosopher. Professor Veitch, in his summary of the character and aims of the subject of his interesting memoir, says :

'To the mastery and treatment of a subject, the esssential preliminary with Sir William Hamilton was reading. He must know, in the first place, what had been thought and written by others on the point which he proposed to consider. In this respect he may be taken as the extreme contrast of many men who have given their attention to speculative questions. Hobbes, Locke, Brown—to say nothing of writers nearer the present time—were content with a very limited knowledge of the conclusions of others on the subjects which they discussed. Hamilton's writings shew how little he sympathised with men of the non-reading type—how he was even blinded, to some extent, to their proper merits—as in his references to Brown and Whately. In the universality of his reading, and knowledge of philosophical opinions, he is to be ranked above all those in Britain who have given their attention to speculative questions since the time of Bacon, with the exception, perhaps, of Cudworth. Dugald Stewart was probably his superior in acquaintance with general literature, but certainly far from his equal in philosophical learning. On the continent, the name which in this respect can be placed most fittingly alongside of Hamilton during the same period, is Leibnitz.

'Between Leibnitz and Hamilton, indeed, amid essential differences in their views of what is within the compass of legitimate speculation, there are several points of resemblance. The predominating interest of each lay in the pursuit of purely intellectual ideals and wide-reaching general laws, especially in the highest departments of metaphysics. Both were distinguished by rare acuteness, logical consecution, deductive habit of mind, and love of system. They were greater thinkers than observers; more at home among abstract conceptions than concrete realities. Both had a deep interest in the important intellectual and moral questions that open on the vision of thoughtful men in the highest practical sphere of all—the border-land of metaphysics and theology; both had the truest sympathy with the moral side of speculation. In each there was a firm conviction that our thoughts and feelings about the reality and nature of Deity, his relation to the world, human personality, freedom, responsibility, man's relation to the Divine, were to be vitalised, to receive a meaning and impulse, only from reflection on the ultimate nature and reach of human thought.'

The words on Sir William Hamilton's tombstone are striking: 'His aim was, by a pure philosophy, to teach that now we see through a glass darkly, now we know in part: his hope that in the time to come, he should see face to face, and know even as also he is known.'

Sir William's favourite study of logic has been well treated in *An Introduction to Logical Science*, by the late PROFESSOR SPALDING of St Andrews, which forms an excellent text-book as to the progress of the science, 1858. Mr Spalding was also author of *Italy and the Italians*, an historical and literary summary, 1845, and *The History of English Literature*, 1853, a very careful and ably written little manual. Professor Spalding died in 1859. Another Professor of St Andrews, JAMES FERRIER (who possessed the chair of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy), published *Institutes of Metaphysics, the Theory of Knowing and Being*, 1854. He died in 1864, aged fifty-six.

DEAN MANSEL.

A distinguished metaphysician, the REV. HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, was born in 1820, son of a clergyman of the same name, rector of Cotsgrove, in Northamptonshire. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St John's College, Oxford, of which he was elected scholar in 1839. He graduated B.A. in 1843. In 1855 he was appointed Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in Magdalen College, Oxford; and in 1858 he delivered the Bampton Lectures, which were published with the title of *The Limits of Religious Thought*, and occasioned considerable controversy, into which the Rev. T. D. Maurice entered. In 1859 Mr Mansel was appointed Waynflete Professor of Philosophy; in 1866, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford; and in 1868, Dean of St Paul's. The published works of Mr Mansel are various. In his nonage he issued a volume of poems, *The Demons of the Wind*, &c., 1838. This flight of fancy was followed by his metaphysical and philosophical treatises: Aldrich's *Logic*, with notes, 1849; *Prolegomena Logica*, 1851; *Psychology*, a lecture, 1855; *Lecture on the Philosophy of Kant*, 1856; the article *Metaphysics* in eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 1857; the *Bampton Lectures*, 1858; *The Philosophy of the Conditioned; comprising some Remarks on Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and on Mr J. S. Mill's Examination of that Philosophy*, 1866. Mr Mansel was associated with Professor Veitch in editing Sir William Hamilton's lectures.

JOHN STUART MILL.

This philosophical author (son of the late historian of British India, *ante*, p. 336) has professed to supersede the Baconian principle of induction, without which, according to Reid, 'experience is as blind as a mole.' In 1846, Mr Mill published *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation*, two volumes. He was author, also, of *Essays on some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy*, 1844, and *The Principles of Political Economy*, two volumes, 1848. The metaphysical opinions of Mr Mill warped his judgment as to the Baconian system, but he expounds his views with clearness and candour, and is a profound as well as independent thinker. This was still further evinced in his work *On Liberty*, 1859, in which he describes and denounces that 'strong permanent leaven of intolerance which at all times abides in the middle classes of this country,' and which, he thinks, subjects society to an intolerable tyranny.

Social Intolerance.

Though we do not inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to

death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian Church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain or even lose ground in each decade or generation. They never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons, among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. . . . A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the genuine principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world.

The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to commonplace or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles—that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselves if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then—while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned.

On the Laws against Intemperance.

Under the name of preventing intemperance, the people of one English colony, and of nearly half the United States, have been interdicted by law from making any use whatever of fermented drinks, except for medical purposes; for prohibition of their sale is, in fact, as it is intended to be, prohibition of their use. And though the impracticability of executing the law has caused its repeal in several of the states which had adopted it, including the one from which it derives its name, an attempt has notwithstanding been commenced, and is prosecuted with considerable zeal by many of the professed philanthropists, to agitate for a similar law in this country. The association, or 'Alliance,' as it terms itself, which has been formed for this purpose, has acquired some notoriety through the publicity given to a correspondence between its secretary and one of the very few English public men who hold that a politician's opinions ought to be founded on principles. Lord Stanley's share in this correspondence is calculated to strengthen the hopes already built on him, by those who know how rare such qualities as are manifested in some of his public appearances, unhappily are among those who figure in political life. The organ of the Alliance, who would 'deeply deplore the recognition of any principle which could be wrested to justify bigotry and persecution,' undertakes to point out the 'broad and impassable barrier' which divides such principles from those of the association. 'All matters relating to thought, opinion, conscience, appear to me,' he says, 'to be without the sphere of legislation; all pertaining to social act, habit, relation, subject only to a discretionary power vested in the state itself, and not in the individual to be within it.' No mention is made of a third class, different from either of these—namely, acts and habits which are not social, but individual—although it is to this class, surely, that the act of drinking fermented liquors belongs. Selling fermented liquors, however, is trading, and trading is a social act. But the infringement complained of is not on the liberty of the seller, but on that of the buyer and consumer; since the state might just as well forbid him to drink wine, as purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it. The secretary, however, says: 'I claim, as a citizen, a right to legislate whenever my social rights are invaded by the social act of another.' And now for the definition of these 'social rights.' 'If anything invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does. It destroys my primary right of security, by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality, by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery I am taxed to support. It impedes my right to free moral and intellectual development, by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralising society, from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse.' A theory of 'social rights,' the like of which probably never before found its way into distinct language; being nothing short of this—that it is the absolute social right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular, violates my social right, and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance. So monstrous a principle is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except, perhaps, to that of holding opinions in secret, without ever disclosing them; for the moment an opinion which I consider noxious passes any one's lips, it invades all the 'social rights' attributed to me by the Alliance. The doctrine ascribes to all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral, intellectual, and even physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard.

The Limits of Government Interference.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal. This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical

part of the political education of a free people, taking them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns—habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others; instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government, is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government, causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employés of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name.

Mr Mill held the office long possessed by his father, that of Examiner of Indian Correspondence, India House. On the dissolution of the East India Company, 1859, he retired with a liberal provision, and, we may add, with universal respect. Subsequently he published *Considerations on Representative Government*, 1861; *Utilitarianism*, 1862; *Comte and Positivism*, and *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, 1865; *England and Ireland*, 1868; *The Subjection of Women*, 1869. Mr Mill was returned to the House of Commons as one of the members for Westminster, and retained his seat for about three years, from 1865 to 1868. As a politician, he acted with the Liberal party, but made little impression on the House or the country. He was aware, he said, of the weak points in democracy as well as in Conservatism, and was in favour of a plurality of votes annexed to education, not to property. His speeches on Ireland and the Irish Land Question were published. Mr Mill died at Avignon in 1873. Shortly after his death appeared his *Autobiography*, one of the most remarkable narratives in the language. He was trained by his father with extraordinary care. He had no recollection of beginning to learn Greek, and before he was eight years old he had read in Herodotus, Xenophon, and Plato, and had voured such English books as the histori Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. 'My fathe added, 'never permitted anything which I lea to degenerate into a mere exercise of mer He strove to make the understanding not on along with every step of the teaching, but, if sible, precede it.' The father had entirely g up religious belief. Though educated in Scotch creed of Presbyterianism, he had con reject not only the belief in revelation, but foundations of what is commonly called na religion. Hence the son received no relig instruction. 'I grew up,' he says, 'in a neg state with regard to it: I looked upon the mo exactly as I did upon the ancient religio something which in no way concerned me.' result of this system of education and unbelief not favourable. The elder Mill thought 'hu life a poor thing at best, after the freshnes youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone and the son fell into a state of mental depres the habit of analysis having worn away fe and pleasure in the ordinary objects of hu desire. He never seems to have possessed vivacity and tenderness of youth; in his autob raphy he does not once mention his mother. length he became acquainted with a married a Mrs Taylor, of whom he speaks in the extravagant terms, comparing her to Shelley her general spiritual characteristics as well a temperament and organisation; but in thought intellect the poet, he says, 'so far as his po were developed in his short life, was but a to what she ultimately became.' This lady to Mill an object of idolatry—a being that see to supply the want of religion and venera After twenty years of Platonic affection, and death of Mr Taylor, she became the wife o philosopher. He adds: 'For seven years a half that blessing was mine; for seven and a only! I can say nothing which could desc even in the faintest manner, what that loss and is. But because I know that she would wished it, I endeavour to make the best of life I have left, and to work for her pur with such diminished strength as can be de from thoughts of her, and communion with memory.'

He survived her about fifteen years.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

The writings of SIR DAVID BREWSTER pr a remarkable union of the man of science wit man of letters. The experimental philosoph seldom a master of rhetoric; but Sir Davi beyond the appointed period of threescore ten, was full of fancy and imagination, and l copious and flowing style. This eminent ma a native of Jedburgh, born in 1781. His f was rector of the grammar-school of Jedb David, his second son, was educated for Scottish Church, was licensed by the Presb of Edinburgh, and preached occasionally. soon, however, devoted himself to science. I twenty-fourth year he edited Ferguson's *Lec on Astronomy;* and five years afterwards, in he commenced the *Edinburgh Encyclop* which was continued at intervals until 1828, it had reached eighteen volumes. In 181

published a treatise on *New Philosophical Instruments*, and he afterwards commenced the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* and the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. Among his other works are —*A Treatise on the Kaleidoscope*, 1818; *Notes to Robison's System of Mechanical Philosophy*, 1822; *Euler's Lectures and Life*, 1823; a *Treatise on Optics*, 1831; *Letters on Natural Magic*, 1831; *The Martyrs of Science* (lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler); *Treatise on the Microscope*; *More Worlds than One*, 1854; &c. The contributions of Sir David Brewster to scientific and literary journals would fill at least a score of volumes. A list of his scientific papers extends to 315 in number, and he contributed 74 articles to the *North British Review*. His work, *More Worlds than One*, is a reply to the treatise ascribed to Professor Whewell, on the *Plurality of Worlds*. This subject had been fancifully treated by Fontenelle, and was a favourite source of speculation during the last century, but it is one evidently destitute of scientific proof. Inductive philosophy disowned it, and it belonged only to the region of speculation. Dr Chalmers conceived that there were strong analogies in favour of such an opinion, while Dr Whewell, on the other hand, laboured to reduce such analogies to their true value. We cannot materialise them, or conceive of beings differing from our own knowledge and experience. 'Truth and falsehood, right and wrong, law and transgression, happiness and misery, reward and punishment, are the necessary elements of all that can interest us—of all that we can call *government*. To transfer these to Jupiter or to Sirius, is merely to imagine those bodies to be a sort of island of Formoso, or New Atlantis, or Utopia, or Platonic polity, or something of the kind.' Sir David Brewster took the opposite side, maintaining that even the sun may be inhabited by beings having pursuits similar to those on earth. The following is part of his argument respecting another planet:

Is the Planet Jupiter Inhabited?

In studying this subject, persons who have only a superficial knowledge of astronomy, though firmly believing in a plurality of worlds, have felt the force of certain objections, or rather difficulties, which naturally present themselves to the inquirer. The distance of Jupiter from the sun is so great, that the light and heat which he receives from that luminary are supposed to be incapable of sustaining the same animal and vegetable life which exists on the earth. If we consider the heat upon any planet as arising solely from the direct rays of the sun, the cold upon Jupiter must be very intense, and water could not exist upon its surface in a fluid state. Its rivers and its seas must be tracks and fields of ice. But the temperature of a planet depends upon other causes—upon the condition of its atmosphere, and upon the internal heat of its mass. The temperature of our own globe *decreases* as we rise in the atmosphere and *approach* the sun, and it *increases* as we descend into the bowels of the earth and *go further* from the sun. In the *first* of these cases, the increase of heat as we approach the surface of the earth from a great height in a balloon, or from the summit of a lofty mountain is produced by its atmosphere; and in Jupiter the atmosphere may be so formed as to compensate to a certain extent the diminution in the direct heat of the sun arising from the great distance of the planet. In the second case, the internal heat of Jupiter may be such as to keep its rivers and seas in a fluid state, and maintain a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon our own globe. These arrangements, however, if they are required, and have been adopted, cannot contribute to increase the feeble light which Jupiter receives from the sun; but in so far as the purposes of vision are concerned, an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and an increased sensibility of the retina, would be amply sufficient to make the sun's light as brilliant as it is to us. The feeble light reflected from the moons of Jupiter would then be equal to that which we derive from our own, even if we do not adopt the hypothesis, which we shall afterwards have occasion to mention, that a brilliant phosphorescent light may be excited in the satellites by the action of the solar rays. Another difficulty has presented itself, though very unnecessarily, in reference to the shortness of the day in Jupiter. A day of *ten* hours has been supposed insufficient to afford that period of rest which is requisite for the renewal of our physical functions when exhausted with the labours of the day. This objection, however, has no force. Five hours of rest are surely sufficient for five hours of labour; and when the inhabitants of the temperate zone of our own globe reside, as many of them have done, for years in the arctic regions, where the length of the days and nights is so unusual, they have been able to perform their usual functions as well as in their native climates. A difficulty, however, of a more serious kind is presented by the great force of gravity upon so gigantic a planet as Jupiter. The stems of plants, the materials of buildings, the human body itself, would, it is imagined, be crushed by their own enormous weight. This apparently formidable objection will be removed by an accurate calculation of the force of gravity upon Jupiter, or of the relative weight of bodies on its surface. The mass of Jupiter is 1230 times greater than that of the earth, so that if both planets consisted of the same kind of matter, a man weighing 150 pounds on the surface of the earth would weigh 150 × 1200, or 180,000 pounds, at a distance from Jupiter's centre equal to the earth's radius. But as Jupiter's radius is *eleven* times greater than that of the earth, the weight of bodies on his surface will be diminished in the ratio of the square of his radius—that is, in the ratio of 11 × 11, or 121 to 1. Consequently, if we divide 180,000 pounds by 121, we shall have 1487 pounds as the weight of a man of 150 pounds on the surface of Jupiter—that is, less than *ten* times his weight on the earth. But the matter of Jupiter is much lighter than the matter of our earth, in the ratio of 24 to 100, the numbers which represent the densities of the two planets, so that if we diminish 1487 pounds in the ratio of 24 to 100, or divide it by 4·17, we shall have 312 pounds as the weight of a man on Jupiter, who weighs on the earth only 150 pounds—that is, only double his weight —a difference which actually exists between many individuals on our own planet. A man, therefore, constituted like ourselves, could exist without inconvenience upon Jupiter; and plants, and trees, and buildings, such as occur on our own earth, could grow and stand secure in so far as the force of gravity is concerned.

A more recent astronomer, MR RICHARD A. PROCTOR, differs from Sir David Brewster as to the planet Jupiter. The careful study of the planets Jupiter and Saturn has shewn him, he says, that any theory regarding them as the abode of life—that is, of any kind of life in the least resembling the forms we are familiar with—is altogether untenable. In the case of Mars and Venus, he considers the theory of life at least plausible:

'Clearest evidence shews how our earth was once a fluid haze of light, and how for countless æons afterwards her globe was instinct with fiery heat, amidst which no form of life could be

conceived to exist, after the manner of life known to us, though the germs of life may have been present. Then followed ages in which the earth's glowing crust was drenched by showers of muriatic, nitric, and sulphuric acid, not only intensely hot, but fiercely burning through their chemical activity. Only after periods infinite to our conceptions could life such as we know it, or even in the remotest degree like what is known to us, have begun to exist upon the earth.'

Jupiter he considers to be in this burning state. We see that his whole surface is enwrapped in cloud-layers of enormous depth, and undergoing changes which imply an intense activity, or in other words, an intense heat throughout his whole mass. He is as yet far from the life-bearing state of planetary existence; ages must elapse before life can be possible. Mars, on the other hand, is at a later stage of its existence, far on its way towards the same state of decrepitude as the moon.* Of course, no certainty can be attained as to the supposed plurality of worlds. We have only 'thoughts that wander through eternity.'

More popular than any of Sir David Brewster's writings was the instrument named the kaleidoscope, invented by Brewster in the year 1816. 'This beautiful little toy, with its marvellous witcheries of light and colour, spread over Europe and America with a *furor* which is now scarcely credible. Although he took out a patent, yet, as it often has happened in this country, the invention was quickly pirated.'† Sir David received the honour of knighthood in 1831. He continued his studies and experiments, with scarcely a day's interruption, until his eighty-sixth year. A few days before his death Sir James Simpson, the eminent physician, expressed a hope that he might yet rally. 'Why, Sir James, should you hope that?' he said, with much animation. 'The machine has worked for above eighty years, and it is worn out. Life has been very bright to me, and now there is the brightness beyond.' He died February 10, 1867, and was interred in the cathedral burying-ground at Melrose.

Bacon and Newton.

In the economy of her distributions, nature is seldom thus lavish of her intellectual gifts. The inspired genius which creates is rarely conferred along with the matured judgment which combines, and yet without the exertion of both, the fabric of human wisdom could never have been reared. Though a ray from heaven kindled the vestal fire, yet a humble priesthood was required to keep alive the flame.

The method of investigating truth by observation and experiment, so successfully pursued in the *Principia*, has been ascribed by some modern writers of great celebrity to Lord Bacon; and Sir Isaac Newton is represented as having owed all his discoveries to the application of the principles of that distinguished writer. One of the greatest admirers of Lord Bacon has gone so far as to characterise him as a man who has had no rival in the times which are past, and as likely to have none in those which are to come. In a eulogy so overstrained as this, we feel that the language of panegyric has passed into that of idolatry; and we are desirous of weighing the force of arguments which tend to depose Newton from the high-priesthood of nature, and to unsettle the destinies of Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler.

That Bacon was a man of powerful genius endowed with varied and profound talent—the skilful logician, the most nervous and eloquent wr the age which he adorned—are points which have established by universal suffrage. The study of a systems had early impressed him with the conv that experiment and observation were the only guides in physical inquiries; and, ignorant thou was of the methods, the principles, and the details mathematical sciences, his ambition prompted h aim at the construction of an artificial system by the laws of nature might be investigated, and might direct the inquiries of philosophers in every age. The necessity of experimental research, a advancing gradually from the study of facts t determination of their cause, though the groundwo Bacon's method, is a doctrine which was not only cated but successfully followed by preceding p ophers. In a letter from Tycho Brahé to Kepler industrious astronomer urges his pupil 'to lay a foundation for his views by actual observation, and by ascending from these to strive to reach the cau things;' and it was no doubt under the influence o advice that Kepler submitted his wildest fancies t test of observation, and was conducted to his splendid discoveries. The reasonings of Coper who preceded Bacon by more than a century, we founded upon the most legitimate induction. Dr G had exhibited in his treatise on the magnet the perfect specimen of physical research. Leonard Vinci had described in the clearest manner the p method of philosophical investigation; and the scientific career of Galileo was one continued exa of the most sagacious application of observation experiment to the discovery of general laws. The n of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, and Cardan have ranged in opposition to this constellation of great n and while it is admitted that even they had throw the yoke of the schools, and had succeeded in e mental research, their credulity and their preten have been adduced as a proof that to the 'bulk of osophers' the method of induction was unknown. fault of this argument consists in the conclusion infinitely more general than the fact. The erro these men were not founded on their ignorance, b their presumption. They wanted the patience of p ophy and not her methods. An excess of vanity, a wardness of fancy, and an insatiable appetite for species of passing fame which is derived from eccent of opinion, moulded the reasonings and disfigure writings of these ingenious men; and it can sc admit of a doubt, that had they lived in the present their philosophical character would have receive same impress from the peculiarity of their temper dispositions. This is an experiment, however, cannot now be made; but the history of modern sc supplies the defect, and the experience of every furnishes a proof that in the present age there are philosophers of elevated talents and inventive g who are as impatient of experimental research as celsus, as fanciful as Cardan, and as presumptuo Van Helmont.

Having thus shewn that the distinguished philoso who flourished before Bacon were perfect masters of the principles and practice of inductive resear becomes interesting to inquire whether or not the pl ophers who succeeded him acknowledged any oblig to his system, or derived the slightest advantage his precepts. If Bacon constructed a method to modern science owes its existence, we shall fin cultivators grateful for the gift, and offering the ri incense at the shrine of a benefactor whose gen labours conducted them to immortality. No such monies, however, are to be found. Nearly two hur years have gone by, teeming with the richest frui

* *Science Byways* (London, 1876), an interesting volume of essays on scientific subjects popularly treated.

† *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster*, by his daughter, Mrs Gordon, 1869.

human genius, and no grateful disciple has appeared to vindicate the rights of the alleged legislator of science. Even Newton, who was born and educated after the publication of the *Novum Organon*, never mentions the name of Bacon or his system, and the amiable and indefatigable Boyle treated him with the same disrespectful silence. When we are told, therefore, that Newton owed all his discoveries to the method of Bacon, nothing more can be meant than that he proceeded in that path of observation and experiment which had been so warmly recommended in the *Novum Organon*; but it ought to have been added, that the same method was practised by his predecessors—that Newton possessed no secret that was not used by Galileo and Copernicus—and that he would have enriched science with the same splendid discoveries if the name and the writings of Bacon had never been heard of.

Lord Macaulay's epitaph on an English Jacobite (see page 429 of this volume) was much admired by Sir David Brewster, but he was dissatisfied with the want of Christian resignation expressed in it, and he wrote the following imitation—not much inferior to Macaulay.

Epitaph on a Scotch Jacobite.

To Scotland's king I knelt in homage true,
My heart—my all I gave—my sword I drew;
For him I trod Culloden's bloody plain,
And lost the name of father 'mongst its slain.
Chased from my hearth I reached a foreign shore,
My native mountains to behold no more—
No more to listen to Tweed's silver stream—
No more among its glades to love and dream,
Save when in sleep the restless spirit roams
Where Melrose crumbles, and where Gala foams
To that bright fane where plighted vows were paid,
Or that dark aisle where all I loved was laid;
And yet methought I 've heard 'neath Terni's walls
The fevered pulse of Foyers' wilder falls,
Or seen in Tiber's wave my Leader flow,
And heard the southern breeze from Eildon blow.
Childless and widowed on Albano's shore,
I roamed an exile till life's dream was o'er—
Till God, whose trials blessed my wayward lot,
Gave me the rest—the early grave—I sought:
Shewed me, o'er death's dark vale, the strifeless shore,
With wife, and child, and king, to part no more.
O patriot wanderer, mark this ivied stone,
Learn from its story what may be thine own:
Should tyrants chase thee from thy hills of blue,
And sever all the ties to nature true,
The broken heart may heal in life's last hour
When hope shall still its throbs, and faith exert her power.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

In electricity and magnetism valuable discoveries were made by MICHAEL FARADAY (1791–1867), a native of Newington, in Surrey, the son of a poor blacksmith, who could only give his son the bare rudiments of education. He was apprenticed to a bookbinder, and early began to make experiments in chemistry and electricity. He had attended Sir Humphry Davy's lectures, and taken notes which he transmitted to Sir Humphry, desiring his assistance to 'escape from trade and enter into the service of science.' Through Davy's exertions he was appointed chemical assistant in the Royal Institution in 1813. In 1824 he was admitted a member of the Royal Society. In 1831, the first series of his *Experimental Researches in Electricity* was read before the Royal Society—a work which was continued to 1856, and afterwards published separately in four volumes. For many years he gave lectures at the Royal Institution, which were highly popular from the happy simplicity of his style and his successful illustrations. His publications on physical science are numerous. In 1835 a pension was conferred on Faraday. At first, it is said, Lord Melbourne, then premier, denounced all such scientific pensions as humbug, upon which Faraday wrote to him: 'I could not, with satisfaction to myself, accept at your lordship's hands that which, though it has the form of approbation, is of the character which your lordship so pithily applied to it.' Lord Melbourne explained, and the pension was granted. Faraday was a simple, gentle, cheerful man of genius, of strong religious feeling * and unassuming manners. His *Life and Letters*, by Dr Bence Jones, two volumes, 1869, and *Faraday as a Discoverer*, by Mr Tyndall, are interesting works. The latter considers Faraday to have been the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen, and he describes his principal discoveries under four distinct heads or groups—magno-electric induction, the chemical phenomena of the current, the magnetisation of light ('which,' says Tyndall, 'I should liken to the Weisshorn among mountains—high, beautiful, and alone'), and diamagnetism. Faraday used to say that it required twenty years of work to make *a man* in physical science; the previous period being one of *infancy*. When lecturing before a private society on the element chlorine, Faraday, as Professor Tyndall tells us, thus expressed himself with reference to the question of utility: 'Before leaving this subject I will point out the history of this substance, as an answer to those who are in the habit of saying to every new fact, "What is its use?" Dr Franklin says to such, "What is the use of an infant?" The answer of the experimentalist is, "Endeavour to make it useful."'

From 'Chemical History of a Candle.'

What is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things, that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you, in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food: the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially; and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, com-

* He was of the small sect called Sandemanians, who endeavour to keep up the simple forms and unworldliness of the primitive Christians, with certain views concerning saving faith and charity.

bines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place: we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion; the proportions in sugar being as shewn in this table:

Carbon	72	
Hydrogen	11	99
Oxygen	88	

This is, indeed, a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water; and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar; or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three-fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass. (The Lecturer mixed the two together.) You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidise the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidiser—a quicker one than the atmosphere; and so we shall oxidise this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process.

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What, then, must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid; a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere. As much as five million pounds, or 548 tons, of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours. And where does all this go? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I shewed you, or the iron which, in burning, produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapour, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water; for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.

AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN.

This distinguished mathematician and teacher (1806–1871) was born at Madura, in Southern India, son of Colonel De Morgan of the Madras army. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and studied for the bar, but in 1828 was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the University of London. Professor De Morgan contributed largely to the *Penny Cyclopædia*, *Notes and Queries*, *Athenæum*, &c. Among his works are —*Elements of Arithmetic*, 1830; *Elements of Algebra*, 1835; *Elements of Trigonometry*, 1837; *Essay on Probabilities*, 1838; *Formal Logic*, 1847; &c. In 1858 Professor de Morgan contributed to *Notes and Queries* some clever and amusing strictures on Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, an extract from which we subjoin:

Dean Swift and the Mathematicians.

Swift's satire is of course directed at the mathematicians of his own day. His first attack upon them is contained in the description of the flappers, by which the absorbed philosophers were recalled to common life when it was necessary. Now there is no proof that, in Swift's time or in any time, the mathematician, however capable of withdrawing his thoughts while actually engaged in study, was apt to wander into mathematics while employed in other business. No such thing is recorded even of Newton, a man of uncommon power of concentration. The truth I believe to be, that the power of bringing the whole man to bear on one subject which is fostered by mathematical study, is a power which can be, and is, brought into action *on any other subject*: so that a person used to mathematical thought is deep in the concern of the moment, *totus in illo*, more than another person; that is, less likely to wander from the matter in hand.

Swift's technical knowledge is of a poor kind. According to him, beef and mutton were served up in the shapes of equilateral triangles, rhomboids, and cycloids. This beats the waiter who could cover Vauxhall Gardens with a ham. These plane figures have no thickness: and I defy all your readers to produce a mathematician who would be content with mutton of two dimensions. As to the bread, which appeared in cones, cylinders, and parallelograms, the mathematicians would take the cones and cylinders for themselves, and leave the parallelograms for Swift.

The tailor takes Gulliver's *altitude* by a quadrant, then measures all the dimensions of his body by rule and compass, and brings home the clothes all out of shape, by mistaking a figure in the calculation. Now, first, Swift imagines that the altitude taken by a quadrant is a *length*, whereas it is an angle. It is awkward satire to represent the mathematician as using the quadrant to determine an *accessible* distance. Next, what mathematician would use *calculation* when he had all his results on paper, obtained by rule and compass? Had Swift lived in our day, he would have made the tailor measure the length of Gulliver's little finger, and then set up the whole body by calculation, just as Cuvier or Owen would set up some *therium* or *saurus* with no datum except the end of a toe.

Is not Professor de Morgan somewhat hypercritical? When Swift used those mathematical terms, we may believe he did so in mere sportiveness, and that he did not, in the shapes of his beef

and mutton, ignorantly exclude substance. When he says there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, it seems to us that the whole fun lay in the choice of that figure. He means a pyramid, each face of which is an equilateral triangle. There is, or used to be, in the confectioners' shops a certain comfit known as a triangular puff, which the children would care little for if it had no substance! So when the satirist talks of cutting a piece of beef into a rhomboid, it is into a rhomboidal form, as we have rhomboidal crystals, rhomboidal leaves in plants, and so on: the meat is not annihilated, into whatever surface figure you cut it. The story of the tailor who took Gulliver's measure by a quadrant, refers, we believe, to a blunder made by Sir Isaac Newton's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and the earth, had increased it to an enormous amount.

DR ALEXANDER BAIN.

Treatises on *The Senses and the Intellect*, 1855; *The Emotions and the Will*, 1859; *Mental and Moral Science*, 1868; and *Logic, Deductive and Inductive*, have been published by DR BAIN, Professor of Logic in the university of Aberdeen. These are able works, and Professor Bain has written various text-books on astronomy, electricity, meteorology, grammar, &c. The professor is a native of Aberdeen, born in 1818; in 1845 he was appointed to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the Andersonian University, Glasgow. In the latest work of Dr Bain's we have seen, *Mind and Body: the Theories on their Relation*, 1873, he gives an account of the various theories of the soul, and the general laws of alliance of mind and body.

'The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their validity: they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking. The one substance with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental—a *double-faced unity*—would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case. We are to deal with this, as in the language of the Athanasian creed, not confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance. The mind is destined to be a double study—to conjoin the mental philosopher with the physical philosopher; and the momentary glimpse of Aristotle is at last converted into a clear and steady vision.'

ROBERT STEPHENSON.

This eminent engineer, son of George Stephenson, was born at Willington, December 16, 1803. He was educated partly at the university of Edinburgh, and early displayed a decided inclination for mechanics and science. He laboured successfully to bring the railway locomotive to its present perfection. To his genius and perseverance, aided by the practical knowledge of Mr (afterwards Sir William Fairbairn), we also owe the principle of the tubular bridge, characterised as 'the greatest discovery in construction in our day.' At the Menai Strait, two spaces of four hundred and sixty feet in width are spanned by these iron tubes. The high-level bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, the viaduct (supposed to be the largest in the world) over the Tweed valley at Berwick, and the Victoria tubular bridge over the St Lawrence, near Montreal, are among the most celebrated of Mr Stephenson's works. He was also largely engaged in foreign railways. Like his father, he declined the honour of knighthood. Mr Stephenson was author of a work *On the Locomotive Steam-engine*, and another *On the Atmospheric Railway System*. He died October 12, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is worth noting, that as Lardner predicted that no steam-vessel could cross the Atlantic, Stephenson considered that the Suez Canal was an impossibility. 'I have surveyed the line; I have travelled the whole distance on foot; and I declare there is no fall between the two seas. A canal is impossible; the thing would be only a ditch!'

SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN.

Some valuable works on the use of iron and engineering operations have been published by SIR WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, Bart. Among these are *Mills and Mill-work; Iron, its History and Manufacture; Application of Iron to Building Purposes*; *Iron Ship-building*; &c. Sir William was a native of Kelso, Roxburghshire, born in 1789. He was long established in Manchester, and engaged in various public works. In the construction of the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait, he was of great service to the engineer, Mr Robert Stephenson, and has drawn up *Useful Information for Engineers*, as to the strength of iron, iron ship-building, the collapse of tubes, &c. This eminent engineer was chiefly self-taught. He died August 18, 1874.

SIR CHARLES WHEATSTONE.

In the application of electricity to the arts, CHARLES WHEATSTONE—born at Gloucester in 1802—has been highly distinguished. The idea of the electric telegraph had been propounded in the last century, but it was not practically realised until the year 1837. The three independent inventors are Mr Morse of the United States, M. Steinheil of Munich, and Mr Wheatstone. Of these, the last has shewn the greatest perseverance and skill in overcoming difficulties. To Wheatstone we also owe the invention of the stereoscope—that beautiful accompaniment to art and nature. Professor Forbes says: 'Although Mr Wheatstone's paper was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1838, and the stereoscope became at that time known to men of science, it by no means attracted for a good many years the attention which it deserves. It is only since it received a convenient alteration of form—due, I believe, to Sir David Brewster—by the substitution of lenses for mirrors, that it has become the popular instrument which we now see it, but it is not more suggestive than it always was of the wonderful adaptations of the sense of sight.' The electric telegraph, however, is the great source of Wheatstone's fame; and the late President of the Royal Society, the Marquis of Northampton, on presenting him with the Society's medal in 1840, said the honour had been conferred 'for the science and ingenuity by which Professor Wheatstone had measured electrical velocity, and by which he had also turned his acquaintance with galvanism

to the most important practical purposes.' His services to science were further acknowledged by Her Majesty conferring upon him the honour of knighthood (1868), and the university of Edinburgh awarding him the honorary degree of LL.D.

DR BUCKLAND—SIR CHARLES LYELL, ETC.

Geology has had a host of discoverers and illustrators. One of the earliest of English geologists was MR WILLIAM SMITH, who published his *Tabular View of the British Strata* in 1790, and constructed a geological map of England in 1815. He had explored the whole country on foot. The first of the prize-medals of the Geological Society was awarded to that gentleman in 1831, 'in consideration,' as stated, 'of his being a great original discoverer in English geology, and especially for his having been the first in this country to discover and to teach the identification of strata, and to determine their succession by means of their imbedded fossils.'*

The REV. DR BUCKLAND (1784–1856), by his *Vindiciæ Geologicæ*, 1820, and *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, 1823, and by various contributions to the Geological Society, awakened public interest to the claims of this science, although he advocated the old hypothesis of the universality of the deluge, which he abandoned in his *Bridgewater Treatise* of 1836. His *Geology and Mineralogy* was reprinted in 1858, with additions by Professors Owen and Phillips, and a memoir of the author by his son, Mr Francis T. Buckland. The indomitable energy of Buckland, in pursuing his researches and collecting specimens of organic remains, is brought out fully in this memoir, with an account of his exertions to procure the endowment of a Readership in Geology at Oxford, which he accomplished in 1819. His invaluable museum he bequeathed to the university. It may be noted, also, that the glacial theory, illustrated by Agassiz and Professor James Forbes, was first promulgated by Dr Buckland, who travelled over the north of England and the wilds of Scotland for proofs of glacial action. Sir Robert Peel rewarded the labours of this ardent man of science by procuring his appointment to the deanery of Westminster. In its now revised and improved form, with additional plates of organic remains, Buckland's *Geology and Mineralogy* is the best general work on this interesting study. Previous to its first publication, Mr, afterwards SIR CHARLES LYELL, had published *Principles of Geology, being an Attempt to Explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface by a Reference to Causes now in Operation*, two volumes, 1830–32. Additions and corrections have been made from time to time, and the eighth edition of the *Principles*, entirely revised, 1850, is a very complete and interesting work. But though introducing r facts, Sir Charles still adhered to his ori theory, that the forces now operating upon beneath the earth's surface, are the same bo kind and degree with those which, at re epochs, have worked out geological revoluti or, in other words, that we may dispense sudden, violent, and general catastrophes, regard the ancient and present fluctuatio the organic and inorganic world as belongi one continuous and uniform series of events. 1838 Sir Charles published his *Elemen Geology*, since enlarged to two volumes. H author also of *Travels in North America, Geological Observations on the United S Canada, and Nova Scotia*, two volumes, 1 and *Second Visit to the United States of Am in* 1845, two volumes, 1849. These are agre as well as instructive volumes, for Sir Charles an accomplished literary artist, without betra art in his composition. This eminent geol was a native of the county of Forfar, born No ber 14, 1797, son of a Scottish landed propr of the same name. He was created a baron 1864; and received the honorary degree of D from the university of Oxford. His great v *The Principles of Geology*, first elevated ge to the dignity of a science, and his latest impo work on the *Antiquity of Man*, 1863, has also great influence on the thought and speculati the present generation. Sir Charles died 22d ary 1875, and was interred in Westminster Ab

* This, however, had been clearly indicated more than a century before by the mathematician and natural philosopher, DR ROBERT HOOKE (1635-1703). In a lecture dated 1688, and published in Hooke's posthumous works, there occurs this striking prophetic passage; 'However trivial a thing a rotten shell may appear to some, yet these monuments of nature are more certain tokens of antiquity than coins or medals, since the best of those may be counterfeited or made by art and design; . . . and though it must be granted that it is very difficult to read them—the records of nature—and to *raise a chronology out of them*, and to state the intervals of time wherein such or such catastrophe and mutations have happened, yet it is not impossible.—See Lyell's *Principles*, vol. i., in which the history of geological science is traced. Also Conybeare's *Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales*.

Geology compared to History.

We often discover with surprise, on looking back the chronicles of nations, how the fortune of some has influenced the fate of millions of our contempor when it has long been forgotten by the mass of the lation. With this remote event, we may find in ably connected the geographical boundaries of a state, the language now spoken by the inhabitants, peculiar manners, laws, and religious opinions. B more astonishing and unexpected are the conne brought to light, when we carry back our resea into the history of nature. The form of a coas configuration of the interior of a country, the exis and extent of lakes, valleys, and mountains can oft traced to the former prevalence of earthquakes volcanoes in regions which have long been undistu To these remote convulsions, the present fertili some districts, the sterile character of others, the tion of land above the sea, the climate, and v peculiarities, may be distinctly referred. On the hand, many distinguishing features of the surface often be ascribed to the operation, at a remote e slow and tranquil causes—to the gradual depositi sediment in a lake or in the ocean, or to the p increase of testacea and corals.

To select another example; we find in certain l ties subterranean deposits of coal, consisting of vege matter formerly drifted into seas and lakes. These and lakes have since been filled up; the lands wh the forests grew have disappeared or changed form; the rivers and currents which floated the vege masses can no longer be traced; and the plants belo to species which for ages have passed away from surface of our planet. Yet the commercial prosp and numerical strength of a nation may now be m dependent on the local distribution of fuel deter by that ancient state of things.

Geology is intimately related to almost all the ph sciences, as history is to the moral. A historian sh if possible, be at once profoundly acquainted with e

politics, jurisprudence, the military art, theology; in a word, with all branches of knowledge by which any insight into human affairs, or into the moral and intellectual nature of man, can be obtained. It would be no less desirable that a geologist should be well versed in chemistry, natural philosophy, mineralogy, zoology, comparative anatomy, botany; in short, in every science relating to organic and inorganic nature. With these accomplishments, the historian and geologist would rarely fail to draw correct philosophical conclusions from the various monuments transmitted to them of former occurrences. They would know to what combination of causes analogous effects were referrible, and they would often be enabled to supply, by inference, information concerning many events unrecorded in the defective archives of former ages. But as such extensive acquisitions are scarcely within the reach of any individual, it is necessary that men who have devoted their lives to different departments should unite their efforts; and as the historian receives assistance from the antiquary, and from those who have cultivated different branches of moral and political science, so the geologist should avail himself of the aid of many naturalists, and particularly of those who have studied the fossil remains of lost species of animals and plants.

The analogy, however, of the monuments consulted in geology, and those available in history, extends no further than to one class of historical monuments—those which may be said to be *undesignedly* commemorative of former events. The canoes, for example, and stone hatchets found in our peat-bogs, afford an insight into the rude arts and manners of the earliest inhabitants of our island; the buried coin fixes the date of the reign of some Roman emperor; the ancient encampment indicates the districts once occupied by invading armies, and the former method of constructing military defences; the Egyptian mummies throw light on the art of embalming, the rites of sepulture, or the average stature of the human race in ancient Egypt. This class of memorials yields to no other in authenticity, but it constitutes a small part only of the resources on which the historian relies, whereas in geology it forms the only kind of evidence which is at our command. For this reason we must not expect to obtain a full and connected account of any series of events beyond the reach of history. But the testimony of geological monuments, if frequently imperfect, possesses at least the advantage of being free from all suspicion of misrepresentation. We may be deceived in the inferences which we draw, in the same manner as we often mistake the nature and import of phenomena observed in the daily course of nature, but our liability to err is confined to the interpretation, and, if this be correct, our information is certain.

The Great Earthquake of Lisbon in 1755.

In no part of the volcanic region of Southern Europe has so tremendous an earthquake occurred in modern times as that which began on the 1st of November 1755 at Lisbon. A sound of thunder was heard underground, and immediately afterwards a violent shock threw down the greater part of that city. In the course of about six minutes, sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired and laid the bar dry; it then rolled in, rising fifty feet above its ordinary level. The mountains of Arrabida, Estrella, Julio, Marvan, and Cintra, being some of the largest in Portugal, were impetuously shaken, as it were, from their very foundations; and some of them opened at their summits, which were split and rent in a wonderful manner, huge masses of them being thrown down into the subjacent valleys. Flames are related to have issued from these mountains, which are supposed to have been electric; they are also said to have smoked; but vast clouds of dust may have given rise to this appearance.

The most extraordinary circumstance which occurred at Lisbon during the catastrophe, was the subsidence of a new quay, built entirely of marble at an immense expense. A great concourse of people had collected there for safety, as a spot where they might be beyond the reach of falling ruins; but suddenly the quay sank down with all the people on it, and not one of the dead bodies ever floated to the surface. A great number of boats and small vessels anchored near it, all full of people, were swallowed up as in a whirlpool. No fragments of these wrecks ever rose again to the surface, and the water in the place where the quay had stood is stated, in many accounts, to be unfathomable; but Whitehurst says he ascertained it to be one hundred fathoms.

In this case, we must either suppose that a certain tract sank down into a subterranean hollow, which would cause a 'fault' in the strata to the depth of six hundred feet, or we may infer, as some have done, from the entire disappearance of the substances engulfed, that a chasm opened and closed again. Yet in adopting this latter hypothesis, we must suppose that the upper part of the chasm, to the depth of one hundred fathoms, remained open after the shock. According to the observations made at Lisbon, in 1837, by Mr Sharpe, the destroying effects of this earthquake were confined to the tertiary strata, and were most violent on the blue clay, on which the lower part of the city is constructed. Not a building, he says, on the secondary limestone or the basalt was injured.

The great area over which this Lisbon earthquake extended is very remarkable. The movement was most violent in Spain, Portugal, and the north of Africa; but nearly the whole of Europe, and even the West Indies, felt the shock on the same day. A seaport called St Ubes, about twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed. At Algiers and Fez, in Africa, the agitation of the earth was equally violent; and at the distance of eight leagues from Morocco, a village with the inhabitants, to the number of about eight or ten thousand persons, together with all their cattle, were swallowed up. Soon after, the earth closed again over them.

The shock was felt at sea, on the deck of a ship to the west of Lisbon, and produced very much the same sensation as on dry land. Off St Lucar, the captain of the ship *Nancy* felt his vessel so violently shaken, that he thought she had struck the ground, but, on heaving the lead, found a great depth of water. Captain Clark, from Denia, in latitude 36° 24′ N., between nine and ten in the morning, had his ship shaken and strained as if she had struck upon a rock. Another ship, forty leagues west of St Vincent, experienced so violent a concussion, that the men were thrown a foot and a half perpendicularly up from the deck. In Antigua and Barbadoes, as also in Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, Corsica, Switzerland, and Italy, tremors and slight oscillations of the ground were felt.

The agitation of lakes, rivers, and springs in Great Britain was remarkable. At Loch Lomond, in Scotland, for example, the water, without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level. The greatest perpendicular height of this swell was two feet four inches. It is said that the movement of this earthquake was undulatory, and that it travelled at the rate of twenty miles a minute. A great wave swept over the coast of Spain, and is said to have been sixty feet high at Cadiz. At Tangier, in Africa, it rose and fell eighteen times on the coast; at Funchal, in Madeira, it rose full fifteen feet perpendicular above high-water mark, although the tide, which ebbs and flows there seven feet, was then at half-ebb. Besides entering the city and committing great havoc, it overflowed other seaports in the island. At Kinsale, in Ireland, a body of water rushed into the harbour, whirled round several vessels, and poured into the market-place.

It was before stated that the sea first retired at Lisbon; and this retreat of the ocean from the shore

at the commencement of an earthquake, and its subsequent return in a violent wave, is a common occurrence. In order to account for the phenomenon, Michell imagined a subsidence at the bottom of the sea from the giving way of the roof of some cavity, in consequence of a vacuum produced by the condensation of steam. Such condensation, he observes, might be the first effect of the introduction of a large body of water into fissures and cavities already filled with steam, before there had been sufficient time for the heat of the incandescent lava to turn so large a supply of water into steam, which, being soon accomplished, causes a greater explosion.

Geological *Notes* and *Sections* were published in 1830 by SIR HENRY THOMAS DE LA BECHE (1796–1855), and in 1832 a *Manual of Geology*. But his most valuable work is *How to Observe: Geology*, 1835. In 1851 Sir Henry published another work of the same kind, *The Geological Observer*. DR GIDEON ALGERNON MANTELL (1788–1852), an English physician, in 1832 published *The Fossils of the South Downs*, which appeared simultaneously with the great work of Cuvier and Brongniart on the Geology of the Environs of Paris, and described also many of the organic remains of the chalk. Dr Mantell was the original demonstrator of the fresh-water origin of the mass of Wealden beds, and the discoverer of the monster reptile *Iguanodon*, and other colossal allies. This eminent palæontologist was author of two popular works—*The Medals of Creation*, and *The Wonders of Geology*. DR JOHN PYE SMITH (1774–1857), in his work *On the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science*, 1839, and the distinguished American geologist, DR EDWARD HITCHCOCK, in his *Elementary Geology*, 1841, anticipated the views of Hugh Miller and others as to the interpretation of the Mosaic account of the creation and deluge—the latter being local, not universal. With respect to the deluge, Dr Pye Smith forcibly remarks: 'All land-animals having their geographical regions, to which their constitutional natures are congenial—many of them being unable to live in any other situation—we cannot represent to ourselves the idea of their being brought into one small spot from the polar regions, the torrid zone, and all the other climates of Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, Australia and the thousands of islands—their preservation and provision, and the final disposal of them—without bringing up the idea of miracles more stupendous than any that are recorded in Scripture.'

The REV. DR HENRY DUNCAN (1774–1846) of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, is known as the founder of savings-banks in this country, and he was the first to discover the footprints of animals, supposed to be tortoises, on sandstone rocks in a quarry in Dumfriesshire. Dr Buckland, who followed up the search for fossil remains with so much ardour, beautifully remarks of these 'footsteps before the flood:' 'The historian may have pursued the line of march of triumphant conquerors whose armies trampled down the most mighty kingdoms of the world. The winds and storms have utterly obliterated the ephemeral impressions of their course. Not a track remains of a single foot, or a single hoof of all the countless millions of men and beasts whose progress spread desolation over the earth. But the reptiles that crawled upon the half-finished surface of our infant planet, have left memorials of their pa enduring and indelible.'

SIR RODERICK I. MURCHISON.

SIR RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON simp and extended the science of geology, and p one of its most indefatigable explorers. I districts of Hereford, Radnor, and Shrop large masses of gray-coloured strata rise out beneath the Old Red Sandstone; and these contain fossils differing from any which known in the upper deposits. Sir Roderick to classify these rocks, and after four years' l he assigned to them (1835) the name o Silurian System, as occupying the ancient R province of Siluria. 'Having first, in the 1833,' says Sir Roderick, 'separated thes posits into four formations, and shewn that is characterised by peculiar organic remai next divided them (1834–35) into a lowe upper group, both of which, I hoped, wou found applicable to wide regions of the After eight years of labour in the field an closet, the proofs of the truth of these views more fully published in the work entitled *Silurian System*, 1839.' A further explan of this system, embodying later researches published by the author in 1854, entitled *Si the History of the Oldest Known Rocks conta Organic Remains.*

The Lower Silurian Rocks.

The geologist appeals to the book of nature, its leaves have undergone no great alteration. H before him an enormous pile or series of earl aqueous sediment originally composed of mud, sa pebbles, the successive bottoms of a former sea, which have been derived from pre-existing rocks in these lower beds, even where they are little al he can detect no remains of former creatures. lying upon them, and therefore evolved after, strata succeed, in which some few relics of a pri ocean are discernible, and these again are every succeeded by newer deposits in which many fossils In this way evidences have been fairly obtained, to that the sediments which underlie the strata cont the lowest fossil remains constitute, in all countries have been examined, the natural base or bottom of the deposits termed Silurian.

In France, Germany, Spain, and the Me ranean, in Scandinavia and Russia, the basis has been found for higher fossiliferous r Many years were spent by Sir Roderick, ac panied part of the time by Professor Sedg in Russia and other countries in geologic e rations; and in 1846 he published *The Ge of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountain* which he was assisted by E. de Verneuil Count A. von Keyserling. Sir Roderick is au of about a hundred separate memoirs, prese to scientific societies, and he had the mer pointing out the important fact that gold exist in Australia. This was in 1844, after insp ing some specimens of Australian rocks bro to this country by Count Strzeleczki, and compa them with those of the auriferous Ural Mount with which he was personally well acquain His observations were printed the same (1844) in the journal of the Royal Geograph Society. Two years afterwards, at a geolog

meeting in Penzance, Sir Roderick urged the superabundant Cornish tin-miners to emigrate to the colony of New South Wales, and there obtain gold from the alluvial soil in the same manner as they extracted tin from the gravel of their native country. Again, in the year 1846, when some specimens of Australian gold ore were sent to him, he addressed a letter to Earl Grey, then secretary for the colonies, stating his views as to the existence of rich gold-fields in the colony.* Sir Roderick also predicted (1854) that 'the present large flow of gold into Europe from those tracts will begin to diminish within a comparatively short period'—a result of which we have as yet no indication.

The Relative Value of Gold and Silver.

The fear that gold may be greatly depreciated in value relatively to silver—a fear which may have seized upon the minds of some of my readers—is unwarranted by the data registered in the crust of the earth. Gold is, after all, by far the most restricted—in its native distribution—of the precious metals. Silver and argentiferous lead, on the contrary, expand so largely downwards into the bowels of the rocks, as to lead us to believe that they must yield enormous profits to the skilful miner for ages to come; and the more so in proportion as better machinery and new inventions shall lessen the difficulty of subterranean mining. It may, indeed, well be doubted whether the quantities of gold and silver, procurable from regions unknown to our progenitors, will prove more than sufficient to meet the exigencies of an enormously increased population and our augmenting commerce and luxury. But this is not a theme for a geologist; and I would simply say, that Providence seems to have originally adjusted the relative value of these two precious metals, and that their relations, having remained the same for ages, will long survive all theories. Modern science, instead of contradicting, only confirms the truth of the aphorism of the patriarch Job, which thus shadowed forth the downward persistence of the one and the superficial distribution of the other: 'Surely there is *a vein* for the silver. . . . The earth hath *dust of gold*.'

Sir Roderick Murchison was by birth a Scottish Highlander, born at Tarradale, Ross-shire—of which his father, Dr Murchison, was proprietor—in 1792. He served from 1807 to 1816 in the army, latterly as captain in the 6th Dragoons. He was knighted in 1846, and the emperor of Russia conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of St Stanislaus, with other marks of distinction. He was some years Secretary to the Royal Geological Society, and twice elected president. He was also President of the Geographical Society, occupying the chair until a short time before his death. He took the liveliest interest in all geographical discoveries, and his annual addresses to the society were full of information and interesting facts. A baronetcy was conferred upon Sir Roderick in 1866. He died October 22, 1870. A copious life of Sir Roderick was published by his friend Professor Geikie, two volumes, 1875, from which we give two short extracts:

Hint to Geologists.

If it be true, as Bacon asserted, that 'writing maketh an exact man,' it is no less true that mapping makes an exact geologist. Without this kind of training, it is not easy to grasp accurately the details of geological structure, and hence the literature of the science is sadly overloaded with papers and books which, had their authors enjoyed this preliminary discipline, would either not have been written, or would at least have been more worthy of perusal. Murchison wisely resolved not to trust merely to eye and memory, but to record what he saw as accurately as he could upon maps. And there can be no doubt that by so doing he gave his work a precision and harmony which it could never have otherwise possessed, and that, even though still falling into some errors, he was enabled to get a firmer hold of the structure of the country which he had resolved to master than he could have obtained in any other way. For, to make his maps complete, he was driven to look into all manner of out-of-the-way nooks and corners, with which, but for that necessity, he might have been little likely to make acquaintance. It often happens that in such half-hidden places—the course of a mountain torrent, the bottom of a tree-shaded ravine, the gully cut by the frosts and rains of centuries from the face of a lonely hill-side—lies the key to the geological structure of the neighbourhood. In pursuit of his quest, therefore, the geologist is driven to double back to and fro over tracts never trodden perhaps by the ordinary tourist, but is many a time amply recompensed by the unexpected insight which this circuitous journeying gives him into the less obtrusive beauties of the landscape.

Proposed Purchase of the Island of Staffa.

Among the miscellaneous correspondence which the President of the Geological Society carried on, was one regarding a proposed purchase of the island of Staffa. It was represented urgently to Murchison that as the island was likely to come into the market, no more fitting purchaser could be found than the Geological Society of London, and that in the hands of that learned body it would remain as a perpetual monument consecrated to the progress of science. It is needless to say that this project never took shape. There is little sympathy in Britain with any such fanciful notions regarding the acquirement of places of great natural interest by the State or learned societies for the good of the country, and in the cause of scientific progress. Fortunately that fairy isle is too small and too barren to warrant the cost of protecting walls and notices to trespassers, and its wonders are of too solid and enduring a nature to be liable to effacement by the ruthless curiosity of the British tourist. And so it stands amid the lone sea, open to all comers, lifting its little carpet of bright green above the waves which have tunnelled its pillared cliffs, and which are ceaselessly destroying and renewing the beauty of the sculpture they have revealed.

PROFESSOR SEDGWICK.

The REV. ADAM SEDGWICK endeavoured to substantiate a lower and still older section of rocks than the Silurian—a slaty formation, in part fossiliferous, and of enormous thickness. He applies to this the term 'Cambrian.' The system has, however, met with a dubious acceptance, Sir Roderick Murchison contending that the Cambrian rocks are not inferior in position to the lowest stratified rocks of his Silurian region of Shropshire and the adjacent parts of Montgomeryshire, but are merely extensions of the same strata. Mr Sedgwick was born at Dent, Yorkshire, about the year 1787; in 1809 he was admitted to a Fellowship in Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1818 was appointed Woodwardian Professor of Geology. He is author of *A Synopsis of the Classification of the British Palæozoic Rocks*, &c., two volumes, quarto, and *A Discourse on the*

* Hargrave's *Australia and its Gold-fields*, 1855.

Studies of the University of Cambridge, 1850, which was directed against the utilitarian theory of morals, as not merely false in reasoning, but as producing a degrading effect on the temper and conduct of those who adopt it. Professor Sedgwick closed his honoured life at Cambridge in 1873.

PROFESSOR OWEN.

RICHARD OWEN, the great naturalist and anatomist, was, like his contemporary, Professor Whewell, a native of Lancaster. When a mere boy, he was put to sea as a midshipman, but his nautical career was a very brief one. In his twentieth year we find him at Edinburgh University, and in the year following he was a student at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London. He became a member of the College of Surgeons, but his professional prospects were so discouraging that he resolved on re-entering the navy. He was dissuaded from this step by Abernethy, the famous surgeon—rough, kind-hearted, and eccentric—and Abernethy procured for him the appointment of colleague or assistant to Mr Clift, the curator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. In this capacity, he had to prepare a catalogue of the great museum of John Hunter, which had come into the possession of the College of Surgeons. 'In order,' it is said, 'to identify the specimens in the Hunterian collection, he was obliged in a large number of cases to dissect and examine fresh specimens. In this manner, volume after volume of the catalogue appeared, till at the end of thirty years the whole was printed—a work of scarcely inferior value and importance to the museum itself: this catalogue, which involved the examination of nearly four thousand specimens, was illustrated by seventy-eight plates.'* This great achievement led a contemporary to say: 'Cuvier, with an instinctive prescience, asks, "Why should not natural history one day have its Newton?" and the best proof of the reasonableness of that question we hold to be the success which has attended the last researches of Cuvier's English successor, justly styled by Humboldt "le plus grand anatomiste de son siècle"' (*Quarterly Review*). In 1834 Mr Owen was appointed public lecturer to the chair of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in the College of Surgeons. In 1855 he became superintendent or chief of the Natural History department of the British Museum (which includes zoology, geology, and mineralogy); and his lectures on palæontology, on physiology, on extinct animals, &c. have been as popular as they are valuable. 'From the sponge to man, he has thrown light over every subject he has touched'—and the number of subjects is almost incredible. His contributions to scientific journals, and his separate works, amount together to above three hundred! Among these we may note—*Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus*, 1832; *Catalogue of the Physiological Series of Comparative Anatomy*, five volumes, 1833-1840; *The Fossil Mammalia collected on the Voyage of the 'Beagle,'* 1840; *Odontography, or a Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Teeth*, two volumes, 1840-1845; *The Extinct Gigantic Sloth*, 1842; *Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate and Vertebrate Animals*, two volumes, 1843-1846; *History of British Fossils, Mammals and Birds*, 1846; *A History of British Fossil Reptiles*, five parts, 1840-1851; *On Palæontology* and *On the Megatherium*, 1860; *On the Gorilla*, 1865; *On the Dodo*, 1866; *Zoology, or Instructions for Collecting and Preserving Animals*, 1849; and the articles on Zoology, Comparative Anatomy, and Physiology, in Brande's *Dictionary of Science;* &c. Professor Owen's researches and discoveries in comparative anatomy are believed to 'form his chief claim to the admiration and gratitude of the civilised world.' In this field, his sagacity, or rather his genius, in hypothesis and generalisation are pre-eminent, and have had no parallel since Cuvier. One instance of this, the discovery of a fragment of the femur or thigh-bone of an unknown animal from New Zealand, excited much interest. A seafaring man brought this piece of bone, as he said, from New Zealand, and offered it for sale. It was taken to Professor Owen, 'who having looked at it carefully, thought it right to investigate it more narrowly; and after much consideration, he ventured to pronounce his opinion. This opinion from almost anybody else would have been, perhaps, only laughed at; for, in the first place, he said that the bone (big enough to suggest that it belonged to an ox) had belonged to a bird; but before people had had time to recover from their surprise at this announcement, they were greeted by another assertion yet more startling—namely, that it had been a bird without wings! The incredulity and doubt with which the opinion was received was too great for a time even for the authority of Professor Owen entirely to dispel. But mark the truthfulness of a real science; contemplate the exquisite beauty and accuracy of relation in nature! By-and-by a whole skeleton was brought over to this country, when the opinion of the Professor was converted into an established fact.'* A series of monographs on similar gigantic birds was published by Professor Owen, and fossils from Australia of gigantic marsupials, resembling in type those at present existing there. Besides his strictly scientific investigations, Professor Owen has assisted in public and benevolent labours—in inquiries into the health of towns, in the organisation of the Great Exhibition of 1851, as well as of the Paris Exhibition, and in various other efforts for the benefit of society. Honours at home and abroad have been showered on the philosophic worker, and in his native country all classes, from the sovereign downwards, are proud of his name and fame.

We subjoin an extract from the *History of British Fossils, Mammals and Birds*, 1846. When Cuvier found that the remains of the elephants which are scattered over Europe in the unstratified superficial deposits, were specifically different from the teeth and bones of the two known existing elephants, 'this fundamental fact,' says Pro-

* Memoir of Owen in Knight's *Cyclopædia of Biography*.

* MacIlwain's *Life of Abernethy*. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* for March 1852, confirms the statement: 'We well remember seeing this fragment of the shaft of a femur when it first arrived, and hearing the opinion of the Professor (Owen) as to the bird to which it must have belonged. He took a piece of paper and drew the outline of what he conceived to be the complete bone. The fragment, from which alone he deduced his conclusions, was six inches in length, and five inches and a half in its smallest circumference: both extremities had been broken off. When a perfect bone arrived, and was laid on the paper, it fitted the outline exactly.'

fessor Owen, 'opened up to him new views of the theory of the earth, and a rapid glance, guided by the new and pregnant idea, over other fossil bones, made him anticipate all that he afterwards proved, and determined him to consecrate to this great work the future years of his life.' This was in 1796, and fortunately Cuvier survived till 1832, and had in Owen a worthy successor.

The British Mammoth.

Most of the largest and best preserved tusks of the British mammoth have been dredged up from submerged drift, near the coasts. In 1827, an enormous tusk was landed at Ramsgate: although the hollow implanted base was wanting, it still measured nine feet in length, and its greatest diameter was eight inches; the outer crust was decomposed into thin layers, and the interior portion had been reduced to a soft substance resembling putty. A tusk, likewise much decayed, which was dredged up off Dungeness, measured eleven feet in length; and yielded some pieces of ivory fit for manufacture. Captain Byam Martin, who has recorded this and other discoveries of remains of the mammoth in the British Channel in the *Geological Transactions*, procured a section of ivory near the alveolar cavity of the Dungeness tusk, of an oval form, measuring nineteen inches in circumference. A tusk dredged up from the Goodwin Sands, which measured six feet six inches in length, and twelve inches in greatest circumference, probably belonged to a female mammoth: Captain Martin describes its curvature as being equal to a semicircle turning outwards on its line of projection. This tusk was sent to a cutler at Canterbury, by whom it was sawn into five sections, but the interior was found to be fossilised and unfit for use; it is now in Captain Martin's possession. The tusks of the extinct elephant which have thus reposed for thousands of years in the bed of the ocean which washes the shore of Britain, are not always so altered by time and the action of surrounding influences as to be unfit for the purposes to which recent ivory is applied. Mr Robert Fitch of Norwich possesses a segment of a mammoth's tusk, which was dredged up by some Yarmouth fishermen off Scarborough, and which was so slightly altered in texture, that it was sawn up into as many portions as there were men in the boat, and each claimed his share of the valuable product.

Of the tusks referable by their size to the female mammoth which have been disinterred on dry land, I may cite the following instances: A tusk in the Museum of the Geological Society, from the lacustrine pleistocene bed exposed to the action of the sea on the coast of Essex at Walton, which measures five feet and a half in length; and another from the same locality, in the possession of John Brown, Esq. of Stanway, Essex, which measures four feet in length. A tusk recently discovered near Barnstaple, on a bed of gravel, beneath a stratum of blue clay five feet deep, and one of yellow clay about six feet deep, with several feet of coarse gravel and soil above. This tusk was broken by the pickaxes of the men, but must have been about six feet in length; it had the grain and markings of ivory, but was reduced to the colour and consistency of horn, and retained a considerable degree of elasticity.

A very perfect specimen was dug up entire in 1842, twelve feet below the surface, out of the drift gravel of Cambridge; it measured five feet in length, and two feet four inches across the chord of its curve, and eleven inches in circumference at the thickest part of its base: this tusk was purchased by the Royal College of Surgeons. The smallest mammoth's tusk which I have seen is in the museum of Mr Wickham Flower; it is from the drift or till at Ilford, Essex, and has belonged to a very young mammoth; its length measured along the outer curve is twelve inches and a half, and the circumference of its base four inches. It has nevertheless been evidently put to use by the young animal, the tip having been obliquely worn.

Mr Robert Bald has described a portion of a mammoth's tusk, thirty-nine inches long and thirteen inches in circumference, which was found imbedded in diluvial clay at Clifton Hall, between Edinburgh and Falkirk, fifteen or twenty feet from the present surface. Two other tusks of nearly the same size have been discovered at Kilmaurs in Ayrshire, at the depth of seventeen feet and a half from the surface, in diluvial clay. The state of preservation of these tusks was nearly equal to that of the fossil ivory of Siberia; that described by Mr Bald was sold by the workmen who found it to an ivory-turner in Edinburgh for two pounds; it was sawn asunder to be made into chessmen. The tusks of the mammoth found in England are usually more decayed; but Dr Buckland alludes to a tusk from argillaceous diluvium on the Yorkshire coast, which was hard enough to be used by the ivory-turners. A portion of this tusk is now preserved in the museum at Bridlington.

The tusks of the mammoth are so well preserved in the frozen drift of Siberia, that they have long been collected in great numbers for the purposes of commerce. In the account of the mammoth's bones and teeth of Siberia, published more than a century ago in the *Philosophical Transactions*, tusks are cited which weighed two hundred pounds each, and 'are used as ivory, to make combs, boxes, and such other things; being but a little more brittle, and easily turning yellow by weather or heat.' From that time to the present there has been no intermission in the supply of ivory furnished by the extinct elephants of a former world.

DR CARPENTER—DR ELLIOTSON.

In physiology, DR WILLIAM BENJAMIN CARPENTER has also earned distinction. His chief works are—*Principles of General and Comparative Physiology; Principles of Human Physiology; Vegetable Physiology and Botany; Zoology, and Instinct in Animals; Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science*, seven volumes; *Mechanical Philosophy; On the Microscope;* &c. These works were produced between 1839 and 1854, and most of them have gone through several editions. Mr Morell, in his *History of Modern Philosophy*, has said that Dr Carpenter's works 'manifest some of the best qualities both of the thinker and the observer.' The father of the physiologist, DR LANT CARPENTER (1780–1840), was a well-known Unitarian minister, and writer on education and theology. DR JOHN ELLIOTSON, a London physician, in 1840 published *Human Physiology*, and afterwards attracted attention by lectures on phrenology and mesmerism. He procured the establishment of a mesmeric hospital, and set up a periodical, *The Zoist*, in support of his physiological opinions. Mr Thackeray dedicates his novel of *Pendennis* to Dr Elliotson, in acknowledgment of his medical skill, 'great goodness, and kindness,' for which the physician would take no other fee but thanks. This kind physician died in 1858, aged eighty.

HUGH MILLER.

As a popular illustrator of geology, no author approaches HUGH MILLER, the self-taught man of science and genius. He was a native of Cromarty, born October 10, 1802. He was of a race of seafaring men well to do in the world, who owned coasting-vessels, and built houses in the town of Cromarty. One of them had done a little in the

way of bucaneering on the Spanish main. Most of them perished at sea, including Hugh's father, who was lost in a storm in 1807. By the aid of two maternal uncles, Hugh received the common education of a Scottish country-school, and was put apprentice, by his own desire, to a stone-mason. His sensations and geological discoveries while toiling in the Cromarty quarries are beautifully told in the opening chapters of his work on the Old Red Sandstone. A life of toil, however, in such a sphere as this has its temptations, and the drinking usages of the masons were at that time carried to some excess. Hugh learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shop as high luxuries; they gave lightness and energy to both body and mind. 'Usquebaugh,' he says, 'was simply happiness doled out by the glass and sold by the gill.' Soon, however, his better genius prevailed.

The Turning-point in Hugh Miller's Life.

In laying down the foundation-stone of one of the larger houses built this year by Uncle David and his partner, the workmen had a royal 'founding pint,' and two whole glasses of the whisky came to my share. A full-grown man would not have deemed a gill of usquebaugh an overdose, but it was considerably too much for me; and when the party broke up, and I got home to my books, I found, as I opened the pages of a favourite author, the letters dancing before my eyes, and that I could no longer master the sense. I have the volume at present before me—a small edition of the Essays of Bacon, a good deal worn at the corners by the friction of the pocket—for of Bacon I never tired. The condition into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favourable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and, with God's help, I was enabled to hold by the determination. . . . I see, in looking back on this my first year of labour, a dangerous point, at which, in the attempt to escape from the sense of depression and fatigue, the craving appetite of the confirmed tippler might have been formed.

This may be considered a grand epoch in the life of Miller. He had laid the foundation of a habit of virtuous self-denial and decision of character, that was certain to bear precious fruits. Removing to Edinburgh for employment, he saw more of the habits of the working-men, and had to fight his way among rather noisy and intemperate associates. He found that mere intelligence formed no guard amongst them against intemperance or licentiousness, but it did form a not ineffectual protection against what are peculiarly the mean vices, such as theft, and the grosser and more creeping forms of untruthfulness and dishonesty. The following is another of his experiences:

Burns tells us that he 'often courted the acquaintance of the part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of *blackguards*,' and that 'though disgraced by follies, nay sometimes stained with guilt, he had yet found amongst them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues—magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty.' I cannot say with the poet that I ever courted the acquaintance of blackguards; but though the labouring-man may select his friends, he cannot choose his work-fellows; and so I have not unfrequently come in contact with blackguards, and have had opportunities of pretty thoroughly knowing them. And my experience of this class has been very much the reverse of that of Burns. I have usually found their virtues of a merely theatric cast, and their vices real; much assumed generosity in some instances, but a callousness of feeling and meanness of spirit lying concealed beneath.

Most men, we believe, will agree with the comment rather than the text, high as Burns's authority is on questions of life and conduct. No man saw more clearly or judged more rightly than Burns, when his passions were not present as a disturbing element; but in this case the poet's use of the term 'blackguard,' like Dr Johnson's use of the term 'scoundrel,' was perhaps comprehensive enough to include men worthy of a better designation. His experience was then limited and confined to a few companions. Men of the stamp alluded to are often ready to part with money if it does not directly interfere with their immediate gratification, and have an impulsive generosity of sentiment. But 'noble virtues' require prudence, self-control, regard for the feelings of others, and steady intellectual culture; and these cannot long co-exist with folly and sensuality. One must overpower the other—as in the forest the oak and the brushwood rise together, and either the tree or the parasite soon asserts the superiority. Returning to the north, Hugh Miller ventured on the publication of a volume of *Poems, written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*, 1829. The pieces occasionally rise above mediocrity, and are always informed with fine feeling; but there is much more real poetry in his prose works. He next wrote some letters on the *Herring Fishing*, descriptive of the fisher's life at sea, and they shew his happy observant faculty, and his fine English. He had been a diligent student of the best English authors, and was critically exact and nice in his choice of language. Mr Miller was now too conspicuous to be much longer employed in hewing *jambs* or *lintels*, or even cutting inscriptions on tombstones, in which (like Telford the engineer in his early days) he greatly excelled. He carried on his geological studies and researches on the coast-lines of the Moray Firth.

The Antiquity of the Globe.

I found that the caves hollowed by the surf, when the sea had stood from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above its present level, or, as I should perhaps say, when the land had stood that much lower, were deeper, on the average, by about one-third, than those caves of the present coast-line that are still in the course of being hollowed by the waves. And yet the waves have been breaking against the present coast-line during the whole of the historic period. The ancient wall of Antoninus, which stretched between the Firths of Forth and Clyde, was built at its terminations with reference to the existing levels; and ere Cæsar landed in Britain, St Michael's Mount was connected with the mainland as now, by a narrow neck of beach, laid bare by the ebb, across which, according to Diodorus Siculus, the Cornish miners used to drive at low-water their carts laden with tin. If the sea has stood for two thousand six hundred years against the present coast-line—and no geologist would fix his estimate of the term lower—then must it have stood against the old line, ere it could have excavated caves one-third deeper than the modern ones, three thousand nine hundred years; and both sums

united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology. Yet what a mere beginning of geologic history does not the epoch of the old coast-line form! It is but a starting-point from the recent period. Not a single shell seems to have become extinct during the last six thousand years.

The ancient deposits of the lias, with their mollusca, belemnites, ammonites, and nautili, had by this time overrun the province of the muses, and a nomenclature very different from poetical diction had to be studied. Theological controversy also broke in; and as Miller was always stout on the score of polemics, and withal sufficiently pugnacious, he mingled freely in local church disputes, the forerunners of a national ecclesiastical struggle, in which he was also to take a prominent part. The Reform Bill gave fresh scope for activity, and Miller was zealous on the popular side. He was elected a member of the town-council of Cromarty, and attended at least one meeting, at which, he says, the only serious piece of business was the councillors clubbing pennies apiece in order to defray, in the utter lack of town funds, the expense of a ninepenny postage. Perhaps Miller's interest in burgh politics was a little cooled at this time by a new influence that began to gain ground upon him. When working in the churchyard, chiselling his *In Memoriam*, he used to have occasional visitors, and among them several accomplished intellectual ladies, whom he also met occasionally at tea-parties, and conducted through the wild scenes and fossiliferous treasures of the romantic burn of Eathie. Meditations among the tombs led to love among the rocks, and geology itself had no discoveries or deposits hard enough to shut out the new and tender formation. Miller was overpowered, and circumstances ultimately sanctioned his union with the youngest, the fairest, and most accomplished of his lady-visitors. He next became accountant in a banking establishment in Cromarty, and in 1834 he published *Scenes and Legends in the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty*—a work remarkable for the variety of its traditional lore, and the elegance of its style. Fifteen years a stone-mason, and about six years a bank-accountant, Miller's next move was into that position for which he was best adapted, and in which he spent the remainder of his life. The ecclesiastical party in Scotland then known as the 'Non-Intrusionists' (now the Free Church), projected a newspaper to advocate their views; all Mr Miller's feelings and predilections ran in the same direction; he had sufficiently evinced his literary talents and his zeal in the cause—especially by two able pamphlets on the subject; and accordingly, in 1840, he entered upon his duties as editor of *The Witness*, a twice-a-week paper. We well remember his farewell dinner at Cromarty—the complacent smiles of old Uncle Sandy, proud of his nephew—the lively earnestness of the minister, Mr Stewart, varied by inextinguishable peals of laughter, for which he was famous—and Hugh Miller's grave speech, brimful of geology and of choice figurative expression—and the cordial affectionate feeling with which the friends of his youth and manhood bade 'God-speed' to their townsman and historian. Life has few things better than such a meeting even to a spectator, and what must it have been to the prime actor in the little drama? The scene was about to be shifted—new characters introduced, new machinery, new duties, and a wider theatre of action. Opinions, thoughts, and language, gathered and fashioned in obscurity, were now to be submitted to the public glare, and tested by severe standards. But early trials, discipline, and study had braced and elevated the mind—a mind naturally copious, vigorous, and buoyant; and Hugh Miller had been taught what he now set about teaching others, that 'life itself is a school, and nature always a fresh study, and that the man who keeps his eyes and his mind open, will always find fitting, though it may be hard schoolmasters, to speed him on his life-long education.' During the remaining fifteen years of his life, besides contributing largely to his paper, Mr Miller wrote his work on *The Old Red Sandstone*, 1841, part of which appeared originally in *Chambers's Journal*, and part in the *Witness;* his *First Impressions of England and its People*, 1847; *Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness*, 1850; *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, an autobiography, 1854; and *The Testimony of the Rocks*, a work completed, but not published till after his death. Two other posthumous works have since appeared—*The Cruise of the Betsey, or a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides*, 1858; and *Sketch-Book of Popular Geology, being a Series of Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh*, with an introduction by Mrs Miller, giving a résumé of the progress of geological science within the previous two years, published in March 1859. The death of Mr Miller took place on the 24th of December 1856. He had overtasked his brain, and for some time suffered from visions and delusions combined with paroxysms of acute physical pain. In one of those moments of disordered reason, awaking from a hideous dream, he shot himself in the heart, and must instantly have expired—a sad and awful termination to a life of noble exertion and high hopes! Mr Miller's first geological work, the treatise on *The Old Red Sandstone*, is perhaps the most valuable. On that field he was a discoverer, adding to our knowledge of organic remains various members of a great family of fishes existing only in a deposit of the highest antiquity. One of these bears now the name of *Pterichthys Milleri*. He illustrated also the less known floras of Scotland—those of the Old Red Sandstone and the Oolite, giving figured illustrations of the most peculiar. But the great distinguishing merit of Miller is his power of vivid description, which throws a sort of splendour over the fossil remains, and gives life and beauty to the geological landscape. His enthusiasm and word-painting were irresistible. He was in geology what Carlyle is in history, both possessing the power of genius to vivify the past and stir at once the heart and the imagination. In his *Footprints of the Creator*, Miller combated the development theory. In his last work, *The Testimony of the Rocks*, 1857, he goes at great length into the question of the antiquity of the globe, endeavouring to reconcile it with the Mosaic account of the creation. Astronomers do not attempt any such reconciliation, and the geologists can never attain to certainty. Miller once believed with Buckland and Chalmers that the six days of the Mosaic narrative were simply natural days of twenty-four

hours each, but he was compelled by further study to believe that the days of creation were not natural but prophetic days—unmeasured eras of time stretching far back into the bygone eternity. The revelation to Moses he supposes to have been optical—a series of visions seen in a recess of the Midian desert, and described by the prophet in language fitted to the ideas of his times. The hypothesis of the Mosaic vision is old—as old as the time of Whiston, who propounded it a century and a half since; but in Miller's hands the vision becomes a splendid piece of sacred poetry.

The Mosaic Vision of Creation.

Such a description of the creative vision of Moses as the one given by Milton of that vision of the future which he represents as conjured up before Adam by the archangel, would be a task rather for the scientific poet than for the mere practical geologist or sober theologian. Let us suppose that it took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the Midian desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed; and that, as in the vision of St John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A 'great darkness' first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the 'horror;' and as the Divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly troubled waters, as a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a gray diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming vaporous sea, journeys through the heavens towards the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads; the faint light waxes fainter—it sinks beneath the dim undefined horizon; the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitary but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night.

The light again brightens—it is day; and over an expanse of ocean without visible bound the horizon has become wider and sharper of outline than before. There is life in that great sea—invertebrate, mayhap also ichthyic, life; but, from the comparative distance of the point of view occupied by the prophet, only the slow roll of its waves can be discerned, as they rise and fall in long undulations before a gentle gale; and what most strongly impresses the eye is the change which has taken place in the atmospheric scenery. That lower stratum of the heavens occupied in the previous vision by seething steam, or gray, smoke-like fog, is clear and transparent; and only in an upper region, where the previously invisible vapour of the tepid sea has thickened in the cold, do the clouds appear. But there, in the higher strata of the atmosphere, they lie, thick and manifold—an upper sea of great waves, separated from those beneath by the transparent firmament, and, like them too, impelled in rolling masses by the wind. A mighty advance has taken place in creation; but its most conspicuous optical sign is the existence of a transparent atmosphere—of a firmament stretched out over the earth, that separates the waters above from the waters below. But darkness descends for the third time upon the seer, for the evening and the morning have completed the second day.

Yet, again, the light rises under a canopy of cloud; but the scene has changed, and there is no longer an unbroken expanse of sea. The white surf breaks, at the distant horizon, on an insulated reef, formed mayhap by the Silurian or Old Red coral zoophytes ages before, during the bygone yesterday; and beats in long lines of foam, nearer at hand, against the low, winding shore, the seaward barrier of a widely spread country. For at the Divine command the land has arisen from the deep—not inconspicuously and in scattered islets, as at an earlier time, but in extensive though flat and marshy continents, little raised over the sea-level; and a yet further fiat has covered them with the great carboniferous flora. The scene is one of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees—of palms, and tree-ferns, and gigantic club-mosses, on the opener slopes, and of great reeds clustering by the sides of quiet lakes and dark rolling rivers. There is deep gloom in the recesses of the thicker woods, and low thick mists creep along the dank marsh or sluggish stream. But there is a general lightening of the sky overhead; as the day declines, a redder flush than had hitherto lighted up the prospect falls athwart fern-covered bank and long withdrawing glade. And while the fourth evening has fallen on the prophet, he becomes sensible, as it wears on, and the fourth dawn approaches, that yet another change has taken place. The Creator has spoken, and the stars look out from openings of deep unclouded blue; and as day rises, and the planet of morning pales in the east, the broken cloudlets are transmuted from bronze into gold, and anon the gold becomes fire, and at length the glorious sun arises out of the sea, and enters on his course rejoicing. It is a brilliant day; the waves, of a deeper and softer blue than before, dance and sparkle in the light; the earth, with little else to attract the gaze, has assumed a garb of brighter green; and as the sun declines amid even richer glories than those which had encircled his rising, the moon appears full-orbed in the east—to the human eye the second great luminary of the heavens—and climbs slowly to the zenith as night advances, shedding its mild radiance on land and sea.

Again the day breaks; the prospect consists, as before, of land and ocean. There are great pine-woods, reed-covered swamps, wide plains, winding rivers, and broad lakes; and a bright sun shines over all. But the landscape derives its interest and novelty from a feature unmarked before. Gigantic birds stalk along the sands, or wade far into the water in quest of their ichthyic food; while birds of lesser size float upon the lakes, or scream discordant in hovering flocks, thick as insects in the calm of a summer evening, over the narrower seas; or brighten with the sunlit gleam of their wings the thick woods. And ocean has its monsters: great *tanninim* tempest the deep, as they heave their huge bulk over the surface, to inhale the life-sustaining air; and out of their nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a 'seething pot or caldron.' Monstrous creatures, armed in massive scales, haunt the rivers, or scour the flat rank meadows; earth, air, and water are charged with animal life; and the sun sets on a busy scene, in which unerring instinct pursues unremittingly its few simple ends—the support and preservation of the individual, the propagation of the species, and the protection and maintenance of the young.

Again the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the field graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbour in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases for ever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow—the morrow of God's rest—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labour, and which, 'blessed and sanctified' beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special

object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over *it* no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

> The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
> In the beginning how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of chaos;

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

The subject of the Noachian deluge is discussed at length, Miller holding with Stillingfleet, Poole, and modern authorities, that the deluge was partial as to the earth, but universal as to the human race. There was no novelty in this portion of his argument, and he sometimes misconstrues the opinions of those he opposes. His earnestness and fertility of illustration enchain the reader's attention, but a reperusal only the more convinces us that Mr Miller's great power lay in description —not in grappling with the difficulties of speculative philosophy. We give a few more specimens of his exquisite composition.

The Fossil Pine-tree.

But let us trace the history of a single pine-tree of the Oolite, as indicated by its petrified remains. This gnarled and twisted trunk once anchored its roots amid the crannies of a precipice of dark-gray sandstone, that rose over some nameless stream of the Oolite, in what is now the north of Scotland. The rock, which, notwithstanding its dingy colour, was a deposit of the Lower Old Red Sandstone, formed a member of the fish-beds of that system—beds that were charged then, as now, with numerous fossils, as strange and obsolete in the creation of the Oolite as in the creation which at present exists. It was a firm, indestructible stone, covered by a thin, barren soil; and the twisted rootlets of the pine, rejected and thrown backwards from its more solid planes, had to penetrate into its narrow fissures for a straitened and meagre subsistence. The tree grew but slowly: in considerably more than half a century it had attained to a diameter of little more than ten inches a foot over the soil; and its bent and twisted form gave evidence of the life of hardship to which it was exposed. It was, in truth, a picturesque rag of a tree, that for the first few feet twisted itself round like an overborne wrestler struggling to escape from under his enemy, and then struck out at an abrupt angle, and stretched itself like a bent arm over the stream. It must have resembled, on its bald eminence, that pine-tree of a later time described by Scott, that high above 'ash and oak'

> Cast anchor in the rifted rock,
> And o'er the giddy chasm hung
> His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
> Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
> His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.

The seasons passed over it: every opening spring gave its fringe of tenderer green to its spiky foliage, and every returning autumn saw it shed its cones into the stream below. Many a delicate fern sprang up and decayed around its gnarled and fantastic root, single-leaved and simple of form, like the Scolopendria of our caverns and rock recesses, or fretted into many a slim pinnate leaflet, like the minute maiden-hair or the graceful lady-fern. Flying reptiles have perched amid its boughs; the light-winged dragon-fly has darted on wings of gauze through the openings of its lesser twigs; the tortoise and the lizard have hybernated during the chills of winter amid the hollows of its roots; for many years it formed one of the minor features in a wild picturesque scene, on which human eye never looked; and at length, touched by decay, its upper branches began to wither and bleach white in the winds of heaven; when shaken by a sudden hurricane that came roaring adown the ravine, the mass of rock in which it had been anchored at once gave way, and, bearing fast jammed among its roots a fragment of the mass which we still find there, and from which we read a portion of its story, it was precipitated into the foaming torrent. Dancing on the eddies, or lingering amid the pools, or shooting, arrow-like, adown the rapids, it at length finds its way to the sea; and after sailing over beds of massive coral—the ponderous Isastrea and more delicate Thamnastrea—and after disturbing the Enaliosaur and Belemnite in their deep green haunts, it sinks, saturated with water, into a bed of arenaceous mud, to make its appearance, after long ages, in the world of man—a marble mummy of the old Oolite forest—and to be curiously interrogated regarding its character and history.

The National Intellect of England and Scotland.

There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained: our first men stand in the second rank, not a foot-breadth behind the foremost of England's second-rank men; but there is a front rank of British intellect in which there stands no Scotchman. Like that class of the mighty men of David, to which Abishai and Benaiah belonged—great captains, who went down into pits in the time of snow and slew lions, or 'who lifted up the spear against three hundred men at once, and prevailed'—they attained not, with all their greatness, to the might of the first class. Scotland has produced no Shakspeare; Burns and Sir Walter Scott united would fall short of the stature of the giant of Avon. Of Milton we have not even a representative. A Scotch poet has been injudiciously named as not greatly inferior, but I shall not do wrong to the memory of an ingenious young man [Pollock], cut off just as he had mastered his powers, by naming him again in a connection so perilous. *He* at least was guiltless of the comparison; and it would be cruel to involve him in the ridicule which it is suited to excite. Bacon is as exclusively unique as Milton, and as exclusively English; and though the grandfather of Newton was a Scotchman, we have certainly no Scotch Sir Isaac. I question, indeed, whether any Scotchman attains to the powers of Locke: there is as much solid thinking in the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, greatly as it has become the fashion of the age to depreciate it, and notwithstanding his fundamental error, as in the works of all our Scotch metaphysicians put together. It is, however, a curious fact, and worthy, certainly, of careful examination, as bearing on the question of development purely through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England—all its first-class men—belong to ages during which the grinding persecutions of the Stuarts repressed Scottish energy, and crushed the opening mind of the country; and that no sooner was the weight removed, like a pavement slab from over a flower-bed, than straightway Scottish intellect sprung up, and attained to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and literati of the eighteenth century were of a greatly lower stature than the Miltons and Shakspeares, Bacons and Newtons, of the two previous centuries; they were second-class men—the tallest, however, of their age anywhere; and among these the men of Scotland take no subordinate place. Though absent from the competition in the previous century, through the operation of causes palpable in the history of the time, we find them quite up to the mark for the age in which they appear. No English philosopher for the last hundred and fifty years produced a greater revolution in human affairs than Adam Smith; or exerted a more powerful influence on opinion than David Hume; or did more to change the face of the

mechanical world than James Watt. The *History of England* produced by a Scotchman is still emphatically *the* 'English History;' nor, with all its defects, is it likely to be soon superseded. Robertson, if inferior in the untaught felicities of narration to his illustrious countryman, is at least inferior to none of his English contemporaries. The prose fictions of Smollett have kept their ground quite as well as those of Fielding, and better than those of Richardson. Nor does England during the century exhibit higher manifestations of the poetic spirit than those exhibited by Thomson and by Burns. To use a homely but expressive Scotticism, Scotland seems to have lost her *bairn-time* of the giants; but in the after *bairn-time* of merely tall men, her children were quite as tall as any of their contemporaries.

The *Life and Letters of Hugh Miller* have been published by PETER BAYNE, M.A., two volumes, 1871. This is a copious—too copious—but interesting work, embracing a full account of the ecclesiastical questions in which Miller was so deeply and earnestly engaged. An excellent summary of his life and works is also given in a volume of biographies, entitled *Golden Lives*, by HENRY A. PAGE, 1874.

Popular views of physical science in almost every department will be found in the works of DR DIONYSIUS LARDNER (1793–1859). These are—*Hand-book of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy*, three volumes, 1851–53; *Museum of Science and Art*, twelve volumes, 1854–56; *Railway Economy*, 1850; with treatises on Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, Heat, &c.

MR DAVID THOMAS ANSTED (born in London in 1814), Professor of Geology at King's College, London, has written several valuable works on his favourite science. The most popular of these is his *Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical*, two volumes, 1844; *The Ancient World, or Picturesque Sketches of Great Britain*, 1847; also several geological manuals. Few men have done more to popularise any one branch of science than Professor Ansted. In 1844 he was appointed Vice-secretary of the Geological Society; in 1868, Examiner in Physical Geography in the Department of Science and Art.

The late PROFESSOR JOHN FLEMING, Edinburgh (1785–1857), did much to advance natural science in Scotland. His principal works are—*The Philosophy of Zoology*, two volumes, 1822; *The History of British Animals*, 1828; *Molluscous Animals, including Shell-fish*, 1837; *The Temperature of the Seasons*, 1851; *On the Different Branches of Natural History* (Address at the meeting of the British Association), 1855; *The Lithology of Edinburgh*, 1858; and various papers in the scientific journals. Dr Fleming was born at Kirkroads, near Bathgate, Linlithgowshire. He entered the Scottish church, and was successively minister of Bressay in Shetland, Flisk in Fifeshire, and Clackmannan. He afterwards was Professor of Natural Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. Another early student of geology in Scotland was MR CHARLES MACLAREN, Edinburgh (1782–1866), who published an account of the *Geology of Fife and the Lothians*, 1839. Before this, he had contributed to various scientific journals, and written a *Dissertation on the Topography of the Plain of Troy*, 1822. Mr Maclaren was the original editor of *The Scotsman*, Edinburgh newspaper, commenced in 1817, and

his editorship extended over a period of thirty years. In 1847 he resigned the (of the paper to a very able political MR ALEXANDER RUSSEL (1814–1876), w author of a treatise on the Salmon, and of butions to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* R a man of great energy, and of bright and v powers. In 1869, two volumes of Mr Ma *Select Writings* were published by Mr Cox and Professor James Nicol of Aberde

CHARLES DARWIN.

This eminent naturalist, grandson of t (*ante*, p. 15), was born at Shrewsbury in 180 education at the grammar-school of his town, and at the universities of Edinbur Cambridge, he volunteered to accompany Fitzroy in H.M.S. *Beagle* as naturalist expedition for the survey of South Ameri the circumnavigation of the globe. Abo years were spent on this survey, and Mr had ample opportunities for studying natur new and interesting aspects:

First Conception of the Theory of Natural Sel

When (he says) I visited, during the vo H.M.S. *Beagle*, the Galapagos Archipelago, siti the Pacific Ocean, about five hundred miles fro America, I found myself surrounded by peculiar of birds, reptiles, and plants, existing nowhere the world. Yet they nearly all bore an American In the song of the mocking-thrush, in the harsh the carrion-hawk, in the great candlestick-like o I clearly perceived the neighbourhood of America, the islands were separated by so many miles o from the mainland, and differed much in their ge constitution and climate. Still more surprising fact that most of the inhabitants of each separat in this small archipelago were specifically d though most clearly related to each other. Th pelago, with its innumerable craters and bare str lava, appeared to be of recent origin, and thus I myself brought near to the very act of creation. asked myself how these many peculiar anim plants had been produced: the simplest answer to be that the inhabitants of the several isla descended from each other, undergoing modific the course of their descent; and that all the inh of the archipelago were descended from those nearest land, namely, America, whence colonists naturally have been derived. But it long rema me an inexplicable problem how the necessary of modification could have been effected, and i thus have remained for ever had I not studied d productions, and thus acquired a just idea of th of selection. As soon as I had fully realised th I saw on reading Malthus on Population, that selection was the inevitable result of the rapid i of all organic beings; for I was prepared to ap the struggle for existence by having long stud habits of animals.

Mr Darwin returned to England in O 1836, and commenced publishing the res his long voyage and his minute observ *Journal of Researches into the Natural H and Geology of the Countries visited duri Voyage of H.M.S. 'Beagle,'* 1839; *On the ture and Distribution of Coral Reefs*, 1842 *logical Observations on Volcanic Islands*, *Geological Observations on South America*, and *A Monograph of the Cirripedia*, publis

the Ray Society in 1851-3 (a remarkable work on zoology). Mr Darwin's next work was that which may be said to have stirred all Europe by the boldness of its speculations and theories—*On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life*, 1859. His subsequent publications have been—*Fertilisation of Orchids through Insect Agency, and as to the Good of Inter-crossing*, 1862; *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, 1867; *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex*, 1871; *Expression of the Emotions to Man and Animals*, 1872; *Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants*, 1874; and numerous geological and botanical papers in scientific journals. The theory of natural selection advocated by Mr Darwin is of ancient date—as old as Lucretius—and has been maintained by Lamarck and others; but Mr Darwin conceived that these previous schemes or theories afford no explanation of the mode in which the alleged progressive transmutation of organic bodies from the lowest to the highest grades has taken place. Species, he says, are not immutable. Organisms vary and multiply at a greater rate than their means of subsistence. The offspring resemble their parents in general points, but vary in particulars. 'Amid the struggle for existence which has been always going on among living beings, variations of bodily conformation and structure, if in any degree profitable to an individual of any species, will tend to the preservation of that individual, and will generally be inherited by its offspring.' In the struggle for life, the strongest of course prevail; the weak die; and this is the principle or hypothesis of natural selection, or survival of the fittest, which Mr Darwin illustrates by a vast store of facts, gleaned from almost innumerable sources, and brought forward with a philosophic calmness and modesty worthy of all honour and imitation. The illustrations are often interesting, but the theory wants proof; even Professor Huxley admits that it is 'not absolutely proven that a group of animals, having all the characters exhibited by species in nature, has ever been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural.' M. Agassiz wholly repudiates it: 'The animals known to the ancients are still in existence, exhibiting to this day the characters they exhibited of old. Until the facts of nature are shewn to have been mistaken by those who have collected them, and that they have a different meaning from that now generally assigned to them, I shall therefore consider the transmutation theory as a scientific mistake, untrue in its facts, unscientific in its methods, and mischievous in its tendency.' Professor Owen, in his *Classification of Mammalia*, is also opposed to the theory. Mr Darwin, in his *Origin of Species*, has given what we may call

A Poetical View of Natural Selection.

It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being growth with reproduction; inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; variability from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a ratio of increase so high as to lead to a struggle for life, and as a consequence to natural selection, entailing divergence of character and the extinction of less-improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving—namely, the production of the higher animals—directly follows. There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed laws of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

Utilitarianism is not the sole motive or mover:

I willingly admit that a great number of male animals, as all our most gorgeous birds, some fishes, reptiles, and mammals, and a host of magnificently coloured butterflies, have been rendered beautiful for beauty's sake, but this has been effected through sexual selection—that is, by the more beautiful males having been continually preferred by the females, and not for the delight of man. So it is with the music of birds. We only infer from all this that a nearly similar taste for beautiful colours and for musical sounds runs through a large part of the animal kingdom.

This seems as fanciful and poetical as the elder Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*. The theory of evolution has been carried to its farthest extreme—the descent of man. Mr Darwin conceives that our early or common progenitor was an ape—one of the *quadrumana*. 'The quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long line of diversified forms, either from some reptile-like or some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fish-like animal.' Of course, a theory so revolting to the pride of human nature—so irreconcilable with the records of both revelation and geology—was sure to occasion keen controversy. One of the most learned opponents of Mr Darwin is Mr St George Mivart, who contends that man, the ape, and the half-ape cannot be arranged in a single ascending series of which man is the term and culmination. The similarity of structure in some things is no proof of common origin. Each species has been independently created. Bishop Wilberforce attacked the theory in the *Quarterly Review*, and various other answers appeared.

'The endeavour of Cuvier to construct from the study of fossil bones an anatomical and physiological history of the individual animal of which these bones are the sole remains, was quite logical; but is wholly different in principle from the fallacious attempts to make the facts of *ontogenesis*, or individual embryonic development, prove the validity of *phylogenesis*, or evolution of the line of all living forms by gradual increase and modification of structure throughout innumerable generations, in the course of millions of years, from a spontaneously produced shapeless mass of protoplasm, like the flake of the white of an egg.' *

Of the mental difference between man and the lower animals—the gulf that separates them—and especially on the subject of language, some remarks by Professor Max Müller will be found in

* Mr Wharton Jones's *Lectures on Evolution*.

a subsequent page. The following extracts will give some idea of Mr Darwin's style:

Variability.

Not only the various domestic races, but the most distinct genera and orders within the same great class—for instance, mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes—are all the descendants of one common progenitor, and we must admit that the whole vast amount of difference between these forms has primarily arisen from simple variability. To consider the subject under this point of view is enough to strike one dumb with amazement. But our amazement ought to be lessened when we reflect that beings almost infinite in number, during an almost infinite lapse of time, have often had their whole organisation rendered in some degree plastic, and that each slight modification of structure which was in any way beneficial under excessively complex conditions of life has been preserved, whilst each which was in any way injurious has been rigorously destroyed. And the long-continued accumulation of beneficial variations will infallibly have led to structures as diversified, as beautifully adapted for various purposes, and as excellently co-ordinated as we see in the animals and plants around us. Hence I have spoken of selection as the paramount power, whether applied by man to the formation of domestic breeds, or by nature to the production of species. If an architect were to rear a noble and commodious edifice, without the use of cut stone, by selecting from the fragments at the base of a precipice wedge-formed stones for his arches, elongated stones for his lintels, and flat stones for his roof, we should admire his skill, and regard him as the paramount power. Now, the fragments of stone, though indispensable to the architect, bear to the edifice built by him, the same relation which the fluctuating variations of organic beings bear to the varied and admirable structures ultimately acquired by their modified descendants.

Some authors have declared that natural selection explains nothing, unless the precise cause of each slight individual difference be made clear. If it were explained to a savage utterly ignorant of the art of building how the edifice had been raised stone upon stone, and why wedge-formed fragments were used for the arches, flat stones for the roof, &c.; and if the use of each part and of the whole building were pointed out, it would be unreasonable if he declared that nothing had been made clear to him, because the precise cause of the shape of each fragment could not be told. But this is a nearly parallel case with the objection that selection explains nothing, because we know not the cause of each individual difference in the structure of each being.

The shape of the fragments of stone at the base of our precipice may be called accidental, but this is not strictly correct; for the shape of each depends on a long sequence of events, all obeying natural laws; on the nature of the rock, on the lines of deposition or cleavage, on the form of the mountain, which depends on its upheaval and subsequent denudation, and lastly on the storm or earthquake which throws down the fragments. But in regard to the use to which the fragments may be put, their shape may be strictly said to be accidental. And here we are led to face a great difficulty, in alluding to which I am aware I am travelling beyond my proper province. An omniscient Creator must have foreseen every consequence which results from the laws imposed by Him. But can it reasonably be maintained that the Creator intentionally ordered, if we use the words in any ordinary sense, that certain fragments of rock should assume certain shapes so that the builder might erect his edifice? If the various laws which have determined the shape of each fragment were not predetermined for the builder's sake, can it be maintained with any greater probability that He specially ordained for the sake of the breeder each of the innumerable variations in our domestic animals and plants; many of these variations being of no man, and not beneficial, far more often injurio creatures themselves? Did He ordain that and tail-feathers of the pigeon should vary in the fancier might make his grotesque pouter a breeds? Did He cause the frame and mental of the dog to vary in order that a breed might of indomitable ferocity, with jaws fitted to pin bull for man's brutal sport? But if we gi principle in one case—if we do not admit that tions of the primeval dog were intentionally order that the greyhound, for instance, th image of symmetry and vigour, might be fo shadow of reason can be assigned for the variations, alike in nature and the result of general laws, which have been the groundwor natural selection of the formation of the most adapted animals in the world, man included, w tionally and specially guided. However muc wish it, we can hardly follow Professor Asa G belief, 'that variation has been led along cert ficial lines of irrigation.' If we assume that ea ular variation was from the beginning of all ordained, then that plasticity of organisation w to many injurious deviations of structure, as w redundant power of reproduction which inevit to a struggle for existence, and as a consequen natural selection or survival of the fittest, must us superfluous laws of nature. On the other omnipotent and omniscient Creator ordains e and foresees everything. Thus we are broug face with a difficulty as insoluble as is that o and predestination.

Improvement in Flowers.

Buffon, on comparing the flowers, fruit, tables which were then cultivated with some drawings made a hundred and fifty years p was struck with surprise at the great improvem had been effected; and remarks that thes flowers and vegetables would now be rejected, by a florist, but by a village gardener. Since of Buffon the work of improvement has ste rapidly gone on. Every florist who compares ent flowers with those figured in books publ long since, is astonished at the change. A w amateur, in speaking of the varieties of Pel raised by Mr Garth only twenty-two year remarks: 'What a rage they excited; surel attained perfection, it was said, and now not o flowers of those days will be looked at. But less is the debt of gratitude which we owe to t saw what was to be done, and did it.' Mr well-known horticulturist, in writing of the san says he remembers, when young, being delighte portraits in Sweet's work; 'but what are they of beauty compared with the Pelargoniums of Here, again, nature did not advance by leaps provement was gradual, and if we had neglec very gradual advances, we must have fore present grand results.' How well this practic culturist appreciates and illustrates the gradua cumulative force of selection! The dahlia has in beauty in like manner; the line of improvem guided by fashion, and by the successive mod which the flower slowly underwent. A steady an change has been noticed in many other flowe an old florist, after describing the leading varieti pink which were grown in 1813, adds, 'the those days would now be scarcely grown as flowers.' The improvement of so many flowers, number of the varieties which have been rais the more striking when we hear (from Prescott's *of Mexico*) that the earliest known flower-g Europe, namely, at Padua, dates only from 1545.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

In love of science, as well as in similarity of opinions and pursuits, PROFESSOR HUXLEY resembles his friend Mr Darwin. Having studied medicine, in his twenty-first year he obtained the appointment of assistant-surgeon to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* during the surveying cruise in the South Pacific and Torres Straits. During the three years of the survey, Mr Huxley studied the numerous marine animals which were collected from time to time, and sent home notes of his observations, which were published in the *Philosophical Transactions* under the title of 'On the Anatomy and Affinities of the Family of the Medusæ.' Further contributions to the same work were published, and were so highly appreciated that in 1851 Mr Huxley was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and next year received one of the two royal medals of the Society. He had now taken his place as one of the most distinguished naturalists and comparative anatomists of the age, and in 1854 he was appointed successor to Edward Forbes as Professor of Natural History in the Royal School of Mines. His scientific publications have earned from him fame and honours both at home and abroad. The most notable of these works are—*Observations on Glaciers*, written jointly with Mr Tyndall, 1857; *On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull*, 1858; *The Oceanic Hydrozoa*, 1858; *Man's Place in Nature*, 1863; *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, 1864; *Lessons in Elementary Physiology*, 1866; *Classification of Animals*, 1869; *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*, 1870; &c. The contributions of Mr Huxley to scientific journals and associations are much too numerous for us to mention here. Some of his lectures on the *Phenomena of Organic Nature*, delivered to working-men at the Museum of Practical Geology, have been published in a separate form, and widely circulated. Mr Huxley is a bold and fearless thinker and inquirer. 'Men of science,' he says, do not pledge themselves to creeds; they are bound by articles of no sort; there is not a single belief that it is not a bounden duty with them to hold with a light hand, and to part with it cheerfully the moment it is really proved to be contrary to any fact, great or small.' The proof, however, must be irresistible, and on this point we may quote another observation made by Mr Huxley:

Caution to Philosophic Inquirers.

The growth of physical science is now so prodigiously rapid, that those who are actively engaged in keeping up with the present, have much ado to find time to look at the past, and even grow into the habit of neglecting it. But natural as this result may be, it is none the less detrimental. The intellect loses, for there is assuredly no more effectual method of clearing up one's own mind on any subject than by talking it over, so to speak, with men of real power and grasp who have considered it from a totally different point of view. The parallax of time helps us to the true conception, as the parallax of space helps us to that of a star. And the moral nature loses no less. It is well to turn aside from the fretful stir of the present, and to dwell with gratitude and respect upon the services of those mighty men of old who have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war, but who, while they yet lived, won splendid victories over ignorance.

Professor Huxley is a native of Ealing in Middlesex, born in 1825. He studied medicine in the Medical School of Charing-Cross Hospital, and in 1846 entered the medical service of the royal navy. He is now Professor of Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, and Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution. He is a Vice-president of the Zoological and the Geological Societies, &c.

The Objectors to Scientific Inquiry.

There are in the world a number of extremely worthy, well-meaning persons, whose judgments and opinions are entitled to the utmost respect on account of their sincerity, who are of opinion that vital phenomena, and especially all questions relating to the origin of vital phenomena, are questions quite apart from the ordinary run of inquiry, and are, by their very nature, placed out of our reach. They say that all these phenomena originated miraculously, or in some way totally different from the ordinary course of nature, and that therefore they conceive it to be futile, not to say presumptuous, to attempt to inquire into them.

To such sincere and earnest persons I would only say, that a question of this kind is not to be shelved upon theoretic or speculative grounds. You may remember the story of the Sophist who demonstrated to Diogenes in the most complete and satisfactory manner, that he could not walk; that, in fact, all motion was an impossibility; and that Diogenes refuted him by simply getting up and walking round his tub. So, in the same way, the man of science replies to objections of this kind, by simply getting up and walking onward, and shewing what science has done and is doing—by pointing to the immense mass of facts which have been ascertained and systematised under the forms of the great doctrines of Morphology, of Development, of Distribution, and the like. He sees an enormous mass of facts and laws relating to organic beings, which stand on the same good sound foundation as every other natural law. With this mass of facts and laws before us, therefore, seeing that, as far as organic matters have hitherto been accessible and studied, they have shewn themselves capable of yielding to scientific investigation, we may accept this as a proof that order and law reign there as well as in the rest of nature. The man of science says nothing to objectors of this sort, but supposes that we can and shall walk to a knowledge of organic nature, in the same way that we have walked to a knowledge of the laws and principles of the inorganic world.

But there are objectors who say the same from ignorance and ill-will. To such I would reply that the objection comes ill from them, and that the real presumption—I may almost say, the real blasphemy—in this matter, is in the attempt to limit that inquiry into the causes of phenomena, which is the source of all human blessings, and from which has sprung all human prosperity and progress; for, after all, we can accomplish comparatively little; the limited range of our own faculties bounds us on every side—the field of our powers of observation is small enough, and he who endeavours to narrow the sphere of our inquiries is only pursuing a course that is likely to produce the greatest harm to his fellow-men. . . .

All human inquiry must stop somewhere; all our knowledge and all our investigation cannot take us beyond the limits set by the finite and restricted character of our faculties, or destroy the endless unknown, which accompanies, like its shadow, the endless procession of phenomena. So far as I can venture to offer an opinion on such a matter, the purpose of our being in existence, the highest object that human beings can set before themselves is not the pursuit of any such chimera as the annihilation of the unknown; but it is simply the

unwearied endeavour to remove its boundary a little further from our little sphere of action.

The Power of Speech.

What is it that constitutes and makes man what he is? What is it but his power of language—that language giving him the means of recording his experience—making every generation somewhat wiser than its predecessor—more in accordance with the established order of the universe? What is it but this power of speech, of recording experience, which enables men to be men—looking before and after, and, in some dim sense, understanding the working of this wondrous universe—and which distinguishes man from the whole of the brute world? I say that this functional difference is vast, unfathomable, and truly infinite in its consequences.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER.

We may supplement Mr Huxley's eloquent sentence by observations from Professor Max Müller on the same subject:

Language the Barrier between Brute and Man.

We see that the lowest of savages—men whose language is said to be no better than the clucking of hens, or the twittering of birds, and who have been declared in many respects lower than even animals, possess this one specific characteristic, that if you take one of their babies, and bring it up in England, it will learn to speak as well as any English baby, while no amount of education will elicit any attempts at language from the highest animals, whether biped or quadruped. That disposition cannot have been formed by definite nervous structures, congenitally framed, for we are told by the best agriologists that both father and mother clucked like hens. This fact, therefore, unless disproved by experiment, remains, whatever the explanation may be. . . .

Language is the one great barrier between the brute and man. Man speaks, and no brute has ever uttered a word. Language is something more palpable than a fold of the brain or an angle of the skull. It admits of no cavilling, and no process of natural selection will ever distil significant words out of the notes of birds or the cries of beasts. No scholar, so far as I know, has ever controverted any of these statements. But when evolutionism became, as it fully deserved, the absorbing interest of all students of nature; when it was supposed that, if a *moneres* could develop into a man, *bow-wow* and *pooh-pooh* might well have developed by imperceptible degrees into Greek and Latin, I thought it was time to state the case for the science of language—a statement of facts, shewing that the results of the science of language did not at present tally with the results of evolutionism, that words could no longer be derived directly from imitative and interjectional sounds, that between these sounds and the first beginnings of language, in the technical sense of the word, a barrier had been discovered, represented by what we call roots, and that, as far as we know, no attempt, not even the faintest, has ever been made by any animal, except man, to approach or to cross that barrier. I went one step further. I shewed that roots were with men the embodiments of general concepts, and that the only way in which man realised general concepts, was by means of those roots, and words derived from roots. . . .

That there is in us an animal—ay, a bestial nature—has never been denied; to deny it would take away the very foundation of psychology and ethics. We cannot be reminded too often that all the materials of our knowledge we share with animals; that, like them, we begin with sensuous impressions, and then, like ourselves, and like ourselves only, to proceed to the general, the ideal, and the eternal. We cannot be reminded too often that in many things we are like the beas the field, but that like ourselves, and like ourselves we can rise superior to our bestial self, and strive what is unselfish, good, and Godlike. The wi which we soar above the sensuous, was called by men of old the *logos;* the wing which lifts us abov sensual, was called by good men of old the *daimo* Let us take continual care, especially within the pre of the temple of science, lest by abusing the g speech, or doing violence to the voice of conscienc soil the two wings of our soul, and fall back, th our own fault, to the dreaded level of the gorilla.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER (us contracted to F. Max Müller) is, as his n imports, a native of Germany, born at Dess 1823. He studied at Leipsic, and was early tinguished for his proficiency in Sanscrit. repaired to Berlin and to Paris for the prosec of his philological studies, and especially to c MSS. relative to his *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, or Sa Hymns of the Brahmans. For the same pur he examined the MSS. in the Bodleian Libra Oxford and in the Indian House. His great was published at the expense of the East I Company. He took up his residence at Ox where he gave lectures on comparative philo was made a member of Christ Church and in 1851, Professor of Modern Languages, cu in the Bodleian Library, Fellow of All Souls He was made one of the eight foreign mem of the Institute of France, and has received honorary degree of LL.D. from both the versities of Cambridge and Edinburgh. foreigners have been so honoured in Englan so familiar with its language and literature institutions. As an oriental scholar, Prof Müller has no superior in England or in Gern His *Rig-Veda* extends to six quarto volumes he has published Hand-books for the stuc Sanscrit, a Sanscrit English Dictionary Grammar, &c. His *Lectures on the Scien Language*, two volumes, are now (1876) in eighth edition; his *Introduction to the Scie Religion* (four lectures delivered at the I Institution), with *Essays on Mythology, O Stratification of Language, On Missions* (a le delivered in Westminster Abbey in 1873), *Chips from a German Workshop*, are all known and appreciated in this country. 'Chips' form four volumes, the latest being lished in 1875; they range over various sub but are chiefly on the Professor's favourite sc of language, and are written in a style forcible, and often picturesque. The follo is a short extract from *Lectures on the Scie Language:*

Spread of the Latin Language.

There is a peculiar charm in watching the v changes of form and meaning in words passing from the Ganges or the Tiber into the great oce modern speech. In the eighth century B.C. the dialect was confined to a small territory. It wa one dialect out of many that were spoken all over But it grew—it became the language of Rome and Romans, it absorbed all the other dialects of Ital Umbrian, the Oscan, the Etruscan, the Celtic became by conquest the language of Central of Southern and Northern Italy. From ther spread to Gaul, to Spain, to Germany, to Dacia o Danube. It became the language of law and go ment in the civilised portions of Northern Asia,

was carried through the heralds of Christianity to the most distant parts of the globe. It supplanted in its victorious progress the ancient vernaculars of Gaul, Spain, and Portugal, and it struck deep roots in parts of Switzerland and Walachia. When it came in contact with the more vigorous idioms of the Teutonic tribes, though it could not supplant or annihilate them, it left on their surface a thick layer of foreign words, and it thus supplied the greater portion in the dictionary of nearly all the civilised nations of the world. Words which were first used by Italian shepherds are now used by the statesmen of England, the poets of France, the philosophers of Germany; and the faint echo of their pastoral conversation may be heard in the senate of Washington, in the cathedral of Calcutta, and in the settlements of New Zealand.

I shall trace the career of a few of those early Roman words, in order to shew how words may change, and how they adapt themselves to the changing wants of each generation. I begin with the royal word *Palace*. A palace now is the abode of a royal family. But if we look at the history of the name we are soon carried back to the shepherds of the Seven Hills. There, on the Tiber, one of the Seven Hills was called the *Collis Palatinus*, and the hill was called Palatinus, from *Pales*, a pastoral deity, whose festival was celebrated every year on the 21st of April as the birthday of Rome. It was to commemorate the day on which Romulus, the wolf-child, was supposed to have drawn the first furrow on the foot of that hill, and thus to have laid the foundation of the most ancient part of Rome, the *Roma Quadrata*. On this hill, the Collis Palatinus, stood in later times the houses of Cicero and of his neighbour and enemy Catiline. Augustus built his mansion on the same hill, and his example was followed by Tiberius and Nero. Under Nero all private houses had to be pulled down on the Collis Palatinus, in order to make room for the emperor's residence, the *Domus Aurea*, as it was called, the Golden House. This house of Nero's was henceforth called the *Palatium*, and it became the type of all the palaces of the kings and emperors of Europe. . . .

Another modern word, the English *court*, the French *cour*, the Italian *corte*, carries us back to the same locality and to the same distant past. It was on the hill of Latium that *cohors* or *cors* was first used in the sense of a *hurdle*, an *inclosure*, a *cattle-yard*. The *cohortes* or divisions of the Roman army were called by the same name; so many soldiers constituted a pen or a court. . . .

Thus *cors*, *cortis*, from meaning a pen, a cattle-yard, became in medieval Latin *curtis*, and was used like the German *Hof* of the farms and castles built by Roman settlers in the provinces of the empire. These farms became the centres of villages and towns, and in the modern names of Vraucourt, Graincourt, Leincourt, Magnicourt, Aubignicourt, the older names of Vari curtis, Grani curtis, Leonii curtis, Manii curtis, Albini curtis, have been discovered.

Lastly, from meaning a fortified place, *curtis* rose to the dignity of a royal residence, and became synonymous with palace. The two names having started from the same place, met again at the end of their long career.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

The Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution has had a very active and checkered career. JOHN TYNDALL, a native of Ireland, was born about the year 1820, and was employed for some years on the Ordnance Survey. 'While stationed at Cork, he worked at mapping in the same room with a very able man, Mr Lawrence Ivers. Noticing the work and conduct of Tyndall, Mr Ivers asked him how he employed his leisure time. 'You have five hours a day at your own disposal,' he said, 'and these ought to be devoted to systematic study.' Next morning Tyndall was at his books before five o'clock, and for twelve years afterwards he never swerved from the practice.'* He was next engaged in railway work, then studying abroad, first under Professor Bunsen at Marburg in Hesse Cassel, and afterwards at Berlin in the laboratory of Professor Magnus. In 1852 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1853 he was unanimously appointed to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy. In 1856, in company with Professor Huxley, he visited Switzerland, and the result was a series of papers by the two friends on the structure and motion of glaciers. Other journeys and investigations were undertaken by Professor Tyndall, and described in his work on the *Glaciers of the Alps*, 1860. He has since published *Mountaineering*, 1861; *A Vacation Tour*, 1862; *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*, 1863; *On Radiation*, 1865; *Sound, a Course of Eight Lectures*, 1867; *Faraday as a Discoverer*, 1868; *Natural Philosophy in Easy Lessons*, 1869; *Essays on the Imagination in Science*, 1870; *Fragments of Science for Unscientific People*, 1871; *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, 1871; &c. Professor Tyndall is an enthusiastic climber and admirer of Alpine scenery, 'a remarkable example,' it has been said, 'of combined cerebral and muscular activity.' He has done much to popularise science as a lecturer at the Royal Institution, besides being distinguished for original research. Like Mr Huxley, he has stood forward as an advocate for free and unrestricted research into all the recesses of mind and matter; but has indignantly repudiated the creed of atheism which had been lightly attributed to him.

Freedom of Inquiry.

It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that, whether right or wrong, we claim the right to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakspeare—not only a Boyle, but a Raphael—not only a Kant, but a Beethoven—not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however, I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds when you and I, like

* Supplement to *English Cyclopædia* (Biography).

streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

This extract is from Professor Tyndall's address delivered at Belfast in 1874. From the same address we give another passage:

Advance in Science since the Days of Bishop Butler.

Bishop Butler accepted with unwavering trust the chronology of the Old Testament, describing it as 'confirmed by the natural and civil history of the world, collected from common historians, from the state of the earth, and from the late inventions of arts and sciences.' These words mark progress; and they must seem somewhat hoary to the bishop's successors of to-day. It is hardly necessary to inform you that since his time the domain of the naturalist has been immensely extended—the whole science of geology, with its astounding revelations regarding the life of the ancient earth, having been created. The rigidity of old conceptions has been relaxed, the public mind being rendered gradually tolerant of the idea that not for six thousand, nor for sixty thousand, nor for six thousand thousand, but for æons embracing untold millions of years, this earth has been the theatre of life and death. The riddle of the rocks has been read by the geologist and palæontologist, from subcambrian depths to the deposits thickening over the sea-bottoms of to-day. And upon the leaves of that stone-book are, as you know, stamped the characters, plainer and surer than those formed by the ink of history, which carry the mind back into abysses of past time, compared with which the periods which satisfied Bishop Butler cease to have a visual angle.

The lode of discovery once struck, those petrified forms in which life was at one time active increased to multitudes, and demanded classification. They were grouped in genera, species, and varieties, according to the degree of similarity subsisting between them. Thus confusion was avoided, each object being found in the pigeon-hole appropriated to it and to its fellows of similar morphological or physiological character. The general fact soon became evident that none but the simplest forms of life lie lowest down, that as we climb higher among the super-imposed strata more perfect forms appear. The change, however, from form to form was not continuous, but by steps—some small, some great. 'A section,' says Mr Huxley, 'a hundred feet thick will exhibit at different heights a dozen species of ammonite, none of which passes beyond its particular zone of limestone, or clay, into the zone below it, or into that above it.' In the presence of such facts, it was not possible to avoid the question: Have these forms, shewing, though in broken stages, and with many irregularities, this unmistakable general advance, been subjected to no continuous law of growth or variation?

HERBERT SPENCER.

Another enthusiastic votary of biology and kindred studies, and an exponent of the theory of evolution, is MR HERBERT SPENCER, a native of Derby, born in 1820. Mr Spencer began life as an engineer, then assisted some time at the periodical press, and contributed to the reviews, &c. His principal works are—*Principles of Psychology*, 1855; *Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative*, 1858–63; *Principles of Biology*, 1864; *Descriptive Sociology, or Groups of Sociological Facts*, 1874; &c.

PROFESSOR GEIKIE.

ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, born in Edinburgh in 1835, is author of several geological works, and was associated with Sir Roderick Murchison in investigating the geological structure of the Scottish Highlands, preparing a memoir of that district, and drawing up a new geological map of Scotland (1861). He was director of the Survey of Scotland, and when a chair of mineralogy and geology was founded in the university of Edinburgh in 1870, Mr Geikie was appointed professor. In 1872 the university of St Andrews conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. The works of Dr Geikie are—*The Story of a Boulder*, 1858; *Life of Professor Edward Forbes* (conjointly with the late Dr George Wilson), 1861; *Phenomena of the Glacial Drift of Scotland*, 1863; *The Scenery of Scotland viewed in connection with its Physical Geology*, 1865; and various articles in reviews and scientific journals.

JAMES GEIKIE, a brother of the above, has written a large and valuable work, *The Great Ice Age and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man.*

PROFESSOR WHITNEY.

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY, Professor of Sanscrit and Instructor in Modern Languages in Yale College, was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1827. He has written various works, including *Twelve Lectures on Language and the Study of Language*, 1867. Of these lectures, the first seven have, with consent of the author and publisher, been reprinted by the Rev. Dr Morris, as a sound and scientific introduction to a more advanced course of comparative philology. Dr Morris adds an introduction with notes, tables of declension, and an index, rendering the volume very useful for students. Professor Whitney is a well-known Sanscrit scholar, but in these lectures he has chosen English as the language from which the most telling of his examples and explanations of linguistic changes are drawn.

Celtic Branch of the Indo-European Languages.

So completely were the Gaulish dialects of Northern Italy, France, and Spain wiped out by the Latin, so few traces of them are left to us, either in the later idioms of the Latin or in fragments of writings, inscriptions, and coins, that it is still a matter of doubt and question among Celtic scholars to which of the known divisions of Celtic speech, the Gadhelic or the Cymric, they belonged, or whether they did not constitute a third division co-ordinate with them. Aside from the exceedingly scanty and obscure Gallic epigraphical monuments, and the few single words preserved in classic authors, the earliest records both of Irish and Welsh speech are glosses, or interlinear and marginal versions and comments written by Celtic scholars upon manuscripts which they were studying, in old times when Wales and Ireland, especially the latter, were centres of a lively literary and Christian activity. Of these glosses, the Irish are by far the most abundant, and afford a tolerably distinct idea of what the language was at about the end of the eight century. There is also an independent literary work, a Life of St Patrick, which is supposed to belong to the beginning of the ninth century. The other principal Gadhelic dialect, the Scotch Gaelic, presents us a few songs that claim to be of the sixteenth century. The Ossianic poems, which excited such attention a hundred years ago, and whose genuineness and value have been the subject of so lively discussion, are probably built upon only a narrow foundation of real Gaelic tradition.

In the Cymric division, the Welsh glosses are the oldest monuments of definite date. Though hardly, if at all, less ancient than the Irish, coming down from somewhere between the eighth and the tenth centuries, they

are very much more scanty in amount, hardly sufficient to do more than disprove the supposed antiquity of the earliest monuments of the language that possess a proper literary character. For long centuries past the Welsh bards have sung in spirit-stirring strains the glories and the woes of their race; and it is claimed that during much more than a thousand years, or ever since the sixth century, the era of Saxon invasion and conquest, some of their songs have been handed down from generation to generation, by a careful and uninterrupted tradition, and the claim is probably well founded; only, it is also pretty certain that as they have been handed down, they have been modernised in diction, so that, in their present form, they represent to us the Welsh language of a time not much preceding the date of the oldest manuscripts, or of the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. The later Welsh literature, as well as the Irish, is abundant in quantity. The Cornish, also, has a tolerably copious literature of not far from the same age; its earliest monument, a Latin-Cornish vocabulary, may be as old as the twelfth century. The language of Brittany, the Armorican—which is so closely allied with the two last mentioned, that it cannot well be guarded as a remnant and representative of the Celtic dialects of Gaul, but must rather belong to colonists or fugitives from Britain—is recorded in one or two brief works going back to the fourteenth century or even farther.

DR JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER,

The distinguished Professor of Chemistry in the university of New York, in 1875 published a *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science*, commencing with the Greek conquest of Persia, and the subsequent division of Alexander's empire, which resulted in the establishment of the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt. This was succeeded by the erection of the Museum as a school of knowledge at Alexandria, then the intellectual metropolis of the world. Dr Draper traces the influence of the Museum and the development of science. The philosophy was of the stoical Pantheistic type. 'Though there is a Supreme Power,' said the ethical teachers, 'there is no Supreme Being; there is an invisible principle, but not a personal God, to whom it would be not so much blasphemy as absurdity to impute the form, the sentiments, the passions of man.' The soul of man was supposed to be re-absorbed into the universal soul; and as the tired labourer looks forward to the insensibility of sleep, so the philosopher, weary of the world, anticipated the tranquillity of extinction. Dr Draper next proceeds to describe the rise of Christianity, and to give 'a history of the conflict between religion and science from that time to the present day.' But the work should more correctly be termed a history of the conflict between science and the Roman Catholic Church. The Greek Church, he says, has met the advance of knowledge with welcome; the Protestant Churches have been mostly averse to constraint, and their opposition has seldom passed beyond the exciting of theological odium. 'In speaking of Christianity,' says Dr Draper, 'reference is generally made to the Roman Church, partly because its demands are the most pretentious, and partly because it has sought to enforce those demands by the civil power.' Now to this it may be objected that the conflict of a church with science, and that church a political or state organisation, is not a battle between science and religion. The maintenance of its own power was the object of the Papacy, and with perfect impartiality it persecuted alike its religious opponents and the scientific discoverer. It would be as reasonable to charge upon science all the absurdities of alchemy and astrology as to discredit religion with all the follies of its professed followers. In his History, Dr Draper gives an account of the rise of Mohammedanism and the conquests of the Arabs, who carried with them into Europe a taste for philosophy and science. In the tenth century, the Caliph Hakem II. had made Andalusia a sort of terrestrial paradise, where Christians, Mussulmans, and Jews mixed together without restraint.

Luxuries of the Spanish Caliphs.

The Spanish caliphs had surrounded themselves with all the luxuries of oriental life. They had magnificent palaces, enchanting gardens, seraglios filled with beautiful women. Europe at the present day does not offer more taste, more refinement, more elegance, than might have been seen at the epoch of which we are speaking, in the capitals of the Spanish Arabs. Their streets were lighted and solidly paved. Their houses were frescoed and carpeted; they were warmed in winter by furnaces, and cooled in summer with perfumed air brought by underground pipes from flower-beds. They had baths and libraries and dining-halls, fountains of quicksilver and water. City and country were full of conviviality, and of dancing to the lute and mandolin. Instead of the drunken and gluttonous wassail orgies of their Northern neighbours, the feasts of the Saracens were marked by sobriety. Wine was prohibited. The enchanting moonlight evenings of Andalusia were spent by the Moors in sequestered fairy-like gardens, or in orange groves, listening to the romances of the story-teller, or engaged in philosophical discourse; consoling themselves for the disappointments of this life by such reflections as that, if virtue were rewarded in this world, we should be without expectations in the life to come; and reconciling themselves to their daily toil by the expectation that rest will be found after death—a rest never to be succeeded by labour.

Dr Draper is stated to have been born near Liverpool in 1811. He graduated at the university of Pennsylvania in 1836, and in 1839 was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the university of New York. His *Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical*, is considered one of the best of our physiological treatises. He has also written on the *Organisation of Plants*, 1844; a *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, 1864; and text-books on chemistry and natural history.

GEORGE SMITH.

MR GEORGE SMITH (1840–1876), a gentleman honourably associated with the progress of Assyrian discovery, was of humble origin. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to a bank-note engraver, but his leisure hours were devoted to the study of oriental antiquities; and on the recommendation of Sir Henry Rawlinson, he was engaged in the British Museum (1857). A contemporary account says: 'Several years of arduous and successful study were fruitful of important results; but it was in 1872 that Mr Smith had the good fortune to make what in this connection may be reckoned as his culminating discovery—that, namely, of the tablets containing the Chaldean account of the deluge, the first fragment discovered containing about half the

account which was afterwards supplemented as the result of arduous and ingenious research, in the course of which Mr Smith ascertained that the deluge tablet was, in fact, the eleventh of a series of twelve giving the history of an unknown hero named Izdubar.' Mr Smith left London on his last mission of discovery at the beginning of the present year (1876), but died at Aleppo on the 19th August. 'His career has been short, but no one can doubt its brilliancy; and he was endeared to the large number of friends whom his geniality attracted and attached for the singular modesty and equilibrium which characterised him even in the most trying moments of homage and ovation.' Mr Smith's chief publication is his *Chaldean Account of Genesis*, containing the description of the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the tower of Babel, the times of the patriarchs and Nimrod; Babylonian fables and legends of the gods, from the cuneiform inscriptions.

TRAVELLERS.

Every season adds to our library of foreign travels and adventures. Dr Edward Clarke saw and described more of the East, as Byron said, than any of his predecessors, but a numerous tribe of followers has succeeded. *Travels in the East*, by the REV. HORATIO SOUTHGATE, 1840, describe the traveller's route through Greece, Turkey, Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia, and give a good account of the Mohammedan religion and its rites and ceremonies. The following is a correction of a vulgar error:

Religious Status of Women in the Mohammedan System.

The place which the Mohammedan system assigns to woman in the other world has often been wrongfully represented. It is not true, as has sometimes been reported, that Mohammedan teachers deny her admission to the felicities of Paradise. The doctrine of the Koran is, most plainly, that her destiny is to be determined in like manner with that of every accountable being; and according to the judgment passed upon her is her reward, although nothing definite is said of the place which she is to occupy in Paradise. Mohammed speaks repeatedly of 'believing women,' commends them, and promises them the recompense which their good deeds deserve.

The regulations of the Sunneh are in accordance with the precepts of the Koran. So far is woman from being regarded in these institutions as a creature without a soul, that special allusion is frequently made to her, and particular directions given for her religious conduct. Respecting her observance of Ramazan, her ablutions, and many other matters, her duty is taught with a minuteness that borders on indecorous precision. She repeats the creed in dying, and, like other Mussulmans, says: 'In this faith I have lived, in this faith I die, and in this faith I hope to rise again.' She is required to do everything of religious obligation equally with men. The command to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca extends to her. In my journeys, I often met with women on their way to the Holy City. They may even undertake this journey without the consent of their husbands, whose authority in religious matters extends only to those acts of devotion which are not obligatory.

Women are not, indeed, allowed to be present in the mosques at the time of public prayers: but the reason is not that they are regarded, like pagan females, as unsusceptible of religious sentiments, but because the meeting of the two sexes in a sacred place is supposed to be unfavourable to devotion. This, however, is an oriental, not a Mohammedan prejudice. The custom is nearly the same among the Christians as among the Mussulmans. In the Greek churches the females are separated from the males, and concealed behind a lattice; and something of the same kind I have observed among the Christians of Mesopotamia.

Six Years' Residence in Algiers, by MRS BROUGHTON, published in 1839, is an interesting domestic chronicle. The authoress was daughter to Mr Blanckley, the British consul-general at Algiers; and the work is composed of a journal kept by Mrs Blanckley, with reminiscences by her daughter, Mrs Broughton. The vivacity, minute description, and kindly feeling everywhere apparent in this book render it highly attractive.

Discoveries in the Interior of Africa, by SIR JAMES ALEXANDER, two volumes, 1838, describe a journey from Cape Town, of about four thousand miles, and occupying above a year, towards the tracts of country inhabited by the Damaras, a nation of which very little was known, and generally the country to the north of the Orange River, on the west coast. The author's personal adventures are interesting, and it appears that the aborigines are a kind and friendly tribe of people, with whom Sir James Alexander thinks that an extended intercourse may be maintained for the mutual benefit of the colonists and the natives.

A *Journal written during an Excursion in Asia Minor in* 1838, by CHARLES FELLOWS, is valuable from the author's discoveries in Pamphylia. Mr Fellows has also written a second work, *Ancient Lycia, an Account of Discoveries made during a Second Excursion to Asia Minor in* 1840. LIEUT. J. R. WELLSTED, author of *Travels in Arabia, the Peninsula of Sinai, and along the Shores of the Red Sea*, 1838; and LORD LINDSAY, in his *Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land*, 1838, supply some additional details. The scene of the encampment of the Israelites, after crossing the Red Sea, is thus described by Lord Lindsay:

The Red Sea.

The bright sea suddenly burst on us, a sail in the distance, and the blue mountains of Africa beyond it—a lovely vista. But when we had fairly issued into the plain on the sea-shore, beautiful indeed, most beautiful was the view—the whole African coast, from Gebel Ataka to Gebel Krarreb, lay before us, washed by the Red Sea—a vast amphitheatre of mountains, except the space where the waters were lost in distance between the Asiatic and Libyan promontories. It was the stillest hour of day; the sun shone brightly, descending to 'his palace in the occident;' the tide was coming in with its peaceful pensive murmurs, wave after wave. It was in this plain, broad, and perfectly smooth from the mountains to the sea, that the children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim. What a glorious scene it must then have presented! and how nobly those rocks, now so silent, must have re-echoed the Song of Moses and its ever-returning chorus—'Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea!'

The EARL OF CARLISLE, in 1854, published an interesting, unpretending volume, entitled *A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*. His lordship is

also author of a lecture on Pope, and of a paraphrase in verse, *The Second Vision of Daniel*, 1858.

As a guide and pleasant companion over another Eastern route, we may note the *Overland Journey to the North of India from England*, by LIEUTENANT ARTHUR CONOLLY, two volumes, 1834. Lieutenant Conolly's journey was through Russia, Persia, and Afghanistan. MISS EMMA ROBERTS, in the following year, gave a lively and entertaining series of *Scenes and Characteristics of Hindustan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society*. This lady went out again to India in 1839, and was engaged to conduct a Bombay newspaper; but she died in 1840. Her *Notes of an Overland Journey through France and Egypt to Bombay* were published after her death. Another lady, MRS POSTANS, published (1839) *Cutch, or Random Sketches taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India*. The authoress resided some years in the province of Cutch, and gives a minute account of the feudal government and customs, the religious sects and superstitions of the people. The aristocratic distinctions of caste are rigidly preserved, and the chiefs are haughty, debauched, and cruel.

Sacrifice of a Hindu Widow.

From Mrs Postans's *Cutch, or Random Sketches*, &c.

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments—an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution and protection from the 'evil eye.'

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye. From this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced, and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: 'I die of my own free-will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me!' . . .

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her; her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniacal tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras or prayers, strewing rice and coories on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the by-standers, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which—

> Fresh as a flower just blown,
> And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkaub, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed; the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last. Not a sigh broke the deathlike silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame a fiendish shout of exultation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view, whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophise as best they might on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindustan, by LIEUTENANT THOMAS BACON, two volumes, 1837, is a more lively but carelessly written work, with good sketches of scenery, buildings, pageants, &c. The HON. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE (1778–1859), in 1842, gave an account of the kingdom of Cabul, and its dependencies in Persia, Tatary, and India; and *A Narrative of Various Journeys in Beloochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjaub*, by CHARLES MASSON, describes with considerable animation the author's residence in those countries, the native chiefs, and personal adventures with the various tribes from 1826 to 1838. MR C. R. BAYNES, a gentleman in the Madras civil service, published in 1843 *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in the East, an Overland Journey to India*, &c. His remarks are just and spirited, and his anecdotes and descriptions lively and entertaining.

Remark by an Arab Chief.

An Arab chieftain, one of the most powerful of the princes of the desert, had come to behold for the first time a steam-ship. Much attention was paid to him, and every facility afforded for his inspection of every

part of the vessel. What impression the sight made on him it was impossible to judge. No indications of surprise escaped him; every muscle preserved its wonted calmness of expression; and on quitting, he merely observed, 'It is well; but you have not brought a man to life yet!'

Legend of the Mosque of the Bloody Baptism at Cairo.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister. Finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honour of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name. 'Call it,' he replied, 'the Mosque of Sultan Hassan.' All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. 'Call it,' again cried he, 'the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan!' and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection: simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap-doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers.

SIR JOHN BOWRING published an entertaining and instructive account of *The Kingdom and People of Siam*, two volumes, 1857.

State and Ceremonial of the Siamese.

April 16, 1855.—How can I describe the barbaric grandeur, the parade, the show, the glitter, the real magnificence, the profuse decorations of to-day's royal audience! We went, as usual, in the state barges; mine had scarlet and gold curtains, the others had none. Parkes sent them back, and they all returned with the needful appendages; he understands the art of managing Orientals marvellously well. When we landed, chairs were brought, and multitudes of guards escorted us. From the moment we entered the precincts of the palace, an unbroken line of soldiery, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and bearing every species of weapon —many singularly grotesque and rude—spears, shields, swords, bucklers, battle-axes, bows, quivers, in every form, and uniforms of every colour and shape, fantastical, farcical, fierce, and amusing; the rudest forms of ancient warfare, mingled with sepoy-dressed regulars—ancient European court costumes amidst the light and golden garments, and sometimes the nakedness above the waist of nobles of the highest distinction. I was carried in a gaudy gilded chair, with a scarlet umbrella over me, borne by eight bearers, with a crowd of attendants. My suite followed me in less decorated seats; but crowds of men, women, and children pressed around us, who were beaten away with canes by the police. We passed through rows of caparisoned ponies and elephants mounted for war. The ruder troops of the wilder countries were broken by small bodies of soldiers dressed in European style, who 'presented arms,' and had fifes and drums; but much of the music was of tom-toms and Siamese instruments. We were all conducted to a building to await the royal summons, where coffee and cigars were brought in, and gold and silver vessels, containing pure water, covered the table, at the head of which I was placed. The spittoon at my feet was of silver, inlaid with gold, and about fourteen inches in diameter. Soon a messenger came, and we proceeded on foot to the hall of reception. Soft and exceedingly pleasing music welcomed our arrival, and it thundered forth a loud peal as we approached the grand hall of audience. On entering the hall, we found it crowded with nobles, all prostrate, and with their faces bent to the ground. I walked forward through the centre of the hall to a cushion provided for me in a line with the very highest nobles not of royal blood; the prime-minister and his brother were close to me on my right hand. The king came in and seated himself on an elevated and gorgeous throne like the curtained box of a theatre. He was clad in golden garments, his crown at his side; but he wore on his head a cap decorated with large diamonds, and enormous diamond rings were on his fingers. At my left, nearer the throne, were the king's brothers and his sons; at the right, the princes of the blood, the Somdetches, and the higher nobles. The nobility crowded the hall, all on their knees; and on the entrance of the king, his throne, being raised about ten feet from the floor, they all bent their foreheads to the ground, and we sat down as gracefully as we could, while the prostrations were repeated again and again.

China has received a flood of new illustration, and the intercourse which has recently been opened up with that immense and mysterious empire will still further augment the amount of our knowledge. MR JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, late chief superintendent in China, has published two interesting works: *Sketches of China, partly during an Inland Journey of Four Months between Pekin, Nankin, and Canton;* and *The Chinese, a General Description of the Empire of China and its Inhabitants.* The latter work was published in 1836, but has since been enlarged, and the history of British intercourse brought down to the events which produced the dissolution of 1857. Mr Davis resided twenty years at Canton, is perfect in the peculiar language of China, and has certainly seen more of its inhabitants than any other English author. *The Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China*, in 1831, 1832, and 1833, by MR GUTZLAFF, a German, is also a valuable work. The contraband trade in opium formed a memorable era in the history of Chinese commerce. It

was carried on to a great extent with the Hong merchants; but in 1834, after the monopoly of the East India Company had been abolished, our government appointed Lord Napier to proceed to Canton as special superintendent, to adjust all disputed questions among the merchants, and to form regulations with the provincial authorities. The Chinese, always jealous of foreigners, and looking upon mercantile employments as degrading, insulted our superintendent; hostilities took place, and trade was suspended. Lord Napier took his departure amidst circumstances of insult and confusion, and died on the 11th of October 1834. The functions of superintendent devolved on Mr Davis. 'The Chinese, emboldened by the pacific temperament of our government, proceeded at length to the utmost extent; and not satisfied with imprisoning and threatening the lives of the whole foreign community, laid also violent hands on the British representative himself, claiming, as the purchase of his freedom, the delivery of the whole of the opium then in the Chinese waters —property to the amount of upwards of two millions sterling. After a close imprisonment of two months' duration, during which period our countrymen were deprived of many of the necessaries of life, and exposed repeatedly, as in a pillory, to the gaze and abuse of the mob, no resource was left but to yield to the bold demands of the Chinese, relying with confidence on their nation for support and redress: nor did they rely in vain; for immediately the accounts of the aggression reached London, preparations commenced for the Chinese expedition.'* After two years of irregular warfare, a treaty of peace and friendship between the two empires was signed on board Her Majesty's ship *Cornwallis* on the 29th of August 1842. This expedition gave rise to various publications. LORD JOCELYN wrote a lively and interesting narrative, entitled *Six Months with the Chinese Expedition;* and COMMANDER J. ELLIOT BINGHAM, R.N., a *Narrative of the Expedition to China. Two Years in China,* by D. MACPHERSON, M.D., relates the events of the campaign from its formation in April 1840 to the treaty of peace in 1842. *Doings in China,* by LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER MURRAY, illustrates the social habits of the Chinese. *The Last Year in China, to the Peace of Nankin,* by a Field Officer, consists of extracts from letters written to the author's private friends. *The Closing Events of the Campaign in China,* by CAPTAIN G. G. LOCH, R.N., is one of the best books which the expedition called forth.

Chinese Ladies' Feet.

From Commander Bingham's *Narrative.*

During our stay we made constant trips to the surrounding islands, in one of which—at Tea Island—we had a good opportunity of minutely examining the far-famed little female feet. I had been purchasing a pretty little pair of satin shoes, for about half a dollar, at one of the Chinese farmers' houses, where we were surrounded by several men, women, and children. By signs we expressed a wish to see the *pied mignon* of a really good-looking woman of the party. Our signs were quickly understood, but, probably from her being a matron, it was not considered quite *comme il faut* for her to comply with our desire, as she would not consent to shew us her foot; but a very pretty interesting girl, of about sixteen, was placed on a stool for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity. At first she was very bashful, and appeared not to like exposing her Cinderella-like slipper, but the shine of a new and very bright 'loopee' soon overcame her delicacy, when she commenced unwinding the upper bandage which passes round the leg, and over a tongue that comes up from the heel. The shoe was then removed, and the second bandage taken off, which did duty for a stocking; the turns round the toes and ankles being very tight, and keeping all in place. On the naked foot being exposed to view, we were agreeably surprised by finding it delicately white and clean, for we fully expected to have found it otherwise, from the known habits of most of the Chinese. The leg from the knee downwards was much wasted; the foot appeared as if broken up at the instep, while the four small toes were bent flat and pressed down under the foot, the great toe only being allowed to retain its natural position. By the breaking of the instep a high arch is formed between the heel and the toe, enabling the individual to step with them on an even surface; in this respect materially differing from the Canton and Macao ladies, for with them the instep is not interfered with, but a very high heel is substituted, thus bringing the point of the great toe to the ground. When our Canton compradore was shewn a Chusan shoe, the exclamation was: 'He-yaw! how can walkee so fashion?' nor would he be convinced that such was the case. The toes, doubled under the foot I have been describing, could only be moved by the hand sufficiently to shew that they were not actually grown into the foot. I have often been astonished at seeing how well the women contrived to walk on their tiny *pedestals.* Their gait is not unlike the little mincing walk of the French ladies; they were constantly to be seen going about without the aid of any stick, and I have often seen them at Macao contending against a fresh breeze with a tolerably good-sized umbrella spread. The little children, as they scrambled away before us, balanced themselves with their arms extended, and reminded one much of an old hen between walking and flying. All the women I saw about Chusan had small feet. It is a general characteristic of true Chinese descent; and there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it is confined to the higher orders, though it may be true that they take more pains to compress the foot to the smallest possible dimensions than the lower classes do. High and low, rich and poor, all more or less follow the custom; and when you see a large or natural-sized foot, you may depend upon it the possessor is not of true Chinese blood, but is either of Tatar extraction, or belongs to the tribes that live and have their being on the waters. The Tatar ladies, however, are falling into this Chinese habit of distortion, as the accompanying edict of the emperor proves: 'For know, good people, you must not dress as you like in China. You must follow the customs and habits of your ancestors, and wear your winter and summer clothing as the emperor or one of the six boards shall direct.' If this were the custom in England, how beneficial it would be to our pockets, and detrimental to the tailors and milliners. Let us now see what the emperor says about little feet, on finding they were coming into vogue among the undeformed daughters of the Mantchows. Not only does he attack the little feet, but the large Chinese sleeves which were creeping into fashion at court. Therefore, to check these misdemeanours, the usual Chinese remedy was resorted to, and a flaming edict launched, denouncing them; threatening the 'heads of the families with degradation and punishment if they did not put a stop to such gross illegalities;' and his Celestial majesty further goes on and tells the fair ones, 'that by persisting in their vulgar habits, they will debar themselves from the possibility of being selected as ladies of honour for the inner palace at the approaching presentation!' How far

* Macpherson's *Two Years in China.*

this had the desired effect I cannot say. When the children begin to grow, they suffer excruciating pain, but as they advance in years, their vanity is played upon by being assured that they would be exceedingly ugly with large feet. Thus they are persuaded to put up with what they consider a necessary evil; but the children are remarkably patient under pain. A poor little child, about five years old, was brought to our surgeon, having been most dreadfully scalded, part of its dress adhering to the skin. During the painful operation of removing the linen, it only now and then said, 'He-yaw, he-yaw!'

MR ROBERT FORTUNE, a botanist, was nearly nine years resident in China, employed on three separate missions by the Horticultural Society of London to collect specimens. In 1847 he published *Three Years' Wanderings in China;* in 1851, his *Two Visits to the Tea Countries of China;* and in 1857, *A Residence among the Chinese, Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea.* These works of Mr Fortune are extremely valuable as affording information relative to the social habits of the Chinese, as well as the natural products of the country. A French missionary, M. HUC, has also added fresh details in his work, *L'Empire Chinois*, 1854, of which an English version has had great success in this country. In describing his personal adventures, the French ecclesiastic is supposed to have indulged in the proverbial license of travellers; but his account of Chinese customs is said to be exact.

Chinese Thieves.—From Fortune's 'Residence among the Chinese.'

About two in the morning I was awakened by a loud yell from one of my servants, and I suspected at once that we had had a visit from thieves, for I had frequently heard the same sound before. Like the cry one hears at sea when a man has fallen overboard, this alarm can never be mistaken when once it has been heard. Before I had time to inquire what was wrong, one of my servants and two of the boatmen plunged into the canal and pursued the thieves. Thinking that we had only lost some cooking utensils, or things of little value that might have been lying outside the boat, I gave myself no uneasiness about the matter, and felt much inclined to go to sleep again. But my servant, who returned almost immediately, awoke me most effectually. 'I fear,' said he, opening my door, 'the thieves have been inside the boat, and have taken away some of your property.' 'Impossible,' said I; 'they cannot have been here.' 'But look,' he replied; 'a portion of the side of your boat under the window has been lifted out.' Turning to the place indicated by my servant, I could see, although it was quite dark, that there was a large hole in the side of the boat not more than three feet from where my head had been lying. At my right hand, and just under the window, the trunk used to stand in which I was in the habit of keeping my papers, money, and other valuables. On the first suspicion that I was the victim, I stretched out my hand in the dark to feel if this was safe. Instead of my hand resting on the top of the trunk, as it had been accustomed to do, it went down to the floor of the boat, and I then knew for the first time that the trunk was gone. At the same moment, my servant, Tung-a, came in with a candle, and confirmed what I had just made out in the dark. The thieves had done their work well—the boat was empty. My money, amounting to more than one hundred Shanghae dollars, my accounts, and other papers—all, all were gone. The rascals had not even left me the clothes I had thrown off when I went to bed. But there was no time to lose; and in order to make every effort to catch the thieves, or at least get back a portion of my property, I jumped into the canal, and made for the bank. The tide had now risen, and instead of finding only about two feet of water—the depth when we went to bed—I now sank up to the neck, and found the stream very rapid. A few strokes with my arms soon brought me into shallow water and to the shore. Here I found the boatmen rushing about in a frantic manner, examining with a lantern the bushes and indigo vats on the banks of the canal, but all they had found was a few Manilla cheroots which the thieves had dropped apparently in their hurry. A watchman with his lantern and two or three stragglers, hearing the noise we made, came up and inquired what was wrong; but when asked whether they had seen anything of the thieves, shook their heads, and professed the most profound ignorance. The night was pitch dark, everything was perfectly still, and, with the exception of the few stragglers already mentioned, the whole town seemed sunk in deep sleep. We were therefore perfectly helpless, and could do nothing further. I returned in no comfortable frame of mind to my boat. Dripping with wet, I lay down on my couch without any inclination to sleep. It was a serious business for me to lose so much money, but that part of the matter gave me the least uneasiness. The loss of my accounts, journals, drawings, and numerous memoranda I had been making during three years of travel, which it was impossible for any one to replace, was of far greater importance. I tried to reason philosophically upon the matter; to persuade myself that as the thing could not be helped now, it was no use being vexed with it; that in a few years it would not signify much either to myself or any one else whether I had been robbed or not; but all this fine reasoning would not do.

What the Chinese think of the Europeans.

From Huc's *L'Empire Chinois.*

The Europeans who go to China are disposed to think the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire odd and ridiculous; the Chinese who visit Canton and Macao return the compliment. They exhaust their caustic and mocking vein upon the appearance of the Western devils, express unutterable astonishment at the sight of their scanty garments, their close-fitting pantaloons, their prodigious round hats in the shape of a chimney, their shirt-collars, which appear devised to saw the ears, and which so gracefully surround their grotesque faces with the long nose and blue eyes, without beard or moustache, but which display in compensation on each jaw a handful of red and frizzled hair. They are puzzled, above all, by the shape of the dress-coat. They endeavour, without success, to account for that strange habiliment, which they call a half-garment, because it is impossible to make it meet on the chest, and because the tails which hang down behind are entirely wanting in front. They admire the exquisite and refined taste of wearing at the back large buttons like coins without having anything to button to them. How much more beautiful do they think themselves, with their oblique, narrow black eyes, high cheek-bones, nose the shape of a chestnut, and shaven head adorned with a magnificent tail which reaches to the heels! Add to this graceful and elegant type a conical hat covered with red fringe, an ample tunic with large sleeves, black satin boots with white soles of an enormous thickness, and it is beyond dispute that a European can never rival a Chinese. But it is chiefly in their habits of life that they assume to be so much our superiors. When they see Europeans spending several hours in gymnastic promenades, they ask if it is not a more civilised mode of passing leisure time to sit quietly drinking tea and smoking a pipe, or else to go at once to bed. The notion of spending the larger portion of the night at balls and parties has never occurred to them. All the Chinese, even among the upper ranks, begin to sleep in time to be able to rise

with the sun. At the hours in which there is the greatest stir and tumult in the principal cities of Europe, those of China enjoy the most profound repose. Every one has gone home to his family, all the shops are shut, the boatmen, the mountebanks, the public readers have finished their labours, and there are no signs of activity except among the theatres for the working-classes, who have no leisure but at night to enjoy the sight of a play.

The hostilities—1857–58—ending in a treaty with China, have led to various publications respecting the Celestial Empire, the most copious and generally interesting being *China*, or the *Times'* special correspondence from China, by MR GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE (1814–1865), author of a *Life of Bolingbroke*, *The State of Parties*, &c. We give a few extracts from Mr Cooke's lively and graphic narrative :

The Chinese Language.

In a country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women wear no petticoats ; where the labourer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honour ; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels ; where old men fly kites ; where the needle points south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of your head ; where the place of honour is on your left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach ; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning—we ought not to be astonished to find a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar, and we must not be startled to find that this Chinese language is the most intricate, cumbrous, unwieldy vehicle of thought that ever obtained among any people.

The Execution-ground of Canton.

Threading our way, under the guidance of some experienced friend, we come to a carpenter's shop, fronting the entrance to a small potter's field. It is not a rood in area, of an irregular shape, resembling most an oblong. A row of cottages open into it on one side ; there is a wall on the other. The ground is covered with half-baked pottery ; there are two wooden crosses formed of unbarked wood, standing in an angle, with a shred of rotting rope hanging from one of them. There is nothing to fix the attention in this small inclosure, except that you stumble against a human skull now and then as you walk along it. This is the Aceldama, the field of blood, the execution-ground of Canton. The upper part of that carpenter's shop is the place where nearly all the European residents have, at the price of a dollar each, witnessed the wholesale massacres of which Europe has heard with a hesitating scepticism. It was within this yard that that monster Yeh has within two years destroyed the lives of seventy thousand fellow-beings ! These crosses are the instruments to which those victims were tied who were condemned to the special torture of being sliced to death. Upon one of these the wife of a rebel general was stretched, and by Yeh's order her flesh was cut from her body. After the battle at Whampoa the rebel leader escaped, but his wife fell into the hands of Yeh ; this was how he treated his prisoner. Her breasts were first cut off, then her forehead was slashed and the skin torn down over the face, then the fleshy parts of the body were sliced away. There are Englishmen yet alive who saw this done, but at what part of the butchery sensation ceased and death came to this poor innocent woman, none can tell. The fragment of rope which now hangs to one of the crosses was used to bind a woman who was cut up for murdering her husband. The sickening details of the massacres perpetrated on this spot have been related to me by those who have seen them, and who take shame to themselves while they confess that, after witnessing one execution by cutting on the cross, the rapidity and dexterity with which the mere beheading was done deprived the execution of a hundred men of half its horror. The criminals were brought down in gangs, if they could walk, or brought down in chairs and shot out into the yard. The executioners then arranged them in rows, giving them a blow behind which forced out the head and neck, and laid them convenient for the blow. Then came the warrant of death. It is a banner. As soon as it waved in sight, without verbal order given, the work began. There was a rapid succession of dull crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, chop ! No second blow was ever dealt, for the dexterous manslayers are educated to their work. Until they can with their heavy swords slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice a cucumber, they are not eligible for their office. Three seconds a head suffice. In one minute five executioners clear off one hundred lives. It takes rather longer for the assistants to cram the bodies into rough coffins, especially as you might see them cramming two into one shell that they might embezzle the spare wooden box. The heads were carried off in boxes ; the saturated earth was of value as manure.

The Horrors of the Canton Prisons.

A Chinese jail is a group of small yards inclosed by no general outer wall, except in one instance. Around this yard are dens like the dens in which we confine wild beasts. The bars are not of iron, but of double rows of very thick bamboo, so close together that the interior is too dark to be readily seen into from without. The ordinary prisoners are allowed to remain in the yard during the day. Their ankles are fettered together by heavy rings of iron and a short chain, and they generally also wear similar fetters on their wrists. The low-roofed dens are so easily climbed, that when the prisoners are let out into the yard, the jailers must trust to their fetters alone for security. The places all stank like the monkey-house of a menagerie.

We were examining one of the yards of the second prison, and Lord Elgin, who is seldom absent when any work is doing, was one of the spectators. As it was broad daylight, the dens were supposed to be empty. Some one thought he heard a low moan in one of them, and advanced to the bars to listen. He recoiled as if a blast from a furnace had rushed out upon him. Never were human senses assailed by a more horrible stream of pestilence. The jailers were ordered to open that place, and refusing, as a Chinaman always at first refuses, were given over to the rough handling of the soldiers, who were told to make them. No sooner were hands laid upon the jailers, than the stifled moan became a wail, and the wail became a concourse of low, weakly muttered groans. So soon as the double-doors could be opened, several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, but the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity still alive. The mandarin jailer, who seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, was compelled to have the poor creatures drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever forget it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only believe that there was blood in their bodies, by seeing it clotted upon their undressed wounds. As they were borne out, one after the other, and laid upon the pavement of the yard, each seemed more horrible than the last. They were too far gone to shriek, although the agony must have been great, the heavy irons pressing upon their raw, lank shins as the jailers lugged them not too tenderly along. They had been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the heavy bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot. Their crime was that they had attempted to escape.

Hideous and loathsome, however, as was the sight of their foul wounds, their filthy rags, and their emaciated bodies, it was not so distressing as the indescribable expression of their eyes; the horror of that look of fierce agony fixed us like a fascination. As the dislocated wretches writhed upon the ground, tears rolled down the cheeks of the soldiers of the escort, who stood in rank near them. A gigantic French sergeant, who had the little mandarin in custody, gesticulated with his bayonet so fiercely, that we were afraid he would kill him. We did not then know that the single word which the poor creatures were trying to utter was 'hunger,' or that dreadful starting of the eyeball was the look of famine. Some of them had been without food for four days. Water they had, for there is a well in the yard, and their fellow-prisoners had supplied them; but cries for food were answered only by the bamboo. Alas! it was not till the next morning that we found this out, for although we took some away, we left others there that night. Since the commencement of this year, fifteen men have died in that cell. Some of those who were standing by me asked: 'How will you ever be able to tell this to the English people?' I believe that no description could lead the imagination to a full conception of what we saw in that Canton prison. I have not attempted to do more than dot a faint outline of the truth; and when I have read what I have written, I feel how feeble and forceless is the image upon paper when compared with the scene upon my memory.

This was the worst of the dens we opened, but there were many others which fell but few degrees below it in their horrors. There was not one of the six thousand prisoners we saw whose appearance before any assemblage of Englishmen would not have aroused cries of indignation. It was not until our second day's search that we were able to discover the prison in which Europeans had been confined. Threats and a night in the guard-house at last forced the discovery from the mandarin, or jail-inspector, in our custody. It is called the Koon Khan, is in the eastern part of the city, and is distinguishable from the others only that it is surrounded by a high brick-wall. Nearly the whole of our second day was passed in this place. It has only one yard, and in this the prisoners are not allowed to come. There is a joss-house at one end of the court; for, of course, the Chinese mix up their religion with their tyranny. The finest sentiments, such as 'The misery of to-day may be the happiness of to-morrow!' 'Confess your crimes, and thank the magistrate who purges you of them!' 'May we share in the mercy of the emperor!' are carved in faded golden characters over every den of every prison. Opening from this yard are four rooms, each containing four dens. The hardest and most malignant face I ever saw is that of the chief jailer of this prison. The prisoners could not be brought to look upon him, and when he was present could not be induced to say that he was a jailer at all, or that they had ever seen him before. But when he was removed, they always reiterated their first story. 'The other jailers only starve and ill-treat us, but that man eats our flesh.' Many of the prisoners had been inmates of the place for many years, and it appeared quite certain that, within a period dating from the commencement of the present troubles, six Europeans—two Frenchmen and four Englishmen—had found their death in these dreadful dens. Many different prisoners examined separately deposed to this fact, and almost to the same details. The European victims were kept here for several months, herding with the Chinese, eating of that same black mess of rice, which looks and smells like a bucket of grains cast forth from a brewery. When their time came—probably the time necessary for a reply from Pekin—the jailer held their heads back while poison was poured down their throats. The prisoners recollected two who threw up the poison, and they were strangled. The result of the investigation was, that the jailers were roughly handled by the British soldiers in sight of the prisoners, and the lieutenant-governor taken into custody to give an account of his conduct.

Russia has been visited by various Englishmen. Amongst the books thus produced, is *Recollections of a Tour in the North of Europe*, 1838, by the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY (1778–1854), whose rank and political character were the means of introducing him to many circles closed to other tourists. He was the admirer and champion of the Emperor Nicholas, and Miss Martineau has said that one who knew the marquis well, remarked on finishing his book of travel, that 'his heaven was paved with malachite.' The marquis was also author of *A Steam Voyage to Constantinople by the Rhine and the Danube in* 1840–41, *and to Portugal and Spain in* 1839, two volumes, 1842. MR JOHN BARROW is the author, besides works on Ireland and on Iceland, of *Excursions in the North of Europe, through parts of Russia, Finland, &c.*, 1834. He is invariably found to be a cheerful and intelligent companion, without attempting to be very profound or elaborate on any subject.* *Domestic Scenes in Russia*, by the REV. MR VENABLES, 1839, is an unpretending but highly interesting view of the interior life of the country. Mr Venables was married to a Russian lady, and he went to pass a winter with her relations, when he had an opportunity of seing the daily life and social habits of the people. We give a few descriptive sentences.

Russian Peasants' Houses.

These houses are in general extremely warm and substantial; they are built, for the most part, of unsquared logs of deal, laid one upon another, and firmly secured at the corners where the ends of the timbers cross, and are hollowed out so as to receive and hold one another; they are also fastened together by wooden pins and uprights in the interior. The four corners are supported upon large stones or roots of trees, so that there is a current of air under the floor to preserve the timber from damp; in the winter, earth is piled up all round to exclude the cold; the interstices between the logs are stuffed with moss and clay, so that no air can enter. The windows are very small, and are frequently cut out of the wooden wall after it is finished. In the centre of the house is a stove called a *peech* [*pechka*], which heats the cottage to an almost unbearable degree; the warmth, however, which a Russian peasant loves to enjoy within doors, is proportioned to the cold which he is required to support without; his bed is the top of his peech; and when he enters his house in the winter pierced with cold, he throws off his sheepskin coat, stretches himself on his stove, and is thoroughly warmed in a few minutes.

Employments of the People.

The riches of the Russian gentleman lie in the labour of his serfs, which it is his study to turn to good account; and he is the more urged to this, since the law which compels the peasant to work for him, requires him to maintain the peasant; if the latter is found begging, the former is liable to a fine. He is therefore a master who must always keep a certain number of workmen, whether they are useful to him or not; and as every kind of agricultural and outdoor employment is at a stand-still during the winter, he naturally turns to the establishment

* This author is a son of Sir John Barrow (1764–1848), the distinguished traveller, and assistant secretary of the Admiralty for upwards of forty years. Besides his *Travels in China* (*ante*, p. 407), Sir John wrote a *Voyage to Cochin China*, to which is annexed an account of the Booshuana nation; also, *Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa*, and various nautical memoirs.

of a manufactory, as a means of employing his peasants and as a source of profit to himself. In some cases the manufactory is at work only during the winter, and the people are employed in the summer in agriculture; though, beyond what is necessary for home consumption, this is but an unprofitable trade in most parts of this empire, from the badness of roads, the paucity and distance of markets, and the consequent difficulty in selling produce.

The alternate employment of the same man in the field and in the factory, which would be attempted in most countries with little success, is here rendered practicable and easy by the versatile genius of the Russian peasant, one of whose leading national characteristics is a general capability of turning his hand to any kind of work which he may be required to undertake. He will plough to-day, weave to-morrow, help to build a house the third day, and the fourth, if his master needs an extra coachman, he will mount the box and drive four horses abreast as though it were his daily occupation. It is probable that none of these operations, except, perhaps, the last, will be as well performed as in a country where the division of labour is more thoroughly understood. They will all, however, be sufficiently well done to serve the turn—a favourite phrase in Russia. These people are a very ingenious race, but perseverance is wanting; and though they will carry many arts to a high degree of excellence, they will generally stop short of the point of perfection, and it will be long before their manufactures can rival the finish and durability of English goods.

Excursions in the Interior of Russia, by ROBERT BREMNER, two volumes, 1839, is a narrative of a short visit to Russia during the autumn of 1836. The same author published *Excursions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden*, two volumes, 1840. Before parting from Russia, it may be observed that no English book upon that country exceeds in interest *A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic, described in a Series of Letters*, 1841, being more particularly an account of the Esthonians, whose simple character and habits afford a charming picture. This delightful book was understood to be from the pen of a lady, Miss Rigby, afterwards Lady Eastlake, author of *Livonian Tales*, 1846.

Of Norway and Sweden we have accounts by MR SAMUEL LAING, of Papdale, Orkney, a younger brother of the author of the History of Scotland during the seventeenth century. This gentleman did not begin to publish till a mature period of life, his first work being a *Residence in Norway in* 1834–36, and the second, a *Tour in Sweden in* 1838, both of which abound in valuable statistical facts and well-digested information. Mr Laing resided for two years in different parts of Norway, and concluded that the Norwegians were the happiest people in Europe. Their landed property is so extensively diffused in small estates, that out of a population of a million there are about 41,656 proprietors. There is no law of primogeniture, yet the estates are not subdivided into minute possessions, but average from forty to sixty acres of arable land, with adjoining natural wood and pasturage.

Agricultural Peasantry of Norway.

The Bonder, or agricultural peasantry (says Mr Laing), each the proprietor of his own farm, occupy the country from the shore side to the hill foot, and up every valley or glen as far as corn can grow. This class is the kernel of the nation. They are in general fine athletic men, as their properties are not so large as to exempt them from work, but large enough to afford them and their household abundance, and even superfluity of the best food. They farm not to raise produce for sale, so much as to grow everything they eat, drink, and wear in their families. They build their own houses, make their own chairs, tables, ploughs, carts, harness, iron-work, basket-work, and wood-work; in short, except window-glass, cast-iron ware, and pottery, everything about their houses and furniture is of their own fabrication. There is not probably in Europe so great a population in so happy a condition as these Norwegian yeomanry. A body of small proprietors, each with his thirty or forty acres, scarcely exists elsewhere in Europe; or, if it can be found, it is under the shadow of some more imposing body of wealthy proprietors or commercial men. . . . Here they are the highest men in the nation. The settlers in the newer states of America, and in our colonies, possess properties of probably about the same extent; but they have roads to make, lands to clear, houses to build, and the work that has been doing here for a thousand years to do, before they can be in the same condition. These Norwegian proprietors are in a happier condition than those in the older states of America, because they are not so much influenced by the spirit of gain. They farm their little estates, and consume the produce, without seeking to barter or sell, except what is necessary for paying their taxes and the few articles of luxury they consume. There is no money-getting spirit among them, and none of extravagance. They enjoy the comforts of excellent houses, as good and large as those of the wealthiest individuals; good furniture, bedding, linen, clothing, fuel, victuals, and drink, all in abundance, and of their own providing; good horses, and a houseful of people who have more food than work. Food, furniture, and clothing being all home-made, the difference in these matters between the family and the servants is very small; but there is a perfect distinction kept up. The servants invariably eat, sleep, and sit apart from the family, and have generally a distinct building adjoining to the family house.

The neighbouring country of Sweden appears to be in a much worse condition, and the people are described as highly immoral and depraved. By the returns from 1830 to 1834, one person in every forty-nine of the inhabitants of the towns, and one in every hundred and seventy-six of the rural population, had been punished each year for criminal offences. The state of female morals, particularly in the capital of Stockholm, is worse than in any other European state. Yet in Sweden education is widely diffused, and literature is not neglected. The nobility are described by Mr Laing as sunk in debt and poverty; yet the people are vain of idle distinctions, and the order of burgher nobility is as numerous as in some of the German states.

Society of Sweden.

Every man (he says) belongs to a privileged or licensed class or corporation, of which every member is by law entitled to be secured and protected within his own locality from such competition or interference of others in the same calling as would injure his means of living. It is, consequently, not as with us, upon his industry, ability, character, and moral worth that the employment and daily bread of the tradesman, and the social influence and consideration of the individual, in every rank, even the highest, almost entirely depends; it is here, in the middle and lower classes, upon corporate rights and privileges, or upon license obtained from government; and in the higher, upon birth and court or government favour. Public estimation, gained by character and conduct in the several relations of life, is not a necessary element in the social condition even

of the working tradesman. Like soldiers in a regiment, a great proportion of the people under this social system derive their estimation among others, and consequently their own self-esteem, not from their moral worth, but from their professional standing and importance. This evil is inherent in all privileged classes, but is concealed or compensated in the higher, the nobility, military, and clergy, by the sense of honour, of religion, and by education. In the middle and lower walks of life those influences are weaker, while the temptations to immorality are stronger; and the placing a man's livelihood, prosperity, and social consideration in his station upon other grounds than on his own industry and moral worth, is a demoralising evil in the very structure of Swedish society.'

Mr Laing has since published *Notes of a Traveller in Europe*, 1854; *Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in* 1848-49; and *Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark and the Duchies in* 1851.

Travels in Circassia and Krim Tartary, by MR SPENCER, author of a work on *Germany and the Germans*, two volumes, 1837, was hailed with peculiar satisfaction, as affording information respecting a brave mountainous tribe who long warred with Russia to preserve their national independence. They appear to be a simple people, with feudal laws and customs, never intermarrying with any race except their own. Further information was afforded of the habits of the Circassians by the *Journal of a Residence in Circassia* during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, by MR J. S. BELL. This gentleman resided in Circassia in the character of agent or envoy from England, which, however, was partly assumed. He acted also as physician, and seems generally to have been received with kindness and confidence. The population, according to Mr Bell, is divided into fraternities, like the tithings or hundreds in England during the time of the Saxons. Criminal offences are punished by fines levied on the fraternity, that for homicide being two hundred oxen. The guerrilla warfare which the Circassians carried on against Russia, marked their indomitable spirit and love of country, but it, of course, retarded their civilisation.

A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas, by JOSEPH BULLAR, M.D., and JOHN BULLAR of Lincoln's Inn, two volumes, 1841, furnish some light agreeable notices of the islands of the Azores, under the dominion of Portugal, from which they are distant about 800 miles. This archipelago contains about 250,000 inhabitants. St Michael's is the largest town, and there is a considerable trade in oranges betwixt it and England. About 120,000 large and small chests of oranges were shipped for England in 1839, and 315 boxes of lemons. These particulars will serve to introduce a passage respecting

The Cultivation of the Orange, and Gathering the Fruit.

March 26.—Accompanied Senhor B—— to several of his orange-gardens in the town. Many of the trees in one garden were a hundred years old, still bearing plentifully a highly prized thin-skinned orange, full of juice and free from pips. The thinness of the rind of a St Michael's orange, and its freedom from pips, depend on the age of the tree. The young trees, when in full vigour, bear fruit with a thick pulpy rind and an abundance of seeds; but as the vigour of the plant declines, the peel becomes thinner, and the seeds gradually diminish in number, until they disappear altogether. Thus, the oranges that we esteem the most are the produce of barren trees, and those which we consider the least palatable come from plants in full vigour.

Our friend was increasing the number of his trees by layers. These usually take root at the end of two years. They are then cut off from the parent stem, and are vigorous young trees four feet high. The process of raising from seed is seldom, if ever, adopted in the Azores, on account of the very slow growth of the trees so raised. Such plants, however, are far less liable to the inroads of a worm which attacks the roots of the trees raised from layers, and frequently proves very destructive to them. The seed or 'pip' of the acid orange, which we call Seville, with the sweeter kind grafted upon it, is said to produce fruit of the finest flavour. In one small garden eight trees were pointed out which had borne for two successive years a crop of oranges which was sold for thirty pounds. . . .

The treatment of orange-trees in Fayal differs from that in St Michael's, where, after they are planted out, they are allowed to grow as they please. In this orange-garden the branches, by means of strings and pegs fixed in the ground, were strained away from the centre into the shape of a cup, or of the ribs of an open umbrella turned upside down. This allows the sun to penetrate, exposes the branches to a free circulation of air, and is said to be of use in ripening the fruit. Certain it is that oranges are exported from Fayal several weeks earlier than they are from St Michael's; and as this cannot be attributed to greater warmth of climate, it may possibly be owing to the plan of spreading the trees to the sun. The same precautions are taken here as in St Michael's to shield them from the winds; high walls are built round all the gardens, and the trees themselves are planted among rows of fayas, firs, and camphor-trees. If it were not for these precautions, the oranges would be blown down in such numbers as to interfere with or swallow up the profits of the gardens; none of the windfalls or 'ground fruit,' as the merchants here call them, being exported to England.

Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange-cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. These youngsters, who were playing at their work like the children of a larger growth that sat by their side, were with much difficulty kept in order by an elderly man, who shook his head and a long stick whenever they flagged or idled. . . .

A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, sitting with the chest between his legs, placed it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second, and a third, and a fourth as fast as his hands could move and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards, secured them with the willow-band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass which stood ready for lading.

Two chests were slung across his back by means of cords crossed in a figure of eight; both were well secured by straps under his belly; the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry 'Sackaaio,' trudged off to the town.

The orange-trees in this garden cover the sides of a glen or ravine, like that of the Dargle, but somewhat less steep; they are of some age, and have lost the stiff clumpy form of the younger trees. Some idea of the rich beauty of the scene may be formed by imagining the trees of the Dargle to be magnificent shrubs loaded with orange fruit, and mixed with lofty arbutuses—

> Groves whose rich fruit, burnished with golden rind,
> Hung amiable, and of delicious taste.

In one part scores of children were scattered among the branches, gathering fruit into small baskets, hallooing, laughing, practically joking, and finally emptying their gatherings into the larger baskets underneath the trees, which, when filled, were slowly borne away to the packing-place, and bowled out upon the great heap. Many large orange-trees on the steep sides of the glen lay on the ground uprooted, either from their load of fruit, the high winds, or the weight of the boys, four, five, and even six of whom will climb the branches at the same time; and as the soil is very light, and the roots are superficial—and the fall of a tree perhaps not unamusing—down the trees come. They are allowed to lie where they fall; and those which had evidently fallen many years ago were still alive, and bearing good crops. The oranges are not ripe until March or April, nor are they eaten generally by the people here until that time—the boys, however, that picked them are marked exceptions. The young children of Villafranca are now almost universally of a yellow tint, as if saturated with orange juice.

Travels in New Zealand, by EARNEST DIEFFENBACH, M.D., late naturalist to the New Zealand Company, 1843, is a valuable history of an interesting country, destined apparently to transmit the English language, arts, and civilisation. Mr Dieffenbach gives a minute account of the language of New Zealand, of which he compiled a grammar and dictionary. He conceives the native population of New Zealand to be fit to receive the benefits of civilisation, and to amalgamate with the British colonists.

MR ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *Travels in Australia and New Zealand*, 1873, supply recent and minute information. The vast improvements of late years—the formation of railroads and general progress in New Zealand—have been extraordinary. Of the squatters and free settlers, Mr Trollope says:

> The first night we stayed at a squatter's house, and I soon learned that the battle between the squatter and the free-selecter, of which I had heard so much in the Australian colonies, was being waged with the same internecine fury in New Zealand. Indeed the New Zealand bitterness almost exceeded that of New South Wales—though I did not hear the complaint, so common in New South Wales, that the free-selecters were all cattle-stealers. The complaint made here was that the government, in dealing with the land, had continually favoured the free-selecter at the expense of the squatter—who having been the pioneer in taking up the land, deserved all good things from the country of his adoption. The squatter's claim is in the main correct. He has deserved good things, and has generally got them. In all these colonies—in New Zealand as well as New South Wales and Victoria—the squatter is the aristocrat of the country. In wealth, position, and general influence he stands first. There are no doubt points as to which the squatters have been unjustly used—matters as to which the legislature have endeavoured to clip their wings at the expense of real justice. But they have been too strong for the legislature, have driven coaches and horses through colonial acts of parliament, have answered injustice by illegal proceeding, and have as a rule held their own and perhaps something more. I soon found that in this respect the condition of New Zealand was very similar to that of the Australian colonies. The gentleman who accompanied us was the government land-commissioner of the province, and, as regarded private life, was hand and glove with our host; but the difference of their position gave me an opportunity of hearing the land question discussed as it regarded that province. I perceived that the New Zealand squatter regarded himself as a thrice-shorn lamb, but was looked upon by anti-squatters as a very wolf.

Of the Maoris he takes a less romantic or sympathetic view than some writers:

> They are certainly more highly gifted than other savage nations I have seen. They are as superior in intelligence and courage to the Australian aboriginal as they are in outward appearance. They are more pliable and nearer akin in their manners to civilised mankind than are the American Indians. They are more manly, more courteous, and also more sagacious than the African negro. One can understand the hope and the ambition of the first great old missionaries who had dealings with them. But contact with Europeans does not improve them. At the touch of the higher race they are poisoned and melt away. There is scope for poetry in their past history. There is room for philanthropy as to their present condition. But in regard to their future—there is hardly a place for hope.

Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country, by MADAME CALDERON DE LA BARCA, an English lady, is full of sketches of domestic life, related with spirit and acuteness. In no other work are we presented with such agreeable glimpses of Mexican life and manners. *Letters on Paraguay*, and *Letters on South America*, by J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON, are the works of two brothers who resided twenty-five years in South America.

The *Narrative of the Voyages of H.M.S. 'Adventure' and 'Beagle,'* 1839, by CAPTAINS KING and FITZROY, and C. DARWIN, Esq., naturalist of the *Beagle*, detail the various incidents which occurred during their examination of the southern shores of South America, and during the *Beagle's* circumnavigation of the globe. The account of the Patagonians in this work, and that of the natives of Tierra del Fuego, are both novel and interesting, while the details supplied by Mr Darwin possess a permanent value (*ante*, p. 762).

Notes on the United States during a Phrenological Visit in 1839–40, have been published by MR GEORGE COMBE, in three volumes. Though attaching what is apt to appear an undue importance to his views of phrenology, Mr Combe was a sensible traveller. He paid particular attention to schools and all benevolent institutions, which he has described with care and minuteness. Among the matter-of-fact details and sober disquisitions in this work, we meet with the following romantic story. The author had visited the lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale, where he learned this realisation of Cymon and Iphigenia—finer even than the version of Dryden!

An American Cymon and Iphigenia.

In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated, that I entertain no doubt of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hands shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure. In the neighbourhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks, and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested, that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were roused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent, and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write? He answered, No. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighbouring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good which she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice, continued to improve, and at last was restored to his family cured. She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her; but an interview was denied to him, both on her account and his own. She died. He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!

America, Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive, by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, is a vast collection of facts and details, few of them novel or striking, but apparently written with truth and candour. The work fatigues from the multiplicity of its small statements, and the want of general views or animated description. In 1842 the author published two additional volumes, describing his tour in the slave-states. These are more interesting, because the ground is less hackneyed, and Mr Buckingham felt strongly, as a benevolent and humane man, on the subject of slavery. Mr Buckingham was an extensive traveller and writer. He published narratives of journeys in Palestine, Assyria, Media, and Persia, and of various continental tours. He tried a number of literary schemes, establishing the *Oriental Herald* and *Athenæum* weekly journal, and was a successful lecturer. He had published two volumes of an autobiography, when he died somewhat suddenly in 1855, aged sixty-nine.

Among other works on America we may mention the *Western World*, by ALEXANDER MACKAY, three volumes, 1849, a very complete and able book up to the date of its publication; *Things as They are in America*, by DR WILLIAM CHAMBERS; and *Life and Liberty in America*, by DR CHARLES MACKAY. 'A visit to America,' as Dr Chambers has said, 'is usually one of the early aspirations of the more impressionable youth of England. The stirring stories told of Columbus, Sebastian Cabot, Raleigh, and Captain John Smith; the history of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from persecution; the description of Penn's transactions with the Indians; the narratives of the gallant achievements of Wolfe and Washington, and the lamentable humiliations of Burgoyne and Cornwallis; the exciting autobiography of the Philadelphian printer, who, from toiling at the press, rose to be the companion of kings—all have their due effect on the imagination.' The facilities afforded by steam-boat communication also render a visit to America a matter of easy and pleasant accomplishment, and the United States are every season traversed by hosts of British tourists—men of science, art, and literature, and pleasure-seekers, while the international commerce and trading is proportionally extended.

Two remarkable works on Spain have been published by MR GEORGE BORROW, late agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The first of these, in two volumes, 1841, is entitled *Zincali, or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain.* Mr Borrow calculates that there are about forty thousand gipsies in Spain, of which about one-third are to be found in Andalusia. The caste, he says, has diminished of late years. The author's adventures with this singular people are curiously compounded of the ludicrous and romantic, and are related in the most vivid and dramatic manner. Mr Borrow's second work is named *The Bible in Spain; or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula*, 1844. There are many things in the book which, as the author acknowledges, have little connection with religion or religious enterprise. It is indeed a series of personal adventures, varied and interesting, with sketches of character and romantic incidents drawn with more power and vivacity than is possessed by most novelists.

Impressions of the City of Madrid.

From Borrow's *Bible in Spain.*

I have visited most of the principal capitals of the world, but upon the whole none has ever so interested me as this city of Madrid, in which I now found myself. I will not dwell upon its streets, its edifices, its public squares, its fountains, though some of these are remarkable enough: but Petersburg has finer streets, Paris and Edinburgh more stately edifices, London far nobler squares, whilst Shiraz can boast of more costly fountains, though not cooler waters. But the population! Within a mud wall, scarcely one league and a half in circuit, are contained two hundred thousand human beings, certainly forming the most extraordinary vital mass to be found in the entire world; and be it always remembered that this mass is strictly Spanish. The population of Constantinople is extraordinary enough, but to form it twenty nations have contributed—Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Poles, Jews, the latter, by-the-bye, of Spanish origin, and speaking amongst themselves the old Spanish language; but the huge population of Madrid, with the exception of a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly French tailors, glove-makers, and perruquiers, is strictly Spanish, though a considerable portion are not natives of the place. Here are no colonies of Germans, as at St Petersburg; no English factories, as at Lisbon; no multitudes of insolent Yankees lounging through the streets, as at the Havannah, with an air which seems to

say, 'The land is our own whenever we choose to take it;' but a population which, however strange and wild, and composed of various elements, is Spanish, and will remain so as long as the city itself shall exist. Hail, ye aguadores of Asturia! who, in your dress of coarse duffel and leathern skull-caps, are seen seated in hundreds by the fountain-sides, upon your empty water-casks, or staggering with them filled to the topmost stories of lofty houses. Hail, ye caleseros of Valencia! who, lolling lazily against your vehicles, rasp tobacco for your paper cigars whilst waiting for a fare. Hail to you, beggars of La Mancha! men and women, who, wrapped in coarse blankets, demand charity indifferently at the gate of the palace or the prison. Hail to you, valets from the mountains, mayordomos and secretaries from Biscay and Guipuscoa, toreros from Andalusia, riposteros from Galicia, shopkeepers from Catalonia! Hail to ye, Castilians, Estremenians, and Aragonese, of whatever calling! And, lastly, genuine sons of the capital, rabble of Madrid, ye twenty thousand manolos, whose terrible knives, on the second morning of May, worked such grim havoc amongst the legions of Murat!

And the higher orders—the ladies and gentlemen, the cavaliers and señoras; shall I pass them by in silence? The truth is, I have little to say about them; I mingled but little in their society, and what I saw of them by no means tended to exalt them in my imagination. I am not one of those who, wherever they go, make it a constant practice to disparage the higher orders, and to exalt the populace at their expense. There are many capitals in which the high aristocracy, the lords and ladies, the sons and daughters of nobility, constitute the most remarkable and the most interesting part of the population. This is the case at Vienna, and more especially at London. Who can rival the English aristocrat in lofty stature, in dignified bearing, in strength of hand, and valour of heart? Who rides a nobler horse? Who has a firmer seat? And who more lovely than his wife, or sister, or daughter? But with respect to the Spanish aristocracy, I believe the less that is said of them on the points to which I have just alluded the better. I confess, however, that I know little about them. Le Sage has described them as they were nearly two centuries ago. His description is anything but captivating, and I do not think that they have improved since the period of the immortal Frenchman. I would sooner talk of the lower class, not only of Madrid, but of all Spain. The Spaniard of the lower class has much more interest for me, whether manolo, labourer, or muleteer. He is not a common being; he is an extraordinary man. He has not, it is true, the amiability and generosity of the Russian mujik, who will give his only rouble rather than the stranger shall want; nor his placid courage, which renders him insensible to fear, and at the command of his czar sends him singing to certain death. There is more hardness and less self-devotion in the disposition of the Spaniard: he possesses, however, a spirit of proud independence, which it is impossible but to admire.

Mr Borrow has since published *Lavengro—the Scholar, the Gipsy, the Priest*, 1851; *Romany Rye*, a sequel to *Lavengro;* and *Wild Wales, its People, Language and Scenery*, 1870. These works are inferior in interest to his former publications, but are still remarkable books. Mr Borrow is a native of Norfolk, born at East Dereham in 1803.

RICHARD FORD.

One of the most vivid pictures of a great country and people ever drawn, is presented in the *Handbook for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home*, by RICHARD FORD (1796–1858). The first edition of this work appeared in 1845, in two volumes. In 1846 the author selected portions of it to form, with additions and corrections, a work suited to the library, and bearing the title of *Gatherings from Spain*. A new edition, partly rewritten, was issued in 1855, as one of the series of *Murray's Hand-books*. This interesting and valuable work has elicited praise from all travellers in Spain and all literary critics, as the best book that has ever appeared for illustration of the national character and manners of the Spaniards, as well as for its descriptions of the scenery, and topography of the country. Mr Ford was the eldest son of Sir Richard Ford, at one time M.P. for East Grinstead, and chief police magistrate of London. He studied for the bar, but never practised, devoting himself to art and literature, and residing for many years in Spain. He was an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Review*.

Spain and Spaniards.

Since Spain appears on the map to be a square and most compact kingdom, politicians and geographers have treated it and its inhabitants as one and the same; practically, however, this is almost a geographical expression, as the earth, air, and mortals of the different portions of this conventional whole are altogether heterogeneous. Peninsular man has followed the nature by which he is surrounded; mountains and rivers have walled and moated the dislocated land; mists and gleams have diversified the heaven; and differing like soil and sky, the *people*, in each of the once independent provinces, now bound loosely together by one golden hoop, the crown, has its own particular character. To hate his neighbour is a second nature to the Spaniard; no spick and span constitution, be it printed on parchment or calico, can at once efface traditions and antipathies of a thousand years; the accidents of localities and provincial nationalities, out of which they have sprung, remain too deeply dyed to be forthwith discharged by theorists. The climate and productions vary no less than do language, costume, and manners; and so division and localism have, from time immemorial, formed a marked national feature. Spaniards may talk and boast of their *Patria*, as is done by the similarly circumstanced Italians, but like them and the Germans, they have the fallacy, but no real Fatherland; it is an aggregation rather than an amalgamation—every single individual in his heart really only loving his native province, and only considering as his fellow-countryman, *su paisano*—a most binding and endearing word—one born in the same locality as himself: hence it is not easy to predicate much in regard to 'the Spains' and Spaniards in general which will hold quite good as to each particular portion ruled by the sovereign of *Las Espanas*, the plural title given to the chief of the federal union of this really little united kingdom. *Espanolismo* may, however, be said to consist in a love for a common faith and king, and in a coincidence of resistance to all foreign dictation. The deep sentiments of religion, loyalty, and independence, noble characteristics indeed, have been sapped in our times by the influence of Trans-Pyrenean revolutions.

Two general observations may be premised: *First*, The people of Spain, the so-called lower orders, are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their betters, and in most respects are more interesting. The masses, the least spoilt and the most national, stand like pillars amid ruins, and on them the edifice of Spain's greatness is, if ever, to be reconstructed. This may have arisen in this land of anomalies, from the peculiar policy of government in church and state, where the possessors of religious and civil monopolies, who dreaded knowledge as power, pressed heavily on the noble and rich, dwarfing down their bodies by intermarriages, and all but extinguishing their minds by inquisitions; while the people, overlooked in the obscurity of poverty, were allowed to grow out to their full growth like wild weeds

of a rich soil. They, in fact, have long enjoyed, under despotisms of church and state, a practical and personal independence, the good results of which are evident in their stalwart frames and manly bearing.

Secondly, A distinction must ever be made between the Spaniard in his *individual* and in his *collective* capacity, and still more in an *official* one: taken by himself, he is true and valiant: the nicety of his *Pundonor*, or point of personal honour, is proverbial; to him as an individual, you may safely trust your life, fair fame, and purse. Yet history, treating of these individuals in the collective, *juntados*, presents the foulest examples of misbehaviour in the field, of Punic bad faith in the cabinet, of bankruptcy and repudiation on the exchange. This may be also much ascribed to the deteriorating influence of bad government, by which the individual Spaniard, like the monk in a convent, becomes fused into the corporate. The atmosphere is too infectious to avoid some corruption, and while the Spaniard feels that his character is only in safe keeping when in his own hands, and no man of any nation knows better then how to uphold it, when linked with others, his self-pride, impatient of any superior, lends itself readily to feelings of mistrust, until self-interest and preservation become uppermost. From suspecting that he will be sold and sacrificed by others, he ends by floating down the turbid stream like the rest: yet even official employment does not quite destroy all private good qualities, and the *empleado* may be appealed to as an individual.

The Spanish Muleteers.

The muleteer of Spain is justly renowned: his generic term is *arriero*, a gee-upper, for his *arre arre* is pure Arabic, as indeed are almost all the terms connected with his craft, as the Moriscoes were long the great carriers of Spain. To travel with the muleteer, when the party is small or a person alone, is both cheap and safe; indeed many of the most picturesque portions of Spain, Ronda and Granda for instance, can scarcely be reached except by walking or riding. These men, who are constantly on the road, and going backwards and forwards, are the best persons to consult for details; their animals are generally to be hired, but a muleteer's steed is not pleasant to ride, since their beasts always travel in single files. The leading animal is furnished with a copper bell with a wooden clapper (to give notice of their march), which is shaped like an ice-mould, sometimes two feet long, and hangs from the neck, being contrived, as it were, on purpose to knock the animal's knees as much as possible, and to emit the greatest quantity of the most melancholy sounds, which, according to the pious origin of all bells, were meant to scare away the Evil One. The bearer of all this tintinnabular clatter is chosen from its superior docility, and knack in picking out a way. The others follow their leader, and the noise he makes when they cannot see him. They are heavily but scientifically laden. These 'sumpter' mules are gaily decorated with trappings full of colour and tags. The head-gear is composed of different coloured worsteds, to which a multitude of small bells are affixed; hence the saying, *muger de mucha campanilla*, a woman of many bells, of much show, much noise or pretension. The muleteer either walks by the side of his animal, or sits aloft on the cargo, with his feet dangling on the neck, a seat which is by no means so uncomfortable as it would appear. A rude gun, loaded with slugs, hangs by his side, and often also a guitar; these emblems of life and death paint the unchanged, reckless condition of Iberia, where extremes have ever met, where a man still goes out of the world, like a swan, with a song. Thus accoutred, as Byron says, with

> all that gave
> Promise of pleasure, or a grave,

the approach of the caravan is announced from afar by his cracked or guttural voice: 'How carols now the lusty muleteer!' For when not engaged in swearing or smoking, the livelong day is passed in one monotonous high-pitched song, the tune of which is little in harmony with the import of the words or his cheerful humour, being most unmusical and melancholy; but such is the true type of oriental melody, as it is called. The same absence of thought which is shewn in England by whistling is displayed in Spain by singing. . . .

The Spanish muleteer is a fine fellow: he is intelligent, active, and enduring; he braves hunger and thirst, heat and cold, mud and dust; he works as hard as his cattle, never robs or is robbed; and while his betters put off everything till to-morrow except bankruptcy, he is punctual and honest; his frame is wiry and sinewy, his costume peculiar. It must be admitted that these cavalcades of mules are truly national and picturesque; mingled with mounted horsemen, the zigzag lines come threading down the mountain defiles, now tracking through the aromatic brushwood, now concealed amid rocks and olive-trees, now emerging bright and glittering into the sunshine, giving life and movement to the lonely nature, and breaking the usual stillness by the tinkle of the bell and the sad ditty of the muleteer—sounds which, though unmusical in themselves, are in keeping with the scene, and associated with wild Spanish rambles, just as in England the harsh whetting of the scythe is mixed up with the sweet spring and newly-mown meadow.

A. H. LAYARD.

Few modern books of travels or narratives of discovery have excited greater interest in this country than the two volumes published in 1848, *Nineveh and its Remains*, by AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD. Mr Layard (born in Paris in 1817) had travelled extensively in the East, and was devoted to the study of Eastern antiquities and manners. The vast mounds near Mosul, on the banks of the Tigris, were traditionally known as the site of the ancient Nineveh; the French consul at Mosul, M. Botta, had made interesting discoveries at Khorsabad; and, stimulated by his example, Mr Layard entered on a course of excavations at the same spot. The generosity of Sir Stratford Canning—now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—supplied funds for the expedition. In October 1845, Mr Layard reached Mosul, and commenced operations at Nimroud, about eighteen miles lower down the Tigris. He descended the river on a raft.

Appearance of Nimroud.

It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not these remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them: its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier, built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab, who guided my small raft, gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once

safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to insure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals, spreading like network over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connection between the dam and the city built by Athur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammum Ali—and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favourite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Baghdad.

The 'cuneiform character' referred to is the arrow-headed alphabet, or signs and characters, found on bricks, on cylinders, on the remains of ancient buildings, and on the smooth surfaces of rocks, from the Euphrates to the eastern boundary of Persia. Professor Grotofend deciphered certain names in these inscriptions, and his discovery has been followed up by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr Hincks, and others, with distinguished success. Mr Layard commenced his operations at Nimroud on a vast mound, 1800 feet long, 900 broad, and 60 or 70 feet high. On digging down into the rubbish, chambers of white marble were brought to light; then sculptures with cuneiform inscriptions, winged lions with human heads, sphinxes, bass-reliefs representing hunting-pieces and battle-scenes, with illustrations of domestic life. One discovery caused great consternation among the labourers.

Discovery of a Colossal Sculpture.

On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me, they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them—'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features shewed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together: 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the prophet—peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the by-standers concurred.

The semi-barbarism of the people caused frequent difficulties; but the traveller's tact, liberality, and courage overcame them all. In about twelve months, eight chambers were opened. Additional funds for prosecuting researches were obtained through the trustees of the British Museum, and ultimately twenty-eight halls and galleries were laid open, and the most valuable of the exhumed treasures transmitted to the British Museum. Mr Layard afterwards commenced excavations at Kouyunjik, on the plain beyond the Tigris, opposite Mosul, and was there equally successful. In 1849, he undertook a second expedition, funds having been supplied (though with a niggardly hand) by the trustees of the Museum and the government. On this occasion, Mr Layard extended his researches to Babylon and the confines of Persia, but the most valuable results were obtained in the field of his former labours, at Nimroud and Kouyunjik. The sculptures were of all kinds, one of the most remarkable being a figure of Dagon—a four-winged male divinity. There were representations of almost every mode of life—banquets, processions, sieges, forts, captives in fetters, criminals undergoing punishment, &c. The Assyrians appear to have been familiar with the most cruel barbarities—flaying alive, impaling, and torturing their prisoners. In the mechanical arts they were inferior to the Egyptians, and in moving those gigantic sculptures they had no motive-power but physical force—the captives, malefactors, and slaves being employed. The well-known emblems of Egyptian art appear on those Assyrian marbles, and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson considers this as disproving their early date. They are all, he concludes, within the date 1000 B.C., illustrating the periods of Shalmaneser and Sennacherib; and Mr Layard

is also of opinion that the Assyrian palaces he explored were built by Sennacherib, who came to the throne at the end of the seventh century before Christ. The mounds at Nimroud, Kouyunjik, and Khorasan would seem to be all parts of one vast city or capital—the Nineveh of Jonah, which was a three days' journey, and contained one hundred thousand children, or a population of half a million. The measurement of the space within the ruins gives an area almost identical with that assigned by the prophet.

The account of this second expedition was published by Mr Layard in 1853, under the title of *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.* He afterwards entered into public life, was a short time in 1852 Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and member of parliament for Aylesbury; he visited the Crimea during the war with Russia, and on his return was one of the most urgent in demanding inquiry into the management of the army. In December 1860 he was returned one of the members for Southwark, and from 1861 to 1866 was Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was Chief Commissioner of Works from December 1868 to November 1869, when he retired from parliament on being appointed the British envoy at Madrid.

City of Baghdad or Bagdat.

We are now amid the date-groves. If it be autumn, clusters of golden fruit hang beneath the fan-like leaves; if spring, the odour of orange blossoms fills the air. The cooing of the doves that flutter among the branches begets a pleasing melancholy, and a feeling of listlessness and repose. The raft creeps round a projecting bank, and two gilded domes and four stately minarets, all glittering in the rays of an Eastern sun, rise suddenly high above the dense bed of palms. They are of the mosque of Kaithaman, which covers the tombs of two of the Imaums or holy saints of the Sheeah sect. The low banks swarm with Arabs—men, women, and naked children. Mud hovels screened by yellow mats, and groaning water-wheels worked by the patient ox, are seen beneath the palms. The Tigris becomes wider and wider, and the stream is almost motionless. Circular boats of reeds, coated with bitumen, skim over the water. Horsemen and riders on white asses hurry along the river-side. Turks in flowing robes and broad turbans; Persians in high black caps and close-fitting tunics; the Bokhara pilgrim in his white head-dress and way-worn garments; the Bedouin chief in his tasselled keffiih and striped aba; Baghdad ladies with their scarlet and white draperies, fretted with threads of gold, and their black horse-hair veils concealing even their wanton eyes; Persian women wrapped in their sightless garments; and Arab girls in their simple blue shirts, are all mingled together in one motley crowd. A busy stream of travellers flows without ceasing from the gates of the western suburb of Baghdad to the sacred precincts of Kaithaman.

An account of the *Highlands of Ethiopia*, by MAJOR W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, H.E.I.C. Engineers, three volumes, 1844, also abounds with novel and interesting information. The author was employed to conduct a mission which the British government sent to Sahela Selasse, the king of Shoa, in Southern Abyssinia, whose capital, Ankober, was supposed to be about four hundred miles inland from the port of Tajura, on the African coast. The king consented to form a commercial treaty, and Major Harris conceived that a profitable intercourse might be maintained by Great Britain with this productive part of the world.

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE—MR J. F. CAMPBELL.

In 1869 was published *Greater Britain, a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries* during 1866 and 1867. 'The development of the England of Elizabeth is to be found, not in the Britain of Victoria, but in half the habitable globe. If two small islands are by courtesy called "Great," America, Australia, India, must form a "Greater Britain."' After this prefatory explanation of his quaint title, the author arranges his travelling experiences into four parts—America, Polynesia, Australia, and India. The sketches are lively and spirited, and the work was well received by the public. The sixth edition (1872) is now before us.

Influence of the English Race.

The idea which in all the length of my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide—a key wherewith to unlock the hidden things of strange new lands—is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined, perhaps, eventually to overspread. In America, the peoples of the world are being fused together, but they run into an English mould: Alfred's laws and Chaucer's tongue are theirs whether they would or no. There are men who say that Britain in her age will claim the glory of having planted greater Englands across the seas. They fail to perceive that she has done more than found plantations of her own—that she has imposed her institutions upon the offshoots of Germany, of Ireland, of Scandinavia, and of Spain.

Brigham Young.

We posted off to a merchant to whom we had letters, that we might inquire when his spiritual chief and military ruler would be home again from his 'trip north.' The answer was, 'To-morrow.'

After watching the last gleams fade from the snow-fields upon the Wasatch, we parted for the night, as I had to sleep in a private house, the hotel being filled even to the balcony. As I entered the drawing-room of my entertainer, I heard the voice of a lady reading, and caught enough of what she said to be aware that it was a defence of polygamy. She ceased when she saw the stranger; but I found that it was my host's first wife reading Belinda Pratt's book to her daughters—girls just blooming into womanhood.

After an agreeable chat with the ladies, doubly pleasant as it followed upon a long absence from civilisation, I went to my room, which I afterwards found to be that of the eldest son, a youth of sixteen years. In one corner stood two Ballard rifles, and two revolvers and a military uniform hung from pegs upon the wall. When I lay down with my hands underneath the pillow—an attitude instinctively adopted to escape the sand-flies, I touched something cold. I felt it—a full-sized Colt, and capped. Such was my first introduction to Utah Mormonism.

On the morrow, we had the first and most formal of our four interviews with the Mormon president, the conversation lasting three hours, and all the leading men of the church being present. When we rose to leave, Brigham said: 'Come to see me here again: Brother Stenhouse will shew you everything;' and then blessed us in these words, 'Peace be with you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.'

Elder Stenhouse followed us out of the presence, and somewhat anxiously put the odd question: 'Well, is he

a white man?' 'White' is used in Utah as a general term of praise; a white man is a man—to use our corresponding idiom—not so black as he is painted. A 'white country' is a country with grass and trees; just as a white man means a man who is morally not a Ute, so a white country is a land in which others than Utes can dwell.

We made some complimentary answer to Stenhouse's question; but it was impossible not to feel that the real point was, is Brigham sincere?

Brigham's deeds have been those of a sincere man. His bitterest opponents cannot dispute the fact that in 1844, when Nauvoo was about to be deserted, owing to the attacks of a ruffianly mob, Brigham rushed to the front, and took the chief command. To be a Mormon leader then was to be a leader of an outcast people, with a price set on his head, in a Missourian county in which almost every man who was not a Mormon was by profession an assassin. In the sense, too, of believing that he is what he professes to be, Brigham is undoubtedly sincere. In the wider sense of being that which he professes to be, he comes off as well, if only we will read his words in the way he speaks them. He tells us that he is a prophet—God's representative on earth; but when I asked him whether he was of a wholly different spiritual rank to that held by other devout men, he said: 'By no means. I am a prophet—one of many. All good men are prophets; but God has blessed me with peculiar favour in revealing His will oftener and more clearly through me than through other men.'

Those who would understand Brigham's revelations must read Bentham. The leading Mormons are utilitarian deists. 'God's will be done,' they like other deists say, is to be our rule: and God's will they find in written revelation and in utility. God has given men, by the actual hand of angels, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Book of Covenants, the revelations upon Plural Marriage. When these are exhausted, man, seeking for God's will, has to turn to the principle of utility: that which is for the happiness of mankind—that is, of the church—is God's will and must be done. While utility is their only index to God's pleasure, they admit that the church must be ruled—that opinions may differ as to what is the good of the church, and therefore the will of God. They meet, then, annually, in an assembly of the people, and electing church-officers by popular will and acclamation, they see God's finger in the ballot-box. They say, like the Jews in the election of their judges, that the choice of the people is the choice of God. This is what men like John Taylor or David Wells appear to feel; the ignorant are permitted to look upon Brigham as something more than man, and though Brigham himself does nothing to confirm this view, the leaders foster the delusion. When I asked Stenhouse, 'Has Brigham's re-election as prophet ever been opposed?' he answered sharply, 'I should like to see the man who'd do it.'

Brigham's personal position is a strange one: he calls himself prophet, and declares that he has revelations from God himself, but when you ask him quietly what all this means, you find that for prophet you should read political philosopher. He sees that a canal from Utah Lake to Salt Lake Valley would be of vast utility to the church and the people—that a new settlement is urgently required. He thinks about these things till they dominate in his mind, and take in his brain the shape of physical creations. He dreams of the canal, the city; sees them before him in his waking moments. That which is so clearly for the good of God's people becomes God's will. Next Sunday at the tabernacle, he steps to the front and says: 'God has spoken; He has said unto his prophet: "Get thee up, Brigham, and build Me a city in the fertile valley to the South, where there is water, where there are fish, where the sun is strong enough to ripen the cotton plants, and give raiment as well as food to my saints on earth." Brethren willing to aid God's work should come to me before the bishops' meeting.' As the prophet takes his seat again, and puts on his broad-brimmed hat, a hum of applause runs round the bowery, and teams and barrows are freely promised.

Sometimes the canal, the bridge, the city may prove a failure, but this is not concealed: the prophet's human tongue may blunder even when he is communicating holy things. 'After all,' Brigham said to me the day before I left, 'the highest inspiration is good sense—the knowing what to do and how to do it.'

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE, author of *Greater Britain*, is son of a baronet of the same name who was one of the Commissioners of the International Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and for his services in that capacity was rewarded with a baronetcy in 1862. The second baronet was born in 1843, studied law, and was called to the bar in 1866. In November 1867 he was elected to represent Chelsea in the House of Commons. Sir Charles has succeeded his father and grandfather as proprietor of the *Athenæum* literary journal.

Another extensive traveller, MR J. F. CAMPBELL, has published two volumes of extracts from journals sent home, geological and other notes written while travelling westwards round the world in 1875. His work is entitled *My Circular Notes*. The 'Notes' are lively and graphic, especially as regards Japan and the Japanese, of which the accounts are highly favourable.

'Japan is fairly started with growing railroads and telegraphs, an ordnance survey, and an observatory; steam-boats, a newspaper, and a national debt. A most ingenious set of mortals are planted in one of the best commercial situations in the whole world, watched by all the great powers. They make one of the most interesting of political studies, and are the queerest mixture of tragedy and comedy that a spectator can look at from outside.'

Mr Campbell is a Celtic scholar, and has published four volumes of *Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected, with a Translation*, 1862. The work is a rich repertory of Celtic folk-lore and traditional literature, poetical and prosaic.

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

Two interesting volumes on Arabia were published in 1865, by WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE, son of Sir Francis Palgrave, and born in Westminster in 1826. An officer in the Indian army, Mr Palgrave travelled for nearly ten years (1853–1863) in Arabia and other parts of the Turkish empire. He has also officiated as consul at Trebizond. His published travels are entitled *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*, 1862–63. At the time of undertaking this journey, Mr Palgrave was in connection with the Order of the Jesuits, and the necessary funds were furnished by the liberality of the Emperor of the French (Napoleon III.). The narrative gives the most minute account we have of the Arab race—of their condition, intellectual and political, social and religious.

The Arab Character.

Some authors, travelled or otherwise, have represented the Arabs of the interior as a race absolutely incapable of any real attainment or progress in practical and

material science, and have supposed that branch of knowledge to be the exclusive portion of Japhet, while Shem and his descendants, amongst whom the Arabs hold a distinguished place, are to be allowed neither part nor lot in this matter. My own experience, if indeed it may bear the name of experience, would lead me to a very different conclusion; and I am rather inclined to regard the Arabs, taken in themselves and individually, as endowed with a remarkable aptitude for those very pursuits, and hardly less adapted to the railroad, to the steam-ship, or any other nineteenth century invention or natural research than the natives of Sheffield or Birmingham themselves. But lack of communication with other countries, and especially with those which were in former times, and yet are, the fountain-heads of that special activity; and, in addition, the Mahometan drug which paralyses whatever it does not kill outright, have kept them back in the intellectual race, to be outrun by others more favoured by circumstance, though not perhaps by nature. When the Koran and Mecca shall have disappeared from Arabia, then, and then only, can we seriously expect to see the Arab assume that place in the ranks of civilisation from which Mahomet and his book have, more than any other individual cause, long held him back.

The Simoon.

It was about noon, and such a noon as a summer solstice can offer in the unclouded Arabian sky over a scorched desert, when abrupt and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south, while the oppressiveness of the air increased every moment till my companion and myself mutually asked each other what this could mean, and what was to be its result. We turned to inquire of Salem, but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and, bowed down, and crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word. His comrades, the two Sherarat Bedouins, had adopted a similar position, and were equally silent. At last, after repeated interrogations, Salem, instead of replying directly to our questioning, pointed to a small black tent, providentially at no great distance in front, and said, 'Try to reach that; if we can get there, we are saved.' He added, 'Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down;' and then, giving his own several vigorous blows, relapsed into muffled silence.

We looked anxiously towards the tent; it was yet a hundred yards off or more. Meanwhile the gusts grew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet hue, and seemed to draw in like a curtain on every side; while, at the same time, a stifling blast, as though from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom; our camels, too, began, in spite of all we could do, to turn round and round, and bend their knees preparing to lie down. The Simoon was fairly upon us.

Of course, we had followed our Arab's example by muffling our faces; and now, with blows and kicks, we forced the staggering animals onwards to the only asylum within reach. So dark was the atmosphere, and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth, or descended from above. But we were yet in time; and at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison blast was coming around, we were already prostrate one and all within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand awaiting the passing of the gale.

On our first arrival the tent contained a solitary Bedouin woman, whose husband was away with his camels in the Wadi Sirham. When she saw five handsome men like us rush thus suddenly into her dwelling, without a word of leave or salutation, she very properly set up a scream to the tune of the four crown pleas, murder, arson, robbery, and I know not what else. Salem hastened to reassure her by calling out 'Friends,' and without more words, threw himself flat on the ground. All followed his example in silence.

We remained thus for about ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the Simoon had gone by. We got up half dead with exhaustion, and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men; and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warning, to step out and look at the camels: they were still lying flat as if they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time that the Simoon lasted, the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust, so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

Expeditions to the arctic regions were continued after the fruitless voyage of Sir John Ross, 1829-33. The interval of 160 miles between Point Barrow, and the farthest point to which Captain Franklin penetrated, was, in 1837, surveyed by MR THOMAS SIMPSON and the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The latter had, with great generosity, lent their valuable assistance to complete the geography of that region, and Mr Simpson was enthusiastically devoted to the same object. In the summer of 1837, he, with his senior officer, Mr Dease, started from the Great Slave Lake, following the steps of Franklin as far as the point called Franklin's Farthest, whence they traced the remainder of the coast to the westward to Point Barrow, by which they completed our knowledge of this coast the whole way west of the Coppermine River, as far as Behring's Straits. Wintering at the north-east angle of the Great Bear Lake, the party descended the Coppermine River, and followed the coast eastwards as far as the mouth of the Great Fish River, discovered by Back in 1834. The expedition comprised 'the navigation of a tempestuous ocean beset with ice, for a distance exceeding 1400 geographical or 1600 statute miles, in open boats, together with all the fatigues of long land-journeys and the perils of the climate.' In 1839 the Geographical Society of London rewarded Mr Simpson with a medal, for 'advancing almost to completion the solution of the great problem of the configuration of the northern shore of the North American continent.' While returning to Europe in June 1840, Mr Simpson died, it is supposed, by his own hand in a paroxysm of insanity, after shooting two of the four men who accompanied him from the Red River colony. Mr Simpson was a native of Dingwall, in Ross-shire, and at the time of his melancholy death was only in his thirty-second year. His *Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company during the years* 1836-39, was published in 1843.

In 1845 the Admiralty commissioned two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, to prosecute the problem of the North-west Passage. Captain Sir John Franklin had returned from Tasmania, and the expedition was placed under charge of that experienced and skilful commander, Captain Crozier being the second in command. The expedition

was seen for the last time by a whaler, July 26, 1845, making for Lancaster Sound. At the close of 1847 the Admiralty despatched vessels with supplies; two were sent in 1848 on Franklin's route, and Sir John Richardson was despatched through Rupert's Land to the coast of the Arctic Sea. These were the beginnings of a series of searching expeditions persevered in year after year, until tidings were obtained. Of these we have interesting accounts in the *Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in* 1846 *and* 1847, by JOHN RAE, 1850; *Journal of a Voyage in* 1850-51, *performed by the 'Lady Franklin' and 'Sophia' under command of Mr W. Penny*, by P. C. SUTHERLAND, M.D., two volumes, 1852; *Papers and Despatches relating to the Arctic-searching Expeditions of* 1850-1-2, by JAMES MANGLES, R.N., 1852; *Second Voyage of the 'Prince Albert' in Search of Sir John Franklin*, by W. KENNEDY, 1853; *The Last of the Arctic Voyages, being a Narrative of the Expedition in H.M.S. 'Assistance,' under the command of* SIR EDWARD BELCHER, C.B., *in Search of Sir John Franklin*, 1852-3-4, two volumes, 1855; *The Discovery of the North-west Passage, by H.M.S. 'Investigator,'* CAPTAIN R. M'CLURE, 1850-54, published in 1856. The last of these voyages was the most important. Captain M'Clure was knighted, and parliament voted him a sum of £5000, with an equal sum to his officers and crew. The gallantry and ability displayed by the officers of the various expeditions, and the additions made by them to the geography of the Polar Seas, render these voyages and land-journeys a source of national honour, though of deep and almost painful interest. The abundance of animal life in the polar regions is remarkable. Reindeer, hares, musk oxen, with salmon and other fish, were found, and furnished provisions to the exploring ice-parties. In 1854 Dr Rae learned from a party of Esquimaux that in the spring of 1850 about forty white men were seen on the shore of King William's Land. They appeared thin, and intimated by signs that their ships had been lost in the ice, and that they were travelling to where they hoped to find deer to shoot. They were dragging a boat and sledges. The Esquimaux further stated that later the same season, before the ice broke up, the bodies of thirty white men were discovered on the continent a day's journey to the west of the Great Fish River, and five more bodies on an adjacent island. In 1857, Lady Franklin organised another searching expedition, and Captain M'Clintock, with a crew of twenty-four men, sailed in the *Fox* yacht. They spent the winter of 1857-58 in the ice, drifting about twelve hundred miles. In the spring they resumed operations, and in August reached Brentford Bay, near which the ship was laid up for winter-quarters. In the spring of 1859, Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson undertook sledge expeditions, embracing a complete survey of the coasts. At Point Victory, upon the north-west coast of King William's Land, Lieutenant Hobson found under a cairn a record, dated April 25, 1848, signed by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, stating that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned on the 22d of April 1848, in the ice, and that the survivors, in all one hundred and five, under the command of Captain Crozier, were proceeding to the Great Fish River. Sir John Franklin had died on the 11th of June 1847. The unfortunate party had expected to be able to penetrate on foot southwards to some of the most northerly settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company. Traces of their progress were further found—a large boat fitted on a sledge, with quantities of clothing, cocoa, tea, tobacco, and fuel, with two guns and plenty of ammunition. Five watches, some plate, knives, a few religious books, and other relics were discovered; but no journals or pocket-books. The gallant band, enfeebled by three years' residence in arctic latitudes, disappointment, and suffering, had no doubt succumbed to the cold and fatigue, sinking down by the way, as the Esquimaux had reported to Dr Rae, and finding graves amidst the eternal frost and snow. The graves of three of the crew of the *Erebus* and *Terror* are thus noticed in *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal*, by LIEUTENANT S. OSBORN:

Graves of the English Seamen in the Polar Regions.

The graves, like all that Englishmen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface—afar in the east, or afar in the west, down among the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here, where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave—you will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands but affectionate hearts over the last home of their messmates; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the frozen zone, were carefully culled to mark the dead seaman's home. The good taste of the officers had prevented the general simplicity of an oaken head and footboard to each of the graves being marred by any long and childish epitaphs, or the doggrel of a lower-deck poet, and the three inscriptions were as follows:

'Sacred to the Memory of Wm. Braine, R.M., of H.M.S. *Erebus*, died April 3, 1846, aged 32 years. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—*Josh.* xxiv. 15.

'Sacred to the Memory of J. Torrington, who departed this life, January 1, 1846, on board of H.M.S. *Terror*, aged 20 years.

'Sacred to the Memory of J. Hartwell, A.B., of H.M.S. *Erebus*, died January 4, 1846, aged 25 years. "Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Consider your ways."—*Haggai* i. 7.'

I thought I traced in the epitaphs over the graves of the men from the *Erebus* the manly and Christian spirit of Franklin. In the true spirit of chivalry, he, their captain and leader, led them amidst dangers and unknown difficulties with iron will stamped upon his brow, but the words of meekness, gentleness, and truth were his device.

Some interesting and affecting details of these arctic explorations are given in the *Life of Sir John Richardson*, by the REV. J. M'ILRAITH, 1868. Sir John was an intrepid explorer of the arctic regions, and largely contributed to the knowledge of the physical geography, flora, and fauna of British North America. This excellent man was a native of Dumfries, born in 1787, died in 1865.

We shall now advert to African discovery and adventure, and to the question of the source of the Nile, which, even from time immemorial, has been a subject of mysterious interest and speculation.

CAPTAIN BURTON.

One of the most fearless and successful of modern explorers is RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON, born at Tuam in Galway, Ireland, in 1820. Entering the East India Company's service, Lieutenant Burton served some years in Sindh under Sir Charles Napier, and published an account of *Sindh and the Races that Inhabit the Valley of the Indus*, 1851. The same year he produced a volume entitled *Goa and the Blue Mountains, or Six Months of Sick-leave;* and the next year, *Falconry in the Valley of the Indus.* His remarkable talent for acquiring languages, and particularly his knowledge of Arabic, suggested a journey in the East through regions unexplored or but partially known. Under the auspices of the English Geographical Society he proceeded to Arabia, adopting the habits of an Afghan pilgrim. He penetrated to the two holy cities, accomplishing a safe return to Cairo, and the result was a most valuable and interesting book of travels, entitled a *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah*, three volumes, 1855–57. The next expedition of the traveller was into the country of the Somaulis in Eastern Africa. He was accompanied by three brother-officers—Lieutenants Stroyan, Speke, and Hern. The first of these was killed, and Burton himself was much wounded, but he succeeded in reaching Harar, and he published an account of the journey under the title of *First Footsteps in East Africa, or an Exploration of Harar*, 1856. At the end of the year, Burton and Speke set out to the country of the Upper Nile, to verify the existence of an inland sea announced by the Arabs and missionaries. They started from the Zanzibar coast in 1857, and the result was the discovery of the vast lake of Tanganyika in lat. 5° S., long. 36° E., and a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of the lake, and ten thousand feet high, considered by Speke to be the true Mountains of the Moon. Captain Burton published an account of this expedition, entitled *The Lake Regions of Central Africa*, two volumes, 1860. His health having been impaired by his African travels, Captain Burton embarked for the United States, which he traversed, and published an account of the Mormons. In 1861 he was appointed consul for Fernando Po, and from thence he made exploring expeditions described in his works *Abeokuta and the Cameroons Mountains*, two volumes, 1863; *A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahomey*, two volumes, 1864; *Wit and Wisdom from West Africa*, 1865. He was next appointed consul in Brazil, where he resided above three years, and wrote *Explorations of the Highlands of Brazil*, two volumes, 1869; and *Letters from the Battle-fields of Paraguay*, 1870. A later work of the traveller's is a description of *Zanzibar, City, Island, and Coast*, 1872. In 1875, Captain Burton published *Ultima Thule, or a Summer in Iceland*, in which we have not only the author's personal adventures, but a narrative of the discovery, the history, and characteristics of the island.

CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT.

JOHN HANNING SPEKE was a native of Devonshire, born at Orleigh Court, near Bideford, in 1827. He obtained a commission in the Bengal Native Infantry, and served in the war of the Punjaub. In 1854 he commenced his explorations in Eastern Africa, and in 1856, as already related, he joined Captain Burton in his expedition to ascertain the position of the great lakes of the interior, and their relation to the Nile basin. In February 1858, Lake Tanganyika was discovered, and in July of the same year, Speke traversed the route running north from Kazeh, and in August discovered the south end of the Victoria Nyanza lake, which he considered to be the source of the Nile. In his opinion he differed from Burton and other travellers, and in order to establish more firmly his theory on the subject he undertook another expedition in 1860, accompanied by a brother officer, Captain Grant. The result he published in a large volume, a *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, 1863. Captain Speke was engaged to address the British Association at Bath on the 16th of September 1864, but was unfortunately killed on the day preceding by the accidental discharge of his gun. The death of the brave traveller under circumstances so distressing may be said to have saddened all England. Subsequent explorations in Africa have proved the accuracy of Speke's account of the Victoria Nyanza.

First View of the Nile.

Here at last I stood on the brink of the Nile; most beautiful was the scene—nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park; with a magnificent stream from six to seven hundred yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks, the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun, flowing between high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of the nsunnu and hartebeest could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet. Unfortunately, the chief district officer, Mlondo, was from home, but we took possession of his huts—clean, extensive, and tidily kept—facing the river, and felt as if a residence here would do one good. . . .

I marched up the left bank of the Nile, at a considerable distance from the water, to the Isamba Rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain gardens. Nargo, an old friend, and district officer of the place, first refreshed us with a dish of plantain squash and dried fish with pombé.* He told us he is often threatened by elephants, but he sedulously keeps them off with charms; for if they ever tasted a plantain they would never leave the garden until they had cleared it out. He then took us to see the nearest falls of the Nile—extremely beautiful, but very confined. The water ran deep between its banks, which were covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli; whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen like that of Devonshire: there, too, the waters, impeded by a natural dam, looked like a huge mill-pond, sullen and dark, in which two crocodiles, laving about, were looking out for prey. From the high banks we looked down upon a line of sloping wooded islets lying across the stream, which divide its waters, and by interrupting them, cause at once both dam and rapids. The whole was more fairy-like, wild, and romantic than—I must confess that my thoughts took that shape—anything I ever saw outside of a theatre. It was exactly the sort of place, in fact, where, bridged across from one side-slip to the other, on a moonlight night, brigands would

* A fermented liquor made from grains, roots, or fruits.

assemble to enact some dreadful tragedy. Even the Wanguana seemed spell-bound at the novel beauty of the sight, and no one thought of moving till hunger warned us night was setting in, and we had better look out for lodgings.

Etiquette at the Court of Uganda.

The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut of the third tier. I advanced hat in hand, with my guard of honour following, formed in open ranks, who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungu, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins; some few of them had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella—a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing—ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed mbugu. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up to a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colours. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper-rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognisance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side, and on the other was a band of Wachwézi, or lady-sorcerers.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two other smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of colour worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eyeing the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and shew off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, 'Yes, for full one hour,' I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the inclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure levée day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion, but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realise a very ludicrous kind of waddle.

The Source of the Nile—A Summary.

The expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old Father Nile, without any doubt, rises in the Victoria Nyanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the Nyanza to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making 'Usoga an island.' But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, *or top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above two thousand three hundred miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now from this southern point, round by the west, to where the *great* Nile stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangúlé river; whilst from the southernmost point, round by the east, to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the travelled Arabs one and all aver, that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike Unyamúézi; but they said there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they always had to make long marches in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys: and further, those Arabs who crossed the strait when they reached Usoga, as mentioned before, during the late interregnum, crossed no river either.

There remains to be disposed of the 'Salt Lake,' which I believe is not a salt, but a fresh-water lake; and my reasons are, as before stated, that the natives call all lakes salt, if they find salt beds or salt islands in such places. Dr Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward, and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia towards the Nile. If his information was true on this latter point, then, without doubt, there must exist some connection between his river and the salt lake I have heard of, and this in all probability would also establish a connection between my salt lake and his salt lake which he heard was called Baringo. In no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter touch the established fact that the head of the Nile is in three degrees south latitude, where, in the year 1858, I discovered the head of the Victoria Nyanza to be.

JAMES AUGUSTUS GRANT, associated with Captain Speke in African travel and discovery, is a native of Nairn, of which town his father was minister. He was born in 1827, and in his eighteenth year entered the Indian army; served under Lord Gough; and did duty with the 79th Highlanders, under General Havelock, at the

relief of Lucknow in 1857. On this occasion he was wounded in the right hand. From April 1860 till June 1863 he was engaged in the African expedition. In the preface to his work, *A Walk Across Africa, or Domestic Scenes from my Nile Journal*, 1864, Captain Grant says:

'My acquaintance with Captain Speke commenced as far back as 1847, when he was serving in India with his regiment. We were both Indian officers, of the same age, and equally fond of field-sports, and our friendship continued unbroken. After his return from discovering the Victoria Nyanza, he was, as is well known, commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society to prosecute his discovery, and to ascertain, if possible, the truth of his conjecture—that the Nile had its source in that gigantic lake, the Nyanza. I volunteered to accompany him; my offer was at once accepted; and it is now a melancholy satisfaction to think that not a shade of jealousy or distrust, or even ill-temper, ever came between us during our wanderings and intercourse.'

Captain, now Colonel Grant, was made a C.B. in 1866; and in 1868, when the Abyssinian expedition was organised, he was appointed head of the Intelligence Department, and for his services in Abyssinia was nominated a Companion of the Order of the Star of India. His volume of travels is a pleasing and interesting narrative. Its title is thus explained: 'Last season Sir Roderick Murchison did me the honour to introduce me to Her Majesty's First Minister, Viscount Palmerston, and on that occasion his Lordship good-humouredly remarked, 'You have had a long walk, Captain Grant!' The saying was one well fitted to be remembered and to be told again; and my friendly publishers and others recommended that it should form the leading title of my book.' We subjoin one extract:

*Life in Unyanyembe.**

This province of Unyanyembe has nearly four months of rain, commencing in the end of November, and winding up with the greatest fall in February. As soon as the soil of sand, or black spongy mould, has softened, the seed is dropped, and by the 1st of February all is as green as an emerald. The young rice has to struggle for fifteen days against the depredations of a small black caterpillar, green underneath. It is a precarious time for the agriculturist; for, if rain does not fall, the crop is lost, being eaten close by this insect. Women walk in the fields, with hand-picks, loosening the soil, clearing it of weeds and worms. There is only one crop in the year, and all the cereals known in Zanzibar are grown here. Cotton was considered by an Indian resident to be as fine as that grown in Kutch, but he said they had no use for it, merely burning it as wicks. As the previous year's corn had been consumed, the poorer classes gathered the heads of a wild grass (*Dactylosum Egyptiacum*), and prepared it for stirabout by sun-drying, beating on the rocks, and rubbing it into flour on their flag-stones. They also fed upon mushrooms, growing amongst the rank 'dub' grass, after drying, roasting, and peeling them. They were five inches in diameter, and sienna-coloured. Another variety was white, and half the size. All the cattle and goats in the country seemed to have found their way into the folds of the Arabs, and had been captured in a war still going on between them and the native population. The surrounding country is devoid of game, but within a long day's march a forest was visited, where various antelopes, giraffes, lions, and a few elephants might be met with along the valley of the Wallah River. The scales of an armadillo were seen worn as a charm, three inches across, and striated or lined at one end. Our men had a superstition that the person who found an armadillo alive would become a king—meaning, I imagine, that it was so rare. However, we came upon a pet one at three degrees north latitude. About the cultivations near the village no singing-birds are ever heard, but the plumage of those seen is often very brilliant. Flocks of beautiful little birds, with black bodies, golden-tinted scarlet heads and backs, pecked at the ears of corn; or in the rice fields the favourite of the Cape farmers, the locust-bird, black, and looking like a curlew when walking, went tamely about. Crows, with a ring of white about the neck, were seen in twos and threes. The matting in the house was full of bugs, or ticks, which pestered one while seated at night, causing considerable irritation.

It is not a country for ivory, the natives seldom, if ever, bringing any for sale. Grain was so scarce that slaves could be purchased for two fathoms of calico. One day a naked native passed us in charge of three Seedees (negros) armed with spears. They had found him stealing, and offered him for sale. No one would purchase him, and he was taken to the sultan, who would, as Moosah said, either spear him, keep him as a slave, or allow him to be sold. Slaves from the northern kingdom of Uganda, &c., were considered the most valuable. They were held to be more trustworthy than men from the coast, made excellent servants, and were famous at killing or capturing wild animals. The most esteemed women were of the Wahumah tribe from Karague; they resembled the Abyssinians.

Let me give the reader some idea of our life here. Moosah, an Indian in whose house we resided, was a fine benevolent old man, with an establishment of three hundred native men and women around him. His abode had, three years ago, taken two months to build, and it was surrounded by a circular wall which inclosed his houses, fruit and vegetable gardens, and his stock of cattle. The lady who presided over the whole was of most portly dimensions, and her word was law. Moosah sat from morn till night with his 'fondee' or chief manager, and other head servants within sight, receiving salutes and compliments from the rich and poor at the front or *gentlemen's* side of the house, while the lady presided over the domestic arrangements of the interior. We had full access to both, and no house could be conducted with greater regularity. At three o'clock in the morning, Moosah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he had never missed for forty years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat, and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a 'Bookeen,' or

* The following notice of African localities (from an article in the *Times*) will assist the reader: 'The Island of Zanzibar is cut by the sixth parallel of south latitude, and from Bagamboyo, on the mainland, starts a well-known caravan route, which leads in the first place to Unyanyembe, a central trading station and settlement of the Arab ivory and slave merchants, lying in five degrees south latitude, and three hundred and sixty miles west of Bagamoyo in a direct line. The next and farthest depot of the Arab merchants is Ujiji, one hundred and eighty miles due west of Unyanyembe, on the shores of the great lake of Tanganyika. When the native tribes and their petty sultans are not at war between themselves or with the Arabs, the road to Ujiji from Unyanyembe is pretty straight and safe for a well-organised caravan. The district between Tanganyika and the coast is well travelled by caravans; the tribute system with the different tribes is almost as organised as a customs tariff, and the drunken village chiefs and sultans, who depend upon traders for all their finery, are quite wise enough to know that if they rob and murder one caravan, another is not likely to come their way. Neither do the Arabs dare to kidnap along the route. Their slave-hunting grounds are in the distant interior, and it is quite an error to suppose that the country is desolated and uninhabited for several hundred miles from the coast inwards. A great part of the way from Bagamoyo to Ujiji, it is populous and prosperous, the natives are well armed with flint guns as far and farther than Unyanyembe, and it is to the interest of both the tribes and the traders to keep the peace.'

Madagascar man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make him his shirts! After a midday sleep, he would refresh himself with a second but larger pill, transact business, and so end the day.

The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of coloured chintz, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourds by rocking it to and fro on their laps. By seven o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game-fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women chained by the neck fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them; all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moosah's wives gave birth to a child, there was universal rejoicing, and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, we white men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories.

The most important functionary about this court was the head keeper or 'fondee,' who had been a slave all his life, and now possessed a village with a farm and cattle. His daily duty was to sit within sight of his master. On Speke calling to see his collection of horns and extract a bullet from the leg of one of his slaves, the fondee made us heartily welcome. Stools were placed, and he produced some ripe plantain, and shewed us about his premises. He also took us to one of his favourite shooting-grounds, where he certainly knew how to make himself comfortable.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

In 1854 and 1855 appeared *The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon*, and *Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon*. These works evinced a love of travel and adventure, an intelligence and power of description, that marked the writer as one eminently fitted for the exploration of Eastern countries. Their author was an English engineer, SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, born at Thorngrove in Worcestershire, in 1821. About the year 1847 he had gone to Ceylon, and was popularly known as the elephant hunter. His residence was fitted up with great taste and neatness, as both Mr Baker and his wife had a fine taste for art. Mrs Baker died, but in 1860 he married again, the lady being a young Hungarian, Florence von Saas, who shared in her husband's love of wild nature, and who accompanied him on a journey of exploration to the Upper Nile. In 1861 they sailed up the Nile from Cairo. They reached Khartoum in June 1862, compared the Blue Nile with the White Nile at or near the point of junction, and proceeded up the latter to Gondokoro. Baker had a good escort—ninety persons, twenty-nine camels and asses, and three boats. Gondokoro is a mission station and place of trade, and can be reached from Cairo in a sailing-boat, with a north wind, in about three months. At Gondokoro, Baker met Captains Speke and Grant, who had just arrived from their expedition to the south, and he led the way-worn travellers to his *diabeah*, or Nile pleasure-boat, where they found the comforts of civilised life, so long denied them. These southern explorers told Baker of their discovery of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and of another great lake which the natives had described to them, but which they had been unable to visit. Baker at once undertook to trace this unknown water, which he conceived must have an important position in the basin of the Nile. He set off on the journey, and arrived in the Latooka country, 110 miles east of Gondokoro, in March 1863. After innumerable difficulties and hardships, the traveller and his heroic wife succeeded, in March 1864, in obtaining from the top of a range of lofty cliffs a view of the mysterious lake.

First Sight of the Albert Nyanza.

The glory of our prize suddenly burst upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! .... I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about one thousand five hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and blessings to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called the great lake 'the Albert Nyanza.' The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous, that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile. Within a quarter of a mile of the lake was a fishing village named Vacovia, in which we now established ourselves. . . .

The beach was perfectly clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as sea-weed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile that received every drop of water, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa towards the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

The first *coup d'œil* from the summit of the cliff, one thousand five hundred feet above the level, had suggested what a closer examination confirmed. The lake was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters —thus it was the one great reservoir into which everything *must* drain; and from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth.

This result of nearly five years passed in Africa might well form a subject of triumph to Baker. 'Bruce,' he said, 'won the source of the Blue Nile, Speke and Grant won the Victoria source of the great White Nile; and I have been permitted to succeed in completing the Nile sources by the discovery of the great reservoir of the equatorial waters, the Albert Nyanza, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile.' For the discovery, and for his relief of Speke and Grant, the Royal Geographical Society awarded the gold medal, and Her Majesty conferred upon Baker the honour of knighthood. In 1866 he published, in two volumes, his interesting narrative, *The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile;* and in 1867, *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia.*

A greater expedition was afterwards organised under the auspices of the Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt, who furnished a force of one thousand soldiers. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker left Cairo in December 1869, having besides the troops, Nile boats, stores, instruments, and other appliances either for war or peace. The grand object of the expedition was to suppress, if possible, the slave-trade, and promote commerce and agriculture. On the 8th of January 1870 Sir Samuel was again at Khartoum, and had succeeded in partially suppressing the slave-trade of the White Nile. The expedition, however, did not realise the expectations so sanguinely entertained at its commencement.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE—HENRY M. STANLEY.

Since the period of Mungo Park's travels and melancholy fate, no explorer of Africa has excited so strong a personal interest as DAVID LIVINGSTONE, a Scottish missionary, whose *Researches in South Africa* were published in 1857. Mr Livingstone had then returned to England, where his arrival was celebrated as a national event, after completing a series of expeditions, commenced sixteen years before, for the purpose of exploring the interior of Africa, and spreading religious knowledge and commerce. The narrative describes long and perilous journeys in a country, the greater part of which had never before been visited by a European, and contains a great amount of information respecting the natives, the geography, botany, and natural products of Africa. In the belief that Christianity can only be effectually extended by being united to commerce, Dr Livingstone endeavoured to point out and develop the capabilities of the new region for mercantile intercourse. The missionary, he argues, should be a trader—a fact known to the Jesuits in Africa, and also to the Dutch clergy, but neglected by our Protestant missionary societies. 'By the introduction of the raw material of our manufactures, African and English interests will be more closely linked than heretofore; both countries will be eventually benefited, and the cause of freedom throughout the world will be promoted.' To these patriotic and national advantages indicated by Dr Livingstone, his work possesses the interest springing from a personal narrative of difficulties overcome and dangers encountered, pictures of new and strange modes of life, with descriptions of natural objects and magnificent scenery. The volume fills 687 pages, and is illustrated with maps by Arrowsmith, and a number of lithographs. The style is simple and clear. Dr Livingstone was admirably fitted for his mission. He was early inured to hardship. He was born of poor but honest and pious parents at Blantyre in 1817. At ten years of age he was sent into the factory to work as a 'piecer,' and from his wages he put himself to college, and studied medicine. His ambition was to become a missionary to China, but the opium war was unfavourable, and he proceeded, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, to Africa. The most remote station from the Cape then occupied by our missionaries was Kuruman or Latakoo. Thither our author repaired, and excluding himself for six months from all European society, he gained a knowledge of the language of the Bechuanas, their habits, laws, &c., which proved of incalcuable advantage to him. The Bechuana people were ruled over by a chief named Sechele, who was converted to Christianity. The people are social and kindly, and Dr Livingstone and his wife set about instructing them, using only mild persuasion. Their teaching did good in preventing wars and calling the better feelings into play, but polygamy was firmly established amongst them: they considered it highly cruel to turn off their wives. They excused themselves by thinking they were an inferior race. In a strain of natural pathos they used to say, 'God made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and wagons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But towards us he had no heart. He gave us nothing except the assegai (with which they kill game), and cattle, and rain-making, and he did not give us hearts like yours.' The rain-making is a sort of charm—an incantation by which the rain-doctors, in seasons of drought, imagine they can produce moisture. The station ultimately chosen by Dr Livingstone as the centre of operations was about three hundred miles north of Kuruman. In one of his expeditions he was accompanied by two English travellers, Major Vardon and Mr Oswell;* and the party discovered the great lake Ngami, about seventy miles in circumference, till then unknown except to the natives. About one hundred and thirty miles north-east from this point the travellers came upon the river Zambesi, a noble stream in the centre of the continent. In June 1852, he commenced another expedition, the greatest he had yet attempted, which lasted four years. In six months he reached the capital of the Makololo territory, Linyanti, which is twelve hundred miles above the latitude of Cape Town. The people

* Another English traveller, MR ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING (1820-1866) penetrated into this region, following a wild sporting career, and published *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa*, two volumes, 1850.

were desirous of obtaining a direct trade with the sea-coast, and with an escort of twenty-seven men he set out to discover the route thither. The traveller's outfit was small enough :

An African Explorer's Outfit.

We carried one small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, filled with spare shirting, trousers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilised life, and others in a bag, which were expected to wear out on the way; another of the same size for medicines ; and a third for books, my stock being a Nautical Almanac, Thomson's Logarithm Tables, and a Bible ; a fourth box contained a magic lantern, which we found of much use. The sextant and artificial horizon, thermometer and compasses, were carried apart. My ammunition was distributed in portions through the whole luggage, so that, if an accident should befall one part, we could still have others to fall back upon. Our chief hopes for food were upon that, but in case of failure I took about twenty pounds of beads, worth forty shillings, which still remained of the stock I brought from Cape Town ; a small gipsy tent, just sufficient to sleep in ; a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed. As I had always found that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few 'impediments' as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me, the outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. Some would consider it injudicious to adopt this plan, but I had a secret conviction that if I did not succeed it would not be for lack of the 'knickknacks' advertised as indispensable for travellers, but from want of 'pluck,' or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass.

They ascended the rivers Chobe and Leeambye, and stopped at the town of Shesheke, where Dr Livingstone preached to audiences of five and six hundred. After reaching a point eight hundred miles north of Linyanti, he turned to the west, and finally reached Loanda, on the shores of the Atlantic. The incidents of this long journey are, of course, varied. The fertility of the country—the Barotze district, and the valley of the Quango, with grass reaching two feet above the traveller's head, the forests, &c., are described at length. There appeared to be no want of food, although the amount of cultivated land is 'as nothing with what might be brought under the plough.' In this central region the people are not all quite black, some inclining to bronze—the dialects spoken glide into one another. Dr Livingstone confirms the statements by Mr Roualeyn Gordon Cumming with respect to the vast amount of game and the exciting hunting scenes in that African territory. The following is a wholesale mode of destroying game practised by the Bechuanas :

Hunting on a Great Scale.

Very great numbers of the large game—buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, tsessébes, kamas or hartebeests, kokongs, or gnus, pallas, rhinoceroses, &c.—congregated at some fountains near Kolobeng, and the trap called *hopo* was constructed in the lands adjacent for their destruction. The hopo consists of two hedges in the form of the letter V, which are very high and thick near the angle. Instead of the hedges being joined there, they are made to form a lane of about fifty yards in length, at the extremity of which a pit is formed, six or eight feet deep, and about twelve or fifteen in breadth and length. Trunks of trees are laid across the margins of the pit, and more especially over that nearest the lane where the animals are expected to leap in, and over that farthest from the lane where it is supposed they will attempt to escape after they are in. The trees form an overlapping border, and render escape almost impossible. The whole is carefully decked with short green rushes, making the pit like a concealed pitfall. As the hedges are frequently about a mile long and about as much apart at their extremities, a tribe making a circle three or four miles round the country adjacent to the opening, and gradually closing up, are almost sure to inclose a large body of game. Driving it up with shouts to the narrow part of the hopo, men secreted there throw their javelins into the affrighted herds, and on the animals rush to the opening presented at the converging hedges, and into the pit till that is full of a living mass. Some escape by running over the others, as a Smithfield market dog does over the sheep's backs. It is a frightful scene. The men, wild with excitement, spear the lovely animals with mad delight : others of the poor creatures, borne down by the weight of their dead and dying companions, every now and then make the whole mass heave in their smothering agonies.

Dr Livingstone left Loanda on 20th September 1854, and returned to Linyanti, which was reached in the autumn of 1855. Excited by the account of what wonders they had seen, as told by the men who accompanied Dr Livingstone to the shores of the Atlantic, the Makololo people flocked to his standard in great numbers when he announced an expedition to the east coast of Africa. With a party of one hundred and fourteen picked men of the tribe, he started for the Portuguese colony of Killimane, on the east coast, in November 1855. The chief supplied oxen, and there was always abundance of game. He found that British manufactures penetrate into all regions.

English Manufactures in the Interior of South Africa.

When crossing at the confluence of the Leeba and Makondo, one of my men picked up a bit of a steel watch-chain of English manufacture, and we were informed that this was the spot where the Mambari cross in coming to Masiko. Their visits explain why Sekelenke kept his tusks so carefully. These Mambari are very enterprising merchants; when they mean to trade with a town, they deliberately begin the affair by building huts, as if they knew that little business could be transacted without a liberal allowance of time for palaver. They bring Manchester goods into the heart of Africa : these cotton prints look so wonderful that the Makololo could not believe them to be the work of mortal hands. On questioning the Mambari, they were answered that English manufactures came out of the sea, and beads were gathered on its shore. To Africans our cotton-mills are fairy dreams. 'How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?' Our country is like what Taprobane was to our ancestors—a strange realm of light, whence came the diamond, muslin, and peacocks. An attempt at explanation of our manufactures usually elicits the expression, 'Truly, ye are gods!'

After a journey of six months the party reached Killimane, where Dr Livingstone remained till July, and then sailed for England. One of the Makololo people would not leave him ; 'Let me die at your feet,' he said ; but the various objects on board the ship, and the excitement of the voyage, proved too much for the reason of the poor savage ; he leaped overboard, and was drowned. The great object of Dr Livingstone was to turn the interior of this fertile country and the river Zambesi, which he discovered, into a scene

of British commerce. The Portuguese are near the main entrance to the new central region, but they evince a liberal and enlightened spirit, and are likely to invite mercantile enterprise up the Zambesi, by offering facilities to those who may push commerce into the regions lying far beyond their territory. The 'white men' are welcomed by the natives, who are anxious to engage in commerce. Their country is well adapted for cotton, and there are hundreds of miles of fertile land unoccupied. The region near the coast is unhealthy, and the first object must be to secure means of ready transit to the high lands in the borders of the central basin, which are comparatively healthy. The river Zambesi has not been surveyed, but during four or five months there is abundance of water for a large vessel. There are three hundred miles of navigable river, then a rapid intervenes, after which there is another reach of three hundred miles.

A second expedition was fitted out, and early in 1858 Dr Livingstone, accompanied by his brother, Charles Livingstone, and a party of scientific friends, set out on his important mission. In May they had reached the mouth of the Zambesi; in the January following they explored the river and valley of the Shiré, where a white man had never before been seen, and they proceeded up the Shiré about two hundred miles, till stopped by the Murchison Falls. The valley of the Shiré they found fertile and cultivated. In September 1860 the great Lake Nyassa was discovered. This he reached by an overland march of twenty days from the Shiré. He subsequently revisited it, and judged the lake to be about two hundred miles long and fifty broad. The country was studded with villages, and formed the centre of a district which supplies the markets of the coast with slaves. The natives of the Shiré and Nyassa valleys possess excellent iron, and are manufacturers as well as agriculturists. In February 1864 Livingstone left Africa for England, and he recorded his explorations in a *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries, and of the Discovery of the lakes Shirwa and Nyassa.*

In 1866 a third expedition was undertaken. In March of that year Livingstone left Zanzibar, and struck up the country towards Lake Nyassa. There he remained during the autumn. In March 1867 a painful rumour reached England that Livingstone had been assassinated. The story was disbelieved by Sir Roderick Murchison and others, and it turned out, as conjectured by Sir Roderick, to be an invention of some Johanna men, who had deserted when near Lake Nyassa, and brought back with them to the coast the fictitious story of the assassination. After many hardships and dangers, the intrepid traveller reached Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in March 1869, and having written from thence to England, a small expedition was fitted out under the command of an old friend of Livingstone's, Mr E. D. Young, which sailed from Plymouth in June, and in September reached Lake Nyassa. There the falsehood of the report of the traveller's death was clearly ascertained, and Mr Young and his companions returned home. It appears that in June 1869 Livingstone had quitted Ujiji, in company with some Arab traders, to explore the far Manyema country on the west side of Tanganyika. 'It was in this journey,' says a summary in the *Times*, 'that he (Livingstone) reached his farthest point north, and traced the watershed as far as the unknown lake. He was obliged to halt at last because his men refused to go any further, and in bitter disappointment he turned his back upon the great problem he was on the eve of solving, and set out upon the long and weary return journey of between four and five hundred miles to Ujiji, thence intending to make another start with new men and fresh supplies. "I thought," wrote Livingstone to the editor of the *New York Herald*, "that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary, sultry way was in pain, and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones." This was in October 1870. The poor traveller was more dead than alive, and had to brook the bitter disappointment of finding the goods and men of Dr Kirk's 1869 expedition, to which he was trusting implicitly, gone to the four winds. In the first place, this expedition had been delayed months and months by the cholera, which had killed many of its men, and when finally such of the goods as had not been plundered arrived at Ujiji, they were sold off and the proceeds dissipated by "the drunken half-caste Moslem tailor" to whom they had been intrusted. The traveller had nothing left but "a few barter cloths and beads," beggary was staring him in the face, when, three weeks after his arrival at Ujiji, the *New York Herald* expedition appeared on the scene, and all was well.'

MR HENRY M. STANLEY, the young and gallant correspondent of the *New York Herald* had been commissioned by the proprietor of that journal, Mr Bennet, to go and find Livingstone, offering *carte blanche* in the way of expenses. With dauntless courage and dexterous management he fought his way to Ujiji, and thus describes the meeting:

*The Meeting with Livingstone at Ujiji.**

Something like an hour before noon we have gained the thick matete brake, which grows on both banks of the river; we wade through the clear stream, arrive on the other side, emerge out of the brake, and the gardens of Wajiji are around us—a perfect marvel of vegetable wealth. Details escape my hasty and partial observation. I am almost overpowered with my own emotions. I notice the graceful palms, neat plots, green with vegetable plants, and small villages surrounded with frail fences of the matete cane.

We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake (Tanganyika) in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms—only five hundred yards from us. At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills that we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor the dangers and difficulties now happily surmounted. . . .

'Unfurl the flags and load your guns!' 'Ay wallah, ay wallah bana!' respond the men eagerly. 'One,

* U is a prefix to denote the country: thus Ujiji signifies the country of Jiji.

two, three—fire!' A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery. 'Now, Kirangozi (guide), hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you must keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!'

Before we had gone a hundred yards, our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani (one of the porters or carriers), whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American consulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbour of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of 'Bindera, Kisungu!'—a white man's flag. 'Bindera Merikani!'—the American flag.

Then we were surrounded by them: by Wajiji, Wanyamwezi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyema, and Arabs, and were almost deafened with the shouts of 'Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo bana! Yambo bana!' To all and each of my men the welcome was given. We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, 'Good morning, sir!' Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask, 'Who the mischief are you?' 'I am Susi, the servant of Dr Livingstone,' said he, smiling, and shewing a gleaming row of teeth. 'What! Is Dr Livingstone here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In this village?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Are you sure?' 'Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.' 'Good morning, sir,' said another voice. 'Hallo,' said I, 'is this another one?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, what is your name?' 'My name is Chumah, sir.' 'And is the doctor well?' 'Not very well, sir.' 'Where has he been so long?' 'In Manyuema.' 'Now, you Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.' 'Yes, sir,' and off he darted like a madman. . . .

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the doctor I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen: and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the doctor's house, and the doctor had come out from his verandah to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the expedition had halted, and the Kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim (the interpreter) said to me: 'I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.' And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said: 'Dr Livingstone, I presume?' 'Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his hat slightly. I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud: 'I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.' He answered: 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.' I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of 'Yambos' I receive, and the doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his tembe (or hut). He points to the verandah, or rather mud platform under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested—namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the doctor will not yield—I must take it.

We are seated, the doctor and I, with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west; the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Mr Stanley left Ujiji in March 1871, and next year Livingstone, with an expedition numbering about eighty souls, with stores sufficient to last him three years, left Unyanyembe for Lunda in a south-south-westerly direction, this new expedition being the 'fountains of Herodotus.' He marched through a beautiful country, abounding with game along the eastern borders of the lake Tanganyika. He was in weak health. When the Bangweolo Lake was approached, the character of the country changed, and Livingstone descended into a chaos of swamps intersected by innumerable streams. The party were rarely upon dry land, and Livingstone was afflicted with chronic dysentery. On the 21st of April 1873, he writes in his Journal: 'Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo.' These were the last words written by the indefatigable traveller; he died on the 1st of May. He was found dead by his negro attendants, having died kneeling by his bed apparently in prayer. Some five years earlier he had written in his journal: 'This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary (his wife) lies on Sheepanga brae.'

Livingstone, however, was not destined to lie

in the forest. His body was rudely embalmed by his faithful followers, and carried by them hundreds of miles to Zanzibar, whence it was conveyed to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey, 18th April 1874. His *Last Journals*, including his wanderings and discoveries in Eastern Africa, from 1865 to within a few days of his death, were published in 1865, edited by the Rev. Horace Waller. 'Livingstone,' as Sir Samuel Baker has said, 'gave the first grand impulse to African exploration; it was he who first directed public attention to the miseries and horrors of the East African slave-trade, which he has persistently exposed throughout his life. Had he lived for another ten years, he would have witnessed some fruits as the result of his example.'

Mr Henry M. Stanley is again in Africa on another exploring expedition, the cost of which is to be defrayed partly by his American friend and patron, Mr Bennet of the *New York Herald*, and partly by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* London journal.

LIEUTENANT (NOW COMMANDER) CAMERON, R.N.

The gallant Livingstone has found a worthy English successor in African exploration in LIEUTENANT VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, whose labours possess great value alike in the interests of science and of civilisation. His work, *Across Africa*, is announced for publication, but will not be ready until after this volume has gone to press. Mr Cameron traversed on foot about three thousand miles, exposed for the greater part of the time to all the vicissitudes of climate, wandering through forests, marshes, and jungles, fording broad rivers, and coasting round large lakes, but his courage seems never to have given way. To determine the latitude and longitude of certain positions, he took as many as a hundred and forty lunar observations at a single spot, and his registered observations altogether number no less than five thousand. He has added immensely to our knowledge of the geography of Africa; he has ascertained the political condition of the interior of the country; he has discovered the leading trade routes; and he has unfortunately furnished fresh proof of the horrors of the slave-trade, which flourishes beyond the reach of European authority. About six degrees south of the equator lie two points which form a basis for exploration—namely, Zanzibar Island on the east coast, and the mouth of the Congo River on the west coast. In this latitude the continent is about eighteen hundred miles wide. Towards the east coast there is a great lake system, which lies chiefly between three degrees north and ten degrees south of the equator, and forms the watershed of Africa, from which rivers flow north to the Mediterranean, east to the Indian Ocean, and west to the Atlantic. Of this system three lakes are now well known by name. Two, the Albert Nyanza and the Victoria Nyanza, are cut through by the equatorial line; and some two hundred miles to the north-west is the head of Lake Tanganyika, a sheet of water three hundred miles in length, and only twenty in mean breadth. To the west of Lake Tanganyika there is another system of smaller lakes and rivers, called the Lualaba. The first question to be solved was whether Tanganyika and the Lualaba had any connection with the Nyanza and the Nile; and next, if they had not, whether they were feeders of the Congo. Lieutenant Cameron has determined that these southern lakes and rivers have no connection with the Nile basin. They lie at a considerably lower level, and therefore to reach the Nile they would require to flow up-hill. The traveller coasted Lake Tanganyika, and found ninety-six rivers falling into it, besides torrents and springs, and only one sluggish river, the Lakuga, flowing out. The balance is maintained by evaporation.

The original intention of Lieutenant Cameron was to follow the river-system to the sea, so as to prove the identity of the Lualaba and Congo. This design was frustrated by the hostility of a chief, but there is little or no doubt of the identity of the rivers. According to the report of the natives, the Lualaba falls into a great lake, from which in all probability the Congo emerges. Forced to quit this track, Cameron took a more southerly course. He experienced the hospitality of Kasenga, the great potentate of that part of Africa; and he struggled towards the west coast through a country of extraordinary fertility and mineral wealth, and possessing a remarkable system of internal water communication. Not only are there cereals of all sorts, but metallic treasures, gums, and other valuable products, of which the traveller brought home specimens. The town of Nyangwe on the Lualaba, situated half-way between the east and west coasts, is an important mart where the trade routes unite. There Cameron met Arabs from the east, and traders from the west, and the lake which he was not permitted to reach, is visited, he was told, by merchants in large boats, who wear trousers and hats! Lieutenant Cameron's journey has thus revealed a splendid country with which commercial relations may be readily formed, and it is admitted that the operations of commerce afford the only hope of putting an end to the brutalities of the slave-trade. At present, villages are systematically attacked and plundered, and the men who escape are themselves driven by necessity to prey upon their neighbours. The traveller's indignation was specially aroused by the conduct of one Portuguese trader, who led off a string of fifty or sixty women, representing all that remained of five hundred people who had fled to the jungle on the sacking of their village. These poor women were tied together by thick knotted ropes, and were unmercifully beaten if they shewed any symptoms of fatigue. Such exposures of the detestable traffic will surely lead to active measures for its suppression. A Geographical Conference has recently (September 1876) been held at Brussels under the auspices of King Leopold, for the purpose of considering the best means of developing Africa and suppressing slavery. It was attended by some of the most eminent travellers, geographers, and philanthropists of the age, and a subscription was commenced for constructing roads and stations from the coast opposite Zanzibar to the west coast at the mouth of the Congo. The accomplishment of such an enterprise would indeed be one of the crowning glories of the nineteenth century.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

SINCE much of the earlier portion of this work was sent to press, reprints and illustrations of many of the old poets and dramatists have appeared, and valuable contributions have been made to our biographical literature. A few may be here noticed, as far as our space will permit. Some slips of the pen (not of the press) also require to be corrected.

VOL. I.

THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN (p. 7).—The Early English Text Society has published (1875) *The Romance and Prophecies of Thomas of Erceldoune*, edited, with introduction and notes, by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. To assist in fixing the age of the Border prophet (commonly called 'Thomas the Rhymer'), we have two documents. He was a contemporary of one who was himself at least old enough to witness a deed in 1189, and in 1294 *Thomas de Ercildoun, filius et heres Thomæ Rymour de Ercildoun*, conveyed by charter, to the Trinity House of Soltra, all the lands which he held by inheritance in the village of Ercildoun. The *primâ facie* purport of this charter of 1294 is, as Dr Murray says, 'that Thomas is already dead and his son in possession of the paternal property, which he in his turn gives away.' Nothing new has been discovered respecting the authorship of *Sir Tristrem*. Of the *Romance and Prophecies*, Dr Murray publishes the text of five existing manuscripts, the earliest of which appears to be of date 1430–1440. The poem, in its present form, bears evidence of being later than 1401, the date of the invasion of Scotland by Henry IV., or at least 1388, the date of the battle of Otterbourne, the last of the historical events 'hid under obscure words' in the prophecies ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer. The poem represents Thomas as lying on a morning in May under a tree on Huntly banks, while all the *shaws* about him rung with the songs of the merle, the jay, the mavis, and woodwale (woodlark). A lady gay—a fairy queen—came riding over the lea, and by her magic power transported him to her own country, where he dwelt for three years and more. He asked of her to shew him some *ferly* (wonder), and she related the series of prophecies, long regarded with awe, which foretold the wars between England and Scotland till the death of Robert III. (1406). Thomas was at length restored to 'middle earth:'

> She blew her horn on her palfrey,
> And left Thomas at Eldon tree;
> Till Helmesdale she took the way;
> Thus departed that lady and he!

Dr Murray's editorial labours give the reader a great amount of curious and valuable information, historical and philological.

CHAUCER (p. 21).—The dates of events in Chaucer's life included in Mr Furnivall's *Trial-Forewords*, first appeared in the *Athenæum*. In our first volume, the name of Mr Furnivall was inadvertently curtailed of its fair proportions, being misspelt 'Furnival.'

BARCLAY (p. 31).—The late Mr T. H. Jamieson of the Advocates' Library, published in 1874 what may be called a superb edition of Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, including *fac-similes* of the original woodcuts, and an account of the life and writings of Barclay, drawn up from materials in the British Museum and elsewhere. A copy of the will of Barclay is also given, extracted from the registry of the Court of Probate. It is dated July 25, 1551, and was proved on the 10th of June 1552. Mr Jamieson seems to establish the fact, that the old poet was born 'beyond the cold river of Tweed,' as one of his contemporaries expresses it, about the year 1476, but in what town or county is unknown. He crossed the Border very early in life, studied, there is reason to believe, at Cambridge University, travelled abroad, and afterwards entered the Church. His first preferment was a chaplainship in St Mary Ottery, Devonshire (the birthplace, it will be recollected, of Samuel Taylor Coleridge); and from 1490 to 1511, he was warder of the college. He was some time a monk in Ely, and after the dissolution of the monasteries he obtained in 1546 two livings —the vicarages of Much-Badew in Essex, and Wokey in Somersetshire—and in 1552 (a few weeks before his death) the rectory of All Hallows, London. He died at Croydon, with which he seems to have been early connected:

> While I in youth in Croidon towne did dwell.

His *Ship of Fools* was printed by Pynson in 1509. The *Eclogues*, five in number, were the first attempts of the kind in English. The first three are paraphrases or adaptations from Æneas Sylvius (Pope Pius II., who died in 1464), and the fourth and fifth are imitations of Jo Baptist Mantuan. Barclay's rural pictures are of the style of Crabbe. The following description of a village Sunday we give in the original orthography:

> What man is faultlesse: remember the village,
> Howe men vplondish on holy dayes rage.
> Nought can them tame, they be a beastly sort,
> In sweate and labour hauing most chiefe comfort:
> On the holy day as soon as morne is past,
> When all men resteth while all the day doth last,
> They drinke, they banket, they reuell, and they iest,
> They leape, they daunce, despising ease and rest.
> If they once heare a bagpipe or a drone,
> Anone to the elme or oke they be gone.
> There vse they to daunce, to gambolde, and to rage—
> Such is the custome and vse of the village.
> When the ground resteth from rake, plough, and wheles,
> Then moste they it trouble with burthen of their heles.

Many of the popular proverbs and expressions still in use amongst us, were common in the reign of Henry VIII. Mr Jamieson cites the following from Barclay:

> Better is a frende in courte than a peny in purse.
> Whan the stede is stolyn to shyt the stable dore.
> It goeth through as water through a syue (sieve).

And he that alway thretenyth for to fyght
Oft at the profe is skantly worth a hen,
For greattest crakers ar not ay boldest men.

I fynde four thynges whiche by no meanes can
Be kept close, in secrete, or longe in preuetee;
The firste is the counsell of a wytles man;
The seconde is a cyte whiche byldyd is a hye
Upon a montayne; the thyrde we often se—
That to hyde his dedes a louer hath no skyll;
The fourth is strawe or fethers on a wyndy hyll.

A crowe to pull.

For it is a prouerbe, and an olde sayd sawe
That in euery place lyke to lyke wyll drawe.

Better haue one birde sure within thy wall,
Or fast in a cage, than twenty score without.

Pryde sholde haue a fall.

For wyse men sayth. . . .
One myshap fortuneth neuer alone.

They robbe Saint Peter therwith to clothe Saint Powle.

For children brent still after drede the fire.

The Complaynt of Scotland (p. 72).—A new edition of this rare work has been published by the Early English Text Society, edited from the originals, with introduction and glossary by James A. H. Murray, LL.D. The full title of the work is, *The Complaynt of Scotlande, with ane Exortatione to the Thre Estaits to be Vigilant in the Deffens of their Public Veil* (Weal), A.D. 1549. The object of the unknown author was to rouse the nation in support of the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise, and the French interest, in opposition to the English faction in Scotland originated by Henry VIII., and continued by the Protector Somerset and the Protestant Reformers. There is no contemporary notice of the *Complaynt* or its author. The language of the work is what Dr Murray calls the Middle Scotch of the sixteenth century—the same as the works of Bellenden, Gawain Douglas, and Lyndsay, but with a larger infusion of French words. The author himself says he used 'domestic Scottish language most intelligible for the vulgar people.' Dr Murray concludes that the only things certain as to the author are, that he was a thorough partisan of the French side—that he was a churchman attached to the Roman Catholic faith—and that he was a native of the Southern, not improbably of the Border counties. On the subject of the Scottish language we quote a brief summary by the learned editor:

'The language of Lowland Scotland was originally identical with that of England north of the Humber. The political and purely artificial division which was afterwards made between the two countries, unsanctioned by any facts of language or race, had no existence while the territory from the Humber to the Forth constituted the North Anglian kingdom or earldom of Northumbria. The centre of this state, and probably of the earliest Angle settlement, was at Bamborough, a few miles from the Tweed mouth, round which the common language was spoken north of the Tweed and Cheviots as well as south. This unity of language continued down to the Scottish War of Independence at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and even after that war had made a complete severance between the two countries, down to the second half of the fifteenth century. In England, previous to this period, three great English dialects, the Northern, Midland, and Southern, had stood on an equal footing as literary languages, none of which could claim pre-eminence over the others as English *par excellence*. But after the Wars of the Roses, the invention of printing, and more compact welding of England into a national unity, the Midland dialect—the tongue of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, of the court and culture of the country—assumed a commanding position as the language of books, and the Northern and Southern English sank in consequence into the position of local *patois*, heard at the fireside, the plough, the loom, but no longer used as the vehicles of general literature. But while this was the fate of the Northern dialect in the English portion of its domain, on Scottish ground it was destined to prolong its literary career for two centuries more, and indeed to receive an independent culture almost justifying us in regarding it, from the literary side, as a distinct language.'

LODGE (p. 102).—The *Fig for Momus* is misprinted *Comus*.

SHAKSPEARE (p. 145).—Mr J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, author of an excellent *Life of Shakspeare*, 1848, founded chiefly on papers in the Council Chamber of Stratford-on-Avon, and on the results of searches in the Record Offices of London and other depositaries, commenced in 1874 *Illustrations of the Life of Shakspeare*. He confines himself to facts connected with the personal and literary history of the poet, and does not enter on questions of style, or metre, or æsthetic criticism. These *Illustrations*, of which only one part is yet published, promise to be valuable. We learn from them that when Shakspeare came to London some few years before the notice of him by Greene in 1592, there were at the time of his arrival only two theatres in the metropolis, both of them on the north of the Thames, in the parish of Shoreditch. James Burbage, by trade a joiner, but afterwards a leading member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players, in 1576 obtained from one Giles Allen a lease of houses and land on which he built his theatre. It was the earliest fabric of the kind ever built in this country and emphatically designated 'The Theatre.' It was practically in the fields. The other theatre (which was in the same locality) was named 'The Curtain.' Mr Halliwell-Phillipps adds: 'The earliest authentic notice of Shakspeare as a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company which has hitherto been published, is that which occurs in the list of the actors who performed in the comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* in 1598; but that he was a leading member of that company four years previously, and acted in two plays before Queen Elizabeth in December 1594, appears from the following interesting memorandum which I had the pleasure of discovering in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber: "To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelles warrant dated at Whitehall xv. to Marcij, 1594, for twoe severall comedies or enterludes shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz., upon St Stephens daye, and Innocentes daye xiij *li.* vj *s.* viij *d.*, and by waye of her Majesties rewarde, vj *li.* xiij *s.* iiij *d.*, in all xx *li.*" This evidence is decisive, and its great importance in several of the discussions respecting Shakspeare's early literary and theatrical career will hereafter be seen.'

When Shakspeare acted before Queen Elizabeth in December 1594, the court was at Greenwich. The poet was then in his thirtieth year, and had published his *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*.

The *Illustrations* contain a petition from the Burbage family to the Lord Chamberlain in 1635, from which we learn some particulars concerning Shakspeare and the theatres of his day:

'The father of us, Cutbert and Richard Burbage, was the first builder of playhowses, and was himself in his younger yeeres a player. The Theater [in Shoreditch] hee built with many hundred poundes taken up at interest. The players that lived in those first times had onely the profitts arising from the dores, but now the players receave all the commings in at the dores to themselves, and halfe the galleries from the houskeepers [owners or lessees?]. He built his house upon leased ground, by which means the landlord and hee had a great suite in law, and, by his death, the like troubles fell on us, his sonnes; wee then bethought us of altering from thence, and at like expence built the Globe, with more summes of money taken up

at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres; and to ourselves wee joyned those deserveing men, Shakspeare, Hemings, Condall, Philips, and others, partners in the profittes of that they call the House; but making the leases for twenty-one yeeres hath been the destruction of ourselves and others, for they dyeing at the expiration of three or four yeeres of their lease, the subsequent yeeres became dissolved to strangers as by marrying with their widdowes and the like by their children.

'Thus, Right Honorable, as concerning the Globe, where wee ourselves are but lessees. Now for the Blackfriars, that is our inheritance; our father purchased it at extreame rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and troble; which after was leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell. In processe of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, which were Underwood, Field, Ostler, and were taken to strengthen the king's service; and the more to strengthen the service, the boyes dayly wearing out, it was considered that house would be fitt for ourselves, and soe purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, &c.'

The Globe Theatre, in Southwark, was erected in 1599 (not in 1594 or 1595, as all the biographers, from Malone to Dyce, have stated), the timber and other materials of the Shoreditch Theatre being used in its construction. It was burned down in 1613. Shakspeare was one of the partners in the 'profits of the house'—meaning, probably, the profits of the establishment after all expenses were paid, and he would also have his emoluments as actor and author. With respect to the Blackfriars Theatre, the reference in the above petition to the *king's* service, shews that the Burbages became lessees after the accession of James in 1603. Shakspeare was 'placed' there, along with others, by the Burbages, but whether as actor only, or as sharer in the profits, as before, is not stated. His dramas were most likely the chief source of his income as of his fame.

Another of Mr Halliwell-Phillipps's discoveries is the existence of a third John Shakspeare in Stratford-on-Avon, contemporaries. Besides the poet's father, the alderman, there was a John Shakspeare, a shoemaker, well known to the biographers. But there was also an agriculturist of the name, who in 1570 was in the occupation of a small farm of fourteen acres, situated in the parish of Hampton Lucy, near Stratford. His farm was called Ingon or Ington Meadow. This John Shakspeare, the farmer, has always been considered to be the poet's father, but it appears from the Hampton Lucy register that the tenant of Ingon Meadow was buried in September 1589, whereas the alderman, the poet's father, survived till 1601.

Chronology of Shakspeare's Plays (p. 145).—Metrical tests have lately been applied to the text of Shakspeare, with a view to ascertain the probable dates of the plays. In the transactions of the 'New Shakspere Society' we find observations on this subject from Mr Spedding, Mr Fleay, Mr Furnivall, and others. It is also taken up by Mr Ward in his able *History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*, two volumes, 1875. Mr Ward thus notices what are called 'stopped lines' and 'feminine endings of lines:'

'A stopped line is one in which the sentence or clause of the sentence concludes with the line; but it is not always possible to determine what is to be regarded as the clause of a sentence; whether, for example, *and* is to be regarded (in strict syntax of course it is not) as beginning a new clause. The 'stopping' of the sense is, in short, often of more importance than the stopping of the sentence, with which it by no means always coincides.

'The number of feminine endings of lines, or of lines ending with a redundant syllable: the application of this test cannot be regarded as establishing more than general conclusions. While it is certain that Shakspeare employed the feminine endings sparingly in many of his plays which on other grounds may be regarded as early, it is certain that in those plays which on other grounds may be regarded as belonging to a late period of his dramatic productivity, he employed these endings largely.'

Mr Ward then takes up the question as to the authorship of *Henry VIII.*, the style of which in many parts resembles that of Fletcher, as had been pointed out thirty years ago to Mr Spedding by Mr Alfred Tennyson. The resemblance consists chiefly in the abundance of feminine endings, and in certain characteristic *tricks* of Fletcher's style, which are of frequent occurrence in *Henry VIII.* This theory, if correct, would assign to Fletcher some of the finest passages in the play—as Wolsey's affecting soliloquy and Cranmer's prophecy. Mr Ward regards these tests as only extreme developments of tendencies which indisputably became stronger in Shakspeare's versification with the progress of time, and as *Henry VIII.* was one of the latest, if not the very latest of Shakspeare's dramatic works, they would in that play reach their highest point.

Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old English Plays* was originally published in 1744; a second edition, corrected, and possessing explanatory notes by ISAAC REED, was issued in 1780. In 1814 MR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE edited a continuation of Dodsley, or at least a collection of old plays, in six volumes. A third edition of Dodsley, with additional notes and corrections by Reed, by OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST and JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, appeared in 1826. And a fourth edition, enlarged from twelve to fifteen volumes, has been published (1876) by WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT. Besides this vastly improved edition of Dodsley, Mr Hazlitt has edited the works of Gascoigne, Carew, Browne, Suckling, Lovelace, Herrick, &c, He has also given the public new editions of Brande's *Popular Antiquities* and Warton's *History of Poetry*. Mr Hazlitt is a grandson of the critic and essayist (*ante*, p. 375); he was born in 1834, and called to the bar in 1861.

Mr John Payne Collier, referred to above, was early in the field as an editor of Elizabethan poets and dramatists. He was born in London in 1789. In 1820 he published *The Poetical Decameron*, and in 1831, his *History of Dramatic Poetry*—both works of merit which gratified the lovers of our old literature, and tended considerably to increase the number of such students.

Another meritorious labourer in the same field, is the REV. ALEXANDER GROSART of St George's, Blackburn, Lancashire. Mr Grosart has edited the poems of Giles Fletcher, Crashaw, Lord Brooke, Southwell, Vaughan, Marvell, &c.; and is now engaged on the works in verse and prose of Spenser and Daniel. He has also edited editions of the Scottish poets Michael Bruce, Ferguson, and Alexander Wilson, and the prose works of Wordsworth; the latter in three volumes, undertaken 'by request and appointment of the family.'

SELDEN (p. 327).—The birthplace of the learned John Selden was Salvington, near West Tarring in Sussex.

SWIFT (p. 486).—'His grandfather was vicar of Goodrich in Herefordshire. . . . Three of the vicar's sons settled in Ireland.' Swift in his autobiography says *four*, but the exact number seems to have been five. The eldest, Godwin, was the uncle to whom the dean owed his education. The autobiography has a remarkable passage concerning the infancy of Swift: 'When he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, and being at the same time extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter

was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.' With the single exception, perhaps, of Lord Macaulay, we have no other instance of such infantile precocity. It appears from Forster's *Life of Swift* that the dean had first written 'two years,' then altered it to 'almost three,' and finally struck out 'almost.' Hawkesworth altered the word to 'five,' and was copied by Scott. P. 486.—The statement that Sir William Temple left Stella a sum of £1000 is incorrect. In Temple's will the legacy is thus given: 'I leave a lease of some lands I have in Monistown, in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, to Esther Johnson, servant to my sister Giffard' (Lady Giffard). Mr Forster has shewn that the account which Swift has given in his autobiography of his college career is too unfavourable. The dean says he was 'stopped of his degree for dullness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratiâ*.' Mr Forster obtained part of a college roll indicating Swift's place at the quarterly examination in Eastern term 1685, and of the twenty-one names therein enumerated none of them stand really higher in the examination than that of Jonathan Swift. He was careless in attending the college chapel; in the classes he was 'ill in philosophy, good in Greek and Latin, and negligent in theology.' Mr Forster says: 'The *specialis gratiâ* took its origin from the necessity of providing, that what was substantially merited should not be refused because of a failure in some requirement of the statutes; upon that abuses crept in; but enough has been said to shew that Swift's case could not have been one of those in which it was used to give semblance of worth to the unworthy.'

MASON (p. 685).—It should have been mentioned that the last four lines of the *Epitaph on Mrs Mason in the Cathedral of Bristol* were written by GRAY. They are immeasurably superior to all the others, and, indeed, are among the finest of the kind in the language:

> Tell them though 'tis an awful thing to die—
> 'Twas e'en to thee—yet the dread path once trod,
> Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
> And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

VOL. II.

SHELLEY (p. 130).—Shelley's first wife, Harriet Westbrook, 'committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine River in December 1816, and Shelley married Miss Godwin a few weeks afterwards (December 30).' In justice to the poet, we copy a statement on this distressing subject from Mr C. Kegan Paul's *Life of Godwin*, 1876: 'Whatever view may be taken of the breach between husband and wife, it is absolutely certain that Harriet's suicide was not directly caused by her husband's treatment. However his desertion of her contributed, or did not contribute, to the life she afterwards led, the immediate cause of her death was that her father's door was shut against her, though he had at first sheltered her and her children. This was done by order of her sister, who would not allow Harriet access to the bedside of her dying father.'

The *Life of Godwin*, referred to above, is a work of great interest and importance. Godwin never willingly destroyed a written line, and his biographer found a vast quantity of letters and manuscripts, some of which had never been opened from the time they were laid aside by Godwin's own hand many years before his death in 1836. All were handed over to Mr Kegan Paul by Sir Percy Shelley, the poet's son, and the correspondence includes letters from Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Scott, Mackintosh, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mrs Inchbald, and others, besides the letters which passed between Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft during their brief married life. Perhaps nothing in literary history or biography was ever so painful, and in some aspects revolting, as this Godwin-Wollstonecraft-Shelley story.

MRS INCHBALD (p. 255).—Of this remarkable woman many particulars are related in the *Life of Godwin*, by Mr C. Kegan Paul. Mrs Shelley (Godwin's daughter) says of her: 'Living in mean lodgings, dressed with an economy allied to penury, without connections, and alone, her beauty, her talents, and the charm of her manners gave her entrance into a delightful circle of society. Apt to fall in love, and desirous to marry, she continued single, because the men who loved and admired her were too worldly to take an actress and a poor author, however lovely and charming, for a wife. Her life was thus spent in an interchange of hardship and amusement, privation and luxury. Her character partook of the same contrast: fond of pleasure, she was prudent in her conduct; penurious in her personal expenditure, she was generous to others. Vain of her beauty, we are told that the gown she wore was not worth a shilling, it was so coarse and shabby. Very susceptible to the softer feelings, she could yet guard herself against passion; and though she might have been called a flirt, her character was unimpeached. I have heard that a rival beauty of her day pettishly complained that when Mrs Inchbald came into a room, and sat in a chair in the middle of it, as was her wont, every man gathered round it, and it was vain for any other woman to attempt to gain attention. Godwin could not fail to admire her; she became and continued to be a favourite. Her talents, her beauty, her manners were all delightful to him. He used to describe her as a piquante mixture between a lady and a milkmaid, and added that Sheridan declared she was the only authoress whose society pleased him.'

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